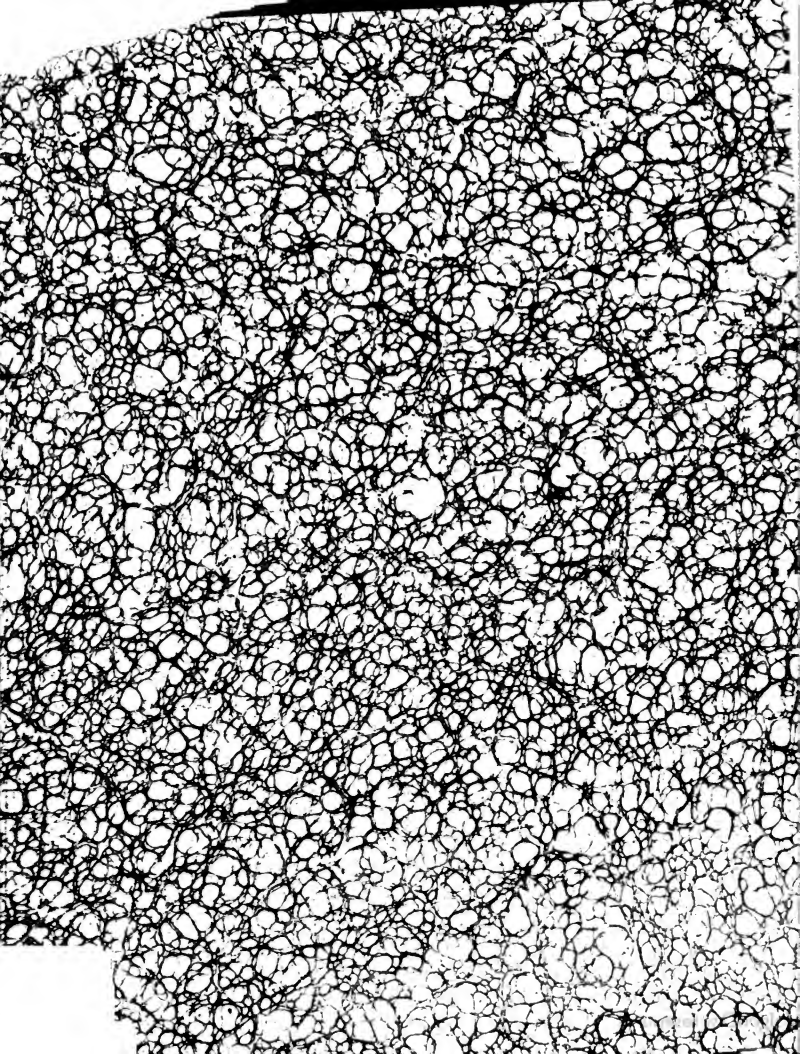


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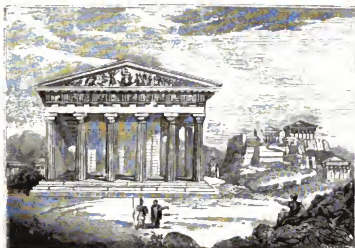


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LITERATURE

Memorials of Thomas Hood. Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter; with a Preface and Notes by his Son. 2 vols. (Moxon & Co.)

It was wise on the part of Mrs. Broderip and Mr. Hood to style their joint book 'Memorials'—for a biography it is not. The thirty earliest years of the incomparable humorist's life are dismissed in as many pages. Certain statements, too, are open to reconsideration; for, instance, such as relate to "wasty literary labour." Rarely, if ever, it may be asserted, were such results of fortune and fame won by so small a portion of an author's life. Hood talked "Comic Annuals" all the year; he wrote and drew them within the compass of a few weeks; not seldom beginning when the impatient battering-ram for "copy" was at the gate, after the volume had been long advertised as "just ready." To the habit of dreaming may be ascribed some of the circumstances and conditions of life here alluded to as so many passages of ill fortune. For the instruction of wits, poets, and humorists to come—in no ungentle spirit to the memory of a real genius—must the fact be stated; not again to be referred to.—It was possibly unknown in all its fullness to the memorialists.

These 'Memorials' largely consist of Hood's private correspondence. We doubt whether such letters can be fully appreciated by the public, because the intimacy of the personal allusions will make many of the quips and cranks unintelligible to persons beyond the verge of the small circle of old friends to whom the birth was addressed. Hood could not answer a note without a whimper, nor read aloud a line from a book without flinging out some crotchet by way of comment, in which the person addressed was as often as otherwise characteristically included. He delighted in mystification from the fullness of an inventive and eccentric fancy, such as has fallen into few poets' cradles. When he was an editor, he wrote phantom inquiries to himself, in order that he might pique the public with *bona fide* answers to them. He toyed with the casualties—even the calamities—of life, his own included. It was his *Yorick* nature so to do. The familiar correspondence of such a man as this, addressed to a small and attached company of friends and associates, loses largely by being printed without note or comment; and yet notes and comments, portraits and illustrations, were obviously impossible.

The above will suffice by way of introductory remarks. Henceforth we shall mainly confine ourselves to extracts, without much attempt at continuous narrative. Enough to say, that Hood was born in 1799, the son of a London bookseller—by birth Scotch!—

"Of my father's birth and parentage we can glean but few particulars; his own jaking account was, that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves, i. e., Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong."

Hood began life in apprenticeship to an engraver; but he had scarcely reached years of discretion when his peculiar genius began to display itself in the *London Magazine*, of which he was appointed sub-editor. This periodical, which included among its contributors many remarkable men, is somewhat too lightly passed in review by the memorialists; and there certainly should have been a fuller notice of Hood's brother-in-law, John Hamilton Reynolds, the

youngster whose 'Saffie,' by its promise, attracted the attention of Byron, and who was associated with Hood in some of his first literary essays—the 'Odes and Addresses to Great People,' which established Hood's reputation, having been written conjointly by the brothers-in-law. But the 'Memorials,' as has been said, are slender till we reach the year 1832,—six years after Hood's marriage,—the first year of the 'Comic Annual,' when its editor took up his residence at a strange, fantastic garden-house, Lake House, Wanstead:—

"A beautiful old place, although exceedingly inconvenient, for there was not a good bed room in it. The fact was, it had formerly been a sort of lanqueting hall to Wanstead Park, and the rest of the house was sacrificed to the one great room, which extended all along the back. It had a beautiful chimney-piece carved in fruit and flowers by Ribbeck and the colored borders of a palatial. Several quaint Watteau-like pictures of the Seasons were panelled in the walls, but it was all in a shocking state of repair, and in the twilight the rats used to come and peep out of the holes in the wainscot. There were two or three windows on each side, while a dog in the middle of the garden, a flight of steps leading into a pleasant wilderness of a garden, infested by hundreds of rabbits from the warden close by. From the windows you could catch lovely glimpses of forest scenery, especially one little *avenue*. In the midst of the garden lay the little lake from which the house took its name, surrounded by huge masses of rhododendrons."

The early part of Hood's residence at Lake House may be described as the gayest period of his life. It was but brief, however, owing to causes which it matters not here to examine. Difficulties and perplexities gathered round him, and in 1835 we find him established at Coblenz,—for many subsequent years an exile, with his occasional business visits to London, and health that gave way point by point.

Without attempting minutely to explain, or critically to gloss, such a "household word" as Hood's genius, the original manner in which he turned to account such aliment as foreign scenes and manners furnish, cannot but be recalled.—"Up the Rhine" (now out of print) will always be in the first rank among the books devoted to that lovely river, for its poetry, its comicality, its inimitable touches of old national humours and traits, some of which are now vanishing beneath Time's effacing fingers and Travel's equalizing feet. Yet nothing can be s lighter than the framework, which is merely a reproduction of the machinery of 'Humpty Clinker,' attempted by one who had in himself something of the fastidiousness of foreign language easily, nor to strange customs flexibly; but few, if any, can so exactly hit the nail on the head as he, when any singularity of dress or behaviour was in question. The same exquisite discernment as make his Quakers so photographically correct to the life of the little-known Society of Friends, makes his kissing, smoking, sentimental German, "whose humor," he said, was "like yeast dimpling a day old," wondrously true to the reality.—The letters to England showing the struggles of settlers in strange places, fill the largest part of the first volume. Many of the incidents and stories were subsequently wrought up by their writer for the public. The others would not be comprehensible in all their raciness without the glossary, which (as has been pointed out) cannot be given.

Few people have delighted in letter-writing more than the man to whose labours for the press seemed always a pain. In connection on an epistle from Mrs. Hood, who possessed

no mean epistolary powers of her own, the memorialist goes on to say:—

"The foregoing letter presents a fair specimen, here and there, of the interpolations and additions, but more especially of the interpolations and additions, with which my father delighted to embellish my mother's letters. Whenever she left a half-finished letter anywhere in his reach, she was sure, on her return, to find 'notes and queries' inserted, often much opposed to her original meaning, and frequently tending to the utter mystification of the recipient of the letter. Her handwriting was, although legible, rather peculiar, and he delighted in making it more so,—altering 'o's and a's, and changing 'i's into 'l's, to the utter confusion of her meaning. On one occasion this led to an absurd mistake. She had written to a friend to procure her some good Berlin patterns for slippers, &c.; but during her absence, my father got hold of her note, and, in his favourite fashion, altered and touched up the words. Some time after, she received a reply from her friend, asking what new English article it could be that was dignified by the name of 'dippers!'"

Here, however, among the accounts made up between Hood and Coblenz, when the former had pretty nearly lost his love for the Rhine and the Moselle, is a passage too characteristic to be overlooked, which is new to us:—

"We did not meet at Miss Cecil's, where a serio-comic originality in her struggles between extortion and civility. One moment she kissed Jane like a sister, and the next began a skirmish. First came Suspicion that, as we left a little before the time agreed on, we would not pay up to it. Satisfied on that point, Coblenz felt reassured. Then Memory suggested we had broken two or three old chairs and a glass, but finding we had replaced or sent them to be mended ourselves, she fired a fresh salute. Away we went, and then, Avastie pronounced, she sent a volley of chairs, &c., which we had not broken to be replaced, but to be the use of the rooms. That promised so soon as we should have cleared out and cleaned up, she fell to compliments again; but snuffing that she meant to whitewash, repair, and brush up at our cost, we were obliged, in self-defence, to hold the keys. Thereupon she had the *louis picked*, and sent to work, and hinted she would favour me with the bills. So I entered into the correspondence, and as she had sent Jane a quantity of notes in German, I thought it only fair to give her one in English, which I knew she must carry off by the town to get translated, and then, I fear, it will not be very flattering. I pointed out to her that she had no right to both rooms and rent, and as picking locks is a grave offence in Prussia, she must have, and had, presumed at a foreigner's ignorance of its laws. This has shut her mouth, and stopped the bills, and also the *biting*. Gracie [Gretel] married on the 1st of March (military again), and I am sorry to say, made a bad end. First, as Tom didn't at all want physics, she showed, or let him find his way (while his mother showed, or let him find his way) holds the honey-pot." Secondly, having "ruined de Bili," she did her best to unwin him again, and set him roaring all at once after his "Mutter." Thirdly, as Fanny had the face-ache, she opened all the windows directly, and the cold winds were blowing, and she had taken a fit of cleanliness, she was beaten one day brushing down the dust from the ceiling and walls over Miss's gowns. She had warning for the 1st of March, but, as Jane is as unlucky as 'Joe,' this of all years was a trap-year. It is too certain the dear departed made a per centage on everything she bought for us. I declined to sign a certificate of honesty Veritas had given her, so she cast her eyes on Joseph, the carpenter, whom she got to marry her, induced by the fortune of a 'bills' two years old, and 150 dollars in the pocket. As she had received from Veritas and me, and her mother, whom he partly supported, dying opportunely the day before she left us, the wedding was fixed for the fortnight after the funeral; but owing to some mysterious accident of the priest, did not take place till a fortnight later, and we

This same voluminous letter contains a most

diverting example of Hood's inextinguishable love of mischief and misanthropy. It was addressed by him to the then editor of the *Athenæum*, written under imaginary affront at some laudatory notice of some German writer's book of travel:

"Fair play is a jewel, and I like to see it set in the *Athenæum*. Besides I do not know your Editor personally, but I suspect him of a little over-leaning towards the Germans. I picture him with an awful fall of hair, and a serio-comic metaphysico-romantic visage, moulded in brown bread rather heavy, a big body made dropically corpulent by fattening on this wine, and a pair of stout legs of no particular shape, which he partly walks, partly carries, having been drilled when a student. Like Pease and Cowper, and others of the learned, he wears a cap; but with a convoluted cock on one side, and hangs a tassel from his apex. On his forefinger, a huge ring with an engraved stone or glass, that might serve Mrs. — at a pinch for a jelly-mould; and he has chains enough on his bosom to hang him in. His waist-coat seems cut out of the train of Iris's court-dress, set off by a snuff-brown coat, and sad-green breeches—a sort of hybrid between a peacock and Minerva's dress—grave and gaudy. When he comes to the table after soup the meat that was boiled in it—a mere roisidum—like the potent ginlock bread of Finland. He seasons it with red-coloured mustard. He drinks a wine so sharp, that like the 'Acetate Hood' of the Temple, it pierces the throat. When he is awake he dreams, that he is asleep; he sneezes music, that, as Zeller says, by its very noise 'reminds you of the universal silence!' If he look pensive it is because he cannot fathom the immeasurable, grasp the infinite, or comprehend the incomprehensible. Should he be a little careless he writes—when he gets perturbed he paints, and you have the portrait of his mistress the Muse, as a little old woman with red locks dropping out of her mouth. Port of painter, he tries to be sublime, and makes a monster a most ridiculous monster, or rather a herd of monsters, and makes them act monstrously, like the fantastic shadows in Carpenter's microscope, supposing you had mixed their drop of water with a ditto of brandy. If he smiles, it is with the idea of 'reading much, learning much, and dying much.' He is never without a leaf out of *Bettine* for wailing. While he smokes, he pastoralizes; drunk, he moralizes; sober, he romanticizes; mad, he philosophizes. There Wolfgang von ——— there's a rally *à la* Randall, in return for your fighting me up to a German corner. By the bye, your notice made me long to read Van Steumer's 'England.' It must be a capital book, but methinks he is apt to make sure of Prussian blue."

One or two adventures and passages belonging to the time of residence at Coblenz may be given as quaint specimens of Hood's powers of description and speculation.

"I must relate two adventures at Lahndstein, the first almost as laughable as Mr. L.—'s. Whilst we were fishing all of a sudden I missed De Franck,—but spied him at last up to his neck in the middle of two rocks between which he had slipped in jumping from one to another. He made a strange figure when he came out,—the best lay figure for a River god imaginable,—for German sporting jackets have an infinity of pockets, and there was a separate gill of water from every one, as well as from his sleeve, trousers, and each spot of his drowned moustache (N.B. they're very long. He did not seem much improved, when, having gone to the Inn, he returned in a suit of the landlady's, who, though twice as tall, was not half so stout. His boots were not good for anything, for we thought nobody would notice him, as it was not a holiday, and there was no company. But we were mistaken. The landlady's dog sniffed a robbery, and knowing his master's clothes again, insisted on stripping the counterpane, and was obliged to be pushed off by a servant. The landlady was very much distressed, and made a thousand apologies; and, to do him justice, was a very obliging, honest, reasonable fellow, and certainly deserved to be paid better than with his own money, out of his own waistcoat-

pocket, by De Franck, as we discovered afterwards. This was the comic part; now for the tragic. In the meanwhile, Jane, whose legs are not so elephantine as they were, you will readily suppose, made shift to scramble, with Miss Von B.—, up to the ruined castle of Lahneck. Having seen the old ground floor, female curiosity, prevailing even over female fear, tempted them to a dilapidated staircase to one of the mouldering attics; and then, how unfortunately fortunate! some half-dozens of the topmost stairs caught the contagion of curiosity, and paid a visit to the ceiling. You may imagine the descent, and indeed is a very high leg—but as you know I am deaf and De Franck was more intent on the perch below, a long hour (Jane says six) before they were rescued, hourly sick, you may be sure, of the local and the vocal. They swear they will never ascend any old ruins again."

Some of the pleasantest passages from the letters in this first volume describe a march into the heart of Germany, made by Hood, in company with the regiment of one of his foreign friends. What comes next is lively, with less of word-play in it than most other passages of the same length which could be drawn from the correspondence.

"From having gone through woods full of old stumps and roots of trees, without a fall, I begin to piss myself on my horsemanhood, but yesterday got into a bit of a caper. I was anxious to inquire after post-office of Holitz, so had to get before the others, which I all but effected, when, just entering the town in a narrow street, I was obliged to wait with my horse's nose just against the big drum, which he objected to pass; but I contrived to keep him dancing between the band and the regiment. As soon as I took then a captain Colditz, who rode home ran away with him slap through the band, all of whom he upset, breaking their instruments to the tune of 300 dollars damages. I am glad I did not know this at the time. We rise at four, and march about five or half past; it is moonlight earlier, but the day has become dark, and I can see the road, and then mount; after about three-quarters of an hour we halt for a quarter of an hour, and then on again to the general rendezvous, overtaking or passing other companies on the road, for several regiments wholly apart. At the rendezvous we halt and breakfast—a sort of picnic—each bringing what he can: if I had been searched yesterday they would have found on me two old pigeons, and a loaf split and buttered. I have learnt to forage, and always clear the table at my quarters into my pockets. It is an amusing scene when we sit down by the roadside; some of the officers, who have had queer quarters, bring sketches of them; one the other day had such a riotous house for him, that his dog stood and howled at the inn at Krenstein, where I dined; supper, bed, and breakfast for 7 good groshen, about 11 pence! Think of that, ye Jewish Rhine-lauders. Many of them, moreover, turned the common soldier the five groshen the king allows for travelling, and gave them a glass of champagne besides. They are friendly, kind people, and meet you with the hand held out to shake, and say 'Welcome.' I like the Saxons much. Then we marched to Wittenberg, where a Lieut. J.—, an old friend of Franck's, made us dine with him at the 'Pferd zum Casino.' He spoke French, and was very intelligent, and somewhat literary, so we got on well. He asked me if we English had not a prejudice against the Germans, and I assured him quite the reverse. He seemed pleased, and said, 'To be sure you are of the same race' (Saxons). He told me over the town, famous as one of Luther's strongholds. His statue conveyed the very impression I had from a late paper in the *Athenæum*, a sturdy figure, with a large thick necked jovial head, nasal exceedingly,—a real sort of bulldog to pin the 'Pferd zum Casino.' From there we went to Prohlitz to our quarters, which were queerish; Franck was put in a room close as the village church, and in the ball-room; we were certainly transposed. Our second quarters were at Nischel near Truenbitzen. We arrived after a march of eight hours and a half."

think of that for me! and I came in all alive and kicking. We got at it over wide barren heaths, and plenty of deep and deep ditches. Our billet was a Burgomaster, or schultze, and his civic robe was a sheepskin with the wool inward, the usual wintry dress in those bleak parts. The lady mayors a stout, plump, short-faced matroness, with a vast number of children, and a few for a short time. I told my host I was an English baronet, and we kept up a great respect and fellowship for each other. You would have laughed to see Bonkowski hugging and kissing the Frau—it is reckoned an honour—and the husbands stand and look on; we shook hands all round, and then dined; I was too curious about the cookery, and asked a hearty. Every time I came to the window, a whole group in sheepskins, like lambs on their hind legs, pointed me out to each other, and took a good stare, so I suppose Burgomasters are rarities. At leaving, the Burgomaster inquired very anxiously about me, and being, as he thought, in the way to get information, he said he had heard of Planders, and wanted to know if it was money like *fortius*? There was a Workshop for you! "We had but two beds, so I took the room of Mr. Bonkowski, and Franck was on the straw. Thence we went to Schlumkendorf (what a name!) near Belitz; quartered at a miller's, very clean and wholesome, but only two beds, so Franck was littered down again. I wanted the host to give him corn instead of straw by mistake, and then he and I thrashed together and put together. I forgot to say the little captain called on me at Prohlitz to see how I was, and took tea with me. Last night I called on Bonkowski, who was opposite to us; I found him flirting with the Frau. I told her I had come 50,000 miles, was married at 14, and had 17 children; and as I was in yellow boots and Mrs. —'s present of a robe, and really looked a Grand Turk, she believed me like Gospel."

The following hint at the marvellous of Potsdam is happy:—

Everything about Potsdam smacks of the Great Frederick, but nothing is more striking than the superabundance of statues. They *seem*—there is a whole garrison turned into marble or stone, good, bad, or indifferent. They are as numerous in the garden as the promenade; there is a Neptune group, for example, without even the apology of the sea. The *Statue of the Sea-Scout*—in fact, everywhere. The finest, to my taste, is execrable, or ridiculous. Solitude and loneliness seem the proper attributes of a statue. We have no notion of marble-mobbing. I saw, of course, all the apartments and relics of Frederic. The chairs torn by his dogs, his writing table, &c. The Wattleau on the walls, containing the recurring belle Harbini, pleased me much; he seems to give a nature to courtliness, and a courtliness to nature, that make palace-guests and the vulgar and their inhabitants more like Loves and Graces than I fear they be in reality."

The above extracts bring us down to the year 1837, when, partly for the convenience of being nearer London, partly from increasing aversion to German life and manners, observed from the outside (Hood confessed his inability to master the language), the family migrated to Oxford. He could not, however, shake the dust of the Rhine and Moselle town from his feet without a parting word of downright antipathy. Everything at the outset of the sojourn in Belgium was charming, even Ostend:—

"The cities are all highly interesting, and at easy distances; so that, when I get strong enough, I shall go round to them. Brussels seems good. Its little city to live in. We like the aspect of this place; the sands are capital for the children, who are as happy as can be, with their shell baskets. * *

I found the wide green landscapes of Belgium very refreshing; and the rich clover, fine corn, and beautiful meadows, and the pure, sparkling water of the air of a Land of Promise. Here the delusive softness of a Rhenish Prussia. The extreme cleanliness, too, as, for instance, between Bruges and Ghent, was a delicious feature after the German filth. * * The people here are notoriously favour-

able to the English, and seem civil, good-humoured, and obliging. They also look healthy. I walked into the market on purpose to observe them, and saw only ruddy faces, polished by the sea-air. If they cheat us, which I do not yet know, they do it with more civility and a better manner, which is something *per contra*. Our servant took a fancy to the sea, and has bought him a little white relic, a china cup and saucer for his special use; and our landlady actually thinks for our use, and keeps adding little articles of comfort for our use, though I never saw lodgings so completely furnished, even to umbrellas! In my own little room I have a chamber-cupboard, should I get weary of grinding my brains. And the kitchen, little as it is, is complete, even to an eight-day clock. In fact, I feel we are very lucky. * * * It is quite a treat to see the clean faces and hands. I could kiss the children here about the streets—and the maids too. I think the German men kiss each other so because, thanks to dirt, there is no fair sex there."

By Carnival-time in the following year the gold had become somewhat tarnished. Even Coblenz came to be steadily remembered:—

The looks per Stewardship arrived per Monday night, but are not delivered yet, thanks to that folly the Carnival, which plagues other houses besides the Customs. In Coblenz it was kept up by the tradesmen. Here it is the *Noten* of the lowest class. They have been roaring about the streets all the last night, and no doubt no doubt among them. She applied to be out two whole nights running (how your wife will lift up her eyes!), and insisting it was the custom of the place, we could not refuse. She masqueraded, too, as a broom girl. The first night she had her mask torn, and to save her second night, can hardly crawl with a swelled foot—maybe from a fight, nobody knows what, but it has given me quite a disgust. Neither Germans nor Flemings ought to Carnivalise—though the Germans have one advantage. I have heard very good singing in parts from the common people about Coblenz, but never did I hear such howling and creaking as here. They beat our ballad-singers in London all to sticks. Now I think of it, was there ever a Flemish singer of any celebrity? I do not recollect one. How *Reineke* would do! 'Amalie's' popularity in Ostend! Shall I send him over a Flemish Rafter Family. It would be at least a novelty."

The following is from a letter dated July 7:—"Did I give you the history of a steamer built at Bruges? They quite forgot how she was to get down the canal, and they will have to take down the brickwork of the locks at a great expense—some 1,500 francs instead of 25! all along of her width of paddle-boxes. Well, the other day, 10,000 people assembled to see her launched; troops, land, municipal, everybody in their best; and, above all, Mr. T—, the owner, in blue jacket, white trousers, and straw hat. So he knocked away the props and then ran as for his life, for she ought to have moved, and she did, that she stuck to the stocks as if she had the hydrophobia. Then they got 200 men to run from side to side, and fired cannons from her stern, and hauled by hawsers, but 'there she sat,' and the people 'sat,' till nine at night, and then gave up. She has since been launched, and she was in a quiet way quite; she looked at first very like an investment in the stocks, and I should fear her propensity may lead her next to stick on a bank. The only comfort I could give was, that she promised to be very fast. To lighten the fun, the wine was clucked at by the English body who thought she was going; I know not what wine, but it ought to have been still champagne."

Ostend month by month more and more out of favour; he became conscious that his health suffered from the climate—the water was bad, the towns round the town pestiferous!—and in 1840 the family returned to England.

With change, Hood was again cheerful and hopeful. The English air, he said, braced his fibres; the blood-spitting had stopped; and even Camberwell, where he chanced to be located, was the very best air for him. He thus

described the consequences of change to a friend in Germany:—"I am now returned to beef and mutton, and how delicious they are here! What a taste of the fresh green English pasture! None of your German 'bif steaks,' with no more gravy in them than walking sticks, but real rompslets out of Smithfield even, that have never roughed or dragged a cart (don't you call it the *specie cart*), juicy as the herbage, and done to a turn on the gridiron by 'neat-handed Phillia.' Jane and I are just going to have one for supper on purpose to tantalize you; can't you fancy it in your land of fried saddlebones?"

Hood subsequently became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*—then started *Hood's Magazine*—never, in fact, labourer harder. But the death-struggle had begun, and the shadow deepens painfully throughout the remainder of the book. Its subject died on the 3rd of May, 1845.

Though these 'Memorials' may appear indistinct and shadowy to the reader, they will reveal the man very vividly to all to whom he was personally known, and the travelling sketches from which we have extracted a few specimens, leaving as many as good untouched, besides illustrating his genius, will in a degree mark the character of one of the most individual and peculiar men whom the world of English books or letters has ever known.

About London. By J. Ewing Ritchie. (Tinsley.)

THERE is no principle so well understood or so productive of profit in advertising as that of repeating a certain name or phrase. By constantly announcing yourself in connexion with a certain class of subjects, you grow into an "authority" almost before you are aware of it. Mr. Ritchie may one day be recognized as a historian of London. It will be from no lack of perseverance in self-assertion if he loses this honour. He has already given us three books that profess to be "about London," and here is a fourth volume on the same fruitful topic.

Mr. Ritchie ought to be a popular author, and largely read by a numerous and highly respectable class, for his writing is of that level common place order which is always so wisely understood and admired. It excites no wonder; it shocks no prejudices; it requires no intellectual effort on the part of the reader. It is in harmony with that school of poetry which has given us songs of the arm-chair and the tea-kettle,—and that school of art which has flooded the market with broken pitchers and staid apes. There is no fancy,—no imagination,—no dramatic life and constructive ability in such writing; and above all no wit or humour, or even "fun." Occasionally the writer feels bound to kick up his heels and to give us a taste of what he thinks he could do in the "light and flippant" style, if he felt disposed; but the samples presented in Mr. Ritchie's case do not tempt us to ask for more. For an author who is evidently connected with the "total abstinence movement," and who must consequently be brought into contact with what are called the "serious classes," we are surprised to see so free an indulgence in slang. The word "party" for an individual is not elegant, nor yet funny, unless it is put into the mouth of some low-comedy creation in characteristic dialogue. Mr. Ritchie evidently thinks it is; and also that "life" (for a hat), the "little game" and "swell" and "correct Stilton," are the only pieces of verbal pleasure required to lighten a heavy statistical article. In the opening of Chapter III.—"About Coal!"—he says, "The respected partner of my joys and sorrows has retired to roost; far away, in the nursery, the maternal plodgers of our

affection have done ditto. Unless an amorous member of that inextinguishable class of public servants—the metropolitan police—be at this moment engaged in a futile flirtation with the cook, I have no reason to believe that beside myself any of my limited establishment is awake." This is our author's idea of what a book requires, to make it "amusing"; and "done ditto"—a remarkable phrase—is a favourite liberty which he gaily takes with the English language. Writing of the "London Gent," he says, "He is evidently a very badly-dressed and ill-bred fellow, in spite of the fact that his vest was of the last cut, that his title was faultless, that his boots were ditto," &c. The "London Gent," when he reads such writing as this, may fairly inquire whether his opponent is not a member of the same class.

In the chapter next to the one containing this attack upon the unnamed "gent," we have, as we might fully expect, an indiscriminate eulogy upon "London Volunteers." Our author does not seem to be aware that the "gent" of ten years ago, who was caricatured by Albert Smith, may be the "Volunteer" of to-day—the patriot whose hands are shaken by Royalty itself, and whose anti-Gallic sympathies are goaded on by the *Times*. The same ignorant wonder is again expressed that many thousand clerks and shopmen can be found who are willing to spend the time of their masters in drilling, parading, and holiday-making; or that men who each earn on an average three guineas a week can really learn a mechanical exercise like that lowest of all labourers—the military labourer—whose time is only worth about fourteen pence a day!

The same want of fixed principles—of a thinking system, of logical clearness of thought—is shown throughout the book. In one chapter we have an advocacy of early and imprudent marriages, because a few men have married with no particular income, and have thrived. This chapter is balanced by another more practical, upon the London Charities—perhaps to show us that in the event of our following the example of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and marrying upon nothing, there are plenty of relieving funds if we break down in our hours-keeping—

"According to Mr. Low, the charities comprise—12 General medical hospitals. 50 Medical charities for special purposes. 35 General dispensaries. 12 Societies and institutions for the preservation of life and public morals. 18 Societies for reclaiming the fallen, and staying the progress of crime. 14 Societies for the relief of general destitution and distress. 35 Societies in connexion with the Committee of the Reformatory and Refuge Union. 12 Societies for relief of specific description. 11 Societies for the relief of the aged and infirm (exclusive of loan funds and savings banks). 11 Societies for the deaf and dumb and the blind. 103 Colleges, hospitals, and institutions of almshouses for the aged. 16 Charitable pension societies. 71 Charitable and provident societies, chiefly for specified classes. 31 Asylums for orphan and other necessitous children. 10 Educational foundations. 4 Charitable modern foundations. 40 School societies, religious books, Church aiding and Christian visiting societies. 35 Bible and missionary societies. Total 528. (This includes parent societies only, and is quite exclusive of the numerous 'auxiliaries,' &c.) These charities annually disburse in aid of their respective objects the extraordinary amount of 1,764,733*l.*; of which upwards of 1,000,000*l.* is raised annually by voluntary contributions, and the remainder from funded property, sale of publications, &c."

When Mr. Ritchie indulges in facts, he is as readable as most reporters; but when he favours us with opinions, we are compelled to close the book. He attacks cabmen, forgetting that they are not working under free-trade.

We quote a favourable passage, descriptive of the Coal Exchange:—

"We again ascend to the ground floor, which is a rotunda sixty feet in diameter, covered by a glazed dome seventy-four feet from the floor. This circular hall has three tiers of projecting galleries running round it; the floor is composed of 4,000 pieces of inland wood, in the form of a nation's compass; in the centre is the city shield, anchor, &c., the dagger-blade in the arm being a piece of mulberry-tree, planted by Peter the Great when he worked as a shipwright in Deptford Dockyard. The place is worth coming to see—country costing ought to look at it; the entrance vestibule, Mr. Timbs, in his 'Curiosities of London,' informs us, is richly embellished with vases of fruit, arabesque foliage, terminal figures, &c. In the rotunda, between the Raphaelian scroll supports, are panels painted with impersonations of the coal-mining rivers of England—the Thames, Mersey, Severn, Trent, Humber, Aire, Tyne, &c.; and above them, within frow borders, are figures of Wisdom, Fortitude, Vigilance, Temperance, Perseverance, Watchfulness, Justice, and Faith. The arabesques in the first story are views of coal-mines—Wallend, Percy, Pitt, Maltby, &c. The second and third story panels are painted with miners at work; and the twenty-four ovals at the springing of the dome have, upon a turquoise blue ground, figures of fossil plants found in coal formations. The minor ornamentation is flowers, shells, snakes, lizards, and other reptiles, miners' tools and nautical subjects;—there you can see all the process of coal mining without troubling yourself to go down a mine, and in a small museum, too small for such a grand building and such a wealthy trade, curious specimens of fossil products and coal will make the observer still more acquainted; but let us look at the living mass beneath. Some of the men below are famous city names. There, sometimes, you may see Sir James Duke, who came to London a clerk, poor and under-paid, on board a man-of-war, and who, on this Coal Exchange, has made a colossal fortune; and you may see a baronet, he being at the time Lord Mayor, when the New Exchange was opened by Prince Albert on the 29th of October, 1849, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. Here, often, you may see Hugh Taylor, M.P., who began life as a coal-miner, and who, as a coal-tain, then was developed into a coal-owner; and who is said to be a perfect Midas, and possesses an art, very much thought of by city people, of turning everything he touches into gold. On a door just below where we stand is inscribed the name of Lord Ward—for even noblemen don't mind sully their fingers with vulgar trade if anything is to be made by it. And there is the name of a Welsh coal-owner, who, some fifty years back, was a clerk in a certain timber-merchant's at a guinea a week, and who now, I believe, can raise an army of thousands of tons of coal. It depends upon it there is some money made by these black diamonds, and the corporation of London know it, for they have managed to get a tax levied of one penny on every ton of coals, whether brought by sea or rail within thirty miles of where we stand. What they do with the enormous sum thus collected it is impossible to say; it is true they built this handsome Exchange at a cost altogether of 91,677. 11s. 8d., but that is a small part of their receipts. When the tax was first levied it did not much matter; about the year 1850 one or two ships arrived for the coal-trade of London. On Friday, December 2nd, 1859, the number of ships with cargoes for sale on that day was not less than 340—and on an average each ship employed in the coal trade carries 300 tons of coal. In the month of October alone there were brought into the London market 283,840 tons by sea, and by rail 95,195 tons and three-quarters. Of course in winter time the trade is very brisk. The retail dealers in the metropolis will tell you that a few cold days make an enormous difference in the sale of coals, and the large dealers are driven to their wits' end as to how they can find enough waggons and horses to enable them to supply their customers. In the large coal-yards in the winter time the men are at work from five in the morning till late, very late, at night. I am thankful for

their industry, I hope they are well paid. But I have not yet said how the business at the Coal Exchange is carried on. There are two classes of men connected with the place—the factors, who have a handsomely-furnished room up above, and who elect to enter by ballot—and the merchants, who have a room below, to which they pay so much a year, and to the use of which they also are elected by ballot. On the top-most story of all are the offices of the gentlemen who collect the city dues, and render themselves useful in similar ways. When the colliers arrive at Gravesend, a messenger is sent up with their names and the number of coals on board, and so on. Each ship is consigned to a London factor, and in the official room is a large case full of pigeon-holes, in which the papers for each factor are deposited; these papers are collected by the factor's clerks, and with these the factor goes into the market to sell; for if he does not sell—unless the charter-party permit him to wait for a second market-day—he has to pay a demurrage of three-halfpence a ton, a demurrage, however, often submitted to rather than the coals should be sold at a loss of a shilling per ton. It bell rings at twelve, and all at once you see, by the sudden apparition of merchants and factors from the surrounding offices, that business has commenced; however, little is done till towards the close of two, the factors till then holding out for high prices, and the merchants holding back. I may add, that there is very little speculation in this trade, all is fair and above board. In the room of the factors, as well as of the merchants, is a daily list of what vessels have arrived at Gravesend, with what amount of cargo, and what vessels are on their way, and how many are going to the north in ballast; thus the buyer knows as much about the state of the trade as the seller—and as he thinks the factor must sell before the market is over, he waits till the very last before he concludes his bargain. At the end of the market, when there is a heavy sale, people get a little excited. They are also rather more numerous and noisy than when you first entered, and, besides the regular dealers, a good many others are present; sailors out of curiosity, captains who want to know who are the purchasers of their coals, and others who are to deliver them to; general dealers who do not belong either to the Factors' Society or that of the Coal Merchants; and here and there a lady may be seen gazing with curious eyes on the groups below. When the sales are effected, the broker pays the city dues—four bulk most be broken till then, under a penalty of five hundred pounds—and a gentleman attests the purchases, and publishes them in a list, sent that evening to all subscribers as the real authenticated state of the markets for that day. I may as well say that the market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. In the way of compendium, I add, that the price of coals, as given in the daily newspapers, is the price up to the time when the coals are shipped from the ship to the merchants' barges. It includes, 1st, the value of the coals at the pit's mouth; 2nd, the expense of transit from the pit to the wharf; 3rd, the freight of the ship to London; 4th, the dues; and, 5th, the wharfing. The public then has to pay, 6th, the merchant for taking it to his wharf and keeping it there, and his profit; and, 7th, the retailer for fetching it from the merchant's, and bringing it to their doors. Of course you may save something by going at once to the merchant's. The poor cannot do this, and have to pay an extra price on this, as on almost everything they consume."

This is not literature, properly so called, nor is it "graphic" writing; but it is a fair specimen of what Mr. Ritchie can do when he is really reliable as a London historian.

A Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Vol. I. (Murray.)

THE PURCHASE of a really serviceable dictionary of the Bible as an auxiliary in the

study of the sacred text can hardly be overrated. To mention only one advantage, such a portable library of Biblical science saves an immense amount of labour, by presenting in a condensed form the results of the latest and most trustworthy investigations, while the student who may desire fuller information is at the same time directed to the sources whence it may best be derived. But corresponding to the value are the difficulties of an undertaking like the present. These arise not merely from the extent and variety of topics to be discussed, but from the religious susceptibilities of the reader, which are almost sure to be roused where controverted questions are more or less directly treated by a number of independent thinkers. In view of these and other difficulties, it is very high praise indeed to say of the volume before us, that most of the articles sustain the reputation of the contributors, who, as a whole, work with accuracy and equally acceptable to all persons as the Classical Dictionary with which Dr. Smith has already enriched our literature, deserves to be ranked along with them as a book of reference alike for scholar and student.

A new 'Dictionary of the Bible' was certainly not uncalled for. In his Preface, the editor is content to rest his claims chiefly on the advance lately made in Biblical studies, and on the discoveries of modern travellers. Most persons competent to judge will readily admit that, irrespective of this progress, the works hitherto in use have more or less failed to meet the reasonable expectations of students. Of course Calmet's 'Dictionnaire Historique et Critique, Chronologique, Géographique et Littéraire de la Bible,'—which appeared in an English translation as early as 1732, but is perhaps the best known in the more popular and useful form given by Mr. Charles Taylor, who has in great measure been superseded. The only other work in our language deserving special mention, is the well-known 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature,' edited by the late Dr. Kitto. Although infinitely superior to most of the compilations which have since appeared, and containing many valuable articles, it still leaves much to be desired in respect both of completeness, of accuracy, and of unity—defects which have scarcely been removed in the new issue, published under the superintendence of Dr. Burgess. In this as in other departments of theology we have been under great obligation to German writers. The 'Bibliothèque Real-Wörterbuch,' by Prof. Winer, is invaluable from its conciseness and ample references to sources, though in other respects far from trustworthy. Of the Biblical articles in the 'Real-Encyclopædie für Theologie und Kirche,' by Prof. Winer, it is enough to say that they are worthy of their place in that storehouse of German industry and learning. But even had these works been generally accessible, they could not have supplied the want of a thorough original work, such as that now presented to the public. Its distinguishing features are completeness, sound discretion in the choice of materials, and accuracy of scholarship. In kind, even the more obscure names and topics mentioned in the Scriptures find a place in these pages; and many an interesting circumstance, too often overlooked, is thus unexpectedly brought to light. Credit is due to the care and industry of Mr. Grove, of Sydenham, to whom this department has been chiefly entrusted. In general, more attention than is usual has been bestowed on the minor articles, which, after all, constitute the staple of such a dictionary. Something, however, remains

to be desired in the biographical papers. A mere summary of incidents recorded in the Bible, without sufficient colour in life, is very dry reading—certainly not biography. Take, as an example, the history of "Jehoram," the son of Ahab. What materials are furnished in the Second Book of Kings for a full-size portrait of the weak, cowardly, and vacillating king of Israel, as contrasted with his great contemporary Elisha? A vivid sketch of individual character, and with it sometimes of a whole period, requires the skill of the historian, and not merely the industry of the compiler. We have a strong opinion that this and other defects might partly have been avoided if the choice of contributors to the work had not been limited to one circle. The prospect of greater uniformity in opinion, and the halo of Colleges and Halls, will scarcely compensate for the benefits to be derived from the widest selection among competent writers.

We shall not attempt the difficult and ungracious task of selecting from these 1,800 pages the articles most deserving notice. Contributions such as those of Alford, Elliott, Fergusson, Lord Arthur Stanley, Howson, Lyard, Poole, Porter, Rawlinson, Harvey, Westcott, and others, on Assyrian, Egyptian, and Jewish Antiquities, on Biblical Criticism, Geography, and Chronology, will at once secure the attention of readers. Probably the most elaborate article in the volume is that which bears the title "Jesus Christ." The paper on "Jerusalem" deserves throughout careful study, though the subject is, and we fancy will remain, open to controversy. By the way, a rather curious instance of mistake occurs, at p. 1014, in the last-mentioned article, in the account of the Jewish rebellion during the reign of Hadrian, in a simple reference to any of the latest Jewish Histories—as those of Grätz, Jost, or Ederheim, in our own language—satisfactorily proves that the attempt to rebuild the Temple was made immediately *before*, and not during, the revolution; that the defence of Jerusalem by the Jews, if undertaken at all, did not form an important feature in the war which ensued; and, lastly, that Bar Cochab himself—not his grandson—fell at the capture of Bethar, not at that of Jerusalem. The question is chiefly interesting to historical students; but errors, even of this kind, should have been carefully guarded against. On other and more important points, also, discussion might be raised. Thus, passing over some questionable assertions, the reference to *Lightfoot* in the article on "Blasphemy" is singularly infelicitous. Granting that the statements in the "Hor. Hebr. ad Matth. xii. 32" are correct, the *only* inference which can fairly be derived from them, is that drawn by Lightfoot himself:—"Illi qui hinc elidere conantur remissionem peccatorum nonnullorum post mortem, parum intellexisse videntur, quoniam respexit Christus, cum hec diceret." We are curious to know what other "inferences so often extorted" from the passage in Matthew are met by the quotation from Lightfoot. Our last objection to the volume under review applies to what we regard as excessive caution on the part of some of the contributors. It is most unsatisfactory to be put in possession of the various trains of argument on an important question in controversy, without at the same time having the benefit of the judgment at which the writer of the article himself has arrived. In proof that such inquiries may with perfect safety and great advantage be carried to their ultimate conclusions, we refer to the scholarly discussions in such articles as those on "Isaiah," "Jeremiah," and "Job."

A popular compendium of the "Dictionary

of the Bible" would prove an inestimable boon to that "larger class of persons who, without pursuing theology as a profession, are anxious to study the Bible with the aid of the latest investigations of the best scholars." From the size of this work, its fullness, and the frequency of its quotations from the ancient languages—notwithstanding the assertion to the contrary in the Preface—we can scarcely share the hope that, in its present form, "it will be found both intelligible and interesting even to those who have no knowledge of the learned languages, and that such persons will experience no difficulty in reading the book through from beginning to end." Meantime, however, British scholars may congratulate themselves on possessing, in their own language, by far the most complete, learned, and trustworthy work of the kind hitherto produced.

Vice-Royalty; or, Counsel respecting the Government of the Heart. Addressed to Young Men. By Benjamin Smith. (Mason.)

This little book is written for the benefit of young men, and is written evidently with the very best of good intentions; but it has the faults peculiar to all the Sunday-school literature which has ever come in our way. The intellect and intelligence addressed are those of confirmed childhood; it would be impossible for any human being to attain a rational majority under such intellectual instruction. There is a tone of good-tempered cajolery,—a *talking down* to the level of the supposed intelligence of those addressed,—which it would be considered ill-bred and disrespectful in the listeners to break through. The morality is pitched at a low key; the motive is apparently not to be puerile; the human nature fed on such instruction as is here given could never grow to its full natural growth nor come to its strength. The virtues set forth are all negative,—not to stop out too late at night,—not to frequent any social gathering less innocuous than a tea-drinking,—the virtue that lies in slippers and early hours. It is sought to bound the free play of life and faculty by that most arbitrary of wooden horizons—the measure of the mind and prejudices of the pastor or master addressing them. The young men, for whose especial good this work is written, might for three hundred and sixty-four days go on so peacefully and regularly that they should be models of good boys stiffened by practice; on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day there would come a sudden waking-up of the human nature that has been damned up and smoothed out of sight,—the flood coming and destroying in a moment the rules and observances set to break its force. These young men find that temptation does not look as it does in their books, where it is always made to wear epithets which express its guilt; they find it has a fierce truth and reality for which they have not been prepared. The purity, virtue, and religion which are inculcated in the work before us, and in Sunday-school literature in general, are purely negative and prohibitory. To abstain from hearing, seeing, reading certain things, is "to respect the purity of their minds," as though "purity of heart" were not the strongest *antisepic* power in the world, keeping its possessor as with a talisman from all communion with works of darkness. From the affinity which attracts things evil, and which alone can give them their power to hurt. Purity is positive, not negative,—a positive strength,—a virtue,—a cleaving to that which is good,—a putting forth of the whole strength and faculty that lie in a man,—not a poor negative ignorance of what is evil, which it is sheer

hypocrisy and make-believe to suppose can be kept up after either a man or a woman has gone out into the world. Teach a boy before all things to be true, and not to make-believe, and then no false, evil, or unclean thing will take any hold on him. The following extract, addressed to men already entered on the world, carries its own comment:—

"The real improvement of the mind need not prevent assiduous attention to business; and our daily task need not altogether prevent the adding to our mental stores. There are, however, foes who will damage us in both ways, unless we carefully guard against them. One named Fiction has done much mischief. * * * Scott and Byron, Dumas and Dickens, and others belonging to that legion, may be found lurking on the shelf and beneath the counter, when the shop should have no one in it but those who buy and those who sell. * * * Be on your guard if ever you venture into the company of any author whose inspiration has not been sought from Heaven. There may be one such writer who undertakes to take off the covering from the human heart; he leads his readers through scenes well calculated to excite the deepest emotions of which they are capable; but in doing so conducts whither no virtuous parent would desire son or daughter to be led. There may be another who deems it his highest honour to be regarded as a child of nature; but, alas! human nature is fearfully depraved. Fragments of his writings (and few who have respect to the purity of their minds will carry their experiment further) are sufficient to call up the idea of an abominable race, commenced in the early evening by singing to the praise of woods, and mountains, and lakes, terminated in the morning by senseless babblings of minds," &c.

Who and what the authors may be who are here darkly denounced, the reader must guess, as they are not named.

Again, take the following passage:—

"Sometimes I have been a little surprised on entering the dwelling of a man recently converted. I have felt disappointment as I observed that against the walls of the room there were pictures still hanging, and that some of his former mode of life than his present professions. * * * Perhaps in the dark days of his sinfulness he was addicted to the race-course, and there is still to be seen the representation of some horses celebrated there, or the portrait of some famous jockey, or a sketch of some immense gathering on the turf. Perhaps in those days of folly the sports of the field were his special delight, and the walls are covered with the deeds of heroes who have triumphed over partridges and pheasants, over hares and foxes;—perhaps the tavern was his chief place of resort, and unwholesome revellings are depicted on the walls."

These pictures are by the author placed on the same level as those which would come under Lord Campbell's Act, an implication which is contrary to all the laws of fairness and common sense—to say nothing of works of Art. The teaching that does not appeal to what is high and noble in the human mind, but to what is human, being, but which contents itself with prohibiting and circumscribing, will never produce brave, strong, or sensible men. It is not by endeavouring to bleach the human nature out of men,—by anathematizing all the faculties which work irregularly,—that men are to be regenerated. The vices, "the ignorances, and negligences, which have wrought so much mischief and suffering in the world, have their cause; they exist by virtue of some affinity with men's nature; they must be included in every scheme of instruction, not cut off; they are problems which must be recognized and solved. It is only by meeting the contradictions of human nature with understanding that they can be reconciled with Law and Gospel, or that human creatures can grow up to the

full stature of perfect men, with no quality starved by deficiency or exaggerated by excess.

Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe: from the Iron Period of the Northern Nations to the End of the Seventeenth Century; with Illustrations from Contemporary Monuments. By John Hewitt. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

A second volume and a Supplement (vol. 3), containing a very useful Index to all three volumes, supply the deficiencies which we had occasion to point out in the appearance of the first prefaceless volume. The subject of armour and weapons has been confined to the close of the seventeenth century. Not being confined to examples of our own country, many very interesting parallels and contrasts may be drawn between the adaptations, usages, and innovations adopted in various parts of Europe. The illustrations are both numerous and spiritedly executed, authorities being abundantly cited, and explanations carefully appended. The introduction of plate-armour, and all the various changes, are detailed with a minuteness to satisfy the most exacting antiquary.

An interesting dissertation on Scale-armour,—too often confounded in our interpretation of manuscript illuminations with Chain-work,—will be found in the second volume. We quote a few lines from this portion:—

"Scale-armour is found throughout the fourteenth century; not, however, often forming the principal part of the knightly dress, but employed for small portions only of the equipment, as the gloves, the sleeves, the gorget, the boots, or the skirt of the cuirass, or kind of defence seems to have been so widely and so continuously in favour as that of scale-work. We may trace its existence from the earliest times of which any monuments remain; from the ages recorded in the Assyrian sculptures to the days of Oliver the Great. In the fourteenth century scale-work is found in every kind of monument,—sculptures, brasses, vellum-paintings, glass pictures, and metal chasms. Drawings occur in which scale-like forms cover the whole body, as in the Louverlé Psalter; but probably this is no more than a conventional mode of representing chain-mail. Usually, the scales defend but a small part of the warrior's person,—the hand, the foot, the forearm."

Among all the formalities of monumental brasses and praying effigies, it is pleasant to observe the artistic freedom, both in point of attitude and drawing, of an incised slab, Plate 66, from the Church of St. Denis, about 1420, representing a Sergeant-at-arms. The details of the handsome man carried in his left hand are very remarkable.

The following passage, relating to tournaments, will be read with much interest by artists, novel-writers, and by all generally interested in ancient gallantries.

"But we have already seen, in the extract from the *Tourney-book of René d'Anjou* (p. 493), that different countries had different modes of arming; and we may add, that the tilt itself gradually became diversified to such an extent that at length, in the Emperor Maximilian's time, it was found necessary to write an elaborate treatise distinguishing the various modes; where we have the Italian joust, the German joust, the *joute à la haute barbe*, the *joute au harnois de jante*, the *coursu italienne*, the *coursu appelée double*, the *coursu à la torse fuste*, the *coursu à l'écuyer*, au *perrier*, *à la pelle*, *de camp*, *à la queue*, *au bourellet*, &c., all characterised by some special practice and armament. Heffer's plates 136 and 109 afford curious illustration of the tourney and joust of the fifteenth century. And a very clear view of the whole subject may be obtained by consulting the *Mémoires du Sieur de Haynin*,—*Justes at Bruges* (*Archæologia*, xxi. 326), the *Tourney-book of King René*, the *Beauchamp Pageants* (*Horæ*, vol. ii.), the *Excerpta Historica*, p. 171 seq., the *Account of the Jousts*

at Westminster,' (Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. v. p. 356), and Mr. Way's paper on the Jousts of Peace, in the fourth volume of the *Archæological Journal*. The French fashion for the *joute à plaisance* in the fifteenth century was to let the foot encounter precede the mounted contest, 'quar maintefois au armes à cheval sont teltz encounters, q' celles de pie sont delassées.' (*Excerpta Historica*, 226.) The helms worn by our knights are of the usual single cleft form of this century. That singular variety in which a disc is fixed by a stem to the back of the helm, now first appears, and may be seen in the picture, by Uccello, in the National Gallery, the *Battle of San' Egidio*."

Monuments, manuscripts, brasses, pictures, and engravings, all afford Mr. Hewitt ready material, and right well has he made use of them. In support of this, we cannot do better than advise the reader to judge for himself, and to take the volumes into his own hands.

A Trip to Cuba. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. (Boston, Ticknor & Fields; London, Low & Co.)

In the technical dictionary of those most peculiar inventors,—the folk who create and present pantomimes, may be found the phrase of "lively trips," expressive,—as it has been explained to us,—of that bustle to and fro without obvious provocation, by which dancing mimics beguile intervals occurring between the real pieces of business of the evening,—such as the transformation of a flower-pot into a jockey, hooted and spurred,—and the spell by which the house that Jack built, after its having been set on fire, puts itself out.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Trip belongs to the school of "lively trips." Barely weary with a lady's tour full of pretty little ejaculations and pet names and pets, pink, and green, and blue, lavished on all sights and persons. This is all the more tiresome because Mrs. Ward is clearly a clever woman, one who has no need to have recourse to the "mimicry" of a *Columbine* or a *Mrs. Sheraton*. Such "tricks," or "trips," as hers are but only so many concealments of want of real observation and straightforward expressive power. The following passage, however, is lively enough: the "Mrs. L." referred to is the landlady of an inn at San Antonio: "*Hulia* we imagine to be Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was made much of, she says, wherever she went—especially by Catholic priests, with whom she flirted, and who had intentions of converting her—"

"Mrs. L.—always on the watch for arrivals, comes out to receive us. We are very welcome, she hints, as far as we go; but why are there not more of us! The smallest favours should be thankfully received, but she hears that Havana is full of strangers, and she wonders, for her part, why people will stay in that hot place, and roast, and sweat, and have the yellow fever, when she can make them so comfortable in San Antonio. This want of custom she continues, during our whole visit, to complain of. Would it be uncharitable for us to aver that we found other wants in her establishments, which caused our uneasiness, and which went some way towards accounting for the deficiency complained of? wants of breakfast, wants of dinner, wants of something good for tea, wants of towels, wants of candles, wants of ice, or at least of the cooling jars used in the country. Charges, certainly,—the same as may be seen, where rents are an ounce a week, and upwards, *volante* difficult.—Mrs. L. having made an agreement with one lively stable that they shall always be furnished at most unreasonable prices of which she, suppositively, pockets half. On the other hand, the village is really so comfortable and pretty; there are pleasant drives over dreadful roads, if one makes up one's mind to the *volante*, and delightful river-baths, shaded by roofs of palm-tree thatch. One of the best of these is at the

foot of Mr. L.'s enclosure, and its use is included in the privileges of the house. The water is usually tepid, clear, and green, and the little fish float higher and thither in it,—though men of active minds are sometimes reduced to angle for them, with crossed reins, for the sake of the exercise. One day, the ladies of the house broke themselves to this refreshment; and there is laughing, and splashing and holding of hands, and simulation of all the Venuses that ever were, from the crouching one of the *salut*, to the triumphant Cytherea, springing for the first time from the wave. Such are the resources of the house. Those of the neighbourhood are various. Foremost among them is the *café*, or coffee-plantation, of Don Juan Torres, distant a league from the village, over which isophrase the *volante*, and sat you rumble in a *volante* dragged by three horses. You know that the *volante* cannot upset; nevertheless you experience some anxious moments when it lurches at an obtuse angle, one wheel in air, one sticking in a hole, the horses halting and kicking, and the position of your feet last. The *volante* cannot be upset, and so it does not. Long before you see the entrance to the plantation, you watch the tall palms, planted in a line, that shield its borders. An avenue of like growth leads you to the house, where, marking dogs announce you, and Don Juan, an elderly gentleman in slippers and a Panama hat, his hair, face, and eyes all faded to one hue of grayness, comes out to escort us. Here, again, *Hulia* Protestante becomes the subject of a series of attacks, in a new kind. Don Juan first exhorts his over-grown son, *Don*, and explains all that is new to her. Then she must see his blind Chino, a nightman Samson of a cooley, who is working resolutely in a mill.

"*Cante!*" says the master, and the poor slave gives tongue like a bound on the scent. "*Hulia!*" and, a stick being taken up, he performs the gymnastics of his country, a sort of war-dance without accompaniment. "*El can!*" and giving him a broom they loose the dog upon him. A curious tussle then ensues,—the dog attacking furiously, *Hulia* trying to guide him, the poor fellow struggling, defending himself lustily. The Chino laughs, the master laughs, but the visitor feels more inclined to cry, having been bred in those Northern habits which respect infantry. A real dismisses the poor soul with a smile, and then begins the journey. *Hulia* is guided by a large fruit-trip, just in its perfection, and whole acres in sight are white with its flower, which nearly resembles that of the small white jasmine. Its fragrance is said to be delicious after a rain; but, the season being dry, it is scarcely discernible. As shade is a great object in growing coffee, the grounds are laid out in lines of fruit-trees, and these are the ministers of *Hulia*'s tribulation; for Don Juan, whether in kindness or in mischief, insists that she shall taste every unknown fruit,—and as he cuts them and hands them round, she is obliged to eat. The little negro shins up a cocoa nut tree, and flings down to him, whose water she must drink. One cocoa-nut she endures,—two,—but three! no, she must rebel, and cry, "*No se gusta!*" Then she must try a bitter orange, she a good bitter orange, then a sweet lemon, then a large fruit of the verjuice *Avocado*. "*What is it good for?*" she asks, after a shuddering plunge into its acid depths. "Oh," says Don Juan, "they eat it in the estates instead of vinegar." Then come *apogosa*, *mamey*, *Diabete* gooseberry, *Guava*, the like banana, &c. &c. a tree down with his own hand and sends the bunch of fruit to her *volante*. "*Sugar-cane!*" he bestows a huge bundle of sticks for her leisurely reduction,—he fills her pocket with coral beads for her children. Having at last exhausted every polite attention, he vainly offered gifts of rum, and coffee as a parting demonstration, *Hulia* and her partner escape, bearing with them many strange favours, and an agonizing headache, the combined result of sun and acids. Really, if there exist anywhere on earth a facility for the promotion and encouragement of good manners, it should send a diploma to Don Juan, admonishing him only to omit the vinegar-fruit in his further walks of hospitality."

"*Hulia*'s" book does not tempt us to "trip" to Cuba, in spite of its cocoa-palms, tamarind trees,

Spohr's Autobiography has just appeared; it contains a Preface by the publisher, in which many an interesting feature from the life of the late musician is told. Besides, the two volumes give fac-similes of Spohr's, Beethoven's, Schubert's, Wagner's, Hummel's, and others' autographs. The next number is to bring Spohr's portrait. The autobiography has been written from the year 1847 to 1858, and is throughout done in a kind, humane spirit, and plain, straightforward manner, manifesting in every line the most honest character of the author. The book will make a great many friends, even among those who are not particularly fond of music and musicians; it contains interesting matter almost for every reader, for the life of the author has been rich in peculiar events and situations, and its path has been marked by men of whom one never tires to hear, such as Goethe, Wieland, Theodor Körner, Prince Louis Ferdinand, Napoleon the First, the Duke of Brunswick, wounded to death in the battle of Jena, &c. Spohr's opinion on the merits of colleagues appears to us often one-sided and narrow; the judgment which he pronounces on Beethoven's later works seems almost harsh.

Count Platen's 'Diary' has just appeared (Stuttgart: Cotta), and promises to be a gift of value to the many admirers and friends of the late poet. Platen was one of those poets who did not enjoy the full acknowledgment of his genius during his lifetime: he was not popular. Sensitive and proud, as the poet's nature generally is, and as it doubtless was in Platen's mind, he could receive the only reward he craved for—the sweet word and balm of acknowledgment, Platen hurt and wounded, left his country, and died young in Sicily. The laurel had not time to grow very high on his grave before his fame was well established in Germany; and he has since been ranked as the first who ever wrote poetry. During his lifetime he was reputed cold, and hangry, and vain; his 'Diary' shows how much he was wronged. Almost silent in company, especially if an antipathetic person happened to be near, he seems to have poured out his feelings, and trusted his own keen observations to paper only. This paper proves sufficiently that he did not repeat the praises of his friends from a foolish, vain exaltation; but, on the contrary, to keep up his spirits and his courage, and to get out of his agonising doubt in his own lofty nature. The 'Diary' begins with his seventeenth year, containing his opinions on books, on events, and on men, striving hard for truth, a clear intelligence of everything, and for that purity and elegance of expression and diction for which he afterwards became so famous. Later, in his years of poetical ripeness, his notes became shorter and simpler. When he went to Sicily, he left his 'Diary' with a friend, Karl Pfeuffer (the present editor), who received also his last volume from Symeon. Prof. Engelhardt, a mutual friend, undertook to make such extracts as would appear important for the characteristics of the poet, and interesting to the public in general; but he died before this work was done, so Count Fegger had died before him, busy on the same task. But as far as Prof. Engelhardt did select and sift the material, we have it now printed before us. It is to be hoped that another volume will soon follow, showing the poet in that perfection which his early death allowed him to attain: it is written in Italy and Sicily. Among these many English translations from German poetry, we seldom meet with Platen's noble verse. How is that this little jewel in poetry—this short heart-stirring song, 'Stim ist der Schlaf am Morgen'—has not found a clever translator yet! It is as beautiful and touching as Goethe's 'Was nie sein Brod mit Threnen aus, und well worth the trouble.

On Wednesday, June 27, the Surrey Archaeological Society held their Seventh Annual Congress at Reigate; the Members, and their friends residing in that neighbourhood, proceeding in various conveyances to Merstham, where they met those Members who had journeyed there by rail from London and other districts. Merstham Church was the first visited, the building and monuments being minutely described by Mr. Alfred Heale,

—the description illustrated by tracings and rubbings of the church and its brasses. Chigstead Church was next visited; and thence, receiving their conveyances, the party proceeded to Gatten Park, in the middle of which, under the presidency of the Hon. J. W. Moncreiff, the annual business of the Society was transacted. The Members were conducted through the rooms by the President, who described the paintings and other objects of view in the most obliging manner, every facility being afforded to the scholars. Sir Hugh Cairnes himself being, to the regret of all present, unavoidably absent from home. The Hall and Church having been described by the Rev. J. C. Wynter, the party returned to Reigate, and again assembled in its ancient Church, listening with much attention to various details by Mr. W. H. Hart, of Kew Park, of the Church, its restorations, the remaining monuments, with their former state and position, and recommendations as to further improvements. The chimney-piece from Nonsuch Palace, now erected at the Priory, and the German clock afterwards inspected, about 120 of the party assembled at the White Hart for a cold collation, at which the usual complimentary toasts were given and responded to. About six o'clock, the Members again assembled in the Town Hall, where a Museum of Natural History, and a collection of the Waterson Collection of Pontifical and other Rings,—various objects of local and antiquarian interest, collected by the late Mr. Glover, now in the possession of Thomas Hart, Esq., of Reigate, interesting examples of Brasco, from Merstham, Croydon, and Lyon, exhibited by W. H. Hart and Henry S. Richardson, of Greenwich,—Grants of Arms and other heraldic documents, exhibited by J. J. Howard,—Casts from Croydon Church, and other objects of interest, by J. W. Flower, Esq., and some of the papers read in the evening were the following:—'On the Library in Reigate Church,' by W. H. Hart, giving notices of the various donors to the Library, embracing many notable persons; notices of curious inscriptions in the books; of various autographs therein of former possessor, and of the following:—another of such names, Richard Cromwell, John Evelyn, and Flamstead the Astronomer Royal; reference to a Prayer-Book formerly belonging to Lord William Howard, eldest son of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and having his arms on the cover, and numerous extracts from a singular MS. chronicle. 2. 'On Ancient Bookbinding, as exemplified in many of the Books in Reigate Library,' by Mr. H. S. Richardson, of Greenwich, in which a retrospect of the history of the art, from the earliest known existing specimens, was elaborately given, and extensively illustrated by several specimens from the Church Library, others in Mr. Richardson's possession, and numerous rubbings and engravings of ancient bindings. 3. An interesting paper 'On Newgate Church and Parish,' by the Rev. Mr. Hart, illustrated by the drawings of various parts of the interior of the Church.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE TRIPLE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square, is now open daily from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GREAT BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall, is now open daily from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 15, Abchurch Lane, London. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society is NOW OPEN at the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 15, Abchurch Lane, London. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S Picture of 'THE FINDING OF THE BODY OF THE TRIPLE ANNUAL EXHIBITION,' is now open on view at the GALLERY, 15, Abchurch Lane, London. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

MIDDLE ROAD BONHUIS'S Pictures of SCENES IN SCOTLAND, PEAS, AND FRANCE, are NOW ON VIEW at the GALLERY, 15, Abchurch Lane, London. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 15, Pall Mall.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 15, Pall Mall, is now open daily from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

SICILY, ITALY, AND CHINA.—GREAT GLOBE.—NEW PICTURES OF THE WATER IN CHINA AND ITALY, Sicily and Russia in Italy. The GLOBE, 15, Abchurch Lane, London. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, GREAT GLOBE, and PICTURES OF THE WATER IN CHINA AND ITALY, Sicily and Russia in Italy. The GLOBE, 15, Abchurch Lane, London. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

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SCIENCE

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Fairbairn President! These two words announce the story of the British Association for the year to come. Manchester being the place selected for the meeting of 1861, it has been thought both just and gracious that the honours of the chair should be given to a representative man of that great city. How much more fitting, in the opinion of the inventor of English life! Mr. Fairbairn was a grown man at a time when Manchester was scarcely known south of the Trent save as a town of cotton, just as Dunstable may have been known as a town of straw when it had no representative in the House of Commons, and scarcely any representatives in the republic of science. Yet he has lived not only to see its political representatives among the first in influence at Westminster; its scientific representatives seated among the highest in all science; and to see its scientific representatives, its mayors and aldermen, received with distinction in the most exclusive and aristocratic city of the empire; and himself chosen by the most illustrious men of that nation, assembled in the classic halls of Oxford, to preside at a dignity scarcely within the power of week by the august Consort of the Queen. How different from the day when Dalton first intimated to the world without, that Manchester was not a mere cotton ball! The whole world of science will rally to the choice of Mr. Fairbairn for its president.

The week which began with the Prince's speech, and which has closed, under the auspices of Lord Wrottesley, with the nomination of Mr. Fairbairn, has been eminently useful, various and agreeable. Since Friday, the air has been soft, the sky sunny. A sense of sudden summer has been felt in the meadows of Christ Church and in the gardens of St. John's; many a dreamer of dreams, tempted by the summer warmth, has followed the Cadiz journey, and stealing from section A or B, has consulted his nose and taken a sniff at the flowers of the garden. The meeting has been held in Oxford, to say that it has been held in the midst of objects of the highest human interest and of the most delightful associations—in a city of students and professors—within reach of libraries, museums, philosophical instruments, and collections of natural history such as no other provincial city in England,—or in Europe,—can boast. The hospitality has been immense. The colleges, the private houses, have been full. The splendid and popular New Museum has been open and taken a sniff at the flowers of the garden and mudlin has warmed with a brighter glow the old caves of the Bodleian. Groups that Watteau would have loved to paint have been daily seen under the elms of the Broad Walk or in the shadows of Magdalen. Exeter College, which Mr. Scott has transformed into the likeness of the Institute Chappelle in Paris, has had its books of pilgrims. Every morning has brought its charming breakfast parties, every evening its charming early dinners, closed by its no less charming receptions. A splendid lecture has been given by Prof. Wollaston, on the present state of our knowledge of the Sun; two admirable sermons have been preached at St. Mary's by Mr. Temple and Mr. Mansell, on the Religious Aspects of Science; and on Saturday night, when there was no reception at the New Museum, Dr. J. J. Conybeare selected a select portion of the sermons of both sexes

ment that, "what is commonly called mathematical evidence is not so certain as many persons imagine; and that it ultimately depends on moral evidence;" and, moreover, we are told that the "results of long and complicated mathematical calculations are not more than probably true." This we can hardly believe. It takes us quite by surprise; and we hope for further light. If, however, we must wait for light, we must wait patiently, let us not forgetful a conclusion which many of us venture to think is as yet—not to say more—unproved; let us wait for the new lunar theories, which are as yet unpublished, and for the new lunar tables, which are the results of these theories. I am told, however, already that Baron Plana has corrected his calculations, and that he finds the results arrived at by Delaunay and Adams are in accordance with his amended formulae. These new lunar calculations have taken us by surprise; but again I would say, let us wait: "*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*" We are desirous, so far as is possible consistently with the convenience of contributors, to take the papers on mathematical subjects on the early days of our meeting; and we shall be glad, therefore, if, if possible, the respective authors of subjects will announce them to the Secretaries without delay. And, before I proceed further, we have a debt to pay, which the cultivators of these branches of science owe,—to those, I mean, who have lately contributed to the respective parts of our science to the British Association; to Mr. Cayley, for his Report on the Present State of Theoretical Dynamics, and to Mr. Smith, for the first part of his Report of the Theory of Numbers. It is only those who have had to go through the existing literature of any one problem, or the theory of the motion of a rigid body,—that can form an adequate value of such papers as those I refer to. The literature is catalogued, indexed, and analyzed. We know thereby all that has been done up to a certain point; and in our subsequent investigations our commencement starts from the close of other men's labours. We are hereby prevented from travelling over other men's ground; and we avoid that most unbecoming plagiarism of those "*qui sentis ante se stantem.*" Very rarely, however, do the reports of our Association; but I am inclined to consider as one of the greatest series of valuable reports which our published volumes contain. And those last reports, to which I have referred,—for their learning, their deep research, their comprehensive views of the theories explained in them,—will maintain the character shared by their predecessors. While we lament the loss of the Dean of Ely, and others to whom we owe the very able reports contained in the early volumes of our Proceedings, we are proud to have worthy successors in our present talented contributors. We propose, next in order, to take those papers which treat of subjects within the grasp of mathematical symbols, at least partially, if not wholly; those whose laws are sufficiently general for the use of the symbols and from particular forms of which, by mathematical processes, other truths may be derived: such are the subjects of Light, Heat, Sound, Electricity, Magnetism. We prefer to take these subjects on the latter days of this week and the first day of next week. We shall, of course, consult the convenience of contributors; but it will tend, we think, to the orderly arrangement of our business, if this method can be taken. Vast, indeed, in their subjects are these sciences; and, as discoveries are being daily made, it is scarcely our right to expect some interesting communications, either in the way of mathematical deduction from received laws, or on mathematical explanations of observed phenomena, or on simple experiments. I cannot help observing here the advantage of combining these sciences in the same Section with pure mathematics. It seems to indicate that the laws of all are to be brought to the same test,—to the never failing, to the unerring accuracy of measurement and number. We show hereby the character of the knowledge we are in search of,—not fortuitous observation, but precise laws. The mind will wander in its imagination,—there is, indeed, no boundary to it; once, however, bring it back to the severe test of number, and weight,

and measurement, and the discovery or the observation becomes valuable for its precision: it then leads to general laws; and sound mathematical reasoning derives from them the results they are pregnant with. And, finally, we come to the facts of meteorology and its kindred subjects, many of which are scarcely yet brought within any law at all. We have been, indeed, and meteorological events have been indicated. In many cases, little, however, has been done towards a satisfactory proof of a connexion between cause and effect. It is true that curves are traced, purporting to exhibit these effects; and they do so more exactly; but, as mathematicians say, these curves are traced only by points, and the law is not known,—or, in other words, we do not know the equation of the curve. So long as this is the case, our knowledge lacks precision. These papers, however, are frequently valuable, because they supply us with accurately observed facts, which will, doubtless, hereafter be brought within a law. This, however, I suppose at present to be the state of the case; but we must not despise the lesser light because we have not the greater. I cannot pass over the papers on the decay of mathematical knowledge; but which has been placed in the hands of Mr. Glaisher, and completed by him. In some of these subjects we shall, I hope, obtain large accessions to our knowledge. Some few years ago, I remember reading a complaint made by a dissent philosopher, on the decay of mathematical knowledge in Great Britain, and especially on that of physical mathematical knowledge: it is not my duty to make invidious distinctions; but I am sure I am repeating a common opinion of our day, when I tell you that that complaint was made in quite the infancy of some of our other philosophers, and before the days of Cayley, Sylvester, Boole, of Macculloch, Stokes, W. Thomson; of Adams. To this revival of science amongst ourselves, any cause may have contributed; but I believe that the periodical meetings of this Association have done good service towards that revival. We have hereby become acquainted with others who are engaged in the same pursuits as ourselves, and stores of knowledge are communicated. Let us, however, bear in mind that our Association is formed for the advancement of science, and that we do not meet to hear of old things again in their old form. Our motto is "*Progress.*" Old things we do not discard, for they may be of use before us in new forms. We meet to promote the advance of the boundaries of natural knowledge; and we ask our Members and others to lay before us the results of their investigations. And not only in the papers which shall be read, but also in the discussion of any difficulties which authors may favour us with, and in the discussions which it is my duty to invite you to take upon these papers, will additions to our knowledge be made; and many remarks will, I venture to think, be made, pregnant with the force of thought and made to suffer. In all these cases, difference of opinion will, doubtless, arise; but I am sure that a spirit of friendly and mutual concession will prevail, and that, in our search after truth, we shall gladly and readily attribute to those who differ from us the same reasons which we ourselves would offer.

The PRESIDENT then read a letter from J. R. Hind, Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, stating that he had forwarded to Oxford copies of the revised path of the shadow of the total eclipse of the sun, July 18th, 1859, for distribution among the Members of the Association. A portion of these were then distributed among the Members of the Section.

* Report on Observations of Luminous Meteors for 1859-60, by the late Prof. HADEN POWELL, of the late Observatory of Mr. J. GLAISHER, at Wootton Bassett, in the County of Northampton. Twelve reports were carried on solely by Prof. Powell, but he felt compelled by failing health to make arrangements for the continuation of them some time before his lamented death, which took

place on the 11th of June. A Committee, consisting of J. Glaisher, J. H. Gladstone, R. P. Grey, and J. L. Leve, Esq., were constituted with the view of continuing the work of the late Professor, and of preparing this continuation. Within the past year there does not seem to have been any unusual exhibition of luminous meteors, either in August or in November, and there is little to be added to the observations themselves, which are given at great length in the form of tables, appended to the report. In one instance only was the same meteor seen by two different persons, viz., that observed at Wootton Bassett, and at Ballydoyle, co. of Dublin, on March 10th, 1859. This meteor was remarkable for its great velocity, and for its variation in colour, as noticed by both observers. It is much to be regretted that the observations of it are insufficient to trace its path, velocity, &c. It is scarcely possible that so very remarkable a meteor, seen from points so distant, can have passed unnoticed by others; and it is very desirable that, if any observations of it may have been taken, they should be forwarded to the Committee, as from them some interesting particulars may be deduced. Mr. Julius Schmidt, now of the Royal Observatory at Pulkova, has communicated a notice to Mr. W. Heisinger, of Vienna, read by the latter at Vienna, October 6th, 1859, before the Imperial Academy, has made some interesting observations on some phenomena relative to the luminous tails of meteors, of which a memoir is given in the appendix to this report. An interesting paper has appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine*, April, 1860, "On the Luminescence of Meteors from Solar Reflection," by R. P. Grey. In this paper the author proposes to show that the luminous tails of shooting stars cannot arise from their reflecting the solar light after emerging from the earth's shadow; nor, on the other hand, their sudden disappearance arise from their plunging into that shadow. He enumerates the three current modes of explanation for the heads of the meteors; first, the fireball theory, which states that they are themselves opaque, but illuminated by solar radiation, while exposed to it; secondly, that they are self-luminous, an opinion which all have now nearly abandoned; thirdly, that they become incandescent upon entering the atmosphere, and are extinguished either by friction and the enormous condensation which their rapid flight causes, or by absorbing oxygen, and parts of their substance thus becoming chemically changed, and thus exhibiting the usual phenomena of combustion. The author then notices Sir J. Lubbock's paper in the *Philosophical Magazine* for February, 1848, and endeavours to show that ordinary shooting stars would be quite too far off for us to observe such small bodies at even the minimum distance at which, at certain times and places on the earth's surface, we know they can be seen, if merely illuminated by solar light. In the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* appears a very interesting account of a large meteor, seen over a large extent of country by daylight, on November 18th, 1859; in the *Saturday Review*, New Bedford, Mass.; Providence, R.I., New Haven, and many other places in Connecticut, New York City, Paterson, Medford, and Tuckerton, N.J., Dover, and other places in Delaware, Washington City, Alexandria, Frederickburg, and Friesburg, Va. It is less certain whether it occurred New Jersey, and at all places in that State south of a line joining Tuckerton and Bridgeton, and throughout nearly the whole of Delaware. With perhaps two or three exceptions, it was not seen by any eye in New Jersey, or in the Canadian Provinces. The meteor, it is said, was an extraordinary fireball, and it is said, throughout the very region where the report was loudest. Many persons there, however, saw a momentary flash of light, like the sun from a looking-glass, but could not tell where it came from. The appearance of the meteor was described as being a bright streak of fire, which appeared to come from somewhere, and then given in detail in the account, from which the height of some parts of its path was estimated at about eight miles; other points

of the path were estimated at twenty-two and a half miles, and others at twenty-four, by the interval between the flash and the report; and, on these suppositions, it was inferred that the path would reach the station near Hugheville, on the north-western boundary of Cape May county, in which vicinity,—or, perhaps, still further west,—it is probable that the meteor, or some of its fragments, will yet be found. The extreme shortness of the time occupied in its flight proved the path measured by the estimates of several observers, but by the failure of people in the vicinity of the explosion to distinguish the source of the sudden flash of light, and by the impression of even the most distant observers, that it fell very near them. The conclusion, on the whole evidence, was, that it had a velocity of from thirty to fifty miles per second. The sound was explosive, and not caused by the falling in of the air after the motion, as it was not continuous; a supposition testified that it ceased and then began again. Succeeding the meteor to be huge, the explosions may have been decelerations of its surface, the interval of time not being sufficient to permit the heat to penetrate the entire mass. At Beasley, the duration of the sound was estimated at not less than one minute, indicating that the most distant observers of the explosion were not less than twelve miles further from that place than its nearest point. Comparing this with the position of the assumed path and the estimated velocity, the meteor must, during the explosion, have travelled fifteen or twenty miles, occupying about a second of time. The velocity of the meteor being more than one hundred times that of sound, the explosions, which were numerous, must have come in the order of distance, and not in the order of their occurrence in time, causing the end of each explosion to be heard before the beginning. The meteor lost its luminosity with the explosions, and an attempt is made to account for this, but it is asserted that, though the force of the explosions on the meteor must have been backward, yet this could not so have reduced its velocity as to divert it from its path, and so of luminosity. Its magnitude is inferred to be very considerable from its being seen by persons not within 200 miles of the nearest point of its path; but there were no sufficient data from which to make a correct estimate of its size. Its apparent shape, that of a cone, base foremost, is ingeniously explained as the effect of irradiation; Prof. J. Lawrence Smith having found that a piece of line less than half an inch in diameter, ignited by the oxyhydrogen flame, had, when viewed from a distance of half a mile on a clear evening, an apparent diameter twice that of the full moon. Thus, the incandescent foremost part of the meteor might appear much larger than the appearance of the after part, which would at length represent the true angular size of the meteor by the apparent breadth of the tail. Its non-appearance at Philadelphia and elsewhere is explained by its direction, from that point of view, nearly coinciding then with that of the sun. The Appendix to the Report concludes with a notice of a memoir by M. Schmidt, on the importance of greater attention being paid to the tails or luminous trains of light left by luminous meteors in their track, sometimes remaining long after the meteors themselves have disappeared. He considers these observations important, first, regarding their own proper motion; secondly, the downward curvature sometimes exhibited by the tails; and the way in which they break up and disperse; and, thirdly, the means they may afford of ascertaining by parallax their height above the earth—a matter, too, of importance for determining at what height the atmosphere commences to have any influence. He observes that an illustration of these tails or trains may be obtained by throwing from you, quickly or slowly, a lighted lucifer match, when just about to cease to burn; you will perceive either a straight immovable line, or an undulating or a curling line of white smoke, depending, standing in the air, if the air be calm, on its own motion. The memoir concludes with a catalogue of stars which exhibited trains remarkable for their colour, motion or position, and duration. The Report, as prepared by the Committee, concludes with a continuation of the tables to the present

date, by R. P. Grey, Esq., followed by a number of interesting general observations on the tables.

‘On the Velocity of Earthquake Shocks in the Latitude of India,’ by Mr. J. BROWNE.—Mr. Mallet’s interesting observations on the velocity of earthquake shocks, had drawn my attention to the subject; and when earthquakes were remarked in Travancore, the part of South India where I resided, I endeavoured to add something to our knowledge, by the following observations. Earthquakes were perceived in Travancore during the year 1856; that to which I am about to allude was observed at the Trevandrum Observatory, August 22, where the commencement of the shock was noted accurately by the Observatory clock, at 4h. 18m. 10s. of Trevandrum mean time. The magnets in the magnetic observatory were dancing up and down with sharp jerks, but without any change of mean positions; a vessel containing water was wetted highest on the points to W.N.W. and E.S.E. The vibration of the bipolar magnet was 3° 30 seconds’ duration, a few minutes after the shock. On the 11th of the same month a shock had been felt at Trevandrum, and I had addressed a circular to several persons in the district, for information as to the time, direction, and character of the shock: the result of the inquiries has attracted the attention of the Government in connexion with such shocks. One gentleman at Quilon (37 miles N.W. of Trevandrum) was writing an account of the former shock when the shock of August 22nd occurred. Four gentlemen had one lady noted the time of the shock, as follows:—(Mr. D’Albied’hyll and Mr. Newas (samsa watch), 4h. 20m.; Capt. Carr, 4h. 25m.; Mr. Stone, 4h. 19m.; Mrs. Wilkins, 4h. 16m. A box chronometer, by Dent, was sent by me to Quilon, for the purpose of comparing it with the different watches in order to fix the determination of the time of the shock: the rate of the chronometer was 4-8 seconds, and the error was determined before and after the comparisons, which were made August 27th. The following are the facts connected with the observations:—Mrs. Newas had set her watch, on the 17th of August, to 6h. 0m. at sunrise; allowing for the height of the chain of Ghats where the sun rose, I have computed that sunrise must have been about 9 minutes before 6 o’clock; the watch had been set 3 minutes earlier after the shock, and the error was not compared with the chronometer. Supposing the watch without any marked rate, the Trevandrum mean time of the shock was 4h. 18m. Mr. Stone had set his watch, August 17, by the time of the Trevandrum Observatory (where a ball is dropped daily at eleven o’clock). When compared with the chronometer, it had gained 3m. 35s., giving a rate of about -42.15s.; so that on the 22nd the error of the watch must have been about 1m. 47s., and the shock must have occurred about 4h. 17m. Trevandrum mean time. This is the only important observation; the others can be considered only as approximate determinations. Capt. Carr’s watch was found fourteen minutes fast of Trevandrum time on the 27th; supposing the rate zero, the time of shock was 4h. 11m. Mrs. Wilkins’ watch was found to be 3 minutes slow of the clock of the native regiment at Quilon, which was regulated by persons proceeding from Trevandrum, with the Observatory time, and which was found correct when compared with the chronometer. Mrs. Wilkins’ clock was three minutes slow of Trevandrum mean time, making the time of the clock 4h. 19m. The four observations, therefore, corrected to Trevandrum mean time, gave—Mr. Newas, 4h. 18m.; Mr. Stone, 4h. 17m.; Capt. Carr, 4h. 11m.; Mrs. Wilkins, 4h. 19m. The mean given, 4h. 16m. nearly. There can be no doubt that Mr. Stone’s observation is the most trustworthy, as his time depends on two comparisons with the Trevandrum Observatory, viz. on the 17th and 27th; and the deduced error for the middle of the interval (the 22nd) cannot be far from the truth. Mrs. Newas’s observation, which agrees with it within about a minute, depends on the observation for the sunrise; it is so far centrifugally. Rejecting Capt. Carr’s observation, as differing too much from the others, the mean of the remaining three is 4h. 18m. If we suppose the shock to have travelled in the direction from

Quilon to Trevandrum, which does not differ much from that indicated by the vessel of water, and take the distance at thirty-seven miles, we obtain a velocity of propagation of 470 miles per second, and if we take the latest result at Quilon, or 4h. 19m., we have still a velocity of only 530 feet per second,—little more than three-fifths of that found by Mr. Mallet in wet sand. If we take the W.N.W. as the direction of propagation of the shock, or any other than that direct from south-east, the velocity will of course be diminished. It should be remarked that the laterite, which forms the upper stratum (about thirty feet deep) between Quilon and Trevandrum, is a clayey rock, in a semi-pasty condition, and perhaps the softest degree of elasticity, and the laterite repose in some places on strata of sand and clay.

‘On the Magnetism of certain Indian Granites,’ by Mr. J. A. BROWNE.

‘On Meteorological Observations for 1859, made at Hugstade, Yorkshire, East Riding,’ by the Rev. T. RASKIN.—This communication was in continuation of similar observations and general remarks furnished, by the same author, to the Association for upwards of twenty years.

‘The Discharge of Means of Electric Fluid,’ by the Rev. T. RASKIN.—The author, from a series of very striking and vividly described thunderstorms and their permanent effects, concludes that sometimes the electric fluid moves downward, sometimes upward, and sometimes horizontally. On one occasion, some years since, about two o’clock, on a night of which it had thundered almost incessantly, a loud whizzing sound was heard to pass over the rectory-house, which he judged to be an aerolite; a tree in the direction it had passed was struck; and from the nature of the injury indicated, the conclusion was drawn that the aerolite, or rather the aerolite or of the electric fluid had been nearly horizontal.

‘On the Trisection of an Angle,’ by Mr. P. CODY.—The title of this communication was read by the Secretary.

‘On the Principles of the Solar Camera,’ by A. CLAUDET.—The solar camera, invented by Woodward, is one of the most important improvements introduced in the art of photography since its discovery. By its means small negatives may produce pictures magnified to any proportion, taken on a collodion plate not larger than a visiting card can be increased, in the greatest perfection, to the size of nature; views as small as those for the stereoscope can be also considerably enlarged. This is an immense advantage, which is easily understood when we consider how much quicker and in better proportion of perspective small pictures are taken by the camera obscura, while the manipulation is so greatly simplified. There is nothing new in the enlargement of photographic pictures. This has been done long ago simply by attending to the law of conjugate foci; and every photographer has always been enabled, with his common camera, to increase or reduce the size of any image. For the enlargement, it was only necessary to place the original very near the camera, and to increase the proportion of the focal distance. As the focal distance was increased, the more the intensity of light was reduced; and a still greater loss of light arose from the necessity of diminishing the aperture of the lens, in order to avoid the spherical aberration. Such conditions rendered the operation so long that it became almost an impossibility to produce any satisfactory results when the picture was to be considerably enlarged. For these reasons, it naturally occurred, that if the negative, having its shadows perfectly transparent and its lights quite black, was turned against the strong light of the sun, its positive image at the focus of the camera would be so intense that the time of exposure would be considerably reduced. So that, in order to employ the light of the sun, and follow easily its position without having to move constantly the whole camera, it was thought advisable to employ a movable reflecting mirror, placing the parallel rays of the sun on a vertical plane-convex lens condensing those rays on the negative, placed before the object glass, and behind the condenser, somewhere in its luminous cone. Many contrivances for this object were resorted to, but without suc-

the North Sea towards Denmark. Further than that distance facts have not yet been gathered; but, no doubt, in the course of a few months, they will be. The general effect of these storms fell unequally on our islands, and less island than on the eastern coasts. Lord Wrottesley has shown, by the observations made at his Observatory in Staffordshire, that the wind is diminished or checked by its passage over land; and looking to the mountain ranges of Wales and Scotland, rising 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, it is probable that they must have great power to alter the direction, and probably the velocity of wind, independent of the alterations caused by the changes of temperature. The very remarkable similarities of the storm of the 1st and 2nd of November and that of the 25th and 26th of October, the series of storms investigated by Dr. Lloyd during ten years, and the investigations of Mr. William Stevenson in Berwickshire, require special notice on this occasion. There is no discrepancy between the results of the ten years' investigations published by Dr. Lloyd in the *Transactions of the Irish Academy*, the three years' investigations published by Mr. W. Stevenson, and all the investigations which have been brought together during the last four years. They all tell the same story. Dr. Lloyd only found one instance even of a partial storm which differed; namely, one storm that came from the north in the first instance. Storms from the south-west are followed by sudden and dangerous storms from the north and east; and these storms from the north and east do much damage on our coasts. Upon tracing the facts, it is proved that the storms which come from the west and north come on gradually; but that storms from the north and east begin suddenly, and often with extraordinary force. The barometer, with these north-eastern storms, does not give so much warning as with the south-west, because it rises higher than with the wind from the opposite quarter. But though the barometer does not give much indication of a north-east storm, the thermometer does; and the known average temperature of every week in the year affords the measure of the mean temperature being much above or below the mean of the time of the year, shows whether the wind will be northerly or southerly, thanks to Mr. Glaisher's Greenwich observations. Now, to revert to a few of the signs which precede the Charter gauge. For a few days before the storm came on the thermometer was exceedingly low in a great part of the country: there were north winds in some places, and a good deal of snow; but nothing else extraordinary. There had been a great deal of exceedingly dry and hot weather previously. These facts, of course, require consideration; but not now. I may just mention that in the north of Ireland, at that time, on the 22nd and 23rd of October, barometers were very low. Many days preceding the Charter gauge, an extraordinary calm in the atmosphere was noticed in the north of Ireland—the mountains of Scotland were never seen so prominently as they were in the few days preceding those on which the great storm took place. Every one is aware that last summer was remarkable for its warmth; it was exceedingly dry and hot. All over the world, not only in the Arctic but in the Antarctic regions, in Australia, South America, in the West Indies, Bermuda and elsewhere, aurora and meteors were more or less prevalent, and they were more reasonable in their features and appearances than had been noticed for many years. There was also an extraordinary disturbance of the current along the telegraph wires. They were so disturbed at times that it was evident there were great electric or magnetic storms in the atmosphere which could be traced to no apparent cause. Lord Wrottesley, in his Address to the House of Commons, has pointed out facts respecting various circulating substances apparently absorbed by the sun. Probably these electric disturbances were connected with the peculiar action of the sun upon the atmosphere. Electrical wires above ground, as well as submarine wires, were unusually disturbed, and these disturbances were followed within two or three days by great commotions in the atmosphere, or by some remarkable change. I

will now refer to another subject—the question of areas or lines of barometric pressure. Eddy contends for a long line from north to south, or from one direction straight to another, and not only Professor Eddy, of the United States, but also many among our own countrymen. The principal object of making these sections, as it were, soundings of the atmosphere, shown in the diagrams, was to prove whether lines of pressure or whether areas of pressure prevailed; and I think, when they are considered, looked into, and put on a practical basis, the atmosphere in the British islands varied in its pressure from time to time, such variation is not on a particular line, but extended over a large area. Before I leave this part of the subject, I may say, as some of the remarkable exceptions to the force of these particular eddies, that at some places there was little or no wind; the barometer fell much, but there was no storm, for the wind circulating around these districts did not affect them, while at other places the storm was tremendous. I may then ask whether the ship that was lost—the Royal Charter—might have been saved; and I will give you an instance of what another ship did which took ordinary precautions on that night. Whether the Royal Charter did take the right course it is not for me to say, but I strongly have the details of the management within ten miles of the Royal Charter that night. The commander of this vessel, a sailing-ship and not a steam ship (the Royal Charter had the double advantage), was guided by the instructions laid down by Capt. Maury, who has treated the subject of winds in a practical way, and has brought together a large amount of useful information; and although, as I am aware, he occasionally philosophizes when he has no facts for philosophy, as a practical man he has been guided by plain principles, intelligible to seamen generally. I strongly have the details of the management, and has brought together a large amount of useful information; and although, as I am aware, he occasionally philosophizes when he has no facts for philosophy, as a practical man he has been guided by plain principles, intelligible to seamen generally. I strongly have the details of the management, and has brought together a large amount of useful information; and although, as I am aware, he occasionally philosophizes when he has no facts for philosophy, as a practical man he has been guided by plain principles, intelligible to seamen generally.

"Having had many threatenings of bad weather for several days, I had been in my yard for some time; and not having much sea room, I considered them more closely. For three or four days before the 25th of October, I had a very bad weather, with frequent squalls, and lightning from east to north-west. During the night of the 24th, I stood to the northward, and till noon of the 25th, I stood to the southward, and till noon of the 26th, I stood to the northward. I had a very bad weather, I looked, thinking that if the gale should come on, I might take the off-shore tack in the night, and have the vortex of the gale to the south-eastward. I stood on, therefore, till half past five p.m., and then went ship under short sail, when in a line with Holyhead and Ramsey, about ten miles or so distant from Holyhead, as near as I could judge, being thick and dark. At eight p.m., gale increasing, I took in close-reefed main topsail, and fore topsail star-sail, having nothing then set but the main spancer and a small storm mizen. It blew a complete West India hurricane, but I drove off shore, and I thought the force of the storm did not increase. I now think, from what other ships suffered which were the northward of me at the time, that I was further on in the sea than I ought not suffer any damage whatever, more than usual in ordinary gales, and some of the crew were killed. I was not so much affected to above was very unusual in its appearance, being of such a sharp flashing glare, without leaving off, and I thought the vessel was in the midst of it, you could not tell from where the light actually came."

Signed: WILLIAM J. JONES, Commanding the Ship.

"The two instances are important: one of a ship managed in accordance with instructions published for seamen being saved, while the other, which adopted a different course, was lost. There is one special instance on which not only private but public interest was at stake, and where the ship to which I allude was seriously injured. There was one of Her Majesty's ships, the Nile, 50-gun ship, fitted up with steam engine and other appliances in the Atlantic, in the early part of October last. That ship had very bad weather near the coast of the United States. A series of eddies or circulating storms occurred, and in every instance the ship was managed in direct opposition to the known laws of storms, was considerably damaged, and obliged to return. Now, that is a fact which ought not to have occurred in the British Navy at the present time. It might have been avoided by the same reason for such usually incorrect proceeding in one instance; but that there should have been any reason in three successive instances is more

than we can concede: any one can estimate the amount of damage done by a ship so brought back to England from her destination. The simple rule of seamanship is to face the wind when the centre of the storm will be to the right or on the right hand, therefore you should go to the left. In the southern hemisphere the centre is on the left hand, and you must go to the right, supposing that sea room and circumstances enable you to choose. But these simple results are the consequence of a very great knowledge of the part of scientific men, particularly Sir W. Reid, Redfield, Cress, Eddy, Dr. Lloyd, and others, especially those in India, who have done so much, viz. Piddington and Thom. In this country no one has done so much as Sir W. Reid, who collected together all that has been done for many years, and published in a clear manner the results of his accumulated investigations. A very remarkable storm has been lately traced by Mr. Rowell, of Oxford, and its description published within the last few days. This storm occurred near Calais, in Whitshire, cutting through fields and trees, and in one place actually lifted a broad-wheeled wagon from the road over a hedge into the next field. The violence of the wind was confined to a limited line. The downward and upward pressure of the wind was so great that it was impossible to resist its elasticity as to lift opposing weights and carry them on. I have known such things myself. I have known the wind lift a boat into the air and shake it to pieces. We have all heard of houses being blown off, of trees torn up by the force of the wind; but this is the first time I have heard of a heavy wagon being lifted up and hurled over a hedge. I will only venture to make one or two observations in reference to the theory of these subjects. Dove, in his work, shows how currents of wind, parallel currents, as he calls them, co-exist. A great part of the current coming from the north and east is passing in one direction, while a current from the tropical regions is going in the other direction, nearly opposite; but to follow the theoretical considerations of how these great currents flow from the Arctic regions toward the tropics, and return to the Arctic regions, is a subject too large for the present limited time. Dove has shown most clearly in his work (which is translated into English), that circulation of the atmosphere in great polar and equatorial or tropical currents, and small trade winds, is the result of the wind. I can bear witness that his reasonings and particular views can be corroborated in every part of the world. The British Association has made application to Her Majesty's Government to authorize arrangements for communicating warning of storms from one part of the country to the other; and, in conclusion, I will read to you the details of that arrangement, which promises to be so beneficial. Arrangements have been authorized by the Board of Trade (under a minute from the President, dated 2nd June) in consequence of which a daily and mutual interchange of certain limited meteorological information will be transmitted between London and Paris, the results of five subsidiary communications to the central stations of Paris and London. Authority is thus given to collect and communicate, by the telegraph, particular meteorological intelligence, a communication may be made on the 1st of September, as the plan proposed is simple, and the machinery is ready. Once a day, at about nine a.m., barometer and thermometer readings will be sent, and the direction of wind will be telegraphed to London, from the most distant ends of our longest wires, namely, Aberdeen, Berwick, Hull, Yarmouth, Dover, Portsmouth, Jersey, Plymouth, Penzance, Cork, Galway, Londonderry, and Greenock. Facts must thus be sent five or six times a day to be put into a telegram, and sent to Paris immediately, when a corresponding communication will be made from the Atlantic coast southward. When threatening signs are not apparent, no further notice will be transmitted to or from London on that day, respecting weather. But when indications are given to warrant some cautionary signal at a certain part, or along all our coasts, the words "Caution,—North" (or "South"), will be sent to some of the thirteen places specified, or

the pathology of the Mollusca. This series was in course of formation in the year 1855, from which time to the time of his decease Mr. Gaskoin devoted considerable attention to the selection, from various sources, of specimens of shells in any way remarkable for distorted growth, or for the repair of injuries received during the life of the animal. I am not aware that Mr. Gaskoin published or left in manuscript any account of the result of his observations in this department of Natural History. It is evident that in any case of abnormal growth a second, and still more a third or a fourth, instance of the same kind may be regarded as a fair ground for a conclusion, which, if based upon a single instance only, would be of little or no value. The extensive character of the series was in this respect very valuable. In the course of more than twenty years' collecting, Mr. Gaskoin had culled his pathological cabinet, not only with a great variety of moulded fractures and distorted growths, but with many duplicates, sometimes of cases apparently altogether exceptional, and likely to be unique.—A select series of specimens was then selected for the Section, and monographs were made upon them, which are now presented intelligibly apart from the specimens themselves.

The specimens were very numerous, and excited considerable interest and discussion, in which Dr. L. B. DOWDEN, Mr. L. REEVE, Mr. McANDREW and others took part.

Mr. G. JEFFREYS exhibited several specimens of the common whelk (*Buccinum undatum*) having double opercula; in one instance, a second or supplementary operculum being piled on the usual one; and in the others, there being two separate opercula, instead of one, in each whelk. Mr. Jeffreys adverted briefly to the different kinds of monstrosity which occur in animals and plants, and said he believed this to be the first case of a similar monstrosity in the Mollusca. He observed that the monstrosities appeared, which are probably to be congenital, and not to have arisen from an accidental loss of the original organ, because in some of the specimens both opercula were cases of hypertrophy, and in the others atrophy; and he remarked that all the specimens were taken from the same place (Sandgate, in Kent), showing a repetition, and perhaps an hereditary transmission, of the same abnormal phenomenon; and he suggested that these permanent varieties might in course of time be formed, and constitute what some naturalists would call "distinct species." He added, in support of this view, the case of a reversed monstrosity of the common garden snail (*Helix aspersa*), having been bred for many years in succession by the late Mr. D'Oylygry, in his garden at Rochelle, as well as many instances of a reversed form of almost whelk (*Pisna antiqua*) having occurred in the same localities on the coasts of England and Portugal, such being the normal form in the Craig.

THE PRESIDENT (Prof. Henslow) remarked that this was an important communication, as it tended to elucidate the very interesting and difficult problem of the origin of species as treated by Mr. Darwin.

This, as well as the preceding paper, called forth remarks from several speakers on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of the production of species by natural selection.

Mr. R. DOWDEN gave an account of a plant poisoning a plant.

Dr. L. B. DOWDEN read a paper from Dr. Dresser, 'On certain Abnormal Conditions of the Flower in *Paspalum carolin.*' The specimens were exhibited, and presented, first, polyfloral instead of unifloral peduncles; secondly, the tendrils producing flower-buds; thirdly, the styles converted into stamens.

The CHAIRMAN stated that the conversion of the styles into stamens was often seen in *Paspalum orientale*.

On the Hard Parts of Fern-Steins, by Dr. OGDEN, of Aberdeen.

'On the British Teredines, or Ship-Worms,' by Mr. JEFFREYS. — After observing that his researches had not been confined to the British Teredines, but that he had recently had an

opportunity of meeting all the French naturalists who had published on the subject, as well as of studying all the accessible collections and books, he treated the matter first in a zoological point of view, and gave a short history of the genus *Teredo*, from the time of Aristotle and his pupil Theophrastus to the present time; then he described the classical monograph of Sellenius, in 1733, on the Dutch ship-worms, the valuable paper of Sir Everard Home and his pupil Sir Benjamin Brodie, in 1806; and the physiological essays of Quatrefages, in 1849. He showed that the *Teredos* undergo a metamorphosis; the eggs being developed into a sub-larval form after their extrusion from the ovary, and remaining in the mouth of the parent for some time. In its second phase (or that of proper larva), the fry are furnished with a pair of close-fitting oral valves, resembling those of a Cyclops, as well as with cilia, a large foot, and distinct eyes, by means of which it swims freely and with great rapidity, or creeps, and afterwards selects its fixed habitation.

The larval state continues for upwards of 140 hours, and during that period the fry are capable of feeding on diatoms, and are becoming spread over comparatively wide areas. The metamorphosis is not, however (as Quatrefages asserts), complete; because the young shell, when fully developed, retains the larval valves. He then described the different theories of the development by which the *Teredo perforans* wood, giving a preference to that of Sellenius and Quatrefages, which may be termed the theory of "injection," aided by a constant maceration of the wood by water, which is introduced into the tube by the siphonia. This process, according to Quatrefages, is effected by an organ which he calls the "*capucien éplaqueur*," and which is provided with two pairs of muscles of extraordinary strength. Mr. Jeffreys instanced, in illustration of his theory, the cases of the common limpet, as well as of many bivalve molluscs, in which the different theories of the development of wood and the nature of the species; the *Teredo Norvegica* usually taking the former course: every kind of wood is indiscriminately attacked by it. The Teredines constitute a peaceful, though not a social community; and they have never been known to work into the tunnel of any neighbor. If they approach too near to each other, and cannot find space enough in any direction to continue their operations, they incline the valves or anterior part of the body in a case, consisting of one or more hemispherical layers of shelly matter. Sellenius supposed that the *Teredo* ate up the wood which it excavated, and had no other food; and, labouring under the idea that it could no longer subsist after being thus voluntarily shut up, he considered it to be the cause of its death. In preferring to commit suicide rather than infringe on its neighbor's space. In this inclosed state the valves often become so much altered in form, as well as in the relative proportion of their different parts, as not to be easily recognizable as belonging to the same species. The *Teredo* species (*T. Norvegica*) which had been so deformed. The food of the *Teredo* consists of minute animalcules, which are brought within the vortex of the inhalant siphon, and drawn into the stomach. The wood which has been excavated also undergoes a kind of digestion during its passage outwards through the long intestine. The animal has been proved by Laurent and other observers to be capable of renewing its shelly tube, and of repairing it in any part. It is stated by Quatrefages (and apparently with truth) that the sexes are separate, impregnation being effected in a similar mode to that which takes place among palm trees and other dioecious plants. There appear to be only five or six males in an hundred individuals. The *Teredo perforans* and inhabits sound wood only, but an allied genus (*Xylophaga*) has been recently found to attack the submarine telegraph cable between this country and Gibraltar at a

depth of from sixty to seventy fathoms, and to have made its way through a thick wrapper of corkage into the wire, which it has covered with the wire. The penetration was fortunately discovered in time, and was not deep enough to reach the wire. He gave several instances to show the rapidity of its perforating powers,—one of them having been supplied by Mr. Leopold M. Clinton while he was serving with the author's brother in the North Pacific. Mr. Jeffreys then traced the geographical distribution of the Teredines, and showed that at least two species, which are now found living on our own shores, occurred in the post-pliocene period; and he inferred from the circumstance of one of these species having been found in fossil drift wood, that conditions similar to the present existed during that epoch. Some species inhabit fixed wood, and may be termed "littoral," while others are only found in floating wood, and appear to be "pelagic." Each geographical district has its own "littoral" species, and the old notion of the ship-worm (which Linnaeus justly called "*Colymbia Narium*") having been introduced into Europe from the Indies was contrary to fact. The *Teredo* is not a "true littoral" species belonging to tropical seas has ever been found living in the northern hemisphere, or vice versa. It is true that some species have been occasionally imported into this and other countries in ships' bottoms, and have become established, which has been washed thither by the Gulf and other oceanic currents; but the few cases belong to littoral species, and never survive their removal, while the latter may be said to be almost cosmopolitan. Every species of *Teredo* has its own peculiar tube, valves, and pair of "pallets," the latter serving the office of opercula, and by their means the animal is able at will to completely close the entrance or mouth of the tube, and thus prevent the intrusion of crustacean and annelid foes. The length of the tube is, of course, equal to that of the animal which it contains, and is strengthened by strong muscles in the pallet-ring, and varies in the different species from three inches, or even less, to as many feet. The internal entrance or throat of the tube is also distinguishable in each species by its form, and is frequently a single, and frequently a longitudinal siphonal ridge. Monstrosities not unfrequently occur in the valves and pallets; and in one instance the pallet-stalk is double, showing a partial redundancy of organs, as exemplified by the author with respect to the operculum of the common whelk. More than one species often inhabit the same piece of wood; and want of sufficient care by naturalists in extracting the valves with their proper tubes and pallets may account in a great measure for the confusion which exists in public and private collections, and which has thence found its way into systematic works. The Teredines have many natural enemies, both in life and after death. In the South of Italy, and on the North African coast, they are esteemed as human food, and are great nuisances in Ireland, four species occur in fixed wood, and eleven others in drift wood, the latter being occasional visitants. Of these, no less than six have never yet been described, and two others are now, for the first time, noticed as British. The number of recorded species is only considered to six more, making a total of twenty-one; but it is probable that, when the subject has been more investigated, a considerable addition will be made to this number. Mr. Jeffreys then explained the distribution of the Teredines in Great Britain, and in Britain and Ireland, and produced a synoptical list with descriptions of the new species. He believed all the Teredines were marine, except, possibly, Adamson's Senechal species, and one which had lately been found in the River Ganges, the water of which is fresh for about six hours out of the twenty-four, and brackish during the rest of the day; but as a well-known exception of the same kind occurs in a genus of marine shells (*Arca*), and the transition from fresh to brackish, and thence to salt water, is very gradual, such exceptions should not be regarded with suspicion or surprise. He concluded this part of the subject by exhibiting some drawings and specimens, and acknowledging his obligations to Dr. Lusk and

tion of them as feeders to the Railway system. He described the arrangement adopted in one which he had had built for his own use, and which was successful. The carriage was exhibited in action, and made several trips in the street under his Lordship's guidance. The discussion which took place, great stress was laid on the importance of Parliament reducing the turnpike tolls in respect of such carriages, which, in reality, were in no way injurious to the road.

Mr. J. ELDER read a paper descriptive of a new form of Steam-engine Boiler termed "a cylindrical spiral boiler," and described the advantageous results after a very lengthy trial.

SATURDAY.

The proceedings of the Section commenced with a discussion on Mr. ELDER'S paper, in which the Chairman, Admiral MOOREHEAD, Messrs. R. ROBERTS, OLDHAM, DENNIS, W. SMITH, COWPER, and MOFFATT took part, the general opinion being favourable to the principle of the boiler described.

Mr. E. COWPER then read a paper descriptive of 'A New Mode of obtaining a Heat of Very High Temperature in the Manufacture of Iron.' The blast is obtained by an adaptation of the principle of Siemens's regenerative furnaces. A hot blast of a temperature of 2,000° Fahrenheit can readily be obtained, and without the destruction of iron tubes—the substance used in contact with the air being the most refractory fire-brick. This mode of obtaining a blast was in successful operation at Messrs. COCHRAN'S Iron-works. The temperature of the blast could be regulated to any required degree. The heat might be obtained from the combustion of the waste gases of the furnaces, and with greater economy than by any method hitherto known for economizing these gases.

A paper by Mr. W. FAIRBAIRN, 'On the Density of Saturated Steam, and on the Law of Expansion for Superheated Steam,' was then read. This paper contained a continuation of experiments which were detailed in a paper read by Mr. Fairbairn at the Aberdeen Meeting.

FINE ARTS

FRENCH EXHIBITION.

It is an excellent characteristic of this exhibition that the situation of the works is changed on the walls, and new ones added, until they attain the position of their opening. Mr. GERMONE'S famous picture *The Gladiator* (No. 102), has been introduced since we noticed the gallery at the commencement of the exhibition. This is the pendant to the 'Death of Cæsar,' equally well known. 'Ave Cæsar! Imperator, morituri te salutant!' was the address of the victors in the amphitheatre to the Emperor, who is seated here between the four winged Victories, and with the burning embers on either side. They hail him, lifting their tridents or ashles, as they are retraced, or are fighters with the sword; some others bear the crest; some are bare-breasted, and some with brazen grooves upon their legs; some helmeted with the grotesque casques of the Roman gladiators, some bare-headed. Behold, on the sacred arena, lie the dead—two are being dragged off to the pyramids by hooks fixed amongst their ribs, the long cords of which the attendants pull, heavily hauling them away. A servant has come forth and scatters fresh sand over the wide stains of blood the thirty or so death drinks in; in the midst of the gladiator, writhes in death, a great wound in his side, an empty helmet not far off. Above are the sweeping lines of the amphitheatre, with row on row of gazing thousands; and even upon the crest of the wall are standing figures defined against the sky. The *popæoria* or seats for the people choke full; the chapleted and white-robed vestals on the Emperor's right, who is a bloated and brutal being; the senators and the knights hold their places as spectators, looking on and gossiping amongst themselves. Overhead is the vast ceiling or *volubris*, partly drawn across, the multi-tudinous cords tracing fine lines upon the sky, and the surface painted with bands of colour and a zodiac of figures of beasts. This picture, although anything but brilliant in colour, tells well, from the expressive variety of incident, it exhibits the characteristic attitudes of the gladiators themselves, and

the admirable manner in which the multitude has been treated, so that the immensity of their numbers becomes impressive and awful. It has been a question among the learned as to how the rebarbs were fixed over so vast a space of sky; the artist, however, has done well, the Flavian amphitheatre. The artist does not seem to have solved the problem by his arrangement of the tackle and canvas, which indicates a central support (out of the picture).

Louis Muller's great picture, *Scene at the Cowseprie Prison during the Revolution of the last Victims of the Reign of Terror, 9th Thermidor, 1794* (164), occupies a conspicuous place on these walls. It is a work full of dramatic interest: not perhaps of the highest order, but decidedly the finest work of the artist. The celebration of the festival, which is that predicament at that time are grouped together in a large vaulted apartment, the iron gate of which is open, and one of the chief victims, the *Princesse de Chimay*, is borne from the assemblage to be sent to the guillotine. André Chénier sits in front, alone, at length, with his head bowed, fully upon his hand. Mlle. de Coigny, in the bloom of youth, kneels terrified at the feet of the venerable Bishop of Agde; she, the heroine of 'Le Jeune Captive,' is thus close by him who is the companion of her flight, in Rouen, is withdrawn at the side. The Countess of Bonne Pelet is absorbed in woful pressings, seated, with clasped hands in her lap. The actress Leroy, kneeling in an agony of terror, clasps the arm of the Recorder of the Tribunal, who reads with a loud voice the list of names. There is abundant incident in this picture to justify its title and redeem a certain murkiness of execution that does not please the observer.

M. Boudin's *Hotel on the Marsh* (16) is a large landscape dealing with great force with a dim moonlight effect. The luminous yellow light, under a heavy mass of grey rain-clouds hanging over a desolate scene, — half water, half land, — that shows and pools reflecting the dismal sky. At some distance, removed into the picture, is a hotel, whose lighted windows suggest to us a chamber of death, towards which is seen hurrying, with the host, a priest, attended by an acolyte, bearing a cross in his hands. A very mournful and impressive picture, executed with great knowledge of colour and feeling. — Madame Henriette Brown's *Sister Mary* (43) is a splendid picture, rich in most good qualities of Art, showing one of those excellent women holding in her arms a sick child, while a second Sister mixes medicines in a mortar. All three of the faces are fine, and just in expression; and we seldom see so truthful a rendering of nature as the treatment of the first-named woman's face in the half light that penetrates through the wide-winged head-dress of her order, and the reflection it takes from the white bow of the little invalid. — M. Théodore Picot's *Morning Prayer in Brittany* (92), — three children praying before their sleeping place, — is admirable for composition, and full of feeling. — *Taking Toll*, by M. A. Dillens (71), — a stalwart peasant taring his sweatshirt with a kiss as they cross a rural bridge, — is solidly and boldly painted. — *The Christmas Festival* (126), by M. Louis Knaus, — an old crier holding his baby parishioner at the table of feasting, — is not only freely and effectively painted, though this in part, but it is a most capital rendering of the scene, and the face of the young mother, who, languidly seated, is half uneasy at the precious infant's position, and longs to have him back into her arms. — No. 224, *A Lady arranging Flowers*, by M. Trayer, is lightly and skilfully treated, thin and weak in colour. — *The Broken Eggs* (211), by M. Henri Schlegel, prettily gives the expression — anticipative of a boating — of a little girl as she looks at the woful end of her fragile burden. — *A Lady Washing her Hands*, by M. Plassan (192), shows a delicate elegance about the figure, and is extremely pretty in treatment. — None but a French artist could make so much out of so simple a theme as that chosen by M. Charles Pecrus, styled *The Veil* (182), — a lady standing to read with an absorbed expression, while her hand lies negligently resting by the wrist on the

back of an old-fashioned chair. In colour this is suggestive of our own, and the lady's dress being a dullish red-pink, and the chair of deeper tint, harmonizing well with the background. — M. Baugnie's *Repentance* (115), — a repentant prodigal girl returning to her mother, — is a little melo-dramatic and commonplace. — M. Biani, that omnipotent painter, has a large work, styled *The Ham-mock* (164), — an Oriental woman, of no great beauty, lying at length in a fine pose upon such a couch, wafting her bare hand in the air to feel its coolness, is surrounded with appropriate accessories of a garden, skilfully and properly painted (No. 89), by M. Fortin. *The Proposal*, displays a great Breton custom of employing a beggar to "pop the question"; with great bounties the artist shows the ragged, grubby, and blue-bearded mendicant, urging his client's cause to the fair, while the lover himself listens through the half-door behind.

Amongst the landscapes proper, the most notable is M. A. Bonheur's *Cattle Drinking* (18), — a few cows standing in a brook; a country woman urges some sheep to the water. The treatment of a broad effect of misty sunlight, is effective and fine. There are some lovely landscapes, by M. Lambinet, of which No. 133, *Harvest Time*, is the finest. — By Mlle. J. Micas is a most comely little picture, *Good and Evil Girls* (158), which is full of boyish character in the growing juveniles. The texture of their plumage, if we may so speak, is capably rendered. — *Bou-nière, near Nantes* (62), by M. C. F. Daubigny, is a very finely handled picture of a sultry afternoon, — threatening storm, a level river, with clear, sharp reflections of its raised banks, and, above, a long line of white cottages upon it, tells admirably. — Another picture of *Boats Going to the Water* (20), is by Mlle. Juliette Bonheur, showing, on the bank of a brook, a few boats, and a group of people, the rest stare about them in their usual imprudent way of those creatures. A solidly and brightly painted little work.

FINE-ART TOUR. — The work of protesting against the demolition of the Guesien Hall at Worcester, referred to in our last, proceeds with vigour. The Midland Counties Archaeological Association held a meeting in that city, under the very names, as people say, of the Dean and Chapter, to whom the building was bequeathed, and their "pain and dismay" at the bare report, and "earnestly implore" that sagacious body to preserve the edifice.

Some workmen, in excavating at the Kirk Hill, St. Andrew's, for the platform of a gun battery for the local Artillery Volunteers, came upon the ruins of a cruciform chapel, — a discovery which is very interesting from the peculiar ground-plan of the building. — An obelisk is to be erected at Melford to commemorate the wreck of the Royal Charter.

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variation and rearrangement of a drama which nothing but the genius of Weber would have preserved from total oblivion. My own part of the score is not dissimilar in a few words. I have had the pleasure of existing a considerable quantity of indifferent dialogue written for the purpose of making room for actors who could not sing, and supplying the deficiencies of singers who could not act. The plot of the piece is stupider and more complicated.

The division of the opera into four acts was necessary to facilitate the scenic arrangements at Her Majesty's Theatre. The first additional scene was the *Alcibiade* selected by Mr. Benedict from Weber's opera of *Baryton*, and the restatives all but entirely from that and other works of the same master. The absence of a scene between *Helen* and *Istos* was greatly lamented by Weber; and in one of his charming letters to me, he says, "I requested heart signs that the first morning after the living pair first each other scene without music. It is an original written and subjected to by Mr. Brabant, and the scene, 'O Vite a glorious sight,' was substituted for it at his request. This omitted scene was now restored to the opera, though to the part, by little more than an alteration of the words from the first to the second person singular.

Nothing, as it might have been predicted, could be more workmanlike than the changes and interpolations here made. But, as often happens in like cases, some freshness is thereby taken away from the opera. As we have said in the former case of *Der Freischütz*, "Fidello," "Faust," nay even of *Meysenburger's* "Die Glocken," a general heaviness is given to the work by the substitution of songs for spoken recitative. The introduction of the tenor air adverted to, was a happy thought, especially as it was to be so excellently sung by M. Bérart (*Oberon*). The lovers' duet from "Eurydice" (original) coincided in subject with *Signor Saverio's* "Il vivo lampo" in "Tancredi" failed somehow in its new place, impassioned and glowing as it is, perhaps because the *Heon* is *Signor Mongini*. Strange to say, neither his superb voice, nor that of *Mlle. Tjermans (Rita)* were half as effective in Weber's music as we had expected.

Having been accidentally led to discuss points of execution, we will not for the present return to offer further remarks on "Oberon," as it stands, though many things remain to be said, and we will continue our report on the performance. The honours of the evening were with Madame Albini (*Fatima*). More deliciously-sung music could not be: it suits her voice to perfection. "A lonely Arab Maid" was *enacted*, and "O Army" and her song with *Soliman* (original) coincided well, seconded by that clever artist, *Signor Eversdell* narrowly escaped the same fate. Madame Lemaire was *Puck*;—but also for the "Mermaid's Song," given by *Mlle. Vassier* so loudly as to warn all and sundry from coming to see it. The fairy choruses (the first excepted) were not well executed. The orchestra of *Her Majesty's Theatre* is not at present equal to executing the fanciful and elaborate music of Weber. In many places, too, want of due preparation was to be felt. More might have been done for "Oberon," and should have been, if it be desired that Weber's "Song of the Swan" should keep its place as an exquisite piece of individuality, truly welcome to ears saturated with the feeble and noisy platitudes of the modern Italian stage. The scenery is picturesque: the dresses are very rich.

CONCERTS.—The *Philharmonic Concert* season closed on Monday, the novelty being an extremely interesting Concert, by *Druck* in a minor, extremely well played by Madame Arabella Goldner. Never has the Society been more conservative than this year. The band makes no progress in rendering the thousand times played symphonies; but we perceive that next year the old number of eight concertos is to be returned to by this it would seem, that in making itself an "Ancient Concert" the Society has thrived. The *Benefit Concerts* have been many; given by, among others, *M. Leprie*,—*Signor Panti*,—*M. Henri Ketten*,—*Mrs. Susan O'Connell*,—*Mrs. O'Connell*,—the skilful Welsh harpist,—"Mr. George Russell," *Mrs. Steele*,—*Signori Marras and Fortunato*,—and *Madame Pinchi*.

OUTRAGE.—Mr. Robson having, last week, chosen the burlesque "The Jew" for his benefit, on Monday installed the drama as a permanent rival. As about the earliest example of that tragic-comic vein, in which Mr. Robson has since

become so justly celebrated, as also on account of its own merits, this burlesque enjoys an extraordinary reputation. It is, however, not revived in its original purity. Much of its parodical character is expunged, and all reference to "Judge and Jury Clubs" is abandoned. The Doge of Venice now sits in judgment on Shylock, in his original dramatic state, undegraded by more profane or less poetic associations. The *Shylock*, however, remains untouched, and Mr. Robson still revels in his old extravaganzas. In point and finish the acting has, perhaps, improved; in force it remains undiminished. The audience are none the less provoked to laughter because of the refinements introduced, and the pleasure is certainly heightened by the removal and omission of what was objectionable in matter as in manner. The house was very full.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—There is not much to be added to last week's report of the visit of the French party, as it is over. But for the fearful weather (of which, we are glad to hear, cold England has not the monopoly this year), there would have been little to desire. Every day of their seven was marked by originality, and the pleasure is certainly heightened by the removal and omission of what was objectionable in matter as in manner. The house was very full.

Not to interfere with the report of the two interesting operatic novelties of the last ten days, we string together a few words, called for by the performers, and better together. It is thoroughly pleasant that the music and the week passed off so well.

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MISCELLANEA

The Sinai Bible.—Prof. Tischendorf has sent the following notice to a friend in London on the subject of his publication of the Sinai MSS.:—"The Journal of St. Petersburg, dated May 3rd, gives us intelligence respecting the publication of the Sinai Manuscript, with which Prof. Tischendorf has been commissioned by the Imperial Government of Russia. The latter gentleman has since then returned to Saxony; the work itself has been commenced at St. Petersburg and Leipzig, and

we are now in a position to give more accurate information concerning this publication, which has excited so much interest in the remotest spheres. Of three plates which Prof. Tischendorf laid before the Imperial Government of Russia with respect to this publication, His Imperial Majesty has approved the one which holds, in a certain degree, the medium between the two others. According to this, the whole text will be printed, with strict observance of all orthographic peculiarities, and of types as will accurately reproduce the written of the original with its manifold peculiarities. These types are cut under the direction of Prof. Tischendorf, at the foundry of M. V. von Giesecke & Devrient, at Leipzig, and are intended exclusively for the work in question. The whole of the Manuscript is divided into three folio volumes, whereof the first two will contain everything belonging to the Old Testament, and the third the New Testament complete, together with the letter of Barmahae, and the fragments of the Shepherd of Hermas. The three volumes will be added a fourth, containing a treatise on the history of the Manuscript and the progress of its discovery, on its extraordinary great age, and its importance as regards the science of Biblical text. To this treatise is joined the photographic critical commentary concerning more than 7,000 places altered in the Manuscript by many of the old correctors. This volume will, besides, be distinguished by twenty plates of photographic fac-similes, which are to familiarize scientific eyes with the impression of the original and to point out the especially interesting parts. The photographic part of the work is being executed, by order and under the control of the publisher, in the Photographic atelier of the Imperial Staff at St. Petersburg; whilst the execution of all photographic works takes place in the above-named foundry at Leipzig, and the publication itself of the work will take place at St. Petersburg exclusively, without its appearing in the book-selling world, as all the 300 copies will be reserved by His Imperial Majesty as presents. The complete edition, which is now in the press, is intended to illustrate still more the thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire, which falls in that year. But in order to satisfy the desire of scientific men, there will be prepared, besides this anniversary edition, a new work, which is to reproduce the text in a more simple form, with the same critical precision, the *Sinaitic text* document. This latter edition, confined at first to the New Testament, with Barmahae and Hermas, will appear, at a very moderate price, at the printing-office of F. A. Brockhaus, and is to be published in the same year, immediately after the anniversary edition. A special communication will, in the course of this summer, announce the undertaking of this double edition, with information respecting many points of this Manuscript, from which the reader will already be enabled to pass a judgment as to the critical character of the text and its scientific importance. It is a matter of course that every exacting inquirer for masterpieces will welcome this very ancient witness of saving truth; misunderstandings alone could induce poor minds to be apprehensive about it. This advertising communication, printed also by F. A. Brockhaus, will contain information respecting all the results of the last and most judicious journey, in so far as they regard the discovery, possession, and use of old Greek and Eastern Manuscripts."

Reynold's "Puck."—In the last week's notice of the British Institution Exhibition there is a slight error as to the ownership of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Puck." A *Reynold's* sale this publisher, in so far as they regard the discovery, possession, and use of old Greek and Eastern Manuscripts."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Series—D. S. A. C. T. E.—C. R. received.

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The Life and Poems of William Dunbar. By James Paterson. (Edinburgh, Nisbet.)

It is unjust to Dunbar that his admirers should hold him up for comparison with Chaucer. The father of English poetry was one of our mighty ones, of a nature large as humanity, with a range of mental faculty to match. He possessed one of the few imaginations that can reach the utmost reality in subtlest pathos and broadest humour. He was a great objective poet, with a sea of life in him vast and strong enough to embrace a world with its many-flowing sympathies. Dunbar set beside him is essentially a small man, with but little of his lusty life brimming and blossoming, fertile and fruitful. He is a subjective poet, whose eye contracts too often to a selfishly personal point of view. Chaucer's eye dilates as all the soul of his large love crowds up into it for an outward look.

While Dunbar was brooding within to no very great depth or purpose, Chaucer gathered infinite riches from the world without. He has mirrored for us the manifold life of his time. He has filled a gallery with his Historical Portraits, all perfect to the full, and finished to the finger-nail. Dunbar was a clever "chief," with a quick, keen, detective eye when observing phases of character and the anomalies of worldly condition. He possessed in a marked degree the two most striking characteristics of Scottish wit and humour, namely, pawkiness and shrewdness. But he was no Scottish Chaucer. He was a great admirer of the English poet, whose influence is apparent in all the longer poems of Dunbar, especially in his descriptions of external nature. This influence we may call the Norman influence, which Chaucer translated into English poetry. For the great English poet was no Norman. He had little or none of the old Norse love of the sea, and his love of nature had in it more of the feeling which the Normans brought from the hands of the vine and the olive, than that sterner love brought by the Norsemen from Iceland. There was a Norman conquest over our poetry as well as our country. Chaucer's out-of-doors love was just that of the medieval knight and troubadour, springing out of a simple, homely, genuine, English nature. It was an inland feeling. He went forth, the merry child of a glorious morning, his heart leaping up like a fountain in the sunshine, carolling with the lark. He rejoiced in the freshness and fragrance of the sweet spring season; the birds singing against the sunny sheen, flasket through all their feathers with the gladness of their married prime, the boughs all blossom and sparkle with ecstasy, thrilling through all their world of whispering leaves, and for very love-longing and fullness of heart lay down on some green sloop of sunny glade that ran with its short sweet grass un-wrinkled through the merry green wood to bend with his fond fatherly face over the little daisy smiling up to him with its light-some look. This Norman influence, which Chaucer adopted and renders dear to the national heart by adding to it the greener glory of our English fields, the sharper sweetness of our northern air, and richer shadow of our "leavis green," enters largely into the writing of the Scottish poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Up to that time the Norse influence had prevailed in the old ballad poetry of Scotland. Indeed, the preponderance of Norse

influence mainly differentiates the early poetry of England. The ballad minstrels of Scotland were the descendants of the Scandinavian Sagan men and kept alive in their poetry the old Norse fire and force. But with Henryson, Dunbar, and Douglas, the Norman and Chaucerian reign began. Dunbar's poetry wears the court-dress of the Norman conquerors. This is one reason why he has never been popular in Scotland. He was not sufficiently national. Whereas old blind Harry, the last of the Minstrels, has always been dear to the people, and has lived on by the poems he lived by nearly four centuries ago, warming the heart of his people, and kindling the genius of Burns himself with his patriotic fire. Dunbar has nothing in common with the old ballad writers; nothing of their wild, weird imagination, the dark Northern anger and piercing tenderness; free passage into elf-land, and natural lyrical aptitude of the minstrels who sang but did not write. He was a poet pen in hand, not a singer with the harp in hand.

The greatest likeness that Dunbar bears to Chaucer is in the descriptive touches of such poems as the 'Twa Maryit Women and the Wedo,' not given in full in Mr. Paterson's edition, as being too high-kilted. Some of the lines are felicitous almost as Chaucer's, only their rich sensuousness is a little more fleshy. But here, as with the English poet, the writer goes forth early in the dawn beside a goodly green garth full of gay flowers, with the birds singing merrily on the boughs, and sees three ladies sitting in a green arbour:—

So plitit as the gold were their glouris gilt treas, /
quhill all the greisid dird cleme of the glawd heis; /
Kumit, not a chirp, and out, and cumit, and out, /
Attour their schuldres doun schyre schinning full bright: /
Their mantillis grein war as the greis that grew in May.

Of fertile fens favour was their faces meik, /
All full of fluris (fairheid as floris in June); /
Kumit, and schine, and schine, as the wercil licht; /
New up speed upon spray, as new sprayt rose.

This passage briefly illustrates our poet's relationship to Chaucer with regard to what we call the Norman influence; it also shows us the quality of his diction, which Dunbar sometimes practised, and it gives us the original spelling, which has not been preserved throughout this volume. Dunbar was most hearty in acknowledging what he owed to Chaucer and other English bards. He says:—

O reverend Chaucer, rose of Rhetor all, /
As in our tongue a flower imperial /
That rose in Britane ever, who reads right /
Thou bearst of "makers" the triumph royal, /
Thou hast ennobled terms orientall /
This matter could illumi-nate have full bright, /
What thou dost of our English all the light, /
Summouning every tongue termes of might /
As far as Maye's morrow does delight?

This is from 'The Golden Targe,' where we again see the inspiration of Chaucer, more particularly in the opening description of a glowing May morn. Every one will also recognize the affinity in such touches as these from 'The Merle and the Nightingale':—

Her sound went with the river as it ran, /
The birds /
Singing of love among the leavis meik, /
With diligent pleawing made my thoughtis green. /
The golden glitter and glewe to glaid his betris.

We do not dwell upon our poet's debt to Chaucer for the sake of detracting from his merit, but to show that where he is likest to the English bard is when he writes in imitation of him. The Father of English poetry was also the father of Dunbar's earlier poetry, written in the springtime of life and heyday of his youthful blood. As he grew older he lost much of the early life's luxury, and wrought out a greater individuality of genius.

Of Dunbar's history very little is known. We may state his birth to have been somewhere about

1460; but the whereabouts of his birth we know not. He studied at St. Andrew's, where, in 1479, he took the degree of Master of Arts. Doubtful in parentage, dwarfish in stature, poor in friends, and without patrimony, he turned a pale, studious face from his closed college books to the open wide world. Undoubtedly a dreary outlook! yet he seems to have faced it with a cheery, expectant spirit. He became a friar of the order of St. Francis, or Grey Friars, established by the first James. The Grey Friars' Church, Edinburgh, still perpetuates their memory. In his 'Visitation of St. Francis,' Dunbar may have meant to cast a satiric sidelight upon his own views of the friars before and after his experiences of those holy men. The saint appears to the poet in the night, offering him a religious habit, and bidding him turn from the world to become a friar. This may represent the appearance which the friars' office offered to his younger mind, wearing such a fancy as the flouting magic of anticipation. Then the St. Francis of the poem turns to a fiend, in likeness of a friar, and vanishes in stench and smoke. This is, no doubt, intended to symbol the dark reality that Dunbar found upon further acquaintance with the brotherhood. There is a fine flash of smiling satire in the poem. When the saint offers the poet the habit of a friar, he replies—

In lay begonis have I heard allekin, /
New sacris of bishoppis, nor friars, he sic serein; /
(of full few freins that have been sacris I read; /
Wherefore gau bring to me new sacris I read; /
Gif ever I maid my said good sone bishoppis,

Having heard it alleged that there are more sainted bishoppis than friars, and that but few of the latter have been saints, he wishes to make the best of both worlds, would rather go through this life and be saved as a rich bishop, than stand the far less favourable chance of a poor friar. We learn from his poems, and from allusions made by Kennedy in the 'Flying Start,' that he travelled through England, Scotland, and France as a mendicant friar. He does not seem to have had any affection for the kind of life, and is candid enough to admit that he himself was no better than he ought to have been. He says—

In me, God wit, was mucky a wink and wyle.

He was next employed in some subordinate capacity as one of the secretaries to various foreign embassies from the Scottish Court, and in this way visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and other countries, gathering his knowledge of men and manners, and of the world. Before the year 1500 he had become a familiar attendant of the royal household of the ray and gullant king who fell in the midst of his chivalry when the night came down so darkly on Flodden Field. In 1500, he received from the King a pension of ten pounds. The poet's position here is ill to define. But the pay was little enough to live on in such a place. The pension, however, was granted with the implied promise of a benefice. The young King must have had a great many demands upon his purse for music and minstrelsy. In the books of his Lord High Treasurer we find payments made, among many others, to Blind Harry—to "Cunynghame the singer"—to "Willeam Sangster, of Lythgow"—to "twa Wemen that sang to the King"—to "Martyn Claeschaw and the toder Esche Claeschaw"—to "James Mylson the harper, and John Harper the organ player"—to "James the luterer"—to "Bennet the fytthlar"—to "twa fytthlars that sang Graystail to the King"—to "Hog, Watchdog, and Widderspune, that told tales"—to "Wantonnes that the King feschet and gert her sing in the queenis

chamber"—and endless Scottish harpers, French "quibisairis," Italian "chavmeris," "Frenche flingaris," jestours, merris-dancers, "musicianis, menstralis, and morris-singaris." It was a merry, many-colored motley, amongst which our poet had to sing and dance, make jests and jokes for the King when he was in the mirthful mood, and turn ecclesiastic and may mass when the King had a fit of repentance. He was probably engaged in a confidential mission during the negotiations between James and the English Court, relative to that monarch's marriage with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, which took place in 1503. One of Dunbar's finest poems, "The Thistle and the Rose," celebrates this wedding in national symbols, and a fine impassioned song. Langhorne has said truly—

In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet opens the "Thistle and the Rose."

Dunbar wore the King's livery. There are various items in the Treasurer's accounts for Master William Dunbar, his "Yule livery," and "for cause he wanted his gown at Yule," &c.; saying livery being red and yellow, over which, as chaplain, he wore a black gown at mass. He evidently exerted all his faculties to ensure the King's favour. Under these conditions, and before his pension was increased to S^{d} a year, Dunbar wrote the greater part of his poetry. The Scottish Monarch, with April expirations, found in the poet a fit reflector of his changeable nature. He tolerated the keen "keeklin' eye, and was tickled with the sharp tongue and biting satire of the poet; laughed royally at the broad humour that made his champagne-blood effervesce, and revelled in the mud-honey of his occasional grossness; or, as a repentant recluse at Stirling, when he had flung the world aside like a sicked orange, would find some consolation in a staid and solemn piece of the poet's, which echoed the Preacher, saying that "all was vanity." But still the benefice did not come. He felt his dependent position. He was getting into years, and younger courtiers could dance attendance more gaily; so he clung continually to the royal skirts with half ludicrous, but wholly real and earnest petitions for his expected benefice, where his burden is might find shelter for his old age. His burden is—

I have not how the Kirk is gude;
But benefices are not woot dividit;
Some men has siven, and I not aye,
Wha'll be consider to see pain.

Change upon change he rings on the subject of his "silver sorrow," as he calls it; and in bytimes witty, eloquent, and melancholy on his empty purse—

My purse is made of sic ane skin
There will no cross be in it;
Straight as frae the fowd they flee,
Wha ever thin, wha ever win;
My painful purse is prelates me.

It must have been "prickled" him sorely, for it was a continual thorn in his side. Still, in spite of poverty and his dependent position, he tries to bear up against his circumstances with an elastic and cheerful spirit, and to keep up his own heart by advising everybody else to keep up theirs. Many of his happiest humorous lines are produced in his trying to make fun of his own troubles. There is something of what has been well described as "worldliness and other-worldliness" in Dunbar's moral and religious philosophy. We do not find so much in this world, after all, when it is used for us; disappointment also wonderfully helps to wean a man from it. Besides which, it does not seem to have been a bit better world in Dunbar's time than in our day, even though one dwelt in palaces. The poet appears to have met with plenty of people who "of their riches only had the keeping," and

when "their bags were full, their selves were bare." He saw Falshood riding on horseback, and poor Truth going barefoot; the rich renowned, and the poor trampled on; Flattery faring sumptuously, and Honour in exile. Standing up near the dais, he saw how "Some berks fall fast and shew bare heads," and found plenty to mornize upon, on the whole, to the advantage of the other world.

In one respect, Dunbar was an earlier Scottish Burns, which is in his fidelity of painting a picture of city or Court. But his faculty is descriptive, not dramatic. He had but little of Burns's power of presentment; nor has he so much breadth and warmth of nature. Love for woman, and woman's love, do not seem to have been a great necessity to the earlier poet. There is a gusto in some of his humorous descriptions that Burns would have richly enjoyed if he had known of it. "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," full of picturesque and powerful personification. We think Burns has never been acquainted with this poem. "Auld Maboun" stirring up the fends for a dance, reminds us much of Satan dealing out the music and pushing on the dance in "Tam o' Shanter." Pride comes first—"by that sin fell the angels"—and is portrayed with a sure stroke or two—

Then Thou comes in with stout and strid,
His hand was ever upon his hid.

Various others join in the dance, and are presented to us with striking power. The dance goes on fiercely, furiously. Maboun calls for a pageant; and when the grim revel is at maddest height,—

The devil was drowed with with their yell,
Thou in the deepest pit of hell
He smorit them with smook.

Whether the poet got his benefice at last, is not known. With his pension of so^{d} a year, and occasional gratuities, he was not so badly off during the later years of James's life. When the King fell at Flodden in 1513, his young widowed Queen appeared to have befriended the poet for awhile. His "Address to the Queen Dowager" is one of the few poems that can be identified as written after the death of the King. The verses are more Anglican than usual, perhaps in deference to the subject.—

O lusty flower of youth, benten and sweet,
Fair fallow of beauty, bilboulit, bright and sheen,
Fair, fowerless lady, gentle and discreet,
Young breaking blossom, yet on the stalks green,
Delightous ill; I fatter to be seen.

Be glad in heart and exult heartily;
Thy bare of bliss, that ever bliths has been,
Devotd laquer, and live in beauty.

It is probable that the young Queen bestowed her bounty on him, but in what shape or to what extent we know not. It is more than probable that he did not get his benefice after all; or surely some trace of it would be left. In one of his poems to the King he said—

I was in growth on vurnis kne,
Danc'd; Bloody, danc'd!

The refrain rang through all his life; but it passed, we think, among the prophecies unfulfilled.

It appears to us very singular that there should be no poems on the death of James and his defeat at Flodden. Dunbar had a great stake on that field, and lost. It is likely that many of his later pieces have never been recovered from the darkness that obscures the poet's latter years.

In spite of the dictum of Sir Walter Scott, we hold that Dunbar was not one of the great poets. He was a remarkable poet—very remarkable—if we consider the condition of letters in his times. His poetry has been long in recovering its place; but it has qualities

1. That that falser was to see
Than is the little upon his stalle green.—Chamers.

which will keep that place for the future, although it may not be in the front rank claimed by his enthusiastic admirers. Mr. Laing's edition of the poet's works will continue to be the choice of the curious,—most suitable to the taste of those who fly at high game,—most prized by the lover of complete collections. But there is also room for this new edition, which has been considerably dusted, and edited with zeal and intelligence. We have taken a liberty with a few of the readings. Some of the modernizations have hurt the measure; and perhaps the "Flying" might have been left out, seeing that it could have been obtained elsewhere. Readers will make nothing of it, except that they see two men pelt each other with dirt, like mudlarks, until both are defeated with filth. However, the purchasers of Dunbar's poems, as we have hinted, may go further and fare worse.

French Wines and Vineyards; and the Way to find them. By Cyrus Redding. (Houlston & Wright).

THESE is much in a vineyard that appeals to the imagination, more that affects the senses. The broad blood-red leaves at the base gradually refining into the tender green of the young upper shoots, the noble lines of the glorious foliage, the graceful play of the tendrils, the heavy clusters of richest purple, or warm and golden, like drops of liquid amber, with the sunlight striking through, give a combination of form and colour found in nothing else; neither in the lovely luxuriance and mellow tones of a hop-garden, nor in the stately orange groves, with their dark, smooth, glossy leaves, and globes of ruddy gold. But besides these material and outward beauties, a vineyard has a peculiar and significant charm for most of us;—a something made up of association and romance, and the nameless longings of the human heart towards the pleasant life of the "shining South"—a something which seems to speak to us of perpetual youth, of love that never grows old, and of beauty that never fades. What mind is that which could couple sorrow and gloom with the reeking vintage cart, or fret over the meannest troubles of conventional life, while children, crowned with vine-leaves and stained with grape-juice, laugh at their mothers through the branches, or trod out the purple wine before the house-door? Our lusty English harvest home, indeed, is a brave time of hard-handed mirth; but it has not the richer qualities, the more poetic aspect, of the French and Italian vintages. The Greeks did wisely when they wreathed their Fauns and Bacchantes—their emblems of jollity and pleasure—with vine-leaves, and made the grape the symbol of the purely sensuous and material joys of life. The Jews, too, confessed amidst all their stern Puritanism, that wine "makes glad the heart of man;" and we have no reason yet to gainsay the wisdom of our early teachers. We except the teetotalers, indeed; but even the Jews had their Rechabites, the Greeks their cynics, and the Persians their water-drinkers.

The original starting-point of the vine seems to have been in that mysterious, undiscovered Eden or Meri, hidden in the East, which was the cradle of so much belonging to humanity. The Indian Dionysos brought it into Greece, and Rome was nowise backward in adopting her elder rival's gift. From Rome—some say from Phœnicia—the vine was transplanted into France by way of Marseilles, and took firm root in what proved to be a most fertile soil; so far, indeed, that in a very short time French wines were exported to Rome, whereas

the more educated of the Latin deïnoophists turned up their noses and expressed due abhorrence. For at this early time in his industrial history, the Gallic vine-grower had not made his system or built up his theory as now; consequently the wine-vat suffered—and the consumer. We should say that the modern South African wines are about our nearest approach to those early vintages of the Roman Gauls; and what they are needs no exposition. Taste them. In A.D. 92, Domitian, in one of those mad freaks common to the crazy Cæars, ordered that all the vineyards in Spain, Gaul, and Britain, should be dug up and destroyed. There was some old Roman idea of protection to ale and mead in this decree, which was based on the principle that "corn tillage was neglected;" and it was not until nearly two hundred years after, namely, in 282, that, by an order of Probus, the vineyards were suffered to be replanted. In 1567, there was another raid in France against them. The old vines were dug up, and new ones were forbidden to be planted. In 1627 the same ordinance was again passed. In 1725 certain provinces were forbidden to cultivate wine-producing grapes at all; and, "in 1730, a royal order was issued that no new vines should be planted without a formal permission, and, if that were obtained, a certain number of white mulberry-trees were to be planted in return, with a view to the silk manufacture, at least in relation to the Bordelais." It was not until the Revolution of 1789 came to sweep away these and other cognate tyrannies, that the cultivation of the vine was allowed to follow the impartial laws of supply and demand.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Crusaders brought with them the rich Muscat vines of Corinth, Cyprus, and other places. These vines were first planted at the foot of the Pyrenees, and were the progenitors of the sweet and luscious Frontignac, Lunel, and Rivesaltes wines, which come almost into the category of *liqueurs*. We can imagine with that gusto the first growth—rich, soft, perfumed Frontignac was drunk by the joyous old abbots and monks who had grown wrinkled and grey in the service of the thin, half-sour, bodiless wines of Bordeaux and the rest. It must have been like a revelation to them. These successive importations increased the number of the varieties to an almost incredible extent; but no one thought of distinguishing or arranging them until 1771, when the Abbé Rozier began the task. Various workers succeeded him, until, in 1843, M. Boncherens's collection of actual plants reached the number of 1,056; the catalogue of the Luxembourg collection, in 1844, mounting up to 2,000. Some of the varieties are very interesting, the range being wide and the intervals distant. There is the Early Black Morillon, one species of which is said to bear three crops, though in reality but bearing more than one, as a general rule; but in the Department of the Seine and Marne there is a vine called *Trifera*, and known to Miny, which does really bear three crops,—the first ripening between the 15th and 20th of August; the second between the end of September and the beginning of October; and the third crop, which is generally short in quantity, between the end of October and the beginning of November. To produce these three crops, the vine must be planted to face the south, and be trained in espaliers. It is a native of Chio, and was brought into France by way of Calabria and the island of Ischia. The Magdalen Morillon bears two crops in the year, and has been even known to flower a fourth time. The Médier or Miller Vine with white,

dirty, downy leaves, is also a precocious bearer, ripening at the same time as the Magdalen; while, on the other hand, the Bourguignon Noir, or Black Burgundy, "the parent of the best French wines," bears well but once in two years, has only a small crop at the best, but stands the spring frosts well, and will live for a century without any decline in its strength, vigour, or productive powers. The Bourguignon Noir has white cottony leaves, and small, black oval fruit; it is of mediocre value for the table, but, as we have seen, is invaluable in the wine-vat. The Raisin Perle, or Pearl Grape, is another good variety, with fruit of a pale green colour, pearl shaped, exceedingly rich in saccharine juice, and slightly muscadine in flavour; the Morillon Blanc is also a good "white" grape, with a mild sugary pulp, ripening easily, making an excellent dinner wine, and keeping fresh long, both in fruit and in wine. Then we come to the Muscat, or muscadine grape, with its white, red, and violet-coloured fruit, giving the luscious wines of the eastern Pyrenees, and of the Department of the Hérault. These are also the most precious table grapes, having all that is required of the ideal grape—fine colour, form, colour—all that the Greek imagined when he sculptured the youthful Dionysos, and crowned him and his favourite Auleptos with grapes and vine-leaves. The Muscat of Alexandria has never more than one pip, sometimes none at all; a peculiarity shared by the Corinth grapes. The Aignan, a small grape, but very full of sugar, is used to mix with the Muscat wines, in the proportion of one to ten. Another favourite of the vineyard, perhaps second only to the Muscat, is the firm and beautiful "Chasselas," with its pale green globes melting into amber in the vin, and cool and juicy in the mouth as a water-melon. And there is the Corinth, small, straw colour, seedless, and with a stalk so tender and delicious, it may be eaten with the fruit; but when of the violet kind, subject to the premature loss of its little, round clusters, which drop off before their time. The Aleppo grape is one of the Crusader importations; it is frequently parti-coloured, some on the same cluster being white and others black; indeed, very often the same grape showing half a Moorish face and half a Saxon from behind its yellow-gold, and crimson leaves. This Aleppo grape has the generally benevolent quality of strengthening and improving all other wines with which it is mingled; being, in fact, a kind of good fairy in the wine-vault. The Seyna or Cima, brought from Persia, by a hermit who built his cell on a hill near Tain, on the Rhone, makes the ordinary red Hermitage. From the Folle Blanche, of the Charcote, comes the wine which yields the Cognac brandies; from the Carbet or Carmenet a petite grappe, or Petite-Vidure, comes the Médoc wines; the Pineau Noir gives the best Burgundy, specially the finest Clos Vougeot; the Pineau Blanc is grown in Champagne; Roussillon comes from the Mataro grape, the Carignane, and the Black Grenache,—the best kind making the famous Maudeu; and the Blanquette gives a strong white wine, which passes under a variety of names.

These are the principal growths mentioned by Mr. Redding in his *résumé* of the various species best known in France; but this short catalogue by no means exhausts his subject. Further on, under the several heads of the different departments, and the mode of making the wines, we are introduced to the mysteries of wine-growing and wine-making; but not to the "chemistry" of the latter, as in Prof. Mulder's excellent work. Indeed, Mr. Redding denies that the French doctor their wines at all,—at least, in the bad

sense of the word,—and gives us all the credit of the more disbonourable proceedings:—

"These assortments in France must not be understood as resembling some of the 'vintages' so shamefully abused in England, in which quantities of substances besides wine, such as Geirginia, elder, and low wines, are mingled, some of which have little of the grape at all in their composition. The French 'assortments,' or 'blendings,' rather belong to these mixtures of pure wines by merchants of integrity, best at young growth, together with old, for example, or two wines, of equal merit and cost, to assimilate in flavour the wine demanded by a particular customer. Hermitage is often mingled with charlet in France to strengthen the product of weak vintages. Sometimes it would not be possible to drink certain wines, unless they were softened by being blended with those of a kindlier character, although in other respects excellent. In this operation no foreign substance is permitted to be infused. Sometimes the grape does not ripen well, though of the best quality, and yet the product is sound. In such cases, better and older wines are blended with the newer class, and both their taste and strength are improved. A weak wine is often blended with a more generous growth. Such wines are sold as mingled growths. When it is a question of wine to be sold, or of wine to be offered to a growth to which it does not belong, the seller deserves a heavy censure. The difference between good and pure wines of a high price, and those thus mixed, is sometimes such as to make the latter preferred by those who judge from the immediate taste. A best wine, when new, has not the greenness of taste, which does not please the palate so well as one which consists of two kinds thus blended, which has often the recommendation as well of being somewhat cheaper. It is a fact, that high-coloured new wine, of a good growth, is not such a good wine as a wine of a better age, if not of quite so good a quality. These blendings take place as often among the growers as the merchants. A grower who has not been able to sell a mediocre wine, the product of a bad year, will often mingle it with the good wine of a better year's growth, to give it of tolerable quality. In all events, it will answer for use after racking. If the proprietor have new white wines, which appear too yellow in colour, he will pass them over the deepest colour of his red growths, which will render the latter more agreeable to drink, and the blending is difficult of detection, while the wine is in the cask; but if it is bottled before a year is past, it will ferment and contract a bad taste, and must then be placed again in wood, and fined so as to be in order for bottling in the month of the November following. There are many other circumstances under which it may be requisite and proper to blend, in order to ameliorate wine, and that according to the best French authorities. Thus, when too delicate, and without sufficient body, though agreeable, a wine may not keep sufficiently long, or bear so well to a considerable distance. In such a case, a blending, done with judgment, and with a growth proportional in goodness and quantity to the end desired, having the qualities wanting in the weaker wine, is both useful and just. The wine of Torton, in the Mœconnais, when kept pure, always failed of its reputation, unless mingled with the wines of Romanche or Chénas. These wines all three sold at nearly the same price, and there was no object in the mixture but improvement. Wines, the product of one species of fruit, do not come up to the desire of the owner. Thus, in Champagne, the plants require to be mingled in the vineyard, and it is the same very often with the vinous product. In thus blending their wines, the French know, that what will suit one market will not suit another. The wines sent to England are very different from those forwarded to Russia, and both are selected quite differently from those intended for Paris or the home market. Hence it arises, that visitors to France are often astonished at not finding the same taste prevalent in wine there which they found at home. The first grapes of the Bordeaux district, which are not resellable there taken in London. The latter have a blending with some of the wines of the south of France or of Spain, which imparts the

differences thus observed. The wines of Xeres and Malaga are more spirituous than those of France, because the increasing might of brandy with them for the English market. Thus, the wine of Porto or the Douro, styled Wines of the Factory, of which the larger part is exported to England, cannot be taken from the vat except in presence of an *enclave* of the region of the Upper Douro, to be placed in the ton, already casked beforehand a twelfth of their capacity in brandy. The mixtures practised by the French merchants, have not for their object to imitate the fine wines of France,—a thing utterly impossible,—but simply to correct the defects of those wines which are harsh or flat, or to obtain by this means a quality which will suit the consumer at a price less elevated than that of the best and purest growths. In some French vineyards, when the wines have been found with too little spirit, they have been accustomed to add a small quantity of brandy to suit the taste of the purchaser. Such infusions have occurred principally in the wines of Languedoc, of Quercy, and of Roussillon. They call this operation *viner*, which signifies to give more strength to the wines. It is before all things necessary, when wanted, to have recourse to the most excellent and low wines, in order not only to give them strength alone, but to aid in the dissolution of the colouring matter, and thus render the colour more intense,—a quality sought for in those wines which are mixed. Some wines are said to be preserved by this means for more than four years in the wood, only 6 per cent. of brandy of 21° being added to them. The syrup of the grape has sometimes been added to new white wines to soften them in unfavourable seasons, but this is rarely the case with wines designed to be consumed in France, though it has been done in wines exported among consumers habituated to take the wines of the south of Europe, esteeming the French wines only as they partake in the like sweetness. Mixed wines have neither the taste nor perfume of those which are pure, and such as have the natural bouquet of the vine retain it in that state. The better wines of France are never attempted to be imitated, because the imitation is impossible. The second and third classes of such wines are too often passed off for the first, or a mixed wine for a pure one; but in the latter case the wine has little bouquet, and it is not the name of which it is sold. Sharp, acid wines, are not in general to be amended by any admixtures."

Prof. Mulder's account, then, of the ordinary manufacture of wine out of bad alcohol, disguised and flavoured with butyric ether, caprylic acid, caproic ether, hydrated oxide of amy, acetic ether, pelargonic ether, or that potent essence called grape or cognac oil, passes for nothing with the faithful French houses; and we may drink our Claret and Burgundy in all quietness of faith and confidence of spirit, certain that we have the real juice of the vine before us, and not a horrible chemical combination, for the most part got out of vegetable putrefaction. This is comforting, if to be believed, at a time when we are so prone to doubt our tawny, full-bodied ports and branded sherries, our foaming stout and milder ales, for the light wines of Southern France. It is pleasant, at the least, to know that what we have is the real thing of its kind, and that we are not put off with dishonest compounds, artificially created and essentially noxious to the suffering human stomach. The real wines of France, pure and unadulterated, are, perhaps, the most wholesome of their kind to be able to forsake Burgundy, light and dry, may be classed among the best remedies in the pharmacopœia, and good champagne can sustain life when nothing else has any power. But the coarse alcohol, flavoured with vile chemicals, and coloured with abominable decoctions, which passes under the name of wine in England, only produces sickness and pains and dyspeptic sorrows if long persisted in; and if it be what the French Treaty is to give us, we should decidedly turn our

back upon it all, and stick to the ill we know of in Dublin stout and bitter beer. However, Mr. Cyrus Redding says that we are to have delicious, pure, unadulterated grape-juice, and, —if he is right, we shall be the gainers.

Chapters on Wines. By Mrs. Ellis. (Bentley.)

Mrs. Ellis, after going through a Course of Lectures, addressed to the women of England in general and to the wives and daughters in particular, proceeds, in the present volume, to illustrations, with *varie* in the stories before us examples, framed according to the Ellis rule, and acting according to the principle laid down in her former works—the motto, as it would be called in music.

The first story turns on a young wife, who nobly animates her husband in his career as a British sailor, inducing him to accept a post of honourable but arduous enterprise, as chief of an exploring expedition; enduring his absence with courage and administering his affairs at home with discretion; the model of noble chivalry of old, whose lord has gone to the Crusades. She is an excellent woman, and worthy of much praise; but whether it is some hardness in the style of character itself, or that Mrs. Ellis is not happy in her way of setting it forth, we do not know; but stiff, self-conscious, hard, and artificial is the result: every act and look,—even her tears,—are done consciously and with virtue propensity.

To go on to the story next in order, which is entitled "Self Devotion." The heroine, who has been brought up in elegance and luxury, marries a struggling artist, determined to allow him what a capital poor-man's wife she can be. At first, she is self-denying, and allows her husband to see that she is so, pardoning her self-sacrifice in a way most exasperating; but, after a few quarrels, she learns better, and secretly seeks to make her act as a matter of inclination,—concealing them from her husband, whose notion of domestic economy is like that of most men, viz., that no saving ought to make itself felt—a problem of some difficulty. Being a very superior heroine, Catherine achieves all this; keeps her virtues well in hand; subdues the light from them so that it does not flash too strong in her husband's eyes. In the end, her husband falls into step, and is as well broken in and amenable as a man need be; but the reader, who is behind the scenes, will feel that he would not quite like to live with a woman, however excellent and convenient her qualities might be, who was *always* on her guard—whose arranged and contrived *everything*—whose smallest act was premeditated, shaped to Virtue's plan, if you will, but never unconsidered, never impulsive, always an *arrivée* *personne* in everything she does or leaves undone. It is a good *œuvre* *personne* in Catherine's case; but the quality of character indicated is quite as capable of cutting the wrong way as the right. The art of *design* is the highest exercise of intelligence. True; but conscious design in every word and act does not make the sort of human being a man would love to call wife or friend, if he knew it; and a wife who cannot "drink her tea without a pretence," "no matter how excellent the end may be,—is an awful woman. In this story, we are let into her secrets; so we would not take Catherine for our own wife.

The third story is about a wife who is ashamed of her husband, and who sues him accordingly; and, as he has an exalted opinion of her merits, he believes all she says, and becomes ashamed of himself, and a coward and stupid. The story tends to prove that it is very conducive to female excellence to have a

husband who is not blind to his wife's faults, though he may be obtuse to her virtues with advantage to himself and to her.

In "Forest Farm," the longest of the stories, the wife, by dint of contrivance and cleverness, brings about the restitution of family property and the reformation of a prodigal son; but we would just remark, that the qualities she brings to bear show a power of intrigue, turned to good purposes, we grant, but still a power of using everybody and guilting them over to her own purpose, that is somewhat startling. All the model women painted by Mrs. Ellis have this power of design, which the least moral loss of good intent would convert into downright love, the sinuous paths of intrigue and circumvention for their own sake. The wives of Mrs. Ellis, although accredited with all wife virtues and seeming obedience, never allow their husbands to know exactly what they are driving at; they have some object in everything they say, do, or let alone; in these stories it is the good of their husbands and children; but they it always *burrows* for it; they are always conscious and dextrous, and never off their guard. Their life seems a perpetual game of Jack Straws or Spillikins; never for one moment are they allowed to forget themselves, or to walk freely with head erect towards the point which they wish to carry. Take the following, as a specimen—

"William, like most men, preferred to tell his news spontaneously, not to have it wrung out of him, so Mary by her manner might have cared nothing at all about the market. "She still said nothing except about the weather, which she felt sure must be very cold, the fire burned so clearly. And this furnished an excuse for her to sit down until all the room glowed with a sort of radiance enough to cheer the heart of any man not altogether dead in the world."

Again, in the tale where the husband has to go abroad on a dangerous expedition—

"In this story, the wife, by dint of inquiries with such minuteness and apparent interest, that her husband was completely beguiled, and he began to explain to her all the particulars with which he himself was acquainted, thinking (God honest soul!) that his wife was profoundly interested all the time. If Isabel was acting, may God forgive us all! For often when we do our best, even up to the highest reach of heroism, we are but hiding what we feel, while all the virtues of what we do depends upon our not appearing exactly what we are."

After this, of course the husband proceeds to tell her all she wants to know.

It may be owing to want of skill in Mrs. Ellis, who is so hampered with all the "safe advice" she has given, that she finds difficulty in adjusting them to the use of her fictitious characters; but it does not alter the fact, that her leading idea of a model wife is that of one who deliberately conceals her husband, leading him to think and do whatever she thinks right; she is never to lose her temper or be disagreeable, not because she has not provocation, but because it is the husband's privilege to be harsh and to say hard things. The wife holds the position of an inferior, and has to practise the heroic virtues surreptitiously. She must be always on the watch not to give offence, always careful never to do or say anything except what may please or soothe her master. But the husband must be always more or less of a dupe. He must never know exactly, when his wife brings him his warm slippers, what she wants to effect by the act; only it would be absurd and gratuitous for him to fancy that the desire to make him comfortable is all she aims at. A model wife, made up on the great Ellis theories, never indulges in the luxury of a spontaneous, unpremeditated impulse. The strain and *coarture* which this mode of living,

such situations—as every person knows who has a bathing experience, being warmer than on a rock or steep shingly shore.

From general directions, we pass on to particular places. The health resorts are taken individually. We are first taken down the Thames, stopping at Gravesend on our way, and at last, arriving at those well-known spots so dear to Cockney health-seekers, Herne Bay, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, and so on round to the south and the west. Dr. Thomson has not much that is new to say about these places, but we like to read what he has to say, and look at the woodcuts of the places we have so often visited. The Isle of Wight, of course, detains him; and we could tell him a great deal more about it than he has thought necessary to put down. But he quotes local historians and high climatic authorities, and makes us only wish he had dwelt with greater detail on the spot which we think of all others most sanitary and agreeable. From the Isle of Wight he travels to Guernsey, Jersey, and Sark, and back by Weymouth, Devonshire, and South and North Wales. It would be inviting to select from the places mentioned any one so most entitled to become a health resort. But there is one in North Wales just sprung up that may, perhaps, be new to some of our readers, so we give our author's description:—

"Llandudno is peculiar. Just glance at your map. You will see stretching out from the coast where Conway is marked, the promontory which terminates in the Great Orme's Head—a termination which is in fact an extensive mountain of limestone. On the land side of this mountain ridge, and greatly sheltered by it, lies the rising, and every summer, more favoured watering-place we have just entered. It is here the old story over again; not many years ago there were a few scattered cottages on the shores of Llandudno Bay, and now there is a town with all the conveniences, gas, water, market-hall, &c., of a town, and all the additions of terrace, marine parade, villa, &c. which mark the modern watering-place. Many places, however, have risen into note and public favour as Health Resorts, which have less pretensions to either than Llandudno. In a former page we noticed the fact of the encroachments of the sea having robbed the West coast of Wales of many fertile fields, and we shall find the same occurrence recorded in connexion with these Northern shores. At Llandudno, however, the contrary has been the case, and at no very distant date, the flat upon which much of the town is built, is said to have been washed over by the sea at high tide;—in fact, the Great Orme's Head was an island. Now, of course, if the sea washed over, there must have been sea on both sides, and so you will find it: on the east, the very beautiful half-moon sweep of Llandudno bay; on the west, the less beautiful and less shallow bay of Conway, which in part forms the estuary of the Conway river. Between these bays is built the town, but it is not confined to the level ground, for many houses, singly, and in terraced rows, stand well up on the higher side of the great rock itself. For summer residences, the houses on the flat, especially those facing Llandudno bay, are most agreeable; but for winter, and Llandudno has raised some claims as a winter resort—the houses under the cliffs are only admissible, being sheltered from the powerful cold winds which sweep the lower parts of the town from bay to bay. But for these winds, and the complete exposure to their force of the lower and greater part of the place, Llandudno, situated as it was almost in the sea of the West Coast, has a comparatively mild climate, frosts being short and not severe, and snow seldom lying many hours. The character for general salubrity is high, and deservedly so, for it is stated that in the interval between the 11th of June, 1853, and the 20th of January, 1854, there was not a single funeral, the average deaths upon the whole population being under one-half per cent., and during the time when the population was swelled

by at least 2,000—many of whom were invalids—there was not a single death during the whole season." For those who can climb—and, indeed, for those who cannot, there are climbing donkeys in abundance—the Great Orme's Head is the headquarters of Hygeia herself, so pure and invigorating are the breezes, and so small head-quarters either, for it is a good five or six miles in circumference, and the walks which cross it in various directions afford ample space for rambling and climbing, and not infrequent use of the Alpine stocks, which are the all but unvarying companions of the ladies."

After being taken round the island in this fashion, we are introduced to our inland health resorts. Here, in addition to pure air, we have generally mineral springs. Dr. Thomson is not enthusiastic about mineral waters, but he shows that where judiciously used they may do a great deal of good. The quackery of the thing is to be avoided; but the use of these waters under proper medical direction is to be highly commended. Thus we are introduced, not medicinally but sanitarily, to Cheltenham, Leamington, Harrogate, and twenty other places in the same genial manner as we had been to the seaside places. We therefore recommend Dr. Thomson's volume to all those who for the next month are likely to be undetermined as to where they will spend the country holiday. They will find him an intelligent guide, and very likely, an important aid in determining the now rather anxious question of "Whither shall we go!"

Adventures and Observations on the West Coast of Africa, and its Islands. By the Rev Charles W. Thomas, M.A. (New York, Derby & Jackson; London, Low & Co.)

To write a book calculated to hit the tastes of religious rectitarians and the more worldly patrons of light literature is no easy task; but Mr. Thomas has accomplished it. He is a divine, but one who wears brass buttons on his coat (a fact the reader is continually reminded of), and with his guises and road concertos makes Sterne's Yorick a mere windbag and bore. Socially, he is that charming paradox, so dear to the ladies, a merry clergyman; politically, he is the American version of Mr. Kingsley's "uncle-mouthed rector." Steering a middle course between Parson and Theodore Hook, he first astonishes the reader with profound erudition, and then convulses him with sprightly humour. He quotes familiarly Herodotus and Pliny, Strabo and Edrisi; and reminding us that the Arabian geographer speaks of a great African river as "the Nile of the negroes," suggests that it is identical with the *Gir* of Ptolemy, and that in the union of Nile and *Gir* we have the etymology of *Niger*. But fearful that such learned investigation may weary his readers, Mr. Thomas hurries on to a lighter portion of his entertainment, and gives a piquant description of an old black woman selling cakes and ginger-beer in the marketplace of Bathurst. In the same way the author in one paragraph folds his hands and offers up a prayer to the "God of truth and Wesleyanism," and in another laughs in the most undecorous style about the attractions of harems, or touches on the natural history of "the affected Englishman and the American Snob." He is a most amusing companion, always in spirits, ready at any moment to smoke or preach, flirt with the ladies or pray with his brother missionaries. We know men prudent and wise in their generation who, in London, make it a rule to frequent religious hotels, because the wine and dinners provided in them are good. The lively and entertaining qualities of Mr. Thomas would incline us to give a similar preference to clerical guides. In his society a

stroll through Tangier under the sweltering sun is as pleasant and refreshing as a saunter under the trees in Kensington Gardens. His jocund prattle brings the breezes of Brighton to the swamps of Sierra Leone. He is only put out of temper once, during all his wanderings, and then his indignation is roused by a black missionary who, in a sermon to his fellow-countrymen, laments the atrocities of American slavery:—

"After service, I introduced myself, as a Southern Methodist, to the preacher, and enjoyed half an hour's chat with him at the mission-house, where I intimated that I described the condition of the coloured race in the United States was new to me. Imagine my surprise when the gentleman quoted from the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and asked me if I did not admire Mrs. Stowe. I replied that 'as a writer, I admired her; and that the most ardent admirer of her intellect were Southern men.' 'How is that, sir?' 'Why, out of the South she is complimented in that she possesses an imagination that can form a beautiful and attractive story out of a few plain characters, acts of cruelty and pictures of suffering. In the South, we know that the imagination does not supply the dressing and paint, but even the characters and the so-called 'facts'; and that, therefore, as a creative genius, which is the highest order of genius, we consider her *gigantic*—but alas! for her veracity.' Thus is abolitionism doing its accursed work, spreading, even in Africa, the venom of falsehood, and engendering strife."

Of Liberia, this antiabolitionist of the Christian pulpit says, "If the republic survives, it is her manifest destiny to civilize by annexation!" And at the moment of advancing this opinion, he quotes with manifest relish from the 'Biglow Papers':—

To go 'accusin' 'em out 'n' their dominions,
Achillean 'em, 'as 's'ble as, under their eager pinions,
Which manner to take a right up just by the slack o' 's' towline,
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his bones an' Wal, it does seem a curus war, but then hoarse for Jackson."

Of Mr. Thomas in his wickedest vein, the following bath-scene is a good specimen:—

"We have a tingling recollection of a bath we took one day in said stream, in company with friends B. T. and W. Divesting ourselves of the unusual habits which sailors make for us, and civilized taste requires us to put on, we plunged into a clear and well-shaded pool. We had scarcely entered when a couple of ebony-coloured ladies made their appearance on the bank a hundred yards above us, and, supposing that the example of civilized men might be safely followed, they too had adopted the unnatural advantages of persons who entered the stream. Ye nymphs of Solyma, thought I, what next! We approached the cover of some large rocks, there intending to hide and bide our time; but as one of our chaps would look at them, they thought that we were interested in their innocent gambols, and kindly wishing to give us a nearer view, they came bounding from rock to rock, and pool to pool, until they were in our very midst. Our memories of what followed are rather confused; but we have a distinct recollection of the disappearance of rusty white legs bearing bundles of clothes into the neighbouring bushes, makes or no makes! We waited on the beach in time to see one of the party emerge from a thicket with his pantaloons in his teeth and his shoes in his hands, the remainder of his wardrobe having tarried behind on the bushes to mark the path of his ungallant retreat."

On the peak of Tenerife Mr. Thomas encounters a gentleman taking a photograph, whom he photographs in the true spirit of a Yankee bee-hunter.

On mounting this plain, we found ourselves within a few feet of a rough stone hut, covered with tarpaulin and pieces of sail-cloth. Near by stood a man taking a photograph. He raised his head suddenly as we approached, for we had

entered the field of his camera. We stood a moment in surprise at finding an artist and a house in such a place, but our guide, stepping up, explained by whispering, 'Señor Simón.' Stand up, you reader, and take a look at him, while he adjusts his apparatus, for it is the veritable Prof. Symth himself, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, and one of the master minds of the age. His woollen hat is slouched and weather-worn; his loose coat is soiled and sun-burnt; from one of the pockets dangles a piece of coarse rope, and from another the handle of a hammer protrudes. His coarse shoes are void of polish, his clothes are all in keeping, and hang about him as if they had been put on with a pitchfork. He is above medium height, of heavy frame, and apparently about forty years of age. In his person, he reminds us of a plaid farmer, or a stone mason. But take a step nearer, reader; look at that black-marked Celtic face, his intellectual brow, his speaking eyes, the indelible dignity of his mien, and you will realise that he is in the presence of a prince in the world of mind. We presented our letter of introduction, which he instantly read, and gave us a hearty Scotch welcome to his Highland home."

Mr. Thomas's book is worth looking at—if not for its own, still for its writer's sake. He is a pleasant contrast to the black-coated gentlemen of our own church, being at the same time the most worldly saint and the most saintly worldling that we have met for many a day.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Fresh Hearts that failed Three Thousand Years ago; with other Things. By the Author of 'The New Priest in Conception Bay.' (Boston, Ticknor & Fields.)—The author of this little volume of occasional poems is an American clergyman, who has achieved considerable success in his own country as a writer of fiction. As a writer of powerful verses, he merits commendatory recognition in these columns. While peculiarly free from trite and commonplace trite, his book is at the same time sufficiently rare of the soil from which it springs to be very agreeable reading. It is full of straightforward human purposes, moral and religious, of fine sentiments and just thoughts,—clad in vigorous homely English, but spiced and garnished with a healthy pathos, resembling the pathos of the old Scotch ballads. Some of the devotional poems are very beautiful and appropriate,—composed proper of real living blood and unquestionably pure Helicon. The lines entitled 'Christ's Legacy,' simple and unpretending as they are, possess a natural music and sincere pity, intermingled with a depth of meaning and lucidity of expression. Perhaps the most original thing in the volume is the concluding lyric—'The Brave Old Ship, the Orient'—which appears to us a powerful bit of writing. There is in it a tone so sublimely, a momentous rolling so singularly suggestive of their theme—the loss of a ship at sea—

Woe for the brave ship Orient!
Woe for the old ship Orient!
And in broad, broad light, with land and light,
Where the waters bubbled white,
One great ship whirled! One shudder of fright! —

And down went the brave old ship, the Orient!

"He! Hillo! A sail was the topman's hail:

"A sail, hull-down upon our lee:

Then with sea-larks to his eye,

And his gray locks to the sea,

The Admiral sought what she might be.

And from top, and from deck,

Was it ship? Was it wreck? A far-off, far-off speak,

A nodden we found upon our lee.

On the round waters wide, floated no thing beside,

But we and the stranger sail:

And a hazy sky that threatened storm,

Came casting the heaven so blue and warm,

And shined hung the portent of a gale;

A black bank hanging there,

When the order came, to wear,

Woe remembered, ever after, its tale,

Across the long, slow swell

That scarcely rose and fell,

The wind began to blow out of the cloud;

Was scarce an hour was gone ere the calm fairly on,

And through our straining rigging howled aloud,

Up came the ship from the far-off sea,
And on with the strong wind, crashed, rushed we,
And drove to a reef against the clouded sky,
And eagerly her points and gear we gusted.
As we made her out, at last,
She was maimed in spar and mast,
And she heaved the easy breakers for rest.

We could see the old wind fall
At the masts of the sea;
We could see them lay their course with the wind;
Still we heaved and heaved her fast,
And she heaved and heaved her fast,
With the sea tumbling headlong behind.
She had come out of some storm, and, in many a busy

Her crew were refitting, as they might,
The wreck of upper spars;
That had left dead only masts,
As if the ship had come out of a fight.

Down her old black side poured the water in a tide,
As they toiled to get the better of a leak:
We had got a signal out in the shrubs,
And our men through the storm looked on in crowds—
But for wind, we were near enough to speak.
It seemed her men and sky were in thin long, long gone by,
As if to other stars
She had turned her old white spar,

And her hull had kept an old-time ocean out.
We saw no signal fly, and her men scarce lifted eyes,
But sailed at the masts that were to do;
It warmed our English blood,
When, across the stormy flood,
We saw the old ship and her crew.
The glories and the memories of other days again
Seemed clinging to the old ship, as in the storm she labored

The old ship Orient!
The brave, important Orient!
All that stormy night, our ship was lying to,
Wherever we could keep her to the wind;
But late in the next day we gained a quick bay,
For the tempest had left us far behind.

There is a well-executed translation from Dürer, which occupies considerable space,—but the point, which gives the book its name is not much to our fancy. Altogether, we can recommend the little volume, as the production of a reflective and cultivated mind, whose poetical resources are ample enough to insure the approbation of thoughtful readers.

Panais. By Panahave Brook. (Bell & Dally.)—These "Panais," with very few exceptions, are sickly fowers,—cultivated in the vicinity of the old city, in the sheltered house, and possessing scarcely a tint or tone either of beauty or of novelty. To speak without metaphor, they are crude verses, full of that sentimental morality which is associated in our mind with the worst French *Panais*. Here and there we come across a nice thought, clothed in pretty language; but as a rule, both thoughts and language are stale and mediocre. In the following lines, however, there are a condensation and bluntness of meaning which remind us of "holy George Herbert":—

The hand to measure, and the heart to feel:
Infants Truth to be, not gauged, but felt,
Such is God's law; and though Time never had
The woman by Doom inevitable dealt,

Get tender!—It is richly worth the pain.
Get tender!—It is richly worth the pain.
Of such a law, upon a heart whose vain
Name murmuring died in blind apostasy.

It is as nothing, to have lived and burned,
That no man's Fate bears such a punishment,
But he can face her? Casually discerned,
And boldly challenged, 'tis her command won't.

To quell before the eye too true to swerve,
Too close to see sweet mackerels,
Of Hope—"It is not alone the iron nerve,
Or touched heartstrings, that harmonious strain

Above Necessity; but he whose faith
Breaks by the light of love our life's true aim;
Breaks by the light of love our life's true aim;
Breaks by the light of love our life's true aim;

In purified from pride.
—The principal poem in this volume—a story about Homage, the painter, full of wild writing and dissipated fancies—will be acceptable to the young gentlemen who believe that the laws of Art and the dictates of common sense may be violated with impunity.

Poems. By "Linnus." (Whitfield.)—The Muse of "Linnus" thinks better than she sings, for her voice is badly cultivated and wanting in melody; and again, her songs are choicer than her subjects, which are far removed from human interest. She busies herself principally with out-of-the-way classical themes—not one of which improves under her handling. We have had enough of Greece and

Rome from wiser heads.—Keats and Tennyson have even invested them with new beauty; but "minor miterers" do so well to let the old mythology alone.—If "Linnus," a young man, we would seriously advise him to forsake Parnassus altogether; he will never win the laurel all young men eyes so eagerly. But he writes with a vigour of mind which may gain him a position far higher than that of a second-rate verse-writer. The breezy tone of his little volume tells that he is strong enough to grow out of "poetry"—a complaint which is troublesome, like the toothache, but seldom fatal.

The New Priest in Conception Bay. (Boston, U.S. Phillips & Co.)—Anybody desirous of trying the most unattractive novel published for many years past, cannot do better than sit down and lay siege to 'The New Priest.' It requires, we can promise such an enterprising student, a lathering of sixty-four power. Protest has been repeatedly made in this journal against the "fine-clothes, trinket and furniture" school of American fiction,—of raptures lavished on four-post beds with lace curtains, and drowsy enthusiasm expressed at the sight of some half-dream freighted from Paris, in reward of the self-denial of some angelic heroine. The whole, we have observed, is a collection of novels of our Transatlantic kinfolk are yet more objectionable; and this is among the "rarest specimens of the species,"—written with a tedious affectation, a sickly sentiment, and a perpetual use of dialects which we are satisfied represent no human speech in any country,—padding description, and for which no epithet can be too strong. To come to the end of the tale—the argument of which is Protestant v. Roman Catholic—has been, in our case, simply impossible.

Port-Royal.—(Port-Royal.) By C.A. Sainte-Beuve. (Paris, Hachette.)—While a variety of minor memoirs on the Port-Royalists have been making their appearance, in addition to the rehabilitation of Mary Ann Schimmel-Pennick, M. Sainte-Beuve has been progressing with his elaborate and exhaustive work. The fourth volume opens upon "The Society, Generation of Port-Royalists," and the fifth brings the narrative to an end. The character and purpose of the work are already well known to French readers, twelve years having elapsed since the publication of the first volume; but, in England, M. Sainte-Beuve has not yet established himself as his voluminous treatise, which is partly historical, partly disquisitional, and interspersed with numerous sketches of persons and incidents contemporary with the saintly sisters whose toils and moral martyrdom are recorded. The most interesting episode, however, next to that which occupied so considerable a space in the first volume, is that in which we witness the swift decline and last struggle of the religious sisterhood, beginning in 1699, and lasting barely ten years. The excitement had failed; it is the rout of the sect, but it was not the influence of the State and Hierarchy alone that prevented its immediate and permanent fruition. Still, had not the Royal and Papal authority intervened, it is probable that an independent theocracy would have grown up under that isolated monastic shade, and, perhaps, created a Church, to send apostles through the world. But, as M. Sainte-Beuve, with all his sympathy, finds himself compelled to admit, that who hoped that a gospel would go forth from the scattered stones and desecrated graves of Port-Royal were bitterly disappointed; they had believed in that ruin as the promise of a future Evangel, and they learned to regard it as the close of an unavailing conflict. As an estimate of the Port-Royalists, the missions they undertook, the work they accomplished, and the errors they incurred, but less harshly (as we should) be of much value.

Conspicuous among reprints of the week are *The Browning Papers*, by Douglas Jerrold, edited by Blackham Jerrold (Hotten). These papers were written by Douglas Jerrold in early youth and were excluded by him from the Collected Edition of his works.—Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have added to their "Standard Library" *Maryport and*

colonies, carry out these inquiries periodically. Yet in Great Britain, the population presses more closely upon subsistence, where the climate is precarious, and the crops more variable,—where the means of the people enable them to consume largely,—we have no means of ascertaining with any precision the nature and quantity of the crops, the number of live stock, &c. When the price of meat is advancing so rapidly, how important would it be to know what is the number of live stock in the country, at what rate they are increasing, what is the number slaughtered, and the proportion of animal food consumed, in special localities and generally throughout the kingdom? No, also, with the cereal crops: why should we be dependent upon mere estimates, when accurate returns could be so easily obtained at a very small expense, obviating great individual and national loss, by the import of unnecessary foreign supplies by speculators and merchants trading at hazard!

How little do we know, except by guess work, of the quantity of grain raised for human food, of that required for our horse kind, and of that used for starch and other manufactures? A single exception of the proportion malted! How important, again, are statistical inquiries into the condition of the country for the use of the financier, the legislator, and the philanthropist? Who but those who have looked into the Poor-law returns and other stock data, can form a correct idea of the present thriving position of the bulk of the people! Pauperism has greatly decreased in the last three years, with a saving of 600,000*l.* or 700,000*l.* to the ratepayers. Steady employment at increased wages is a noticeable fact in all departments of industry, and our manufactures were never more actively employed. There has been a large increase in the number of small fundholders, and in the number of savings-bank depositors—the deposits in the savings-banks now amount to 41,000,000*l.* We have doubled our consumption of wool, cotton, and other principal staples. We have opened up some 3,000 or 4,000 miles of new railways within the last few years. Out of the 200,000,000*l.* of gold discovered in California, 100,000,000*l.* of it, in ten years, we have added nearly 55,000,000*l.* of it to our British coinage, while the balance has gone to replace much of the depreciated paper-money of the Continent. The progress of emigration and settlement, and the extended production and consumption in new fields, have added to the natural wealth of the world and greatly improved the condition of thousands at home and abroad. Even Ireland, which, but a few years ago, sent forth its starving millions to the United States, is not only in a more thriving condition now than was ever before known; but those emigrants have found home, in the three years between 1855 and 1858, more than two millions sterling to bring out their friends and relatives. It is such investigations as these into the progress and influence of agriculture, commerce, and industry, which are affecting not only health but abundance, life insurance, leasehold property contingent upon lives, &c., which occupy the attention of the statistician, and from whose investigations and tabulations benefits may result.

To bring about uniformity in the modes and systems of prosecuting these inquiries in different countries has long been a desideratum; and for several years the subject has occupied the close attention of officials, Societies, and eminent private individuals pursuing the same object. The subject of the Fourth Session of the International Congress, which commences on Monday, under the presidency of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, is to offer suggestions, compare notes, discuss subjects, and arrange upon some definite mode of action, and uniformity of system in prosecuting these inquiries. Various programmes have been drawn up as texts for discussion, under the several sections of Judicial Statistics, in which Mr. Leone Levi takes up Criminal Precedure, and Mr. Hill Williams the Poor-law Land, &c. In Sanitary Statistics Dr. Farr, Dr. Sutherland, and Miss Nightingale, bring their practical inquiries and experience to bear.

A determination of the sanitary condition of the

population of all civilized States is of great importance, and yet it has been but rarely carried out. The occupations have a marked influence on the health of the people, and it is found that by easily arranged modifications the troubles most injurious to health can be made innocuous. So, by due polity, the effects of disease measures which may be discovered in any country can be applied in all others, and the health of the human race be thus improved. Much has already been done in reducing the mortality in passenger, emigrant, and troop ships. The health of a population is further indicated by the proportion of the sick and infirm at each age. The returns of the Friendly Societies enable us to determine the amount of that kind of sickness which disables the working classes from following their usual occupations. The diseases of the army, the navy, the pauper population, and of several classes of society, and notably the diseases of the members of Friendly Societies can be recorded. So, also, the fatal diseases and violent deaths of the whole population of a country should be recorded in the registers, and annually analyzed. The statistics, then, the strength, the vigor, the power of a population, all admit of measurement, and are essential elements in its sanitary condition. The moral and intellectual states of a people differ and fall to a certain extent within the scope of sanitary data. The sound mind and sound body are intimately connected. The incomes of the people can rarely be determined; but their relative degrees of poverty and affluence are indicated pretty accurately by the assessed rentals, which can almost everywhere be ascertained from public assessments.

Miss Nightingale throws out hints and suggestions, from which it appears, that up to the present time the statistics of hospitals have been kept on no uniform plan. Every hospital has followed its own nomenclature and classification of its patients, and, therefore, the statistics of rare diseases and operations are still very imperfect; but by abstracting the results of such diseases and operations from the tables after a long term of years, trustworthy data could be obtained to guide future experience.

In the Section of Commercial Statistics, Mr. Newmarch goes into the question of Prices, and the Rates of Wages in the principal trades. Mr. J. Crawford writes upon the value of Statistics of Banks, Credit Institutions, and Joint-Stock Associations generally. Another Section takes up the subject of Statistical Methods, &c.; Dr. Guy treating of Statistical Signs, Mr. Valpy on International Publications, Mr. Brown on Statistical Units, &c., and Mr. Jones on the Statistics of Literature.

We have thus given an outline of the programme of proceedings laid down, and shall next week be enabled to furnish abstracts and details of this interesting Meeting, in which so many influential foreign delegates will take part.

THE APPROACHING SOLAR ECLIPSE.

On Wednesday next, the 18th inst., if clouds permit, our readers may have a sight of a very considerable part of the sun, which obscures about one-third of the sun's diameter. It begins at thirty-nine minutes after one p.m., is at the greatest at forty-nine minutes past two, and ends at fifty-four minutes after three. This length of duration belongs in great part to the circumstances of the moon being nearly at her furthest from the earth, while the sun is nearly at his furthest from the earth.

This eclipse, as our readers know, will be total in the North of Spain, and also in Algiers and some other parts of Africa. Owing to the circumstances just mentioned, it will be total for three minutes and a half, the longest possible duration of totality being about four minutes. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that our astronomers have taken themselves in great force to Bilbao, and

thence to various stations on the line of greatest obscuration.

The Spanish Government has behaved with liberality, and, among other means of aiding observation, has allowed the foreign astronomers to introduce their instruments duty free. But a fortunate casualty has added much to the capabilities of the observing astronomer. Mr. Vignolles, the well-known civil engineer, is employed upon railroads in the north of Spain, and has devoted himself to putting local knowledge in the way of those who need it. He has drawn up a large map of the districts into which an astronomer may think of going, on the linear scale of one to half a million, and has accompanied the map by an account of the geography, the means of travelling, of procuring conveniences, &c. This map of the shadow-path and the "Observations" which accompany it, are published by Messrs. Longmans. This map, Mr. Vignolles says, is sent forth with extreme diffidence and much misgiving, owing to the lateness of the materials. Perhaps it may induce the Spanish Government to think of a complete survey, when he finds that the engineer of railroads can hardly get up a map for a casual occasion, which he can speak with the necessary approximation. As to all else, Mr. Vignolles has given a little handbook for those who would to penetrate Spain from Bilbao or Santander, which will be of use to many long after the eclipse has had its day.

The Astronomer Royal has added some instructions and recommendations to observers, especially to observers of concurrent phenomena. It would be of no use to our readers to reprint these, for these are of no darkness, properly so called, in anything but a total eclipse. Most persons are now aware that a very thin strip of sun gives almost perfect daylight.

A solar eclipse, meaning a total one, is a thing of so many different phenomena in different times and places, that any precise account would be useless. We must look to our accounts from Spain. In no other things, we shall know more about the past than we do know about the future.

HISTORICAL MINIATURES AT THE ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

An extensive collection of historical miniatures was formed, for three days only, at the Rooms of the Archaeological Institute, in Suffolk Street, which took all who were lucky enough to know of and to visit it, completely by surprise. The gathering originated merely in the preparations for a monthly meeting of the members; but the munificent liberality of the Dukes of Buccleuch, Hamilton, Northumberland, and Marlborough, gave the whole affair an unexpected importance, and induced many possessors of separate gems to send their treasures, if only for the closing day, so that at the last both walls and tables were literally covered with cases of miniatures. Those who knew the Strawberry-Hill wonders of Art in this branch of portraiture, recognized most of the more important on this occasion.

The eight Tudor miniatures recently acquired by the Duke of Buccleuch excited especial admiration. The most important among them is certainly that of Mary the First, painted in oil on parchment, with a gold ground, Queen Catherine of Aragon, belonging also to the Duke, but not of the series just named, is a very interesting, highly-finished miniature, of square shape, representing a round-faced, thick-lipped lady, very unlike the form of countenance engraved by Holbein as the queen's monkey, seated upon her arm. The same lady appears also in profile in a circular miniature, and equally different from our general notions of the queenly dame that sighed her last in poetic visions at Kinbush.

Hilliard's Queen Elizabeth, a brilliant and exquisitely-finished miniature, contributed by Mr. S. C. Ball, is one of the finest of his works extant. A wonderfully large miniature, delicately tinted rather than coloured, for it seems never to have been finished, and is, in fact, a study, is the queen's lady in a Mary Queen of Scots head-dress, with floating gauze veil, and both hands shown, gazing fixedly on the spectator. The face is entirely devoid of colour, but the hair has a yellowish tinge

bestowed on it. The minute patterns and variegated sprigs on her white sleeves are depicted with microscopic exactness. The name of the lady is uncertain, inasmuch as good judges call her the Countess of Essex, Lady Harrington, and Queen Elizabeth when young. It came originally from Strawberry Hill. Hilliard is said to be the painter, but the traces of Φ in gold on the left-hand side would indicate the work of Isaac Oliver, and clearly show, being a *chef-d'œuvre*, how far the pupil surpassed his master.

A very striking portrait, about six inches high, of Oliver Cromwell in armour, collected by Earl De Grey and Ripon, and which belonged to the Palatine family, may be ranked among the best of the many representations of Cromwell towards the close of his career. It is signed with the initials of Samuel Cooper, and dated 1657. A miniature of the Duke of Hamilton, who was beheaded with the Earl of Holland in 1649, is a highly-finished painting in oil. This and an exquisite picture of Arabella Stuart, by Hilliard, from Strawberry Hill, were contributed by the Duke of Hamilton. From the same collection also came Sir John Maynard, the Strawberry Hill miniature, by John Hoskins, dated 1657, Lord Sandwich, by Cooper, dated 1659, together with six beautiful little full-length miniatures, purchased in Paris, of national heroes, Henry the Second, Charles the Ninth, Henry the Third, the Dauphin, 1550, and Claude de France.—Sir John Gage, K.G., a finely-executed portrait of the lady of Henry the Eighth, from the collections of Lady Elizabeth Germaine and Horne Walpole, was contributed by Sir T. R. Gage, Bart.—A small portrait, presumed to represent the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister,"—Pembroke's mother, also from Strawberry Hill, belonging to Mr. Field, bears the signature of John Hoskins, in golden letters on the blue ground.—Lord Hunsdon, in an armour, dated 1605, contributed by Mr. S. C. Bale, from the Germaine and Walpole collections, is almost equal, as a Hilliard, to the Queen Elizabeth already noted.—The Earl of Cumberland, in rich black and gold armour, with a motto, "Futuræ æque ferax," a valuable addition from the collection of Messrs. Colnaghi.—The *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, more generally remembered now as an agent for the accession of the best pictures to England, in the days of Charles the First and his favourite, Buckingham, was liberally forwarded by the Duke of Northumberland; it represents George Villiers himself, mounted on a dappled charger with white mane and tail, surmounted with the motto, "Fidei oculus crux," and signed, below the horse's hoofs, B. Gerbier, 1618.

Mr. Gage's charming portrait of the daughter of Fairfax, Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, from Strawberry Hill, and Cooper's Nell Gwynne, the most lovely of all her portraits, both belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, would well deserve elaborate commendation, but they must be hurried over, together with hundreds of other portraits, ladies of the court, dignitaries, officers, and professionals, Miltons, Thurlows, Monmouths, Stuaris, Walpoles, foreigners, including even comparatively modern personages, and dismissed with our assurance that the collection was, indeed, a "grand succès," and our belief that those who visited the Institute, within that brief period, would join in the wish that an Exhibition of this kind,—hitherto unknown in London,—might be repeated with more deliberation, on a larger scale, and with better-circulated announcements of its existence during the time that the managers incline to keep it open.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

Lord Ellenborough has lent a car for a reception of the members and friends of the Geological and Historical Society at Bridgewater House on Tuesday evening next.

The whole of the large and valuable collection of drawings, diagrams, plans, preparations and other articles used by Dr. Lindley in illustration of his Botanical Lectures while Professor at University College will shortly be sold by Mr. Stevens.

We are glad to hear that Lords Kildare, Dun-

raven, and Talbot of Malahide have associated themselves with Drs. Todd, O'Donovan, and other Irish scholars, to promote the compiling and printing of a native Irish Dictionary. They have about five hundred pounds in hand. Impressed in dirty undisciplined papers, in the midst of which the scholars, riding and walking, in the Royal Irish Academy, call that remains of the old national and poetic life of Ireland. These remains consist of old songs, old idioms, of which the inflexions are forgotten, often the words unknown. They are dead to the world. No key to the mystery of the sense exists, for the Irish is no dictionary worthy of the name. O'Reilly is a comedian rather than a scholar. Can this want be met? Of course, we English feel no wish to revive for popular use the dead Celtic speech. We know that no working man can effectively make use of two languages. He must choose between the imperial and the provincial. Events, extending over centuries, not to be changed in less than centuries, have given predominance to the Saxon tongue, not merely in Ireland, but wherever there is a Celtic people. It is difficult, we have said, if we were Irish instead of English, we should teach it as their mother-tongue to our children, and to all whom we desired to arm for conflict with the world. But why should the Celtic idiom be left to Celtic scholars? It is difficult. We have heard it said there are but two thorough-root Irish scholars in Ireland. We know that the Breton Compendium depends on one or two lives. How many Englishmen can read the Four Masters without a translation? How many Irish? Yet the Irish is not so crabbed as Magyar or Basque. Of these languages we have many students, and not a few thorough masters. What we want are books, most of all dictionaries. Only half the words are in O'Reilly; and half of these are wrong. We hope ere long to hear of the success of Lord Kildare and his associates.

The Annual Meeting of the Ray Society was held at Oxford, during the meeting of the British Association, in the New Museum at Oxford. Prof. Busk was in the chair. The Annual Report was read, and it was announced that Mr. Blackwell's been elected British Society's ready job, and contribution to members for 1859. Some alterations of the laws were made. Sir Philip Egerton was elected President, Mr. Lubbock, Treasurer, and Dr. Lankester, Secretary.

From 1753, the year of its foundation, to the 31st of March of the present year, the total expense of the British Museum to the nation has been 1,352,733*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.*—no great sum for the inestimable benefit obtained by its outlay, and a considerably less one than would be required to keep a line of battle ship afloat for half the period. Mr. Panizzi states that there is room in the building, as it stands at present, for 800,000 additional volumes, and for a million altogether.—At the present rate of increase, space enough to accommodate the receipts of fifty years to come.

The steadily increasing number of the heavy expenses incurred by Societies for the cost of management, it is pleasant to turn to an example showing what can be done by disinterested workers. From the Auditors' Report attached to the recently issued Journal of the Association of Agricultural Societies, we gather, that out of an income of 290*l.* for the past year, the small sum of 53*l.* represents the entire expense incurred in managing the Society, this sum including the rent of the meeting-room, advertisements, and all kinds of petty expenses. This Society adopts the admirable plan of discharging all liabilities to the date of the audit; and so long as this healthy system is pursued, the Association is sure to raise itself in public opinion, which, after recent revolutions, looks more and more to the financial credit of literary and other Societies.

At no former period of observation, according to the bulletin of the Paris Observatory, have so many spots been seen on the sun as during the last fortnight. They are not only remarkable for their number, but also for their magnitude, and they occupy for the most part two zones parallel to the solar equator, along which they are disposed in from ten to twelve groups, containing about sixty spots.

The Paris papers announce for November next, the publication of Memoirs and Correspondence of the King and the Queen of Westphalia, or the late Prince Jerome and Queen Catherine. This Prince left secret notes for his Memoirs, which have been delivered into the hands of the Emperor. M. Charles Dupuy has returned from Milan with a not inconsiderable number of original letters from Napoleon the First. These have been delivered to the commission which is occupied with editing the complete Correspondence of the Emperor. A great many letters are in the Vienna Archives, but said to be inaccessible.

From Paris we learn that two important recommendations, contained in the Report of the Minister of Public Instruction on the Condition of the Imperial Library, as noticed in our columns a short time since, have been adopted by the Emperor, and are, in fact, now in process of being carried out in obedience to his orders. The first is that relating to the proposed transference to the Imperial Library of all books not therein contained of which copies exist in the other great public libraries of Paris, namely, the Municipal Library, the Library of the Arsenal, the Library of Sainte Geneviève, and the Library of the Sorbonne; it being proposed at the same time to reimburse the four libraries for the loss incurred by the transfer by presenting them with duplicates. Such work as they may severally require for the large stock of duplicates in the Imperial. To carry out and regulate this exchange on equitable principles, a Commission has been appointed, consisting of the following Members:—M. Mérimé, President, M. Eugène, Vice-President, M. Bellanger, Secretary, and M. Lascour, Dr. Honor. De Longpré, Ravaisson, Littré, Taschereau, Silvestre de Sacy, Brunet, Guesard, and Gustave Rouland. This Commission is directed to address a Report of its proceedings and decisions to the Minister of Public Instruction and War. The other recommendation made and adopted is that of a second reading-room for the use of literary and scientific persons exclusively; which reading-room, it is ordered, shall be built there erected in connection with several new buildings to be added to the library. These new buildings are said to be of a very considerable extent, involving important alterations at the same time in the old structure, so as to relieve it of its hitherto triste appearance, and make it one of the architectural ornaments of the capital.

The first competition for a design for the rebuilding of the Antwerp Exchange, has been a failure, and a second competition been proclaimed, which may possibly not have a better success, as many able architects took part in the first competition, and some beautiful and practical designs were sent in. Of course, these architects will feel hurt, and will take no part in the second competition, which will only have a chance, if the Antwerp Town-Council drops some of its extravagances.

The competition that was held out by the Austrian Government for the acquisition of a sketch for the monument which is to be erected to the memory of the late Field Marshal Prince Karl Schwarzenberg, has not led to a satisfactory result. In consequence of this, the Emperor has commissioned Prof. Hübner, of Dresden, to make a sketch for the intended monument. The cost of the model is to be executed in the site of the Thwaitesdon equestrian statue of the Elector Max, at Munich.

The public sale of the objects of Art left by Alexander von Humboldt has been fixed for the 17th of September at Berlin.

The German papers report the death, at the advanced age of eighty, of Gottlieb Heinrich von Schubert, the national philosopher. Schubert was born on the 15th of April, 1750, at Helmstedt, in Saxony, of which parish his father was vicar, and received his first education at Greiz and Weimar. At the latter place, Herder took a great interest in him. In 1800, he studied theology at the University of Leipzig; but after a year he left Leipzig and theology for drama and the study of literature. After he had finished his studies, we find him at various places—*at Altenburg* (where he was a physician, and commenced his career as an author), at Freiberg

(where he took an interest in mining), and at Dresden (where he delivered lectures on natural philosophy). From 1809 to 1816 he acted as Director of the newly established "Realschule," at Nürnberg, and was then, for three years, tutor to the children of the Hereditary Grand-Duke Friedrich Ludwig, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The Princess Helena, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, was one of his pupils; and, as we learn by her lately published letters to him, reserved for her venerable teacher a true filial attachment to the end of her life. In 1819, Schubert returned to Bavaria, and became Professor of Natural Philosophy, first at the University of Erlangen, then at that of Munich. Although he was raised to nobility, and was named a Privy Counsellor by the King of Bavaria, as well as a member of the Royal Academy of Munich. A journey to the Holy Land, which he undertook with his wife, pleasantly interrupted his academical and literary labours. The latter—of which we need only mention "Geschichte der Natur," "Geschichte der Seele," "Ansichten von der Geschichte der Naturwissenschaft," "Symbolik des Traumes," "Alles und Neues aus dem Gebiet der inneren Seelenkunde," &c., &c., &c.—were never again so unceasing. In fact, they have only ended with his life, as his Autobiography was written only a very short time before his death. Schubert's scientific views took their origin in the natural philosophy of Schelling; but his philosophy, by a certain mysticism gave them its individuality and a character of their own. Schubert died, on the 1st of July, at Laufzorn, a country-seat near Munich, belonging to his grandson, Dr. von Ranke.

Some manuscripts and autograph letters of a very interesting character were collected by the late Rev. John Mitford, have been sold during the present week by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson—Apulei Metamorphosis, Sec. XV, on vellum, written in a semi-Gothic hand, with initial letters in red, 60*l.*—Aeneasius Pictorius in Ciceronis Oratoribus, Sec. XV, in a similar hand, with the arms of the person for whom it was executed, 25*l.*—Dietsys Cretensis de Bello Trojano, Sec. XV, a beautiful little Italian manuscript, 15*l.*—Dionis Vite Otavii, Sec. XVI, explicitly written by Vergil, with the arms of the Cardinal, 27*l.* 10*l.*—A collection of Tracts on Grammar and Prosody, by an English Scribe in the 13th century, 58*l.*—A Book of Hours of French Art, filled with beautiful borders and miniatures, and in very pure condition, 119*l.*—Horatii Flacci Carmina, written in the 10th century, on vellum, 210*l.*—Juvenalis Satyræ, Sec. XV, beautifully written, 15*l.*—Among the autograph letters may be mentioned:—A collection, arranged in three volumes, on Scientific, Antiquarian, and Classical subjects, from eminent scholars, 15*l.* 10*l.*—Mitford's Recollections, extending over a period of 60 years, comprising anecdotes of distinguished political and literary celebrities of the past and the present centuries, 52*l.* 10*l.*—Two Letters in the autograph of Daniel Defoe, 11*l.*—A very interesting one from Dryden, "To the fair Lady of Masham House Dryden," written while a student at Cambridge, 10*l.* The sale concluded with five Armenian manuscripts, finely written and illuminated, which produced 197*l.* 5*l.*—Total of the day's sale, 1,055*l.* 17*l.* 6*l.*

Will Close on Saturday, the 19th inst.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1860, will be closed on Friday, the 14th inst. at 10 o'clock. Admission from Eight till Seven o'clock; 1*l.* Catalogue, 6*l.* JOHN BARNETT & SONS, Secretaries.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS and the most BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six. Admission 1*l.* Catalogue, 6*l.* GEORGE J. AGNEW, Secretary.

Will Close on the 19th inst.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLORS.—THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLORS, will be closed on Friday, the 14th inst. at 10 o'clock. Admission from Eight till Seven o'clock; 1*l.* Catalogue, 6*l.* JOHN BARNETT & SONS, Secretaries.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLORS.—THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLORS, will be closed on Friday, the 14th inst. at 10 o'clock. Admission from Eight till Seven o'clock; 1*l.* Catalogue, 6*l.* JOHN BARNETT & SONS, Secretaries.

MR. HOLMAN JONES' Picture of "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1859, and will be exhibited at the National Gallery, 109, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1*l.*

MELLE, ROSA BONHEURE, Picture of SCENERY IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND, commenced in 1858, and will be exhibited at the National Gallery, 109, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1*l.*

FRENCH EXHIBITION, Pall Mall.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish schools, including French, Flemish, and Dutch, will be exhibited from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1*l.* Catalogue, 6*l.* Open from Nine till Six daily.

WASHINGTON FRUITERS' GRAND MEDICAL AND PICTORIAL EXHIBITION, FRANKLIN, NEW YORK, and CANADA and the UNITED STATES, with all Bona, Angora, and other breeds of Dogs, Cats, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, &c., &c., &c., will be exhibited from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1*l.* Catalogue, 6*l.* Open from Nine till Six daily.

GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.—ROYAL OBSERVATORY OF GREENWICH AND ARTS.—From daily, Monday, Tuesday, to Half past Four; Evening, Seven to Half past Ten.—GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE, will be exhibited from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1*l.* Catalogue, 6*l.* Open from Nine till Six daily.

Admission, one Shilling; Children under Ten and Schools, Sixpence.

Dr. BACHHOFFNER, P.R.S. Sole Lessee and Manager.

SCIENCE

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

SECTION A.—MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

SATURDAY.

'Report of Committee appointed to prepare a Self-Recording Atmospheric Electrometer for Kew, and Portable Apparatus for obtaining Atmospheric Electricity,' by Prof. W. STEWART. This Committee acting according to your instructions, applied to the Royal Society for 100*l.* out of the Government grant for scientific investigation, to be applied to the above-mentioned objects. This application was accepted, and the construction of the instrument was proceeded with. The progress was necessarily slow, in consequence of the numerous experiments required to find convenient places for the different instruments, and arrangements to be made. An improved portable electrometer was first completed, and is now in a form which, it is confidently hoped, will be found convenient for general use by travellers, and for electrical observation from balloons. A house electrometer on a similar plan, but of greater sensibility and accuracy, was also constructed. Three instruments of this kind have been made, one of which is perfect, but sufficiently convenient and exact for ordinary work is now in constant use for atmospheric observation in the laboratory of the natural philosophy class in the University of Glasgow. The two others are considerably improved, and promise great ease, accuracy, and sensibility for atmospheric observation, and for a large variety of electrometric researches. Many trials of the water-dropping collector, described at the last meeting of the Association, were also made, and convenient practical forms of the different parts of the apparatus have been planned and executed. A reflecting electrometer was last completed, in a working form, and, along with a water-dropping collector and one of the improved common house electrometers, was deposited at Kew, on the 19th of May. A piece of clock-work, supplied by the Kew Committee, to operate the apparatus required for establishing the self-recording system, with the exception of the merely photographic part. It is hoped that this will be completed, under the direction of Mr. Stewart, and the observations of atmospheric electricity commenced in little more than a month from the present time. In the mean time preparations for observing the solar eclipse, and the construction of magnetic instruments for the Dutch Government, necessarily occupy the staff of the Observatory, to the exclusion of other undertakings. It is intended that the remaining one of the ordinary house electrometers, with a water-dropping collector, and the portable electrometer referred to above, will be used during the summer months for observation of atmospheric electricity in the Island of Arran. Your Committee were desirous of supplying portable apparatus to Prof. Everett, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, and to Mr. Sandiman, of the Colonial Observatory of Demerara, for the observation of atmospheric electricity in those localities; but it is not probable that the money which has been granted will suffice, after the expenses yet to be incurred in establishing the apparatus at Kew shall have

been defrayed. In conclusion, it is recommended to you for your consideration by your Committee, whether you will not immediately take steps to secure candid and extensive observations in the most important and hitherto imperfectly investigated branch of meteorological science. For this purpose it is suggested,—1. That, if possible, funds should be provided to supply competent observers in different parts of the world with the apparatus necessary for making precise and comparable observations in absolute measure; and,—2. That before the conclusion of the present summer a commencement of electrical observation from balloons should be made.

'Results of Self-Registering Hygrometers,' by E. VIVIAN.

'On the Relation, between Hyperconics and Elliptic Integrals,' by the Rev. Dr. ROOTH.

'On the Forms of certain Lunar Orbits indicative of a peculiar Degrading Force,' by W. R. BIRT.

'On Atmospheric Waves, with Diagrams,' by W. R. BIRT.

'On Microscopic Vision, and a New Form of Microscope,' by Sir D. BREWSTER. In studying the influence of the curvature of the surfaces of bodies as formed in the camera, by lenses or mirrors, it occurred to me that in microscopic vision it might exercise a still more injurious influence. Opticians have recently exerted their skill in producing achromatic object-glasses for the microscope, with large angles of aperture. In 1848 the late distinguished optician, Mr. Andrew Ross, asserted "that 135° was the largest angular pencil that could be passed through a microscopic object-glass," and yet in 1855 he had increased it to 170°. While some observers speak of angular apertures of 175°. In considering the influence of aperture, we shall suppose that an achromatic object-glass with an angle of aperture of 170° is optically perfect, representing every object without colour and without spherical aberration; while the microscopic object-glass, with an angle of five or six degrees, and when it is a sphere or a cylinder, we shall see nine-tenths or more of its circumference. How then does it happen that large apertures exhibit objects which are not seen when small apertures are used? The answer is, that the small aperture is superiorly is particularly shown with test objects marked with grooves or ridges and obliquely illuminated. The marginal part of the lens will enlarge the grooves and ridges, and they will thus be rendered visible, not because they are seen more distinctly, but because they are expanded by the combination of their incoherent images. Hence we have an explanation of the fact—well known to all who use the microscope,—that objects are seen more distinctly with object-glasses of small angular aperture. In the one case we have, with the same magnifying power, not only an enlarged and indistinct image of objects, but a false representation of them, from which their true structure cannot be discovered; while in the other we have a smaller and distinct image, and a more correct representation of the objects. Indeed, in the case of the small objects to large angular apertures and short focal lengths. 1. In the first place, it is extremely difficult to illuminate objects when so close to the object-glass. 2. There is a great loss of light, from its oblique incidence on the surface of the lens. 3. The surface of glass,—with the most perfect polish,—must be covered with minute pores, produced by the attrition of the polishing powder; and light, falling upon the sides of these pores with extreme obliquity, must not only suffer diffraction, but be refracted less perfectly than when incident at a less angle. 4. When the object is almost in contact with the anterior lens, the microscope is wholly unfit for researches in which mechanical or chemical operations are required, and also for the examination of objects included in unbreakable or transparent bodies. 5. In object-glasses of great thickness, the light must pass through a great thickness of glass of doubtful homogeneity. It is a question yet to be solved whether or not a substance can be truly transparent, in which the elements are not united in a definite proportion; in which the substances combined have very different refractive and dispersive powers; and in which the

particles are so loosely united that they separate from one another, as in the various kinds of decomposition with glass is liable. If the best microscopes are affected by these sources of error, every exertion should be made to diminish or remove them. 1. The first step, we conceive, is, to abandon large angular apertures, and to use object glasses of moderate focal length, obtaining at the eye-lens any additional magnifying power that may be required. 2. In order to obtain a better illumination, either by light incident vertically or obliquely, a new form of the microscope would be advantageous. In place of directing the microscope to the object itself, placed as it now is almost touching the object glass, let it be directed to the image of the object, formed by the thinnest achromatic lens, of some focal length that the object may be an inch or more from the lens, and its image equal to, or greater, or less than the object. In this way the observer will be able to illuminate the object, whether opaque or transparent, and may subject it to any experiments he may desire to make upon it. It may thus be studied without a covering of glass, and when its parts are developed by immersion in a fluid. 3. The sources of error arising from the want of perfect polish and perfect homogeneity of the glass of which the lenses are composed, are, to some extent, hypothetical; but there are reasons for believing,—and these reasons corroborated by facts,—that a body whose ingredients are united by fusion, and kept in a state of constraint from which they are striving to get free, cannot possess that homogeneity of structure, or that perfection of polish, which will allow the rays of light to be refracted and transmitted without injurious modification. If glass is to be used for the lenses of microscopes, long and careful annealing should be adopted, and the polishing process should be continued long after it appears perfect to the optician. We believe, however, that the time is not distant when transparent minerals, in which their elements are united in definite proportions, will be substituted for glass. Diamond, topaz, and rock crystal are those which appear best suited for lenses. The white topaz of New Holland is particularly fitted for optical purposes, as its double refractions may be removed by cutting it in plates perpendicular to one of its optical axes. In rock crystal the structure is, generally speaking, less perfect along the axis of double refraction than in any other direction, but this imperfection does not exist in topaz.—Prof. STOKES and Mr. STONEY suggested some modifications of Sir David Brewster's theoretic views; and a member of the Section whose name we did not catch, stated that several attempts had been made to form an image of objects removed from the first or object glass of the microscope than at present, by using an additional lens, but hitherto without success.

On the Motion of Glaciers, by the Rev. Canon MORELEY.—This communication gave rise to a very animated discussion, and the general expression of opinion was opposed to the view taken by the Rev. Canon.

On a New Induction Dip-Circle, by J. A. BROOK.

On an Instrument for Exhibiting any Mixture of the Colours of the Spectrum, by Prof. MAXWELL.

On Curves of the Fourth Order, having Three Double Points, by A. CAYLEY.

On Physics as a Branch of the Science of Motion, by J. S. & G. GLENIE.—The object of the author was not to enter into the full subject, but, by submitting it to discussion, to gain the advantage of criticism. He conceives atoms as mutually determining centres of pressure,—that is, more definitely as centres of lines, the intensity and direction of which are determined by the intensity and direction of the lines from surrounding atoms. Thus, atoms are neither considered as particles of matter, acted on by extraneous forces of attraction and repulsion, nor as vague centres of force; and that pressure generally is conceived as measured by M.O. Motion is not conceived as "a quality of matter, of which no further consideration can be given," but as the effect of any difference of the polar pressures on a body in that plane. The prin-

ciple to which the author most constantly has to refer is, that "the motion of a body is in the direction of the least resistance, and in the direction, and proportional to, the difference of polar pressures. From thence, by a train of mixed natural, physical and mathematical conceptions, to deduce that gravity, the law of universal attraction, is the mechanical consequence of difference of the masses of a system, mutually connected by their lines of pressure and repelling; and that thus the law of the inverse square is rather a mathematical than a physical law.

The authors of the other papers on the list not being present, the Section adjourned.

Report of the Committee requested "to report to the Meeting at Oxford as to the Scientific Objects to be sought for by continuing the Balloon Ascents formerly undertaken to Great Altitudes," by Prof. WALKER.—In presenting their Report the Committee would observe to the effect that the main object for which the former Committee, in 1858, was appointed remains yet unaccomplished; and this is the verification of that remarkable result derived from the observations of Mr. Welsh in his four ascents in 1852; viz., the sudden increase of the decrease in the temperature of the atmosphere at an elevation varying on different days, and to this such an extent that for the space of 2,000 or 3,000 feet the temperature remains nearly constant or even increases to a small amount. It is obviously important to determine whether the arrest represents the normal condition of the atmosphere at all seasons of the year. The ascents of Mr. Welsh were made between the 17th of August and the 16th of November. The question remains whether this "arrest" would be observed before the summer solstice as well as after, and whether there were any variations at different seasons. The changes in the temperature of the dew point, consequent upon this interruption in the law of decrease of temperature, would extend our knowledge of the condition of the atmosphere at such altitudes. To accomplish this much would be necessary to very great altitudes, although there are many objects to be attained by ascending as high as possible. The liberal offer that has been made by Mr. Corwell and Mr. Langley, of Newcastle, would enable observations to be made at a very moderate cost, and Mr. Langley appears fully competent to accomplish the task. There are also many other observations which may be made in balloon ascents which may prove of very great value. Prof. W. Thompson is anxious that observations should be made on the electrical condition of the atmosphere. He has described in the article on the Electricity of the Atmosphere in Nichol's *Cyclopædia*, a portable electrometer, and also a mode of collecting electricity by that which he styles the water-dropping system, which would, in his opinion, be easily applicable. The observations might be carried on, first, by ascending to very great heights, and then descending, and Mr. Lloyd desires that observations should be made for "the determination of the decrease of the earth's magnetic force with the distance from the surface." The failure of Gay-Lussac to detect any sensible change ought not to deter future observers. His methods were wholly inadequate; but Dr. Lloyd is of opinion that if attraction be confined to the determination of the total force on its vertical component (instead of the horizontal) it would be easy to arrive at satisfactory conclusions. Sir David Brewster suggests that further information might be obtained as to the polarization of the atmosphere and the height of the neutral point. And, lastly, Dr. Edward Smith and Prof. Sharpey are desirous that experiments should be made as to "the quantitative determination of the products of respiration at different high elevations." Dr. Smith has, as it is well known, been for the last two or three years engaged in a systematic inquiry into inspiration, and he is so satisfied of the value and importance of the investigation, that he is not only willing, but desirous, to make the requisite experiments himself. Dr. Smith has further sections as to the points to be observed, and the mode of observation.

On a New General Method for Establishing

the Theory of Conic Sections, by the Rev. Dr. BOOTH.

On the Influence of Small Apertures on Telescopic Vision, by Sir D. BRADFIELD.

Prospectus of the Hartwell Variable Star Atlas, with Six Specimen Proofs, by Dr. LEE.

On some Recorded Observations of the Planet Venus in the Seventh Century before Christ, by the Rev. Dr. HICKES.—There is a tablet of baked clay in the British Museum, the inscription on which, if I interpret it aright, contains a series of observations of the planet Venus, and a series of predictions grounded on the observations. The latter are of no value; but the former may be great, if not altogether, determine the law by which the Assyrian-Babylonian year was regulated in respect to its intercalary months. The knowledge of this law, again, will either establish or disprove the view which I have long entertained, and repeatedly expressed, that the era of Nabonassar was an astronomical, and not a political one; and, I may add, it is not impossible that it may furnish a test of the genuineness of the works attributed to Quthani and other supposed ancient Babylonian writers. For these reasons, I am desirous that the observations which I suppose to be recorded on the tablet should be ascertained. I now offer two, which will suffice to test the correctness of my interpretation of the records. If any astronomer will take the trouble to calculate whether what is here stated to have happened would have actually happened, and will communicate the results to me, I, Dr. Doctor Hickes, Rectory, Killybegh, will, if he desires it, communicate to him other records of observations; as to the interpretation of some of which I feel less confidence than I do as to these. I observe that the Babylonian months are expressed by monograms, for which I substitute Hebrew names of months. The Babylonian day began with midday and that day in the evening of which the new moon was first seen was considered to be the first day of the month. I suppose, but am not very confident, that the year of the first observation was —685, the month of which would begin in the month of March. The second observation was some years later. "On the 25th of Thammuz, Venus ceased to appear in the west, was unseen for seven days, and on the 2nd of Ab was seen in the east." "On the 26th of Elul, Venus ceased to appear in the west, was unseen for eleven days, and on the 7th of the month of Elul was seen in the east." This being an embolismic year, the day last mentioned was necessarily its 18th day, and was 200 days before the first day of the new year. If, then, this day can be determined from what is recorded of Venus, the commencement of two Babylonian years out of a cycle of eight will be determined. The foregoing had been communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society, but is not yet published. Dr. Hickes now adds his conviction, that by combining those observations with that of the equinox, recorded on another tablet, and the astronomical year given by him in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, the determination of the year in which any of those observations took place would determine the commencement of every Babylonian year. The Babylonians were acquainted with the approximate equality of their tropical year, five annual revolutions of Venus and nearly ninety-nine revolutions of the moon. The first observation must have been in a year of this form—685 ± 84.

On the Principles of Meteorology, by Prof. HENNESSY.

On the Possibility of Studying the Earth's Internal Structure from Phenomena observed at its Surface, by Prof. HENNESSY.—This the author showed to result from the comparison of the level surface, usually called the earth's surface by astronomers and mathematicians, with the geological surface, which would be presented if the earth were stripped of its fluid coating. At present the number of unknown quantities in an inquiry as to the earth's internal structure was greater than the number of conditions; but by knowing the true surface, and adopting the results of established physical and hydrostatic laws as related to the supposed internal fluid mass, we should be able to establish as many equations as we have unknown

quantities, and thus obtain a solution. — Prof. STREVELY stated, that the exact spheroidal form of the earth and the direction of gravity at each part of its surface were not so completely determined as the remarks of Prof. HENNESSY would lead a person to suppose. Very interesting papers printed in the last volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, by Col. Sir Henry James and Capt. Clarke, have shown conclusively that not only the spheroidal form of the earth, as deduced from the great Ordnance Survey of the British Islands, differ somewhat from that considered as most suitable to the form of the earth as derived from a comparison of all observations; but even particular localities had the plumb-line so affected by local circumstances, that the form, as deduced from particular portions of the Survey, differed sensibly from one another. Thus, the plumb-line near Edinburgh was found to be affected not only by the proximity of Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill; but even the defect of matter in the Frith of Forth, and the excess in the distant Portland Hills, were shown to exercise important influences. — Col. Sir H. JAMES showed by various examples that the method of grouping the measurements of different countries proposed by Mr. HENNESSY would not, in the present state of these measurements, lead to the exact results he supposed. He then pointed out circumstances not only respecting the Russian measurements, but even the French, which would make a re-examination of them not only desirable, but necessary.

'On the Physical Constitution of Comets,' by Prof. FISCHE.

'On the Dynamical Condition of Saturn's Ring,' by Prof. FISCHE.

'A Generalization of Poncelet's Theorem for the Linear Representation of Quadratic Radicals,' by Prof. SYLVESTER. — The author described the practical importance of this in constructing tables of various kinds for the use of engineers and others in details too mathematical for our general readers; and showed a very simple and general principle generalizing to three dimensions that of Poncelet, from which the linear co-efficients could be determined to a degree of accuracy extending to a unit in the fourth or fifth place of decimals. — 'On Hygrometers and the comparison with Barometers at Great Heights,' by Mr. R. de SCHLAGINTWEIT.

'On a New Analyzing Prism,' by Prof. JELLYETT. — 'On Some Recent Extensions of the Theory of Exchanges,' by B. STEWART.

'Further Researches regarding the Laws of Chromatic Dispersion,' by MCGUGA PONTER.

TUESDAY.

'Outline of the Principles and Practice involved in Dealing with the Electrical Conditions of Submarine Electric Telegraphs,' by M. WEXLER and C. W. SIEMENS.

'On the Triplicity of Sound,' by the Rev. S. EARNHAW.

'On Thin Films of Decomposed Glass found near Oxford,' by H. THOMAS.

'Notice respecting Certain Phenomena of Crystallization and Polarization in Decomposed Glasses,' by Sir D. BREWSTER. — At the meeting of the British Association held in Aberdeen, the author read a paper 'On the Decomposed Glass found at Nimrod, Rome, and other localities, and not then having any drawings to exhibit to the Section he found it difficult to convey an intelligible account of the structure and remarkable phenomena which the specimens exhibited both in common and polarized light. He now exhibited and explained very beautifully executed coloured drawings and diagrams explanatory of these appearances and properties. In this paper he omitted all reference to those colourless specimens by which he had been shown that a bundle or pile of these transparent films act upon common and polarized light as negative uniaxial crystals, producing all the colours of polarized light, by the interference of two oppositely polarized pencils, one of which is the transmitted light, the other a combination of all the rays reflected from the anterior surfaces of the films. He then pointed out the difference between artificial glasses and naturally-formed crystals, like rock crystal. In the glasses the atoms are forced,

by melting them at high temperatures, to unite by chemical affinity. In the others the particles have united by peculiar polar actions while crystallizing naturally. Hence, the atoms of crystals being simple and similarly united throughout the entire crystal, have no tendency to decompose or reunite in other forms at particular parts; but the forces by which the earth, alkalies, and metals are composed, being arranged uniformly, and not by the forces by which the different parts are held together, tend to separate and reunite in new or more natural crystalline relations in relation to particular points, lines, or surfaces in their mass. Thus the rock crystals were found by Mr. LAYARD at Nimrod, as so perfect in its structure now as it was many thousand years ago, when in the form of a crystal, while the glass was found altered as in the specimens now shown; and few bodies cease to exist with such grace and beauty as glass, when it surrenders itself to time and not to disease. In stables, where ammonia and other exhalations prevail, and in damp localities, or where acids or alkalis prevail in the soil, the process is more rapid, and it may frequently be broken between the fingers of an infested person, presenting the appearance of a plate of unaltered glass, to which the process has not extended; but it is in dry localities, where Roman, Greek, and Assyrian glass has been found, that the process of decomposition is exceedingly interesting, and its results singularly beautiful. The process is more rapid in the glass the decomposition begins. It extends round that point in spherical surfaces, so that the first film is a minute hemispherical cap of exceeding thinness. Film after film is formed in a similar manner, till perhaps 20 or 30 are crowded into the space of an inch. They then describe the section of a pearl (or of an onion), and as the films are still glass, the colours of thin plates are seen when we look down through their edges, which form the surface of the glass. These thin edges, however, being exposed to the elements, suffer decomposition. The particles of silica and other ingredients now readily separate, and the decomposition proceeds downwards in films parallel to the surface of the glass; the crystals of silica forming a white ring and the other ingredients forming a different colour. Such a ring, round one point, but the decomposition commences at several points; generally those points lie in lines, so that the circles of decomposition meet one another and form sinuous lines. When there are only two points near, these circles of decomposition surround the two points, like rings round two knots in wood; but when there are many points near, the curves unite and form sinuous lines. When the decomposition is uniform, and the little hemispheres have nearly the same depth, we can separate the upper film from the one below it; the convexities of the one filling in the concavities of the others. The drawings of these were executed by Miss King, now the Honourable Mrs. Ward. When the decomposition has gone regularly on round a single point, and the glass is perfectly transparent, there is a dividing line into a number of hemispherical films within one another. The groups of films exhibit in the microscope circular cavities, which, under different circumstances, become elliptical and polygonal. M. LAMARIE, of Paris, succeeded in rapidly producing this decomposition by immersing glass in a mixture of fluoride of calcium and concentrated sulphuric acid, or by exposing it to the vapour of fluosulphuric acid (*Comptes Rendus*, Nov. 2, 1852). The author then went on, and with the diagrams, explained the optical phenomena, comparing them with three chief varieties, but stating that he so explains and singular as to baffled description. — First, of those which have rough surfaces: these form an almost infinite number of hemispherical cavities on one side of the film, and similar convexities on the other. These are perfectly circular when separated by flat portions of the film; but when crowded together they are irregularly polygonal, the polygons forming a sort of network, the concave and convex surfaces not being rough, but specular, reflecting and transmitting white light, and exhibiting none of the colours of thin plates, but in polarized light acting as uniaxial crystals.

Secondly, The second variety have perfectly specular surfaces, in consequence of having almost no cavities, in common light exhibiting in a very beautiful manner the colours of thin plates, the transmitted complementary to the reflected light. This variety is exceedingly rare. The specimen on the table showed blue as the reflected and yellow as the transmitted light. In some of the fragments a few insulated circular cavities of the black cross occurred, modified as to tints by the general tint of thin plates. Thirdly, The third variety consists of films containing cavities of all sizes and forms, from the sixteenth of an inch to such a size that they are barely visible in the microscope, giving to the film a sort of stippled appearance. Their cavities are circular, elliptical, or irregularly polygonal, and they reflect and transmit complementary colours, some showing the black cross, though varied in its shape. The cavities are often arranged in sinuous lines, and encroach on one another. They frequently run in perfectly straight lines, and when very small and invisible as cavities, their margins form in polarized light brilliant lines, often grouped in bands like the stripes in ribbons; these, but few of them, are less than a line in diameter, and might be used as microscopical gratings. These lines of polarized light all disappear when they lie in the plane of polarization of the incident light or perpendicular to that plane. Many other optical circumstances connected with this variety were pointed out by the author and explained. In all these three varieties the films are pure glass, for they become colourless by a sufficient inclination of the plates, and also by introducing a drop of water or alcohol, which, when it evaporates, allows the original colours again to be seen. The films are separated from the fluid separated each of the almost infinitesimal layers of the glass, yet they afterwards adhere as firmly as ever. If an oil or balsam be introduced, it slowly and unequally passes between the layers, so that the retreating colour is bounded by a stratum of the various tints which the film combines. But the author has often found between the true glass films beautiful circular crystals of silica, finely seen in polarized light. These are sometimes dendritic, and assume round the black cross, foliated, or other shapes. Some of these attracted attention: around a minute speck of silica there is formed a circular band of equally minute crystalline specks, and at a greater distance a second circular band concentric with the first, consisting of still smaller siliceous particles hardly visible in the microscope. By what atomic force does this central crystal group its attendant crystals around it?

Mr. STONEY observed that Dr. Lloyd, at the Aberdeen Meeting, had shown that the light from these specimens of decomposed glass, exhibited by Sir D. Brewster, was elliptically polarized, and that therefore they must have been like uniaxial crystals.

'On the Motion of a Pendulum in a Vertical Plane when the Point of Suspension moves uniformly on a Circumference in the same Plane,' by Prof. FRANKS. The author gave a series of mathematical formulae which gave the laws which govern such motions. He then exhibited beautifully-executed diagrams on transparent cloth, which showed by curves, some most regular and some most fantastic in their forms, the behaviour of such a pendulum under various conditions, and at several periods of its course. He pointed out cases in which these curves exhibited all the symmetry and regularity of exact mathematical forms, others, in which these forms were complicated and irregular almost beyond conception. He showed that in some cases these curves of the pendulum were such that a stable equilibrium, whilst in others the equilibrium was unstable, and the pendulum went off into the most rapid motions. By another series of curves, something like Cournot's lines, he showed how the nature of these motions could be traced, and he concluded, by showing how a similar method was applicable to the tracing of matter through its several varieties of form. Inorganic matter being analogous to the changes and varieties observed in the state of stable equilibrium gave many of the surprising and

irregular transitions observed in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, or in organized matters.

'On a Reflecting Telescope for Celestial Photography, now erecting at Hastings, near New York,' communicated by Prof. DRAPEL.

'On the Results of Bessel's Theory of Gases as applied to their Internal Friction, their Diffusion, and their Conductivity for Heat,' by Prof. MAXWELL.

'Experiments and Conclusions on Binocular Vision,' by Prof. W. B. ROBERTS, Boston.

'Experiments on some of the Phenomena of Electrical Vacuum Tubes,' by Prof. W. B. ROBERTS, in a letter to M. GASSIOT.

'On Caustic Surfaces,' by Prof. LINCOLN.—It would be impossible to make this communication intelligible without entering very into mathematical discussion than would suit our readers.

'On some Solutions of the Problem of Taction by Apollonius of Perga, by means of Modern Geometry,' by Dr. BREYERCE.

'On the Exhibition of Electrical Force,' by Sir W. STOW HARRIS.

WEDNESDAY.

'On the Roots of Substitutions,' by the Rev. T. P. KIRKMAN.

'Description of a New Reflecting Instrument for Angular Measurements,' by PATRICK ADIE.

'Description of an Instrument for Measuring Actual Distances,' by PATRICK ADIE.—Prof. STEVENS stated, that the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, had, at the Southampton Meeting of the British Association, explained a method similar in principle to that for observing the heights of the clouds. But from the difficulty experienced in getting a sheet of water for a reflector, both calm and at a sufficient distance below the observer to insure sufficient accuracy, he (Prof. Stevells) had been led to a modification of Dr. Wiswells's method, by using mirrors in the way almost exactly the same as that of Mr. Adie; but not nearly so neat in arrangement, nor admitting of such accuracy of observation as his instrument, which he hailed as affording, among many other uses, not only a means of observing the heights of clouds of different modifications, but also the distance from the observer of those lying off towards the horizon, a fact very difficult, under many circumstances, hitherto to determine, or even to estimate correctly.

'On an Improved Form of Air-Pump for Philosophical Experiments,' by W. LADD.—This pump consisted of an ordinary pump with two barrels to exhaust rapidly at the early stage, then a horizontal barrel, worked by a rack and handle, the piston-rod passing through a stuffing-box and cistern of oil, the top of the barrel forming the side of the cistern, and having a valve opening outwards. In the bottom of this barrel was also a valve, opening outwards, to let out any oil which might, in working, pass the piston. The piston of this third barrel, when it passed a hole in the barrel, communicated the vacuum above its piston through a tube connecting it with the bottom of the first barrel, which worked, a cock shut off the twofold barrels from the receiver. The author stated that he could exhaust to the 4th of an inch by this pump.—Mr. YATES, of Dublin, explained a simple pump nearly similar in construction to that now shown by Mr. Ladd, which he had executed several years ago.

'On Rings seen in Fibrous Specimens of Calceps,' by Mr. STONEY.—Sir D. BARNWATER pointed out several other appearances of the rings.

'On the Effect of a Rapid Current of Air,' by R. DOWD.—This was the well-known effect of causing one card due to cling to another, by blowing strongly through a hole pierced in the centre of the latter disc.

'On an Atomic Ship,' by the Hon. W. BLAIRD, N. S. Wales.—The proposal in this case was by a light keel and a wooden body buoyed up by an elongated balloon, by the heavy weights guided by a rope along from stem to stern, so to alter the centre of gravity of the machine as to direct its motion upwards or downwards at pleasure, and to cause it to move onwards in any assigned direction by the aid of large lost light and strong vanes driven round and acting like the screw propeller of a ship.

'On a General Law of Motion applied to the Planets,' by F. S. GRILLI.

'On a New Proof of Pascal's Theorem,' by the Rev. T. BEXKINS.—Too mathematical for general readers.

'On the Chromoscope,' by J. S. PESTER.—The author sent a specimen of the cut-out card by the train on the 10th of September, the card, in strong light, or sunlight, he could produce rings of various colours. There were also diagrams exhibited, painted so as to represent the several colours and tints of which the author had succeeded in causing the rings to appear. This communication gave rise to much conversation in the Section.—Prof. STEVENS stated that Mr. Falskerson, of Belfast, had commissioned him to mention at the first meeting of the British Association which he had the honour of being present at (Edinburgh, 1854), as an unexplained fact, that walking rapidly past high iron railings, while the country on the other side was covered with snow, and the sun shining brightly, the whole landscape suddenly assumed a reddish or crimson hue. His attention being thus arrested, he found that, by altering the speed at which he walked, the snow-red colour seemed to assume other colours.—Sir D. BARNWATER referred to a paper which appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* many years since, where colours such as those on the diagram were described as manifesting themselves under somewhat similar circumstances.—The opinion of the Members of the Section who joined in the conversation seemed to be universally that the effect was due to the power of the retina to recover the power of noticing the several colours with different degrees of rapidity.

'On the Brilliant Eruption on the Sun's Surface, since the month of September, 1859,' by the Rev. G. C. BELL, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, Secretary.

At the rising of the Section, the PRESIDENT thanked the authors of communications for their several contributions to the instruction which, he had no doubt, would result from their labours, and the members of the Section generally for their attention to the subjects brought before them, and for the assistance they had afforded him and the other officers of the Section in conducting the business to its very successful close.

THURSDAY.

The list of papers in the Section A. having become so extensive as to preclude all hope of getting through them before the closing of the Section, a Sub-Section was organized by the Committee, under the presidency of the Rev. D. LLOYD; the Rev. G. C. BELL, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, Secretary.

The first paper read in the Sub-Section was, 'On the Climate of the Antarctic Regions, as indicated by Observations upon the Height of the Barometer and Direction of the Winds at Sea.'—Also the following letter 'On Antarctic Expeditions,' by Capt. MARRY, U.S. Navy.

Secretary, Washington, May, 1860.

My Dear Lord Wootenley.—I hope the time is not far distant when circumstances will be more auspicious than at present they seem; for, as soon as there appears the least chance of success, I shall urge the sending from this country an exploring expedition to the eight millions of unknown square miles about the South Pole. I hope that my letter to you upon the subject was sufficiently clear to satisfy your mind, and conclusive to enlist your influence with Her Majesty's Government and the English people in the cause of Antarctic exploration. It is an enterprise in which the British nation may well take the lead, for it is nearer to them than to the rest of the world. There is Melbourne, your great commercial mart, that is already, in amount of shipping, a rival of Liverpool. It is within less than two weeks' run by steamer from the harbour of this unknown island. So, you observe that these eight millions of unknown square miles lie at your door, and the responsibility of permitting them so to lie longer will be there too. "You go, we'll come." An expedition might be sent from Australia, with the same facilities. Two or three small sailing vessels with auxiliary steam-power, might be sent out, so as to spend our three winter months in looking for a suitable point along the Antarctic

Continent to serve as a point of departure for over-land, or over-ice parties. Having found one or more such places, vessels, properly equipped for land and ice and boat expeditions, might be sent the next season, there to remain, seeking to penetrate the barrier, whether of mountain or of ice, or both, under the most adverse circumstances. They might be relieved by a fresh party, home to compare notes, and be governed accordingly. You know the barometer at all those places which have a rainy and a dry season, and at all those in which it is dry, lowest in the wet. Now, I do not find any indications that the Antarctic barometer has months of high range: it is low all the year. Therefore,—if I be right in ascribing the apparent tenacity of the air there to the best that is liberated during the condensation of vapour from the snow, precipitation that is constantly taking place along the sea front of those "barriers,"—we should be correct in inferring that the difference in temperature between the Antarctic summer and winter is not very marked. If, in a case like this, we might be permitted to introduce a little science, we might say that the "barrier" to be a circular range of mountains, and that beyond those lies the great Antarctic basin. Beyond this range, as beyond the Andes, we may fancy a rainless region, as in Peru, a region of high altitude, and of high temperature. Though the air in passing this range might be cooled below the utmost degree of Arctic cold, yet being robbed of its vapour, it would receive as sensible the latent heat thereof. Passing off to the Polar slope of these mountains, this air then would be dry air, descending into the valleys, and coming under the barometric pressure at the surface, it would be warm air. Leslie has explained how, by bringing the attenuated air down from the snow line, even of the tropics, and subjecting it to the barometric weight of the superincumbent air, we may raise its temperature to tropical heat by the mere pressure. In like manner, this Antarctic air, though cold and rare while crossing the "barrier," yet receiving heat from its vapours as they are condensed, passing over into the valleys beyond, and being subjected to the weight of the superincumbent air, becomes warm. We have abundant illustrations of the modifying influences upon climate which winds exercise after having passed mountains and precipitated their vapour. The winds which drop the waters of the Columbia river, etc., on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, make a warm climate about their base on this side, so much so that we find in Piedmont Nebraska the lizards and reptiles of Northern Texas. Indeed, trappers tell me that the Upper Missouri is open in fall long after the Lower is frozen, and the spring long before,—several weeks,—the ice in the more southern parts has broken up. The eastern slopes of Patagonia afford even a more striking illustration of climate being tempered by winds that descend from the mountains bearing with them the vapour of the snows which they have melted. Thus you observe, that an exploring party after passing the barrier might, as they approach the pole, find the Antarctic climate to grow milder instead of colder.

It would be rash in the present state of our information to assert that such a case should not be ignored by the projectors and leaders of any new expedition to those regions. The existence of an open sea in the Arctic ocean has, with a great degree of probability, been theoretically established. But the circumstances, as strong as the case, which favour the existence of an open water there, are not so strong and direct as are the proofs and indications of a mild polar climate in the Antarctic regions. I have examined the immense library of log-books here for the lines of Antarctic ice-drift. There appears to be a general drift, or a north-east drift, passing by the Falkland Islands, the other having its northern terminus in the regions about the Cape of Good Hope. Further south, icebergs are found all around; but in these lines of drift they are found nearest the equator. The drift between the Falkland drift and the Cape Good Hope drift is an unfrequented part of the ocean. It may, therefore, be one broad drift, the edges of which only have been pointed out. The most active

currents from the south do not run with this ice. Humboldt's current is the most active, but it does not get its iceberg as far north as they come along these lines. This circumstance has suggested the conjecture that one part of the Antarctic Continent must be peculiarly well situated for the formation of glaciers and the launching of icebergs. These lines of drift point to such a place. The facts stated in my former letter will, I trust, when considered in connection with these views, invest them with the importance of the subject. So, trusting, and hoping that you will join with me in the cry, "Ho for the South Pole!"

"On the Dispersion of Planes of Polarization produced by Magnetism," by M. VERNY.

"On the Diurnal Variations of the Magnetic Declination at the Magnetic Equator, and the Decennial Period," by J. A. BROUË.

"On Certain Results of Observations in the Observatory of H.H. the Rajah of Travancore," by J. A. BROUË.

"On the Similarity of the Lunar Curves of Minimum Temperature in 1859 at Utrecht and Greenwich," by J. P. HARRISON.

"Results of Ten Years' Meteorological Observations at Moneymusk," by the Rev. A. WELLS.—Stourhead College is situated in the county of Lancashire, in lat. $53^{\circ} 50' 40''$ N., and long. $9^{\circ} 52'$ W. It stands at an elevation of 580 feet in the S.E. vicinity of Langridge Hall, which rises upon elevated broken undulations from the bed of the river to 1,140 feet. In the centre of the garden, which commands a wide extent of country, was chosen the site for the observatory, having on all sides generally a free and distant horizon. The observatory contains a five-foot equatorial, a meridian circle 21-2 feet diameter, a transit instrument, transit clock, and other astronomical and meteorological apparatus. The Report opens with an historical sketch of the origin of the Meteorological Observations in 1847. The instruments have been compared with standards by Mr. Galsiner, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. The Report extends over ten years, from the beginning of 1847 to the end of 1858. The chief instruments recorded have been the barometer; the dry and wet bulb; the highest and lowest readings of the thermometer in the shade; the highest of a thermometer with a blackened bulb exposed to the sun's rays, and the lowest of a thermometer exposed to the shade; the direction and estimated force of the wind, and the amount of cloud at the time of each observation; the daily and monthly fall of rain and snow; amount of evaporation from an exposed surface of water; the general circumstances observed to attend Aurora Borealis and thunder storms; and a general description of the state of the weather and appearance of the sky. The observations were recorded at 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 5 P.M., and 9 P.M., local time, which have been made, almost without exception, throughout. The Report describes at length the methods used in recording and reducing the observations. Then follow the tables and very carefully executed curves and diagrams, with explanatory notes interspersed.

"Results of an Investigation into English Thunder-storms during 1857-6," by G. F. STURGE.

"Régulateur Automatique de Lumière Électrique," by M. SERRIN.—The author delivered this communication in French. The following is its substance:—To form the electric arch of light, it is first necessary to bring the charcoal points into contact, then gently to separate them by degrees, as they glow afterwards, to cause them to approach constantly, as they are wasted by use, carefully avoiding bringing them into contact. In order to obtain a point of illumination fixed in space, each charcoal point must simultaneously approach the other, and that in the proportion in which each is wasted by use. In fine, for rendering the electric light useful, all these conditions must be self-produced with the utmost regularity, without any intervention of the human hand, and it is to say, in a manner completely automatic; and this was the object this Regulator was invented for. In a simple and easy manner, this apparatus, which may be compared to an extremely sensible balance, is composed of two mechanisms connected

the one with the other, and yet independent; when one sets the other is in repose, and reciprocally. One of these consists of an oscillating system, the chief feature of the regulator destined to produce the separation of the charcoal points, and also to determine their re-approach. The other mechanism, composed of wheel-work, has for its object to insure the re-approach of the charcoal points in the proportion of their waste by use. The two portions, which carry the charcoal pieces are placed vertically one above the other. The superior is in connection with the wheel work, and is the positive electrode of the battery; the inferior depends as well on the wheel-work as on the oscillating system, and is the negative electrode. The superior part-carbon, by its weight, causes the inferior to ascend. The oscillating system forms a parallelogram, of which the angles are jointed, one of the vertical sides of which is suspended by a spring, and carries at its lower part a soft iron armature, placed over a horizontal electro-magnet. When the apparatus is in repose, the charcoals are in contact; on the contrary, they separate when they complete the circuit and the voltaic arc appears. As the wasting by use of the charcoals increases the length of the voltaic arc, the armature increases its distance from the electro-magnet, become less powerful, and the charcoals re-approach by a quantity frequently less than the hundredth of a millimetre; but according as they re-approach, the electro-magnet recovers its original power, the armature is attracted again, and the charcoals stop until a new wasting gives rise to a new re-approach followed by a new stoppage, and so on in succession. In consequence of its extreme sensibility, it will work either with a voltaic pile or an electro-magnetic machine.

"File N. Sulfate de Plomb de M. Edmond Becquerel," by M. SERRIN.

"Positivité de la Basse-Énergie," by M. SERRIN.
"On Practical Experience of the Law of Storms in each Quarter of the Globe," by Capt. P. SNOW.
"Notes on Atmospheric Electricity," by Prof. W. THOMSON.

SECTION B.—CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

SATURDAY.

"On the Representation of Neutral Salts, on the Type of Binary Peroxide H_2O , instead of a Basic Oxide H_2O_2 ," by Dr. L. PLATTNER.

Dr. GLESTON communicated some Chemical Notes, the first of which referred to the gradual reduction of hydrate of cerium into hydrate of praseodymium and other compounds through the agency of chloride of calcium or zinc; the second described a crystalline precipitate obtained by the addition of hydrofluoric and molybdic chlorides; the third showed by an analysis of the diffusate, that when equivalent proportions of chloride of sodium and nitrate of baryta are mixed together in solution and diffused, four salts exist contemporaneously in the liquid; or in other words a portion of each acid combines with a portion of each base.

MONDAY.

"On some Reactions of Zinc-Ethyl," by Mr. BRCTON.

"Remarks on the Volume Theory," by Dr. VON BOSE.

"On Ozon," by Dr. ANDREWS.

"On the Quantitative Estimation of Peroxide of Hydrogen," by Mr. BROUË.

"On the Oxidation of Potassium and Sodium," by A. V. HARCOURT.

TUESDAY.

"Note on the Destruction of the Bitter Principle of Chrysanthi by the Agency of Caustic Alkali," by J. J. COLEMAN.

"On the Composition of the Ash of Wheat grown under various circumstances," by J. B. LAWES and Dr. J. H. GLAZIER.

"On Thiothionine, a Sulphureted Product of Decomposition of Albuminous Substances," by Dr. THURBERG.

"On the Cause of Fire in Turkey-red Stoves," by Dr. W. WALLACE.

SECTION C.—GEOLOGY.

SATURDAY.

Sir R. L. MURCHISON exhibited the New Geological Map of Oxford.

"On Snow Crystals observed at Dresden," by Dr. GEINITZ.

"On the Silurian Formation in the District of Wilderath," by Dr. GEINITZ.

"On the Metamorphic Rocks of the North of Ireland," by Prof. HARRIS.

"On the Intermittent Springs of the Chalk and Oolite of the Neighbourhood of Scarborough," by Capt. WOOD.

"Report on the Dura Don Excavations," by Dr. ARDENSON.

"On Circular Chains in the Alps," by M. A. FAYÈRE.

"On the Contents of Three Square Yards of Triassic Drift," by C. MOORE.—From the extraordinary series of organic remains exhibited to the Section by the author, and from the importance attaching to some of them, the reading of this paper excited considerable interest. The author stated that several years ago he suspected the presence of triassic remains among the above town, from accidentally finding a single block of stone on a roadside heap of carboniferous limestone, containing fish remains of the former age, but that for a long time he was unable to discover it. More recently, when examining some carboniferous limestone quarries near the above town, he observed certain fissures which had subsequently been filled up by a drift of a later age. One of these was about a foot in breadth at the top, but increased to fifteen feet in breadth at the base of the quarry, thirty feet below, at which point teeth and bones of triassic reptiles and fishes were found. Usually these infillings consisted of a material as dense as the limestone itself, and from which any organic remains could only be extracted with difficulty. In another part of the section he was fortunate enough to find a deposit consisting of a coarse friable sand, containing similar remains, and which that this might receive a more careful examination than could be given to it on the spot, the whole of it, consisting of about three tons weight, was carted away to the residence of the author, at Bath, a distance of twenty miles, and which he has since shown under his observation, with the following results: The fish remains, which were the most abundant, were first noticed. Some idea might be formed of their numbers when he stated that of the genus *Acrodon* alone, including two species, he had extracted 45,000 teeth from the three square yards of earth under notice, and that they were even more numerous than these numbers indicated, since he rejected all but the most perfect examples. Teeth of the *Saurichthys* of several species were also abundant; and, next to them, teeth of the *Trilobites*, with occasional spines of the latter genus. Scales of *Gyrogonia* and *Lepidosteus* were also numerous, and teeth showing the presence of several other genera of fishes. With the above were found a number of curious bodies, each of which was surmised by a depressed, cancellated, tooth-like spine or tooth, in some cases with points as sharp as that of a coarse needle; these the author supposed to be spinous scales, belonging to several new species of fish, allied to the *Squalorais*, and that to the same genus were to be referred a number of hair-like spines, with flattened sides, found in the same deposit. There were also present specimens, hitherto supposed to be teeth, and for which Agassiz had created the genus *Ctenophryx*, but which he was rather disposed to consider,—like those previously referred to,—to be the outer scales of fish allied to the *Squalorais*. It was remarked that, as the drift must have been transported from some distance, delicate organisms could scarcely have been expected; but, notwithstanding, it contained some most minute fish-jaws and palates, of which the author had, either perfect or otherwise, 150 examples. These were from a single eighth of an inch in length, and within this small compass he possessed specimens with from thirty to forty teeth; and in one palate he had succeeded in reckoning as many as seventy-four teeth in position, and there were spaces where sixteen more

had disappeared, so that, in this tiny specimen, there were ninety teeth! Of the order Reptilia there were probably eight or nine genera, consisting of detached teeth, scutes, vertebrae, and ribs, and articulated bones. Amongst these he had found the flat crushing teeth of the *Placodus*: a discovery of interest, for hitherto this reptile had only been found in the Muschelkalk of Germany,—a zone of rocks hitherto wanting in this country, but which, in its Fauna, was represented by the above reptile. But by far the most important remains in the deposit were indications of the existence of triassic mammals. Two little teeth of the *Microlestes* had, some years before, been found in Germany, and were the only traces of this high order in beds older than the Stonesfield slate. The author's minute researches had brought to light fifteen molar teeth, either identical with, or allied to, the *Microlestes*, and also five incisor teeth, evidently belonging to more than one species. A very small double-fanged tooth, not unlike the colt's *Spalacotherium*, proved the presence of another genus and a fragment of a tooth, consisting of a single fang, with a small portion of the crown attached, a third genus, larger in size than the *Microlestes*. Three vertebrae, belonging to an animal smaller than any existing mammal, had also been found. The author inferred that, if twenty-five teeth and vertebrae, belonging to three or four genera of Mammalia, were to be found within the space occupied by three square yards of earth, that portion of the globe which was then dry land, and from whence the material was in part derived, was probably inhabited at this early period of its history by many genera of Mammalia, and would serve to encourage a hope that this family might yet be found in beds of even a more remote age.

A discussion followed, in which Sir C. LYELL, Prof. SEDGWICK, Dr. H. FALCONER, and others took part, when the importance of the author's discovery was recognised.

'On the Osseous Cavities of Tenby,' by the Rev. G. N. SMITH.

MONDAY.

'On the Igneous Rocks interstratified with the Carboniferous Limestones of the Basin of Limerick,' by Prof. J. J. JONES.

'On the Stratigraphical Position of certain Species of Corals in the Lias,' by the Rev. P. B. BODDIE.

'On some Reptilian Foot-prints from the New Red Sandstone North of Wolverhampton,' by the Rev. W. LISTER.

'On the Effects of long-continued Heat—shown in the Iron Furnaces of the West of Yorkshire,' by the Rev. W. V. HARCOURT.

'On some Phenomena of Metamorphism in Coal in the United States,' by Prof. ROGERS.

TUESDAY.

'On the Geology of the Vicinity of the Neighbourhood of Cambridge, and the Fossils of the Upper Green Sand,' by Prof. SEDGWICK.

'Some Observations upon the Geological Features of the Volcanic Island of St. Paul, in the South Indian Ocean, illustrated by a Model in Relief of the Island, made by Capt. Cynby, of the Austrian Artillery,' by Prof. F. von HUCHTSMITH.

'Remarks on the Geology of New Zealand, illustrated by Geological Maps, Drawings, and Photographs,' by Prof. F. von HUCHTSMITH.

'On some Transformations of Iron Pyrites in connection with Fossil Remains,' by A. GARDNER.

'Remarks on Fossil Fish from the North Staffordshire Coal Fields,' by W. MURPHY.

'On the Old Red Sandstone and its Fossil Fish in Forfarshire, with an Account of the Fish by Sir P. Egerton,' communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, by W. FOWLER.

'On a New Form of Ichthyolite discovered by Mr. Peach,' by Sir P. EGERTON.

'On Two Newly-discovered Caves in Sicily containing Worked Flint,' by Baron F. ANCA.

'On the Six-inch Maps of the Geological Survey,' by E. HULL.

'On the Selection of a Peculiar Geological Habitat by some of the rarer British Plants,' by the Rev. W. STMONDS.

'On the Koh-i-Noor previous to its Cutting,' by the Rev. W. MITCHELL and Prof. TENNANT.

'On a Recent Volcanic Eruption in Iceland,' by Dr. W. S. JENSEN.

'Details respecting a Nail found in Kingdome Quarry,' by Sir D. BREWSTER.

'On the Tyndale Coalfield and Whinall,' by J. A. KNIFE.

'On Silkenies,' by J. PRICE.

'Notes on the Geology of Capt. Palliser's Route across the Rocky Mountains,' by Dr. HERTON.

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY, INCLUDING PHYSIOLOGY.

NATURAL.

A report from Dr. Kinnahan, 'On the Results of Dredging in Dublin Bay,' was communicated to the Section through Mr. M'ANDREW.

Mr. WESTWOOD gave an account of an insect which, on account of an anomalous character, had been referred to three different groups of the order Insecta.

Dr. DAUBENT invited the Members to visit an experimental garden under his superintendence in the neighbourhood of Oxford.

Dr. R. TAYLOR read a Report from the General Dredging Committee, and laid on the table a set of blank forms which had been printed by the Committee for the purpose of being filled up by those who were engaged in dredging.

Dr. LANKESTER called attention to the completion of the first part of Mr. Blackwall's work on British Spiders, a copy of which he placed on the table. The work contains twelve colour plates, and is one of the most complete monographs hitherto published of the class of animals to which it is devoted. It forms the Ray Society's volume for 1859.

Dr. COLLINGWOOD read a paper 'On Recurrent Animal Form, and its Significance in Systematic Zoology.' The object of this paper was to call attention to the frequent recurrence of similar forms in widely-separated groups of the animal kingdom; similarities, therefore, which were unaccounted for by homologies of internal structure. These analogies of form had greatly influenced the progress of classification, by attracting the attention of systematists while as yet structural homologies were imperfectly understood; and, as a consequence, many groups of animals had been temporarily located in a false position, such as bats and whales by the ancients, and the Polyzoa and Foraminifera in more modern times. These resemblances in form were illustrated generally by the classes of Vertebrata, and more especially by the various orders of Mammalia,—the Invertebrata affording, however, many remarkable examples. Since no principle of gradation of form would sufficiently account for these analogies, the author had endeavoured to discover some other explanation, and had come to the conclusion, that the fact of deviations from typical form being accompanied by modifications of typical habit, afforded the desired clue. Examples of this were given, and the principle deduced, that *agreement of habit and economy in widely-separated groups is accompanied by similarity of form*. This position was argued through simple cases to the more complex, and the conclusion arrived at that, where habits were known, the explanation sufficed; and it was only in the case of animals of low organisation and obscure or unknown habits, that any serious difficulty arose in its application; so that our appreciation of the rationale of their similarity of form was in direct ratio to our knowledge of their habits and modes of life. In conclusion, by a comparison of the Polyzoa with the Polyps, it was shown that the economy of both was nearly identical, although their external characters were widely different, and superficial characters; and this identity of habit was regarded as the explanation of their remarkable similarity of form.

'On the Intellectual Development of Europe, considered with Reference to the Views of Mr. Darwin and others, that the Progression of Organism is determined by Law,' by J. A. P. DAVIS, M.D., of New York.—The object of this paper was to show that the advancement of man in civilization does not occur accidentally or in a fortuitous manner, but is determined by immutable law.

The author introduced his subject by recalling the proof of the dominion of law in the three great lines of the manifestation of every individual, in the successive stages of development,—every individual, from the earliest rudiment to maturity; secondly, in the numerous organic forms now living contemporaneously with us, and constituting the animal series; thirdly, in the orderly appearance of the great succession which in the slow lapse of geological time has emerged, constituted,—in the life of the Earth, showing therefrom not only the evidences, but also proofs of the dominion of law over the world of life. In those three lines of life he established that the general principle is, to differentiate intelligence from instinct. In man himself three distinct instrumental nervous mechanisms exist, and three distinct modes of life are perceptible, the automatic, the instinctive, the intelligent. They occur in an epochal order, from infancy through childhood to the more perfect state. Such holding order for the individual, it was then affirmed that it is physiologically impossible to separate the individual from the race, and that what holds good for the one holds good for the other too; and hence that man is the archetype of society, and individual development the model of social progress; and that both are under the control of immutable law: that a parallel exists between individual and national life in this, that the production, life, and death of an organic particle in the person, answers to the production, life, and death of a person in the nation. Turning from these purely physiological considerations to historical progress, and selecting the only European nation which thus far has offered a complete and completed intellectual life, Prof. Draper showed, that the characteristics of Greek mental development answer perfectly to those of individual life, passing through the same well-marked age periods,—the first terminated by the opening of Egypt to the Ionians; the second, including the Ionian, Pythagorean, and Eleatic philosophies, was ended by the criticisms of the Sophists; the third, embracing the Socratic and Platonic philosophies, was ended by the doubts of the Sceptics; the fourth, terminated by the Macedonian expedition and adorned by the splendid achievements of the Alexandrian school, degenerated into Neoplatonism and imbecility in the fifth, to which the hand of Rome put an end. From the solutions of the four great problems of Greek philosophy, given in each of these five stages of its life, he showed that it is possible to determine the law of the variation of Greek opinion, and to establish its analogy with that of the variations of opinion in individual life. Next, passing to the consideration of Europe in the aggregate, Prof. Draper showed that it had already in part repeated these phases in its intellectual life. Its first period closes with the spread of the power of Republican Rome, the second with the foundation of Constantinople, the third with the Turkish invasion of Europe; we are living in the fourth. Detailed proofs of the correspondence of the periods to those of Greek life, and through them to those of individual life, are given in a work now printing on this subject, by the author, in America. Having established this conclusion, Prof. Draper next briefly alluded to many collateral problems of similar nature. He showed that the advances of man are due to external and not to interior influences, and that in this respect a nation is like a seed, which can only develop when the conditions are favourable, and then only in a definite way; that the time for psychical change corresponds with that for physical, and that a nation cannot advance except its material be suitably touched,—this having been the case throughout all Europe, as is manifested by the diminution of the blue-eyed races thereof; that all organisms and even man are dependent for their characteristics, continuance, and life on the physical conditions under which they live; that the existing apparent inevitability presented by the world's organization is the direct consequence of the physical equilibrium, but that if that should suffer modification, in an instant the fanciful doctrine of the immutability of species would be brought to its proper value. The organic

world appears to be in repose because natural influences have reached an equilibrium. A marble may remain motionless for ever on a level table, but let the table be a little inclined, and the marble will quickly run off; and so it is with organisms in the world. From his work on Physiology, published in 1856, he gave his views in support of the doctrine of the transmutation of species; the transitional forms of the animal and also the human type; the production of new ethereal elements, and death, and the laws of their origin, duration, and decay.

The announcement of this paper attracted an immense audience to the Section, which met this morning in the Library of the New Museum. The discussion was commenced by the Rev. Mr. CARES, who, who denied that any parallel could be drawn between the intellectual progress of man and the physical development of the lower animals. So far from the author being correct with regard to the history of Greece, its masterpieces in literature and allied objects were produced during its national infamy. The theory of intellectual development proposed was directly opposed to the known facts of the history of man.—Sir B. BURNES stated, he could not subscribe to the hypothesis of Mr. DARWIN, and to suppose that it could not be demonstrated to have existed. Man had a power of self-consciousness—a principle differing from anything found in the material world, and he did not see how this could originate in lower organisms. This power of man was identical with the Divine Intelligence; and to suppose that this could originate with matter, involved the absurdity of supposing the source of Divine power dependent on the arrangement of matter.—THE BISHOP OF OXFORD stated that the Darwinian theory, when viewed by the principles of self-consciousness, broke down. The faculty of self-consciousness was the basis of the theory. The permanence of specific forms was a fact confirmed by all observation. The remains of animals, plants, and man found in those earliest records of the human race—the Egyptian catacombs—all spoke of the identity with existing forms, and of the irrevocable tendency of organized beings to assume an unalterable character. The line between man and the lower animals was distinct: there was no tendency on the part of the lower animals to become the self-conscious intelligent beings of man, or in man to lose the high characteristics of his mind and intelligence. All experiments had failed to show any tendency in one animal to assume the form of the other. In the great case of the pigeons quoted by Mr. DARWIN, he admitted that no sooner were these animals set free than they returned to their primitive type. Everywhere sterility attended hybridism, as was seen in the closely allied forms of the horse and the ass. Mr. DARWIN'S conclusions were an hypothesis, raised most unphilosophically to the dignity of a causal theory. He was glad to know that the greatest naturalists of science were opposed to this theory, which he believed to be opposed to the interests of science and humanity.—Prof. HUXLEY defended Mr. DARWIN'S theory from the charge of its being merely an hypothesis. He said, it was an explanation of phenomena in Natural History, as the undulating theory was of the phenomena of light. No one objected to that theory because an undulation of light had never been arrested and measured. DARWIN'S theory was an explanation of facts; and his book was full of facts, all bearing on his theory. Without asserting that every part of the theory had been confirmed, he maintained that it was the best explanation of the origin of species which had yet been offered. With regard to the psychological distinction between man and animals; man himself was once a monkey, and no one and nobody could say at what moment in the history of his development he became consciously intelligent. The question was not so much one of a transmutation or transition of species, as of the production of forms which became permanent. Thus the short-legged sheep of America were produced gradually, but originated in the birth of an original parent of the whole stock, which had been kept up by a rigid system of artificial selection.—Admiral FITZROY regretted the publication

of Mr. DARWIN'S book, and denied Prof. HUXLEY'S statement, that it was a logical arrangement of facts.—Dr. KEALE pointed out some of the difficulties which the Darwinian theory had to deal, more especially those vital tendencies of allied species which seemed independent of all external agents.—Mr. LURBROCK expressed his willingness to accept the Darwinian hypothesis in the absence of any better. He would, however, express his conviction, that there was not an essential element in these changes. Time alone produced no change.—Dr. HOOKER, being called upon by the President to state his views of the botanical aspect of the question, observed, that the Bishop of Oxford having asserted that all the men of science were hostile to Mr. DARWIN'S hypothesis, whereas he himself was favourable to it,—he could not presume to address the audience as a scientific authority. As, however, he had been asked for his opinion, he would briefly give it. In the first place, his Lordship, in his eloquent address, had, as it appeared to him, completely misunderstood Mr. DARWIN'S hypothesis; his Lordship intimated that this maintained the doctrine of the transmutation of existing species one into another, and had confounded this with that of the successive development of species by variation and natural selection. The first of those doctrines was so wholly opposed to the facts, reasonings, and results of Mr. DARWIN'S work, that he could not conceive how any one who had read it could make such a mistake,—the whole book, indeed, being a protest against that doctrine. Then, again, with regard to the persistence of species, he understood his Lordship to affirm that these did not present characters that should lead careful and philosophical naturalists to favour Mr. DARWIN'S views. To this assertion Dr. HOOKER'S experience of the Vegetable Kingdom was diametrically opposed. He considered that one half of the known kinds of plants were disposed in groups, of which the species were connected by varying characters common to all in that group, and sensibly differing in some individuals of each species; so much so that, if each group be likened to a colour, and the species be supposed to stand in the centre of that web, its varying characters might be compared to the radiating and concentric threads, when the other species would be represented by the lines of these; in short, that the varying characteristics of orders, genera, and species amongst plants differed in degree only from those of varieties, and afforded the strongest countenance to Mr. DARWIN'S hypothesis. As regarded his own acceptance of Mr. DARWIN'S views, he expressly disavowed having adopted such a creed. He knew no creeds in scientific matters. He had early begun the study of natural science under the idea that species were original creations; and it should be steadily kept in view that this was merely another hypothesis, which in the abstract was neither more nor less entitled to acceptance than Mr. DARWIN'S: neither was, in the present state of science, capable of demonstration, and each must be tested by its power of explaining the mutual dependence of the phenomena of life. For many years he had held to the old hypothesis, but long ago he had publicly adopted the new, and the progress of botany had, in the interim, developed no new facts that favoured it, but a host of most suggestive objections to it. On the other hand, having fifteen years ago been privately made acquainted with Mr. DARWIN'S views, he had during that period applied these to botanical investigations of all kinds in the most distant parts of the globe, as well as to the study of some of the largest and most different Floras at home. Now, then, that Mr. DARWIN had published it, he had no longer any difficulty in adopting his hypothesis, and that which offers by far the most probable explanation of all the phenomena presented by the classification, distribution, structure, and development of plants in a state of nature and under cultivation; and he should, therefore, continue to use it, as he has, as the best working hypothesis in research, holding himself ready to lay it down should a better be forthcoming, or should the now abandoned doctrine of original creations regain all it had lost in his experience.

MONDAY.

'On the Woody Fibres of Flowering and Cryptogamic Plants,' by Dr. OULIVIE.

Dr. WRIGHT read a paper from Mr. Pries, of Birkbeck's: 'On the Genus *Colletes*.'

Dr. DABNEY gave an account of some experiments he had performed on the subject of Equivocal Generation. He described the apparatus he had employed, and stated that, after passing air through sulphuric acid, he found in the distilled water into which it was introduced, indications of organic life.—Dr. BOWERBANK pointed out two sources of error in the experiments: first, that the bottles used were corked, and, second, that they were covered with linseed-oil.—Dr. OULIVIE had performed a series of experiments of the same kind, but obtained no indications of life.

'On the Acclimatization of Animals, Birds, &c., in the United Kingdom,' by F. T. BUCKLAND.

Mr. WESTWOOD read a communication from Prof. Verhoeff, 'On the Effect of Temperature and Time on the Development of certain Lepidoptera.'—A table was exhibited showing the period at which the larvae of the *Sphinx Ligustri* were hatched. From these tables it appeared that the great proportion of the insects were hatched in the month of July.

Mr. H. T. STATIONER read a paper, 'On some Peculiar Forms amongst the Larvæ of the Micro-Lepidoptera.'

'On the Aspergillus, or Watering-pot Mollusc,' by LOVELL KEYNE.

Prof. J. H. GREENE made some remarks on Embryology, with reference to the constitution of the sub-kingdoms of animals.

'On the Value of Development in Systematic Zoology and Animal Morphology,' by Prof. CARES.—For the purpose of discussing the last paper the Sub-section of Zoology met in the Natural History Section, and Dr. BOLLINGTON, Chairman of the Sub-section, took the chair.—Prof. CARES expressed his conviction that the tendency of systematists at the present day was to overrate the importance of embryological conditions in relation to the classification of animals.—He believed the homologies of organs could be made out without reference to their embryological distinctions.—Prof. HUXLEY maintained that the true homologies of organs, in a large number of cases, could not be made out without reference to embryological conditions, and gave as an instance the fore extremities of the turtle.—A long discussion ensued, in which the CHAIRMAN, Mr. WESTWOOD, Dr. WRIGHT, Prof. GREENE, Mr. LURBROCK, and Dr. OULIVIE took part.

TUESDAY.

D. C. COLLINGWOOD, of Liverpool, read a paper, 'On some New Forms of Nudibranchiate Molluscs, found in the River Mersey.'

Dr. DABNEY stated that Dr. Bowerbank and other gentlemen had examined the jars in which he had performed his experiments on Equivocal Generation. No animal life was to be found, and only a few filaments of fungi. These were probably derived from the source of error pointed out by Dr. Bowerbank, in the cork and linseed-oil.

Mr. F. L. WATLEY read a paper, 'On the Geographical Distribution of Animals.'—The reading of this paper led to another discussion on the origin of species.—Mr. WESTWOOD exhibited a series of specimens of *Unifloris*, showing the close relationship between the forms of Australia and South America. Prof. HUXLEY stated that much stress had been laid upon the statement, that animals changed by domestication, returned to their primitive type when they were allowed to run wild. He did not think it was the case; and it was an assumption that the wild horses of the Pampas and those of America were identical in form with the original wild horse.—Mr. J. CLARKE stated that cultivated tulips had a tendency to run back into the common form of the wild tulip.—Dr. WRIGHT stated that he had tried experiments on the cultivated cabbage, and, although it was rejected, it never assumed the form of the genuine wild plant, *Brassica oleracea*.

Mr. T. M. MANTERS read a paper 'On the Morphology of some Monstrous Forms of Plants.'—The paper was illustrated by a large number of

recent and dried forms of monstrous plants and parts of plants.

Notice of British Well Stirrings, by the Rev. A. HOGAN.—The author exhibited specimens of some remarkable additions not long since made to our British Crustacea. They consisted of two species of *Nephrops* (Fontanus and Kochianus), and the new genus, *Crangonyx*, with its single species *Soldanella* of the *Sydney* Bait. The species have been described and figured in the volume of the *Natural History Review* and *Quarterly Journal of Science* for last year (1859). They are of great interest, as examples of a subterranean Fauna in England, analogous to that long known on the Continent and in America. The first established instance of the occurrence of *Nephrops* in England was Mr. Westwood's discovery at Maidenhead, Berkshire, of a well containing numbers of *N. asquies*. They have, more recently, been obtained from Corsican and Warmian, and also from Ringwood, on the borders of the New Forest, Hampshire. *Crangonyx subterraneus* has occurred at the two latter places, but not at the first named. *Nephrops fontanus* is found at both Corsican and Ringwood, but with a difference in the shape of the mandibles and the posterior pleopods, amounting to a probably distinct variety, if not species. The form of the gnathopoda, or hands, is worthy of attention, being each armed with a movable claw of large size, forming a prehensile organ of great power. *N. fontanus* is also possessed of a small eye, which, I think, distinguishes it in a very marked way from the allied species (of the genus *ammanus*) found on the Continent. Every member of the subterranean Fauna hitherto found has been destitute of eyesight. The movements of *Nephrops*, when kept in captivity, are interesting to observe. As Mr. Hogan states that he has found great difficulty in procuring them alive. The longest period during which even the strongest specimen survived its capture was three weeks. The average temperature of the water in which *Nephrops* and *Crangonyx* are found is about 50° Fahr., and they seem to prosper best in recently-formed wells as freely as in old ones. In no case have any species of this family been found, either in this country or abroad, in open wells or other artificial ones,—pumps, in fact. They are found in the most retired places, but most abundantly towards the end of the autumn. The largest size known among the English species (that of *N. fontanus*) hardly exceeds half an inch. Mr. Hogan hoped that more extended observations would be made in Great Britain on this interesting family of Crustacea, and their economy and structure are as yet very imperfectly known, and an accurate examination would be sure to reward the investigator with results at least as interesting as those already obtained regarding their allies by Continental naturalists.—Mr. Westwood stated that it was curious to find this creature possessing the rudiments of eyes, for, in all other cases where creatures lived in the dark, they had no eyes at all.—Mr. M. ANDREW stated that he had described a species of Crustacea, dredged from a very great depth, that did not possess eyes.

The Rev. Prof. HENSLAW made some remarks on the growth of wheat obtained from mummies. He introduced his observations by reading a letter from Prof. Wartmann, of Geneva, who had recently found that seed might be exposed to a temperature of 195° below zero of Fahrenheit's scale, without losing the power of germination. Prof. Henslaw had himself exposed seeds to the temperature of boiling water, and they germinated. The question of how long seeds would retain their vitality was one of great interest; and a Committee of this Association had reported on the subject, but they had not succeeded in making seeds grow which had been kept more than two centuries. He then showed that all experiments recorded on the growth of mummy wheats were fallacious, and especially noticed the one which had been relied on so much, of the growth of mummy wheat by the Rev. Mr. Topper from seeds supplied him by Sir Gardner Wilkinson. The mummy wheat in this case was known to have been removed in jars that had been used for storing ground wheat. He then

alluded to the raspberry seeds from the stomach of a warrior, found in the neighbourhood of Corfu (Cora), and stated that the old seeds were actually exhibited at the Horticultural Society on the same table with recent ones, so that they might easily have been mixed.

A discussion ensued, in which numerous cases of the supposed antiquity of seeds were given, but, in all cases which could be said to afford experimental proof.

Mr. WESTWOOD read a paper 'On Mummy Beetles.'

Dr. K. P. WRIGHT read the following notes 'On *Troglocypris erisiformis*.—In the summer of 1858, while experimenting with my friend Prof. J. Ray Grosse, of Cork, the marine zoology of the south-west coast of Ireland, I had an opportunity of examining somewhat in detail the structure of that puzzling little annelid animal, called *Troglocypris erisiformis*. The tidal current sets in very strongly from the Atlantic into the narrow entrance between Bere Island and the main land, and carries along with it, in the summer season, whole fleets of oceanic swimming creatures. The number of naked-eyed Medium sized fish, Anemones, and small polyps, which have not witnessed similar phenomena. Various little bays with hollow caverns like the sides of this channel, and in these the water lies very still and quiet; here, too, vast numbers of the ocean swimmers congregate, imparting to the water almost a milky hue, when sometimes changes and presents an appearance as if oil had been cast upon it, owing to the highly prismatic coloring of the various Porceæ, Equisetæ, Cydippæ, &c. A retired corner of this sort is a very paradise to the marine explorer, and such were to us places of very frequent resort. After a little practice, one's eye got so accustomed to the varied kinds of locomotion that distinguished more or less each species, so that when I first perceived *T. erisiformis* swimming swiftly with its very peculiar wriggling movements, small as it was, I perceived it to be a swimming new; and a few seconds served to transfer it to a glass collecting-jar. While the whole body was more or less employed, by successive wriggles, in locomotion, yet it was quite obvious that true locomotion was effected by the undulating series of paddles, or oars; and it was attached on each side of the body. When compared with the graceful floating and umbrella movements of an *Equisetæ*, or the head-long paddle-wheel-like movements of a *Boreæ* or a *Cydippæ*, it could not be truthfully described as graceful; nevertheless, there was something about it very characteristic—something that even seemed to point out its proper natural affinities. One of the little creatures lived in apparently good health with me for about twelve hours, though incarcerated in a small glass jar bobbing about ten inches under water; it would have lived a little longer, but I wanted its tail for examination, and the necessary compression of such an agile and slippery creature between two pieces of thin glass hastened its end. The author then alluded to the papers by Dr. Carpenter and others on this creature, and gave an account of its anatomy, alluding to the presence of cilia on the pharyngeal portion, to the peculiar structure of the central portion of the antenna-like organs, to the tail-like extremity, and the presence thereon of masses of Spermatozoa, and finally expressed his conviction that there could be no doubt as to its being a complete creature, and that its tail is not a zooid form, as hinted by Dr. Carpenter.

SUBSECTION D.—PHYSIOLOGY.

SATURDAY.

'On Saccharine Fermentation in the Bread,' by Dr. GIBB.

'On the Influence of Systematised Exercise on the Expansion of the Chest,' by Mr. MACLAURE.

'On the Structure of the Lepidæ,' by E. GARRE.

MONDAY.

'On the Deglutition of Alimentary Fluids,' by Prof. CORRETT.

'An Experimental Inquiry into the Nature of Sleep,' by A. E. DUBOIS.

'Some Remarks on the Anatomy of the Pottæ of Borneo (*Perodicticus Bennettii*),' by Prof. VAN DER HOEVEN.

'On Sugar and Amyloid Substance in the Animal Economy,' by Dr. M. DONNELL.

TUESDAY.

'Exhibition of Specimens Illustrating the Artificial Production of Bone and Osseous Grabs,' by M. OLIVIER.

'Experiments on Muscular Action from an Electrical point of view,' by Dr. C. R. RADCLIFFE.

'On the Ultimate Arrangement of Nerves in Muscular Tissue,' by Prof. BEALE.

'On the Influence of Oxygen on Animal Bodies,' by Dr. B. W. RICHMONDS.

'On the Physiological Relations of the Colouring Matter of the Bile,' by Dr. THURGOOD.

SECTION E.—GEOGRAPHY AND ETHNOLOGY.

SATURDAY.

'On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in Asia Minor,' by M. PIERRE DE TROCHARD.

'On the Aborigines of the Arctic and Sub-Arctic Regions of North America,' by Dr. RAE.

'On the Course and Results of the British North American Exploring Expedition, under the Command of the Years 1857-58-59,' by Capt. J. PATTERSON.

'On the Tribes comprising the Population of Morocco,' by Lieut. E. SCHLAGINTWEIT.

'On certain Remarkable Deviations in the Stature of Europeans,' by Dr. CILL.

SUNDAY.

'On the Aryan or Indo-Germanic Theory of Races,' by J. CRAWFORD.

'On the Geography of the Proposed Communication between England and America via the Pacific and Indian Oceans,' by Col. S. RAE.

'On a Deep-Sea Pressure Gauge, invented by Henry Johnson,' by the Rev. Dr. BOOTH.

'On the Proposed Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific via British North America,' by Capt. M. H. STANLEY, R.E.

'A New Map of the Interior of the Northern Island of New Zealand, constructed during an Island Journey in 1859,' by Prof. F. VON HORTENSTEIN (Vienna), Geologist of the Austrian North-West Expedition.

'On the Ethnological Boundaries, and their Probable Origin,' by the Rev. Dr. HINKS.—The boundaries in question were Indo-European words, which the author had discovered in Assyrian inscriptions, and by which he believed that he could trace the migration of the ancestors of the Hittites, as distinguished from the Pelagic Greeks from the north of Europe, over the Caucasus, and across the Bosphorus; he believed that this migration was synchronous with that of the Persians, who came with them over the Caucasus, and separated from them afterwards. A branch of them passed into Syria, and were known to the Egyptians as Ithien or Ithien; and the date of this migration is thus determined. It occurred under the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. The first word, which occurred in the Inscriptions, which he pronounced to be obviously Indo-European, was *hittite*, but *hittite* was an animal in the accusative plural. In the inscription on "the great slab or altar" found by Mr. Layard in the N.W. palace at Nimrod, the king says that those animals "alive I took captive." This word Dr. Hinks supposed to correspond to the *hittite* of Classical Greek; but *hittite* was a secondary term for "bull"—the particle of a verb which was itself derived from the primary *hit*. We should thus have a more ancient form of the above word, *hittite*, or *hittite* would be written in the Coptic alphabet *hittite*; and the *h* having been lengthened the short vowel of the root, but of long being certainly *hit*. The word found in the Assyrian inscriptions would be written in the Coptic alphabet *hittite*, being only used in this alphabet as a secondary term. The other word which Dr. Hinks believed to be Indo-European was *hittite*, used as a genitive plural, but certainly not, as was once supposed, the genitive of the Semitic word for "tongue"; as this would be *hittite*. He believed this word to be the *hittite* of Classical Greek. The termination *hittite*, according

species. A remarkable circumstance is, that I am not aware that any bark trees should have been found on the western Cordillera, which separates the valley of Cauca from the Pacific coast, which ridge never attains the elevation of perpetual snow in those latitudes. It only remains for me to state, that the price of good sound Pitagay bark, which had gone down in London to 1s. 8d. per pound, is now as high as 2s. 6d., and some very inferior lots have been sold at 2s. The Almaguer sort, which was entirely neglected two years ago, is now accepted by manufacturers at from 1s. to 1s. 4d. per pound. I make no mention of the Bolivian bark, the most esteemed in commerce, as I am not personally acquainted with that trade.

'Remarks on some of the Races of India and High Asia (in connexion with Casts exhibited),' by M. R. von SCHLIMMIGER.

'Cruise in the Gulf of Po-cheli and Leo-tung (China),' by J. MICKLE.

'Journey in the Yoruba and Nupé Countries,' by D. M. AY, R.N.

SECTION F.—ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.

TUESDAY.

'On Co-operative Societies, their Social and Political Aspect,' by H. FAWCETT.

'On some suggested Schemes of Taxation, and the Difficulties of them,' by W. NEWMARSH.

'On the Economical Results of Military Drill in Popular Schools,' by E. CHADWICK, C.B.

'On Serfdom in Russia,' by Dr. MICHAELSEN.

MONDAY.

'On the Province of the Statistician,' by J. J. FOX.

'On Local Taxation for Local Purposes,' by R. DOWDES.

'Statistics of Schools for neglected Children,' by MISS CARPENTER.

'On Sanitary Drainage of Towns,' by J. FITCHMAN.

TUESDAY.

'On the System of Taxation prevailing in the United States,' by E. JARVIS (Boston, U.S.).

'Some Hints for the Building of Cottages for Agricultural Labourers,' by H. J. KEE PORTER.

'On the Statistics of the Herring Fishery on the British Coast,' by J. M. MITCHELL.

SECTION G.—MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

MONDAY.

'On Rifled Cannon,' by Capt. BLAKELEY.—The writer pointed out that to make an efficient rifled gun, an more was needed than to copy any good small rifle in the number and shape of the grooves, degree of twist, and other details, provided one difficulty was overcome, viz. that of making the barrel strong enough. Taking Sir W. Armstrong's 80-pounder as a standard, Capt. Blakeley gave several examples of large rifled cannon on the model of successful small ones, which had given satisfactory results in every way, except that they had failed after a short time for want of strength. Mr. J. Lawrence, in 1855, rifled a 64-inch gun with three shallow broad grooves, like an Enfield, and fired a lead and zinc ball, like the Enfield. At an elevation of 5°, the range was 2,600 yards—150 more than Sir W. Armstrong's; but the gun burst after about 50 rounds. Mr. Whitworth, after making some excellent small arms and nine-pounders, tried a large gun with 4 inches bore, and fired 9 inches shot; but it burst. He then tried another, 11 inches thick, and it, too, burst. He had, however, since made a stronger cannon, whose success was absolute proof that the one thing wanting in the other was strength. Capt. Blakeley explained his own method of obtaining strength, which consists simply of building up the gun in concentric tubes, each compressing that within it. By this means the strain is diffused throughout the whole thickness of the metal, and the inside is not unduly strained, as in a hollow cylinder made in one piece. As the whole efficacy of the system depended entirely on the careful adjustment of the size of the layers, Capt. Blakeley said he was not astonished that Sir W. Armstrong had lately failed utterly in his attempts to carry it out, because he did not put on the outer layers and rings with any calculated degree of tension; "they

were simply applied with a sufficient difference of diameter to secure effectual shrinkage," to quote his own words at the Institution of Civil Engineers. To show that the late failure by Sir W. Armstrong did not disprove his, Capt. Blakeley's, theory he quoted official reports of a trial of a nine-pounder made by himself in 1855, which showed an endurance sevenfold that of an iron service gun, of one of a larger gun, as well as of an 8-inch gun, from which he laid the weight, 4 cwt., had been fired, and of a 10-inch gun which had discharged bolts weighing 520 lb. Mr. Whitworth's last new 80-pounder was another instance of the successful application of Capt. Blakeley's principle. To quote the words of Sir Whitworth's words, "It was made of homogeneous iron. Upon a tube having an external taper of about one inch, a series of hoops, each about 20 inches long, were forced by hydraulic pressure. Experiments had enabled him to determine accurately what amount of pressure each hoop would bear. All the hoops were put on with the greatest amount of pressure they would withstand without being injured. A second series was forced over those first fixed." This gun was so made at Capt. Blakeley's suggestion. The result of the trial, adopted by Capt. Blakeley cannot be made intelligible without a diagram, but it may be described as a series of grooves of very shallow depth, so arranged as to exert a maximum force in the direction of the rotation of the bullet with a minimum force in a radial or bursting direction. Capt. Blakeley exhibited in the court of the building in which the Section met, a 56-pounder, constructed on his own plans, from which he had thrown shells on Mr. Baxley Bright's system to a distance of 2,760 yards, with only 5° of elevation, which was stated to be a range 200 yards greater than that of Sir W. Armstrong's 80-pounder.

Dr. SCOFFER said, he thought Capt. Blakeley had proved his point, that strength was the important desideratum. He said that a large number of Sir W. Armstrong's large guns had lately burst. Mr. F. GOSWELL agreed with Capt. Blakeley. Sir W. Armstrong's guns that were so often burst were simply cast-iron guns hooped. For small arms, he was of opinion that the Lancaster rifle was very successful. The bullet was of lead, and did not jam, as was sometimes the case with the iron bullet. If a larger gun, 14 inch, were taken place were adopted, he thought that for 100, any gun in the service might be made sufficiently strong.—Mr. DENNIS thought that Capt. Blakeley's method of giving strength was right.

A paper 'On Water Meters' was then read by Mr. D. CHADWICK.—After pointing out the defects in some of the water-meters at present in use, he described the high-pressure piston water-meter of Messrs. Chadwick & Frost, which obviated these defects; but, without a diagram, it would be impossible to make the construction intelligible. Mr. ELLER, Mr. KELL, Mr. SMITH, and the CHURMAN took part in the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, all remarking on the importance of a good and reliable meter for family use, inasmuch as, at present, a very large waste took place in the CHURMAN stating that the inhabitants of Glasgow, owing to the greater supply lately afforded them, had increased their consumption from thirty gallons per day per head to fifty gallons, whilst it seemed generally agreed that twenty gallons was more than sufficient.

'On Suggestions for an Electro-Magnetic Railway Break,' by Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON.

TUESDAY.

'Experiments to determine the Effects of Vibratory Action and Long-continued Chances of Load upon Wrought-Iron Girders,' by W. FAIRBAIN.—The paper was chiefly of a technical character, and detailed the results of a set of experiments having for their object the determining matters with which the public are intimately concerned, viz. the efficacy of girders supporting bridges over which railways are constructed. It was well known that iron, whether in the shape of railway axles or girders, after undergoing for a length of time a continued vibratory or hammering action, assumes a different molecular structure, and though perfectly efficient in the first instance, becomes brittle and no longer capable of sustaining the

loads to which it may be subjected. Mr. Fairbairn stated, that the practical conclusion to which his experiments, so far as they had at present gone, would lead was, that a railway girder bridge would, irrespective of other causes, last a hundred and fifty years.

A paper on 'A Novel Means to lessen the Frightful Loss of Life round our Exposed Coasts by rendering the Element itself an Inert Barrier against the Forces of the Sea, also a Permanent Deep-water Harbour of Refuge by Artificial Bars,' by Admiral TAYLOR, was then read.

Mr. G. F. TRAIN (of Boston, U.S.A.), then read a paper descriptive of 'Street Railways as used in the United States,'—illustrated by a model of a tramway and car, or omnibus capable of conveying sixty persons. In America such a car is drawn by a pair of horses. The tramway is laid in the centre of the street, and the rail is so shallow that it offers no obstruction whatever to carriages crossing it. In wide streets two such tracks are laid down, one for the going and the other for the returning traffic. He stated that in the cities in America the system was in constant use, and was now an absolute necessity there. He saw no difficulty in carrying out the system in our English towns or in London. Where the streets were inclines, an extra horse would be used, and where a street was not wide enough for two tracks he would put down a single track there, and bring the traffic back by a line laid in a parallel street. He had received a concession to bring out his system in Birkenhead, and he hoped by September to be able to show it in operation there. All he required was leave from the authorities in any town to lay down his tram and run his carriages.—A discussion ensued, in which Admiral TAYLOR, Mr. RYLAND, Dr. CARPENTER, Mr. SMITH, Mr. SWANMAN, Mr. LE NICHOL, and the PRESIDENT took part, all agreeing in the very great importance of the system, and that something of the kind must be introduced to enable the traffic of London to be carried on.

'On the Characters and Comparative Value of Gutta Percha and India Rubber employed as Insulators for Submarine Telegraphic Wires,' by M. S. SILVER.—After pointing out some of the mistakes prevalent on the subject of the insulating properties of india-rubber, a comparison was made of the insulating power of india-rubber, gutta-percha, and gutta-percha respectively. Insulation in the case of a submarine cable depends upon two causes or properties of the bodies used:—1. The specific non-conducting power of the substance; 2. Its impermeability, by which the original insulating conditions may be maintained. The insulating power of gutta-percha is very high; but, in the case of a submarine telegraph cable its porosity renders it a very imperfect insulator in practice. India-rubber, on the other hand, possesses the property of having less specific insulating properties (as would appear from experiments made in dry air), is, nevertheless, practically a far more efficient insulator, by reason of its complete impermeability, while in addition it possesses a lower inductive capacity. It was pointed out that impermeability, as an insulating property, is specific to conductivity in an insulator of such cables, and that even if a substance could be found insulating perfectly in dry air, it still might in practice be of questionable utility for submarine lines, owing to its porosity, as was the case with gutta-percha. There was now no difficulty in covering wires with india-rubber.

'On an Atmospheric Washing Machine,' by J. FISHER.—The action of this machine was derived from streams of air forced through the water from below. The author in his paper observed that for effectual use the water must never be of a higher temperature than 140° of Fahrenheit. It was stated that machines on this principle, driven by steam-power, had been for some time past in successful operation for cleaning the soiled lanes at Messrs. Fisher's manufactory at Nottingham.

Grants of Money.

Grants of Money.	£	s.	d.
Phy Observatory Establishment	100	0	0
Photogeological Observations at Kew ..	10	0	0
Tydenall and Ball—Alpine Ascents	10	0	0
London Committee	300	0	0

Brown and Committee—Dip.	30 0 0
Dr. Matthews—Chemical Alloy	30 0 0
Prof. Sullivan—Scholastic of Salt	30 0 0
Prof. Vochler—Constitution of Matter	30 0 0
M. A. Gages—Chemistry of Rocks and Minerals	30 0 0
R. Mallet, Esq.—Earthquake Observations	30 0 0
Committee—Reservations at Paris Days	30 0 0
J. G. Jefferys and Committee—Harvest of Terrestrial and Other Animals	10 0 0
P. Selator and a Committee—Report on Terrestrial Vertebrates of West India	10 0 0
M. Andrews and a Committee—For General Dressing	30 0 0
Dr. Ogilvie and a Committee—Dress of the North and East Coast of Scotland	30 0 0
Dr. J. A. R. Smith, Esq.—and Mr. Robert, Esq.—for the Revision of the Zoological Nomenclature	10 0 0
Prof. Selator—Investigation of Apatite	10 0 0
Dr. J. A. R. Smith, Esq.—and Mr. Robert, Esq.—for the Revision of the Zoological Nomenclature	10 0 0
That Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S., and Mr. Miller be a Committee for the purpose of presenting inquiries as to the effect of Prisons and Disciplines upon the bodily Functions of Prisoners—with Tol. at their disposal for the purpose	30 0 0
Committee for exploring Circumstances	30 0 0
Prof. Thomson—Disasters of Water	10 0 0
Committee on Steamship Performance	150 0 0
That Prof. Phillips be requested to complete his account, before the Manchester meeting, of the Classified Index to the Transactions of the Association, from 1851 to 1859 inclusive; that he be authorized to employ, during this period, an Assistant, and that the sum of £100 be placed at his disposal for the purpose	100 0 0
	1,985 0 0

FINE ARTS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Monday evening last a rather strong gathering of Academicians took place in Trafalgar Square. They met to hear and receive a special Report from the Council on the past history and present prospects of the Institution—settling (1) the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Crown; (2) the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Public; (3) the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Professors of Art.

The Report, which was already in type, was read and received. In due time, we presume, it will be distributed to the world. While waiting for the full Report, with its nine long Appendices, our readers may not be sorry to hear somewhat generally the contents of the document which the Academicians have printed for the satisfaction of the profession and the public.

Our readers already know that on the demand for a new site being met by a certain amount of public criticism, the Academicians, feeling themselves put upon their defence, referred the case to their Council, with instructions to meet the charges made against the Institution in Parliament and in the Press. The Council consisted of Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Charles Barry, Messrs. Crewick, Foley, Hardwick, Knight, Phillip, Smirke, Roberts, and Stanfield. In February these gentlemen agreed to their Report. The draft has since been printed, but only on Monday last was submitted to, and accepted by, the whole body of the Academicians. On Monday next, we are officially informed, there will be another meeting of the Council, when the question of sending copies of the document to the Press will be discussed. We hope the Council will see the wisdom of seeking for the Report the widest publicity at their command. As the Academicians cannot be presumed to need instruction as to their own doings, we conclude that these labours of the Council have been undertaken with a final view to the enlightenment of the general public.

The Report is temperate in tone, and states the facts which stand in favour of the Academy with little or no exaggeration of words. Of course the argument is wholly on one side. In stating the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Crown, the Report declares the Royal Academy to be a personal institution; under His Majesty, under Her Majesty; it is the Institution of "His Majesty's Academy."

In other words, it confesses to be a creature of character. The Royal Academy exists, as is here officially admitted, only on sufferance. The Sovereign can suppress it. It has, in fact, as now stated, no legal life. The building in Trafalgar Square is

not its castle—the Queen's messenger may at any moment turn the members out and close the gates.

Yet, though powerless against the Queen, the Academicians—when describing their Relation to the Public—think their hold of the premises in Trafalgar Square stands good against Parliament. Occupancy has given them a moral, if not a legal, right. Their predecessors, they allow, took a different view; when they refused to insure the premises in Somerset House, on the express ground that they did not consider the rooms their own.

The section on the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Professors of Art is longer and more carefully reasoned. Whether it will satisfy the profession remains to be seen. On the wisdom of maintaining the number of Academicians at forty we fully concur with the Council. But who desires to change the number? The really important question is—what about the Associates? This is the point most of all interesting to the thousand and one outside artists. Not one word appears on this exciting topic!

The Report says a great deal that is true about the Academy's Schools, its payments in charity, its general desire to do right. At the same time it confesses to a vast amount of unpopularity in Parliament, among the public, and in the artistic world. It is unpopularity which it tries to explain on the general ground of the immaturity of all human institutions, the envy which pursues success, and the bitterness of disappointed men.

FIVE ART GOSPEL.—A movement is on foot for raising a monument to the memory of the late Augustus Welby Pugin; and we are glad to hear that it is taking so practical and useful a form as to enable many to join in it who would, perhaps, not feel bound to help if the object were only a stained-glass window or a statue. The memory of one who, though singularly gifted, enthusiastic and energetic, nevertheless failed to leave behind him any work which can fairly be pronounced a great work of Art for all time. Pugin died young; but the deed for which he really deserves credit is the stimulus he has given to more than his long life. He was the writer of some of the best architectural sculpture, and painting. It is right, therefore, that any scheme the object of which is to preserve and do honour to his memory before men should be the more anxious to give the proposition now assumed—namely, of a Travelling Studentship, generally analogous to those of the Royal Academy, but tenable only for travels in the United Kingdom, and for drawing its mediæval antiquities. This is the thing above all others to which young students of architecture ought to give their attention,—and, as far as we are able to judge from architectural exhibitions, just the point to which they seldom do attend. If there were a more earnest study of ancient architecture, we should have fewer blunders and fewer absurdities than now. It is a common study the older the gentlemen are; it is notorious that they never do so at all. Such a memorial as that proposed Pugin himself, we cannot doubt, would most approve; for he was ever earnest and willing to assist others in life, and could not but rejoice that his memory should also be serviceable to men, in aiding the study he most delighted in. It is one, moreover, which may be joined in by all lovers of our ancient architecture, however diverse may be the degrees of their estimates of the works of Pugin himself.

Several drinking-fountains of unusually good design have been quite recently erected in London. One in particular, which is worthy of remark, has been placed opposite Coventry House, in the Green Park, another in Moor Street, Seven Dials. By the way, there is one of peculiarly hideous character in the City of London.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans publish a series of twelve prints, enlarged from the original drawings by Mr. John Leech, of "Mr. Briggs and his Doings (Fishing)," from Punch. These are enlarged by the process employed by the "Electro-Hock Printing Company;" and, as regards the style, the humour and skill of the originals, they are most admirable. But a few divergences can be traced, as in the inimitable background where Mr. Briggs

is "barked at" by the jack, which is, comparatively speaking, a failure, from want of tone and intensity of shade. Of this shortcoming we observe several instances, and we trust to see future specimens of the process remedying this. In all other respects, nothing could be more surprising—absolutely astonishing, indeed—than the fact, that the actual lines, line for line and stroke for stroke, of the original drawings are reproduced, as we ourselves tested under a powerful lens, so that a real fac-simile in every respect excepting size, and that can be determined at will, we are informed—is presented to us. Probably, the failure we have above referred to may be due to some matter connected with the printing, and be quite independent of the process itself. The drawings themselves are coloured extremely lightly, and of their humour and delightful fidelity to nature a volume might be written.

On the 57th ult. thirty water-colour drawings by Mr. R. Doyle were sold at Messrs. Foster's, Pall Mall. These charming and most comical works were in a different style from that to which the public are accustomed from this humorist. They were water-colour in the proper sense of the word,—forcible, careful sketches. One of them, styled "The Dragon's Bride,"—we should state that, for the moment, we are reminded of fairy lore, or the grim giant stories of the Scandinavian peoples,—showed the green, long-jawed monster seated at table, in a room of a lofty tower, *à-la-vie* to his bride; and hastily devouring his share and hers also of the nuptial feast, while she, poor thing! sat all smothered on the other side of the table, sadly contemplating her fate. There was a sort of fun in the Dragon's eye, which leads the observer to think, or rather to hope, that he may be at least a prince in disguise. This sold for £1. 5s. The look of complete loneliness given by the room being empty, and the dragon alone, was very fine.—"The Elves and the Wild Horse," a most spirited and vigorous drawing, sold for 4l. 4s.—"The Old Witch Driving her Young Dragons to Market," remained unsold, but was an inexpressible comic design,—gives an old elf-looking dame, with a steeple-bald, flourishing her enormous broomstick, and striding wearily along by the side of a moon-lit lake, driving before her a flock of young dragons, who, infernal goings that they were, dodged and shifted from side to side, and hissed and spat venomously. There was more fun in this little work, because the feeling for moonlight effect was given most impressively. A similar design, styled "The Pota,"—a girl nursing a couple of young dragonlets,—sold for 2l. 12s. 6d. The Princess whose husband was changed into a frog, was quaint and, poetically funny to a high degree. The old witch coming out, "Broomstick stop the way," remained unsold. It was infinitely characteristic. There had evidently been a witch's sabbath held in the house, by the porch of which we stand. An old woman is coming down the street, and the dragon, a grumpy-toned page holds by its handle the dame's broomstick, which "stops the way" for the like equipages of the other revellers.—"Smoke," showing a long-legged black demon coming in a vast arch out of a chimney, and spreading out his arms as he grew longer, fetched 2l. 5s.—The remainder of these exquisite drawings displayed the admirable powers of observation which have made the name of the artist so pleasant in men's ears.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

EXETER HALL.—G. W. MARTIN'S PRIZE GLEES, 1859. FRIDAY EVENING, July 29. Eight o'clock.—Vocalists, Mr. Miss Barrett—Trotter, in 12. 6d. and Mr. Addison, Handel & Lucia, Mr. Robert Street, Grouse, Bells & Co. Will, Robert Street, in 12. 6d.

FRENCH PALACE.—Evening Entertainment. The last Week but Two.—Mlle. DELPHINE FIK, M. PAUL DEYAN, and others. Ball, at 10 o'clock. Tickets, 1s. 6d. Private Boxes from Two Guineas.—Commence at Eight o'clock.

CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.—*Brass Banda*.—Yet another peculiar and interesting celebration—hardly possible to be more so—was held at the Crystal Palace—was, on Tuesday, held at the Crystal Palace. This was a brass-band contest. The readers of the *Athenæum* do not require now to be

informed how or whence the squadron of ninety small orchestras of "harmony-music," as the Germans have it, were collected—all of them centres of pleasure in remote and laborious places—all of them telling a story, the very alphabet of which was hardly in being, when this Journal first took music in hand.—Some of the bands were little superior to those of our bazaar-and unwashed cousins-Germans, against whom Prof. Babbage and other studious Londoners are fond of getting veridical police-courts—others have arrived at a standard of excellence and an individual dexterity among the players that took us by surprise. With such a force united to that of our past-singers magnificent results might be achieved, and this mainly among a class of persons whom so many half-instructed travellers (even mocked to credit everything foreign at the cost of every home-wary) have been used to condemn as without sympathies or capacities for Art.

Here, no less than in the case of the late French gathering, the sight is worth a descriptive word. The contest of the separate band bands, which began in the grey of the morning and lasted through the too-grey of the noon till the grey of the brighting July night, was commenced in the open air, where, on sundry platforms, the lyric folk who competed for prizes lay away as lustily as they could.—It is not difficult to "catch the wind" betwixt a pair of such contending parties; the effect resembling nothing so much as that of a farce which Prof. Mochelous was fond of describing, by playing impressions gathered betwixt two Vienna ball-rooms, where minstrel, waltz, and quadrille *split into*—others have arrived at a united in the far-famed triple rift, *flâne* of 'Don Juan.' These unorchestrated combinations, however, were only for listeners, not for the judges.—The former had other sources of amusement. Tents belonging to the amusements and instrument-makers, in which every description of musical contrivance, knotted with crooks, and studded with plugs and keys, were temptingly laid out.—Then one of the skilful and worthy Distin family was to be seen making his way among the longing competitors, with a gigantic prize, contra-bass horn round and round him, not unlike a snake, and a characteristic in white mantle,—from which every sound and scale that Music can want seemed to come as easily as though the Behemoth had been a mere fish. Certain among the lookers-on, who have lively fancies for colour and dress, must have been comforted by seeing how among Englishmen a portion of variety seems superseding the recent Quakerish formality which made monotony conspicuous, and which, since the days of Goldsmith's "bloom-coloured suit," has spilt for the eye English gatherings. A considerable amount of uniform, no matter what the fancy, broke up the field of black cloth: such variegation being expressly relishing on a day so grim and chilly as to-morrow.—The night was new, pleasant, and with promise in it.

To speak of what the fourscore and ten brass bands transmitted, separately is to discourse unprofitable. When only half of them were united in the Handel Orchestra, the volume of sound produced was gigantic and glorious. There they played, in combination, 'Hail Britannia,' the 'Maiden,' 'Hail-Brigade,' Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,'—taken for too quick, but covered—Haydn's choron, 'The Heavens are telling,' and 'God save the Queen,'—the last with force and fire enough to bring down the walls of any recalcitrant *Jericho*. The correctness of intonation in such a vast body of rough instruments, collected from fifty places in twenty cities, was most creditable: it was better knit together, too, as regarded tempo and attack than could have been hoped for. Come what will of the prizes, of the festival, of the financial results belonging to this brass-band contest, there is in it an air, on the streets, of a social and musical success that cannot be over-estimated. The composers might be proud to act to work. Why not, as we said last year, write expressly, exclusively, for such celebrations as these? Wherefore rely on arrangements of flaccid opera tunes! on transformations of sacred music written for choral execution! by Messrs. Meyerbeer, Wagner, &c. (expressly composed for brass instruments (with judicious music), ought to light the way to managers and musicians.

CONCERTS.—Still no immediate end of concerts! though a lull in the music-tide is apparently setting in; and many of the societies have wound up their proceedings for the season. Yesterday week an agreeable *Motette* was given by *Singer-Peter*. His *violinists* is now among our established orchestral institutions; and from being unknown, he has played his way up to his position in a short time. He wants a little more tone; but his execution is highly finished and brilliant, and his style, the genuine good style of Italy, belonging to a period when the agonisers and vibrators had not set their pernicious fashions. The music was generally good.—Mr. Santley was singing particularly well. Mr. Pacey, too, deserves a note of praise, as one who may be of great progress. He sings French better than most Englishmen, have done; but he need not take Martin's 'Fleur d'Amour' (which, alas, is better with a *contralto* than a *man* voice) at so slow a tempo.

The Russian music, introduced, we must say, in a poorly managed manner by *Prince de Galitzin*, is beyond question making a sensation here. He has no common animating power and decision as a conductor. That which he introduces is too new and national not to interest all who delight to break through the circle of affected purism in connoisseurs. The genuine good style of Italy, belonging to a particularly striking by those to whom, whether from travel or from reading, the characteristics of the Greek rites and the semi-Oriental splendours of their temples for worship are known. A 'Pater-noster,' chanted in a manner different from any other chanting we know, consisting largely of recitation literally without accent,—commenced and closed with a few rich chorals,—must sound solemn and mystical to no common degree in its own place.—Among secular music is to be specified a *brunette* by Glinka, exceedingly well sung by the Russian Chorus, and unusually successful, as a song alike so tunable and unborrowed deserved to be.

This week has included the benefit-concerts of *Miss Lancelotti* and *Miss Eleanor Ward*, the last Opera Concert at the Crystal Palace, and the first of three, by *Mr. Boffi*, at the Surrey Theatre, where the *Chorus* is unusually successful, as a song of a part of the audience to Mr. Sims Reeves, on his declining, in place of an *encore*, to sing that vulgar and tearing scene, 'The Death of Nelson,' which was not in the programme. Really, it is time to leave home, that a musical artist should be treated cradly like the person who tumbles at Christmas; and from whom 'Hot Odell's' may be claimed at any moment, by the *George Barnwell* in the sixpenny gallery.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—In his progression address — are beginning his supplementary opera season of cheap performances.—Mr. E. T. Smith promises a better band and chorus for next season, states that for English opera this autumn, *Maiden*, *Pajetta* and *Pajetta*, *Maiden*, *Sims Reeves* and *Sims Reeves* engaged; and ratifies the rumour which announced that among the operas produced at *Herr Meijer's Theatre* will be 'Robin Hood,' by Messrs. Macfarlane and Oxenford, and 'The Amber Witch,' by Messrs. Wallace and Henry P. Chorley.—*Maiden* Calais in London, and is announced to sing this evening in 'La Fugina del Reggimento.'

Continental tourists may like to know that on the 22nd a musical festival will take place at Namur. The principal work to be presented there is Haydn's 'Requiem.' A singing festival is to be held at Coburg, beginning on the 22nd.—The Middle Rhine Festival will be, or has been, this month at Mayence. Handel's 'Samson' and a selection (Glück once more) from 'Alceste' are among the principal features in the programme.—A musical meeting of some sort is to be announced for Amsterdam on the 9th of August and subsequent days. The novelties promised are the 'Lorely,' *Canzato*, by Herr Hiller, 'Elijah,' by Casen (what can this be), overture and choruses of 'Lucifer,' by Myhrer van Eijken, and a new *Singspiel* by Myhrer van Eijken.

Among other notices postponed last week, was a word to the credit of the very agreeable *Conversations* given by the Musical Society as

the close of their entertainments for the season.—Nor must the presentation of the testimonial to Mr. Cipriani Potter, in commemoration of his retirement from the *Royal Academy of Music*, be overlooked. Whatever has been said in this journal concerning that establishment at every house, its possibilities for the future, has nothing to do with the private worth and musical merits of certain professors belonging to it, who, under a wiser dispensation, might have produced much better results.—Thus it is pleasurable a man and so sound a musician as Mr. Potter has proved himself to be, should not withdraw from an active service, which has lasted upwards of forty years, without credit and well-merited recognition.—Anything, even incomplete Art, better than in-gratitude!

The Fitch Committee of the Society of Arts will receive with satisfaction tidings that Russia has allied herself to France in the matter by imposing, as government standard, the national diapason agreed on in Paris; indemnifying, it is added, the artists, who will suffer great expense on the occasion, by a grant of 45,000 francs—1,800*l.* This will hardly, for the moment, be emulated in England, and, notwithstanding, is a significant comment on the practicability of the change. Paris it has been found expedient entirely to rebuild the organ in the opera-house. Who shall answer that these changes, when carried through, are final!

A 'famous tenor,' M. Nissman (whose fame, nevertheless, has not reached English ears), is engaged, according to French journals, at the *Grand Opéra* in Paris.

There appears to be an idea of following up the success of 'Orphée' at the *Théâtre Lyrique* by reviving 'Alceste,' with Madame Visconti as heroine.

M. Offenbach's pretty little theatre, *La Bouffes Parisiens*, in Paris, has been put up to auction. From this it would seem as if the attraction of the entertainment had been too small. Two new theatres, the *Théâtre des Châteaux*, are rising rapidly. Madame Ugalde returns to her old place at the *Opéra Comique*.

Miss Cushman has passed through London on her way to the United States,—in which it is her intention to sing, and, we think, will perform.

Music has just lost a faithful and intelligent follower in Herr Hausmann, the well-known violinist, one of the most estimable members of the profession. He was a native of Hanover, and died at home the other day, aged forty-seven. A Scottish journal announced the recent decease of Herr Droscher, another violinist of some repute, who for many years past has been living in the North.—He was accomplished on other instruments, an obituary notice in the *Edinburgh Daily Courant* leaves us.

MISCELLANEA

The *Edictic Review*.—In reference to the complaint of the 'Author of 'Mary Powell,'' that an article in last month's *Edictic* was wrongly credited to her, we beg to state that, at the moment of going to press with the cover, the compositor inserted the name in error. The article on Zinsendorf was in the same or very similar hand-writing to that on Claremont, and without referring to the Editor, the name was inserted. The mistake occurs only on the cover, and not in the body of the book, or in any of the advertisements that have appeared in the *Athenæum*, or elsewhere. We wrote a letter apologizing for the mistake to the Author of 'Mary Powell,' and the erratum will duly appear in the next number of the *Edictic*.

SEA, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, July 11.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R.—O. G. R.—A. F.—E. P. G.—J. S. G. G.—F. M.—E. H.—J.—L.—noted.

* Correspondents are requested to address all letters which they desire to be published, to The Editor of the *Athenæum*, 25, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

Erratum.—Page 21, col. 2, line 1, for 'E. P. Gray' read 'E. P. Gray'.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

LITERATURE

The Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire, transcribed from Private Manuscripts, Rare Broad-sides, and Scarce Publications; with Notes and a Glossary. By C. J. Davison Ingledew, M.A. (Bell & Daldy.)

For individuals so intimated that if he might only write the ballads of his country, any man or set of men, for aught he cared, might enact its laws, probably thought that he was selecting the easier as well as the more agreeable path of government. If so, he was egregiously mistaken. Despots and constitutional legislators find themselves able to frame laws, or issue decrees, bearing legal force, and to establish a facility; but he can be safely asserted that not one of the persons in question would have the stuff in him whereby he might throw off a ballad. King Ludwig, of Bavaria, tried his hand at both occupations, and gained small fame in either of them. His laws were poor, but his ballads were detestable. The people who obeyed the one, positively refused to sing the other. The despotic monarch, on the other hand, both with the ferocity of a multitude compelled to read books and submit to ordinances against their inclination. The verse-spinning legislator should have adopted the custom of some ancient nations in the spring-time of their existence. For then the native law-makers composed a code which consisted entirely of ballads; and the pleasure people went about singing the articles of their laws. The despotic and evening parties who warbled canzonets illustrative of the common and the statute law.

Ballads must have preceded the law, or the process of rendering the latter palatable by turning its various tables into popular songs, would scarcely have been thought of. Ballads preceded history, or rather they were the first and only outlines of history. Traditional stories thus descended by grateful and prodigious chants from one generation to another. The very first framers of those stories sang them. It was perhaps the only, certainly the best way, by which they could be remembered. This primitive fashion still exists in country localities. Only remote estates, but in the towns also. Whenever circumstances are favourable, it occurs, there is some darning, or some anonymous bard who throws it into rough rhymes, and renders it provincially immortal. In no place has this been more frequently the case than in Yorkshire. Dr. Ingledew, widely as he roams, and abundantly as he has gathered names, has not been able to find one, and his volume suffers accordingly. To name one place alone, where he might have gathered richly, we should indicate Knaresborough, once famous for its rhymes illustrating local history. At one time, the lovers then in course of wooing, their marriages made or that ought to have been made, made up the greater part of the family history, and the turns and trials of contested elections, used to be stamped on the memory by some mischievous, yet not ill-natured, rhymist. Of these ballads, we have the melody, and the best of them belonged to the first half of the last century. The young medical men in the town happened to be bachelors; but, as bachelors should be, with houses ready for young wives, and ladies prepared to accept the responsibilities of that vocation. All these, under the guise of a description of a horse-race, in which prophetic guesses were made as to the winner, were to figure in a song, which is sometimes now appealed to

Of all country ballads with which we are acquainted, those well-known songs in the Dorsetshire dialect which appeared some thirty years ago, are undoubtedly the most perfect. The writer was a scholar and a gentleman, and while able to give all the elegancies of phraseology to the ballads, he was equally conversant with the history of the people, and the life and history, he had the rare power of refining all he touched, so that what in reality might have been coarse and unattractive became, for the nonce, soft and alluring, without being contrary to nature. Dorsetshire landlads, as a class, were the best in the whole world. The labourers, the most oppressed and the most neglected. The life in many of the crowded cottages will not bear to be even thought of. There is nothing of the poetic element in such a life but in its savageness, its gauntness, its terrible indifference, or its awful despair. It is to the Dorsetshire Dialect that we owe to whom we have alluded took Dorsetshire field and farm life, and made of them the prettiest and the smartest, the wittiest and the most comic songs, that ever were said or sung. Could he have done the same with the labourers, or even the cottagers, he would have made them live on in savagery and undesired; he would have been a magician indeed!

The difference between the dialects of this portion of the old territory of the West Saxons and that of stern Deira is quite startling to him who hears it for the first time. The southern speech is of a soft-syllabled, lazy, languishing character, with now and then a sharp touch in it, which is to the whole what the lemon is to the orange. On the other hand, is the old Beastian, and the recent tongue of the north, insinuating only in the sense that a corkswimmer is so, which is applied sharply to its purpose when there is something to be drawn out, and profit resulting from the process. Tyke, suddenly locating himself at Durwested, would be almost as unintelligible as a Scandinavian in Sicily; while a poor Dorsetshire labourer, begging for a crust of bread, would be understood to be bidden to take the hiss out of his leader's lips by replenishing his inward man,—and a very good lesson in elocution, too.

Dr. Ingledew's collection is not so much illustrative of Yorkshire dialects as of county incidents and town and country life and character. Thus we have some local legends; triumphant odes on victorious racers; old rhyming stories connected with old castles; adventures of roving Yorkshiremen; tricks of Yorkshire horse-toters, and a few love-passages of rather a robust and anti-sentimental, yet not unhealthy, character.

Whether we can take the details of the historical ballads for facts, may perhaps be disputed, seeing that among the company said to be present at the great shooting-match at York, in 1584, are mentioned no less than—

Of Russia—lords of high degree,
This shooting they desire to see,
As if it had been at London.

The subjoined stanza no doubt deals with a fact, and is worth recording:—

Then came from Cumberland archers three,
Best bowmen in the north countrie,
I will tell you their names what they be
Well known to the citie of London.
Walsley many a man dothe knowe,
And Holton how he draweth his bowe,
And Ratcliff's shooting long agoe,
Well knowne to the citie of London.

Yorke, Yorke for my monie:
Of all the citties that ever I see,
For mery pastime and companie,
Except the cittle of London.

Of the three Cumberland bowmen who came to vie with the Yorkists, and uphold the glory of the Earl of that county, we are told that they won—

Two matches clear, ere all was done;
and then—

— Walsley did the upset win,
With both his shafts so near the pin,
You could scarce have put three fingers in
As if it had been in London.

In some cases, the old prose story of the event is better than the ballad by which it is illustrated. Such is the case in the narrative of the dying Roger Wrightson and young Martha Railton. The friends of the former were averse to the match; hence Roger's near fellowship with death:—

"Well, the poor lass, almost dead with sorrow, first sent an orange, but Roger's mother sent it back; yet about three days before his death Martha went. His mother was so civil as to leave her by his bedside, and ordered her daughter Hannah to come away, but she would not. Poor Martha was so kind to him, that she stayed with him all night (although she stayed two hours) yet Hannah would not let her have an opportunity, and so, in a sorrowful manner, she left him. Her book was her constant work Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; and she would oft say to herself, 'Oh! you Hannah! if I had but been a book, I might have been with him Sunday night, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the bell was tolled for him, and upon the first toll, Martha lay by her book, got her mother in her arms, with, 'Oh! dear mother, he's dead, I cannot live.' About three minutes after Thomas Pelly went in and desired her to be more easy. Her mother said, 'No, my dear, he has been dead an hour, in mournful cries and prayers, was fainter and fainter, for about three hours, and seemed to breathe her last; but her mother and another girl of the town thrusted aloud, and so called her back again (as they term it), and, in amazed manner, distorted her face, and she said, 'I am not dead, I am not dead.' Her sister's 'Holy Living and Dying,' stayed her spirit ten or twelve hours longer, and then she died. At last things were brought to this issue, to be buried both in one grave, and the corpse met at the church gate, but Hannah objected against their being buried together, as also she did at her being buried with the grave-digger's wife. She said, 'I will not be buried with the grave-digger's wife, for she has no bribe has to go first to bed. See, being asked why she should be so proud and inhumble, answered, that she said, 'Martha might have taken fairer care, or have been hanged.' But oh, the loud mourning of friends on both sides at the corpse meeting, and the great number of people; wherein first she was decently laid, and then he."

Roger, at least, should have had a stouter heart, such as the hero of another song, capital for its dialect and spirit, and for the touch of real manhood in the last verse :—

Aw'm a weyyer ya knaw, an awf deead,
So aw du all at iver aw can
Ta put away aat o' my beead
The thowts an the aims of a man!
Eight shillin a wick's whol aw arn,
When aw've varry gooid wark an full time,
And aw think it a sorry concern
For a bearty young chap in his prime!

But as maister says things is as well
As they has been, ur ivir can be:
An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
If he'd nobad swop places wi me;
But he's welcome ta a' he can get,
Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
An aw'm nowt bud a smalin ta fret,
Ur ta dream o' yond beurtiful lass!

Aw nivir can call her my wife,
My love aw ad nivir mak known,
Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
Thruws a shadda across o' my awn ;
An aw'm suar when hur heart is at ease,
Thear is sunshine an slugin i' mine,
An misfortunes may come as they pleasea,
But theer nivir can mak me reline.

An aw said as aw thout of her een,
Each brester fur't tear at wur in't;
It's a sin ta be nivr fugeen
Ta yoke hur ta famine an stini;
So aw' I e'en travel forrad thru life,
Like a man thru a desert unknown,
Aw mun ne'er hev a hoam an a wife,
Bud my sorras will all be my awn!

So, as I dwell on agony as an art,
An 'whisper my troubles may be,
They'll be succeeded, my last, of the throat
That we've little trouble to find;
Y'tis a hard on his young one to guard,
With a drag, a mace in his den;
As we cannot but think that his hard—
Nay, worst, it, as we return again!

There is spirit of another sort in 'The
Poncher's Song'; but this is very inferior to
the famous old chant with the burden—

It's my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

the very tune of which has often visited us
with prophecies that would be highly dis-
approved by our next neighbour, who is a
magistrate, and 'preserves.' The morality of
the hare-snarer is, of course, loose; but it is
not worse than the logic of Broughton the
Highwayman, who goes through a rhyming
catalogue of his iniquities as he stands under
York gallows, and winds up with a reference
to home, and the hopes hiccupped to him by a
tippy chap—

Farewell, my wife and children,
To you I do bid adieu,
I never should come to this
That I stand as here with you.
I hope three my Believer
To run the happy home,
Farewell! farewell! farewell! for ever,
Spence Broughton soon will be no more.

There are some volunteer songs in the collection
which bring back honoured names of the
past century, and which have some interest to
the volunteers of this. The spirit of our volun-
teering grandfathers may be seen in this tribute
to leaders, of whom the regimental band
modestly claims—

O take our worst commander,
And to him Cesar was a child,
And so was Alexander

Of such men, no wonder the bard sings as
follows:—

Such men as these will follow thee!
The world, and leave all danger;
Each volunteer is firm and true,
His heart is for a stranger.
Good folks farewell, God bless the king,
With angels cheer'd o'er him;
Now, hark! to Winchester, we'll sing,
And speak about the year.

Fal la la la la.

The *forum* time has gone by; but there are
hence clearer to lend, and not less stout hearts
ready to follow, and poets, no doubt, fitting to
baldade them all for future generations.

*Italy in Transition: Public Scenes and Private
Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated
by Official Documents from the Papal Archives
of the Pontifical Legations.* By William Arthur,
M. A. (New York, Harper Brothers; London,
Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

THE title of this book will sell it; so earnestly
does England's heart burn with unaffected
sympathy for the Italians in their aspirations
after progress. During many long years,—
throughout many movements, rendered fruit-
less by fickleness or fever, or warped by self-
seeking ambition,—let us have been ever so
clear-sighted to faults of character caused by
misgovernment, to peculiarities of tempera-
ment rendering the task of renovation diffi-
cult,—let us have been ever so little satisfied
with the mischievous meddlings of folk bent
on self-illustration, rather than eager to assist
a gifted people to find its own strength,—
we English have always kept a first place in
our affections for the lovely land of Italy: our
vexation at the past failures of its people having
been sharp in proportion as anxiety and inter-
est were sincere. To-day, when everything is
brought so near,—when, hour by hour, we
can count the pulsations of foreign events in
our own houses (how different from such a
period of slack and interrupted intelligence as
that, even, of the Peninsular War!),—curiosity

has been kept at fever-heat without chill or
diversion. A volume like this,—be its literary
merits what they may,—aids to maintain it.
Mr. Arthur may not rank among the contribu-
tors to history; but he is a welcome summer-
guest. He would have been more so, but for
his servicable self-references to former books
and adventures. When the themes are Cavour,
and Rissoioli, and Garibaldi, who cares for the
Mission to Mysore! When the talk is of the
Duomo at Milan, or the *Superga* out of Turin,
the talker who says, 'A propos of the Cave-
Temples of Elephanta,' runs a fair chance of
being voted tiresome and irrelevant.

Mr. Arthur is in raptures with the physio-
gnomy of Turin, which he tries off to compare
with London. There he gleaned news in 'the
Vaudois temple' (having himself, we fancy, the
humour for expounding)—also in a hatter's
shop,—'a visit to which,' he pertinently
says, 'is seldom lost time when you want
to gain glimpses of the popular mind.'—Enter-
ing a merchant's office, he catenized and tabu-
lated replies to his questions much after the
fashion of Mr. Sejour. In another house of
business, he 'gave a hint' as to the management
of Italian independence, and got a *knock-down*
rejoinder from a person who had not studied
politics merely underneath the shadow of cur-
ling-tongs and scissors. Hating the Pope as
heartily as *Adem Woodcock* in Scott's 'Abbot',
and having heard that—

"perhaps the women would be frightened, I went
[says Mr. Arthur] into a shop where they were
sitting, and no more. Having bought a trifle, I began
to talk. How they all went off upon the national
topics, like as many alarm clocks trying which
would ring the loudest! 'What a moment for
Italy! What a moment for Turin! What a grand
union! The rest of Italy would soon be with them
too. Italy was to be a nation. England had been
their friend.' After giving them time to effervesce,
I threw in a little cold water in the form of a ques-
tion.—'What they would do if the Pope should
place them all under excommunication! They broke
out again with as much eagerness as ever, and
mingled with a wash of indignation.'—A selection
another shop, which also contained only women,
apparently of a superior class to the former, I began
to speak to the mistress. She was pale, and very
dejected; perhaps a widow lately bereaved, or
more probably, one who had long been struggling
hard for a living. 'I begin,' 'This is a joyful time
in Turin.'—'Yes, for some,' she said, with a sigh.
—'Not for all!' I asked.—'Well, for the men,
yes; but for our poor women!'—'I suppose you are
afraid that the Holy Father will excommunicate
you all?'—'O,' she cried, 'as for that, no'; and,
with rather a pained look, 'I should like to see
it.'—'The reason,' she struck in. They declined
with hearty good-will against the wickedness of such a
threat, and said, if the Pope did it, all the churches
would be forsaken. Several times I reminded
them of the gravity of coming under the censure
of the Holy Father, but always provoked only fresh
indignation. At last they agreed to me, and
asked if I really believed that it would do them
any harm."

In page 60, we find the Mortarati "served
up" as the sequel to a call upon them, paid by
Mr. Arthur;—in page 65, a money-changer's
passing remarks to a customer are put in
evidence.

Milan was seen in the city's robes of high
festival; the illumination of the *Duomo* is pic-
turesquely described. At Como, our author found
the lake-people (in the worst days of Austrian
thralldom a heady and turbulent set, not to be
oppressed without difficulty) on fire with the
glories of the ribaldi. Mr. Arthur (who, by the
way, is a staunch Protestant, after one of the
paler Exeter-Hall patterns) was naturally curious
as to the reception of the Excommunication,
which becones, on the whole, to have "missed

fire." Yet he is more candid than others of his
party, in admitting the deep-rooted hold which
Roman Catholicism still retains. Beyond doubt,
it is still clung to as a religion of comfort and
universal applicability, even by those who
writhe under the tremendous temporal abuses
to which it opens wide the gates. The account
of a Capuchin sermon in the Church of *S. Antonio
Petronio*, at Bologna, is one of the best pas-
sages in his book:—

"At the great Church of *S. Petronio* was the
largest congregation I ever saw to hear a sermon
in a Romish church. Over the pulpit was spread
an awning of canvas to assist the voice, and below
that a heavy sounding-board. The preacher was
a dark Capuchin, who had already during Lent
exhausted much attention. In the very heavy shade
created by awning and sounding-board, nothing
could be seen but the yellowish oval of his face,
above the thick black beard which hung down
undistinguished in the general gloom. The only
other point visible, beside this oval, was the white
cord round his neck, and as the sermon advanced
they moved. In darkness that little oval was set,
and out of darkness came the deep, rich, plaint
voice, and against a background of darkness the
white waist-cord lay, and the hands were waved.
It was the very thing for Rembrandt to have
painted; and some of his disciples ought to have
been there. He addressed the people by the style
of '*Signori*' ('Gentlemen'), as I had formerly heard
done at Milan; but with this Friar the term
'Gentlemen' came as often as 'Beloved' does
with some preachers at home. He poured out a
torrent of rich sound, modulated with the greatest
skill, and adorned by a manly bearing, and, in the
main, dignified gesture. He was a speaker of very
uncommon power. * * His subject was, 'The
glory of the Priesthood'; and the proposition he
laid down was this, 'The declarations uttered by
the laity are false, imputed, and an impediment
to justice.' He began by saying that he did not
wonder at heretics, and Turks, and atheists,
maligning the Priests; but the shocking thing was,
that it should be done by Catholics. In all ages
and nations, the Priest had been held in sacred
reverence. Among the Jews, among the Greeks,
and among the Romans, the Priest was ever a
public power to whom men looked in all the junctures
that involved the crises of life: the Brahmin
in India, the Mandarin in China, and the Lama
in Tartary, was often treated as a kind of god.
So, from the foundation of the Christian Priest-
hood in all countries, it had been held in lofty
honour. But of late it had become the fashion to
malign it. They were represented as the enemies
of good, the patrons of all evil, obstacles to human
progress, dangerous to liberties and repose, and
even injurious to family life. He undertook to
show that all this was flagrantly unjust. Then
he sat down for a moment, gave the people
time to breathe, and rose and began.
All good, all comfort, all true sciences, all the
lights really accessible to men, had come through
the Priest. In the early age the Church had its
Christos, its Augustines, its Cyrills, and a long
list, which he repeated with the utmost rapidity,
and wonderfully sonorous effect. Now in our
modern day it had its equally illustrious roll
of names, which again he poured out with the same
fluency and force. But what was my astonishment,
in the midst of these names, to hear those of
Lamennais and Gioberti. The Priests had been
the patrons of the arts;—here another list of
artists whom they had made, from Michael
Angelo to Canova. They had been the fathers of
knowledge;—here a long citation of learned and
scientific Priests. They had been the founders of
all charitable institutions;—and here was really
the most eloquent part of his sermon, but one
impossible to repeat from memory. Selecting every
great work in the history of the Church, which had
been done by individual, characterizing it in a
word, he concluded each sentence with, 'This is
the benefit of a Priesthood!'—'Yes, the Priests
were the gifts of life, the lights of the world;

they were the salt of the earth, they were the staff of society, they were the shield of the people, they were the glory of the past, they were the hope of the future." Again he sat down, and gave the people the benefit of a long respite. Rising up, he exclaimed, "But there are last Priests! True: there are last Priests, many of them; but what does that prove? There are bad Christians; but that does not prove that Christianity itself is laid." And so he went on; but this part of his oration was certainly the least effective. Still it was a grand declaration; real eloquence was joined with sentiment and courage; and so far as one could judge, the whole was sustained by perfect honesty. "The people heard well. A few looked as if his reproaches troubled them; some were evidently angry; but the most part seemed just to say, 'He does it very cleverly.' Opposite him sat the Chapter of the Cathedral, a numerous body in rich robes,—some of them fine-looking men, but others of dark and dangerous countenances. His enthusiasm did not appear to carry them along. They seemed more uneasy than elated, and as they retired there was more of anxiety than of any other feeling upon their countenances."

Something that follows regarding Italian church-music is more suspicious. Mr. Arthur writes about it in the *regulation* strain of Eustace and Waldie, and other tourists who know little of that precise art, and who out of a few vague and scenic impressions conjured up a vast amount of enthusiasm in no respect to be accredited. There is nothing at present worse, we venture to aver, in Europe, than the present state of the ritual performances. Mr. Browning's methodical chapel in "Love Lane" (painted with such wonderful repulsive realism in his "Christmas Eve") is a palace of sweet sounds, as compared with many a Roman Church, even when the Pontiff is in presence. The discords of a Michelmas-Day in Rome, even in the Saint's own church, heard ten years ago,—the braying and the whining,—the boys' voices out of tune,—the organs helping matters on with bits from Verdi and other composers no less frivolous,—are among the most vivid and the least pleasing of our recollections of sound.

We will refer the reader to Mr. Arthur's book for the cruelties practised, under the sanction of the Triple Crown, on the people of the Legations,—a hideous subject, the details of which, we fear, are too grimly confirmed by the extracts from the official documents and archives cited in the Appendix. For the testimony gathered by the writer from private sources, we care less. So leading a questioner, and so merciless an expounder, as he displays himself to have been, is pretty sure, from every respondent, to gather that which shall suit him, and shall fortify convictions made up beforehand. The tale, however, whether clad or stripped to the naked skeleton, is a tale to appal all grave and thinking men.

Florence we will not enter under Mr. Arthur's guidance; since this journal has benefited by accounts of the flight of events there no largely as to have no need of such slighter information as he has furnished.—Rome proves a subject as tempting as it is puzzling to one who desires, we believe, to report faithfully that which he has seen, though seen narrowly.

To conclude as we began—this book is well timed: with its political opinions we are disposed to agree—its sympathies are ours; yet the book is a poor book—one only to live because it is timely.

Garibaldi: an Autobiography. Edited by Alexandre Dumas. (Routledge & Co.)
Illustrated Life and Character of Garibaldi. (Ward & Lock.)

Of the two books before us, the first is a purely

melodramatic invention, where Garibaldi is made to speak in his own person, with all the self-conscious airs of a third-rate actor; the other is a rather lumbering, but quieter and more reliable account, with more simplicity and less blue fire, and in all respects better adapted to the ordinary English reader. Both are adorned with portraits, whereof it would be hard to say which is most unlike the original; and the smaller book has a crowd of miserable wood engravings, to help the reader to a better understanding of his subject. Still, these are less offensive than M. Dumas' stilted epigrams and stage starts, and need not be looked at by those whose art-education goes beyond that of the illustrator. But the simple, heroic, unselfish patriot was not the man to be made into the hero of a melodrama; and Dumas has shown himself less of an artist than might have been expected, in thus coupling together a subject and a style so utterly unsuited to each other.

Joseph Garibaldi, the hope of Italy, was born at Nice, July 4th, 1807, according to the 'Illustrated Life'; on July 22nd, 1807, according to M. Dumas, or in 1808, according to a third account; and, as a mere boy, showed many of the daring qualities and generous impulses which have distinguished his manhood. When only thirteen, he saved some companions who were sailing in a small pleasure-boat near the port, and who were caught in a squall which they could not weather. The boy swam out to their assistance, and steered them safe back to land. For his occupation was that of "those who go down to the sea in ships," and his young life was passed in the merchant service—in voyaging to the Levant and Black Sea, on no more specially heroic business than that of obtaining certain commercial advantages for the owners of the vessel. When he was twenty-six years of age, the patriotic conspiracy, of which Mazzini was the wise and centre, broke out; and Garibaldi then took his first step in political life. The treachery of "the Italian Gorgey," Rausorino, put a sudden stop to the present hopes of Young Italy; and Garibaldi saved himself with some difficulty from the wreck of the enterprise of San Juliano. After this, he entered into the service of the Bey of Tunis. "But instead of daring adventures, he only found sloth, empuence, and peculation"; so he sailed for America, and gave his energies to the Republic of Rio Grande. In this section of his history he figures in Dumas' pages as a true and veritable corsair after the Byron pattern—a creature all war and poetry, wrath and tenderness, parading himself and his actions and his feelings with the sickening amount of self-consciousness proper to the sect, but not a trace of which, happily, is to be found in the living man, Joseph Garibaldi. It was during this Brazilian time of wild adventure that he met with Anita, the heroic and devoted wife, whose melancholy death sent such a thrill of pity and indignation through Europe, and who passed her brief married life in sharing her husband's perils and lightening his toils; giving up herself to the cause of Freedom with as much energy and ardour as did he, and dying a sacrifice to the country which he was spared to leave. There is no sadder page to be found in history than that which records the terrible flight of Garibaldi and Anita, and the heroic, patient, and death of one of the noblest women that ever lived. "Give my husband water," were her last words, as she fell back into his arms and died. Such deaths as these are perpetual lessons of greatness to the world. They are never forgotten—never cancelled, and for ages to come help to strengthen the weak and determine the wavering—help to tread down

selfishness, meanness, and cowardice in the heart, and leave the world all the richer by so much good. Garibaldi and Anita seem to belong to an earlier time than ours, to the antique days of simple heroism, when hearts were strong and lives were like a brave man's poems—full of beauty and lofty daring.

In 1848 Garibaldi returned to Europe, to take his Italian part in that mighty Continental revolution which threatened almost every State. How he fought, how he organized powerful armies out of the least promising materials, how he conquered, with scarcely the shadow of a reverse, until the fatal catastrophe came which crushed liberty for the time undisturbed the earth with the best blood of her sons, how he flung himself heart and soul into the cause of Italy, and devoted his life to that cause alone, is matter of history too well-known to need detailing. There are few English hearts that have not taken the career of Garibaldi to themselves, and accepted it in all love and sympathy as the grandest example given them by the age. There is something in his whole life and character specially admirable in our eyes. The immense energy of the man—the practical nature of his life—his heroism, which is never stilted—his courage, which is never rashness—his personal character of unselfishness and simplicity, the child-like trust and love that is in him, the self-control, the quietude of manners, the unflinching activity—in a word, his magnificent masculinity—have won him a higher degree of English popularity than that usually accorded to a foreigner. Others who have come before us in the like cause have failed, either because they were dreamers and impractical, or clever without vital strength, or else honest but crotchety. Garibaldi alone unites all the qualities which, right or wrong, we Anglo-Saxons believe in as absolutely necessary to a perfect man; and for himself personally therefore, as much as for the cause he represents, are our sympathies given and our heartiest prayers offered up. But such a biographer as Dumas—inimitable in his own line—desecrates the grand simplicity of the Italian patriot, and from a hero transforms him into a mountebank, with a dash of the charlatan to aid; destroying all those pure and manly traits which are so inexpressibly delighted in his character, to give him instead the airs of a *petit-maitre* grafted on to the mock heroism of a "carpet knight." Neither is the author of the 'Illustrated Life' happy in his choice of similes when he calls Garibaldi the Italian Washington, unless fire may be compared to snow, painting to marble, and the warm flush of human life, with all its energy and passion, to the cold perfection of the statue-like ideal. No two characters in history are more unlike than Garibaldi and Washington; excepting in the simple fact, that neither is a self-seeker.

As no one can exactly foresee what is yet to come, we refrain from giving the political prophecies of the last-mentioned book; only adding our hopes that they may prove true, and that, what they predict may come, to pass. In the mean time we caution the public against believing in their favorite old romancer, who, when he takes up a serious subject, cannot forsake his former method, and while writing of Joseph Garibaldi employs the same coloured ink and the same-shaped pen, as when he wrote of Joseph Balsano or detailed the wondrous tale of 'Monte Christo.' Romance is not history; and the book of Alexandre Dumas is no exception to the rule.

All Round the Wrekin. By Walter White. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE title of this book does not give a true idea of its contents. The largest portion is occupied by descriptions of the manufactures of the midland counties, derived from visits at various times to Birmingham, Worcester, &c. The "Black Country," though most unlovely to look upon, is, nevertheless, full of interest to those who are desirous of knowing how our little island waxes wealthy, for there the sons of toil make an endless variety of hardware articles, which are exported to the ends of the earth. It is, however, more interesting to see a manufacturing process than to read a description of it; and considering the extremely delicate and complicated nature of mechanical processes, it is evident that an accomplished and skillful literary craftsman may find in conveying a clear idea how whizzing wheels, lathes, steam-hammers, shears, and all manner of cunning automatic contrivances perform their allotted work. Before we enter the "Black Country," let us take a look at a rural scene in Shropshire:—

"Having once looked across from the Longnyrd to the Stiperstones, I now wished to look from the Stiperstones to the Longnyrd, and promised myself no little pleasure in winding down the steep hillsides, and along pathless hill-sides, there being no road. Beginning with the churchyard path, the course lies easterly, towards the heart of Shropshire. 'Ye munna go where hure's a graine,' said a mower, pointing to a woman in the distance, 'ye mun turn to the left.' Trees soon hid the village, and mine was the enjoyment of following a footpath way, now between a sheltering hedge and acre of wavy grain; now across a meadow where the path is half obscured by up-springing grass; now falling, now rising, and so field after field to a deep and sudden plunge into a wooded hollow, where sounds a cheerful mill-rack. When at the foot of the steep path, I saw a sparkling brook dancing along in a stony bed, towards the little mill, and looking northwards, precipitous slopes of wood, offering so slight a retreat, that my desire to explore was stimulated by a desire to escape the heat. This is Marrington Dingle, a place in which to lounge away a summer day, listening to the voice of the water, wandering from one cool nook to another for nearly three miles, enjoying the combined charms of trees, thickets, rocks, and solitude, and the opportunity of studying the strata at Whittier quarry. The scene is not only noticeable for its beauty, but as presenting a characteristic of Shropshire, as may be seen on the Ordnance Map. Here and there a deep and abrupt hollow occurs between the hills, or on the courses of some little stream. Badger Dingle, between Shifnal and Bridgnorth, is a well-known example much resorted to by visitors, but nature having there been largely assisted by art and rhododendrons, it lacks the wild charm of Marrington. Not without reluctance did I emerge into the sunshine, and return to my path, which mounts the eastern side of the Dingle, and thence rises up Ridge Hill reaching an elevation that commands a view far into the western mountain-land. Farther on, at a lone cottage, where I inquired about the way, the old man brought me out a twig of small beer with his answer, saying, 'Ye mun be thirsty such a day as this'; and to my remark concerning the fields of grass still unknown, he replied that 'the hay was all ya backer on the hills.' His directions to 'asked on yander,' enabled me to find the path, which now ran across large open fields, where vigorous oaks stand here and there amid the grain, reminding us that Shropshire is said to contain more oak-trees than any other county in England. There is an aspect of newness about the landscape here, as the farms had been but recently reclaimed; and looking eastwards we can see the end of the cultivation."

This scenery will not move the tourist who loves the highly picturesque to travel round the

Wrekin; for, although an old topographer describes the view from this hill as "delightfully awful," modern travel has enlarged the boundaries of a holiday ramble, and the tourist seeks the "awful" now in other lands. Nevertheless, there is, as we know well, much charming scenery around the Wrekin, though we think Mr. White considerably overrates that which he describes. But his tendency when in the country is to indulge in raptures which sometimes break out in a manner bordering closely on the ridiculous. Describing the scenery from an elevation, from which the eye catches the not uncommon "poody prospect of woodlands, parks, hamlet and hall," he adds, "your admiration will perhaps find voice in a song of thanksgiving. For my part, I had to take out my flageloet and play 'The heavens are telling.'—The heavens are telling, played on a flageloet on the summit of a hill where sound is weak, appears to us, we must say, a strange outpouring of the spirit of admiration; for we have always heard, that great minds are swayed into silence by the majesty and glory of Nature."

From this fair hill-top, and the small-voiced flageloet, to black Birmingham, roaring and throbbing with its mighty types and printing machinery, is a great change; and we think that Mr. White deserves credit for having spent any portion of his vacation in so forbidding a town. Here is its portrait, drawn with great fidelity:—

"Birmingham is a town of extraordinary contrasts: one or two good streets and a pleasant suburb, with an overwhelming mass of ugliness so dingy, black, and squalid in places, that a stranger's heart aches, and his eye grows painfully wet at the sight. 'Smoke darkens the sky and obscures the landscape for miles around, and the dead gloom contrasts strangely with the strong, eager life of the whole neighbourhood. Here are congregated nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, the busiest and most ingenious handicraftsmen that the kingdom produces, and all the contrasts here apparent the greatest is, perhaps, that between the ingenuity and its environment. In miserable workshops, and grimy holes and corners, results of industry are accomplished which seem little less than wonderful. The noise of hammer and file, of stamping-machines, of swift rollers and labouring wheels, and mighty steam-engines, is heard in every quarter but that of Edgbaston, which is the Bayswater of Birmingham; and tall chimneys pouring forth their clouds of blackness, catch the traveller's eye from far. It is for the most part a town of workshops, and you may walk from street to street noting the change of aspect with change of trade. The jewellers' quarter looks clean and respectable; but go among the pearl-button makers, who have been sometimes 'put about' by the introduction of vegetable ivory, and you see loss of cleanliness, and a suspicion of makeshift, while in the quarter where the ring of the anvil must prevail, you look in vain for cleanliness, and find nothing to admire except mechanical contrivances. A grouping of trades is noticeable: in one quarter the reuters of steam-power, with their noisy and heavy operations; in another stampers and piercers, gilt-tye makers, makers of studs, swivels, and sleeve-links; then die-sinkers, lapidaries, rose-engine turners, clock-makers, and clock-makers, a little farther, and there are the makers of coffee-pots, knobs and handles, drum-frams, game-bags, shot-bells, lamps, clock-cases, watch-hands, and so forth, trade after trade in what seems endless variety. You wonder how they all live."

The greater portion of the manufactures mentioned by Mr. White have been frequently described. The new edition of Ure's "Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures," which is nearly completed, contains accounts of the majority of our manufacturing processes.

The latter portion of Mr. White's book is occupied by descriptions of the pottery district and the works, including the manufacture of encaustic tiles, the salt-works at Droitwich, the breweries at Burton-upon-Trent, and an account of a visit to St. Bernard's Abbey, near Cadwallo. This monastic establishment is described at great length, and long conversations are given between the author and the Father Superior and Brother Joseph. These will probably surprise the Superior, should Mr. White's book ever find its way to the Abbey. For, although Mr. White states that when he solicited permission to visit the establishment he gave the monks to understand that he might wish to put his observations in print, it is not clear that the Father Superior understood that his conversation and that of his brother were to be published. Be this as it may, Mr. White's inquiring spirit has turned St. Bernard's Abbey inside out; and the following extract shows that we need not go so far as the Grande Chartreuse to see a rigid monastic establishment:—

"Whatever may have been the state of things in other parts of the abbey, silence was by no means maintained between me and Brother Stephen, as we shall perhaps long remember. Our tongues were in full play. Having made him aware of the motive of my visit, and begged him not to be offended if, to make my meaning clear, I spoke out plainly the thought that was in me, I asked how it was that men living in the nineteenth and not in the twelfth century, should think it decent to revive an institution which, however suitable to the days of a Saint's dry bone would work miracles, seems strangely out of place in an age which puts monkish niceties to shame by its electric telegraph.—'The world has its snares and temptations,' answered Brother Stephen, 'and if we could avoid them by shutting up ourselves from the world the do right thing, and gain merit in the sight of God.'—'Is that a sufficient reason?' It seems to me narrow-minded and selfish, not to say cowardly, for fifty men to shut themselves up as you do for fear of being tempted. True manhood is better shown by overcoming the tempter in open conflict than by making a shield of stone walls.—'You mistake. There is nothing selfish or cowardly in preferring thoughts fixed constantly on heaven to the distractions of the world.' Besides, the sedition is the more immediate way to God's favour.' Which implies that a man living in the world cannot exercise self-control, or expect a fair share of grace. Do you really believe, Brother Stephen, that a man is the fitter for heaven by reason of making himself uncomfortable?'—'Yes, he gets solid virtue by such life, and gains merit.'—'How can that be? Is not a fasting man more likely to be tempted and harassed by visions of beef-steaks than one who eats a rational dinner, and does not feel uncomfortable?' The guest-master smiled and said, 'I never heard of a man being tempted by visions of beef-steaks, but I have heard of a man being tempted by visions of beef-steaks here, for we know that we should not get them. And though fasting is at first a sore trial, it ceases in time to be painful.'—'Where then is the merit?'—'The merit is there all the same. Merit is got by mortification.'—'Do you think that God cares whether you fast or not?'—'No doubt of it. It is meritorious to fast, and gains His favour.'—'What you say seems to me preposterous. If a man does what is right he only does his duty, and there is nothing especially meritorious in doing his duty.'—'It is a good merit, but by sedition the temptations which lead him aside from his duty; and the more temptations are avoided the more merit.'—'Until at last he achieves enough for his own salvation, and may, perhaps, have some to spare for the saving of others, as is told of certain of your saints?'—'Do you really believe that?'—'The Church declares it.'—'But the Church may be wrong.'—'We hold the Church to be infallible.' I felt sorry when the guest-master said this, as it put an end to discussion either from the philosophical or the religious point of view; and was a falling back on that essential characteristic of

Roman Catholics, which, as is said, supersedes reason, and prejudices all matters by the application of irrational dogma. The phenomenon was still a mystery to me; however it was perhaps best to wait patiently for enlightenment, and meanwhile converse on other matters. There was something strangely significant in hearing the guest-master speak of the Prior and Sub-Prior, the Father Master of the Novices, the Infirmary and others, all under the rule of the Father Superior, or Reverend Father, as he is customarily termed. As in the olden time, so now, the Superior's rule, while accorded with Benedictine principles, is absolute; he can appoint whomever he will to the several offices. Brother Stephen had been appointed guest-master six months previously, and might at the Superior's pleasure be deposed and sent to field-work at any moment; and the other functionaries are similarly liable to a trial of their disposition to obedience. They follow the ancient practice of electing their abbot from among their number, and once elected his power is absolute, within the rule and subject to the sanction of the highest authorities of the Order. He may read newspapers, and acquaint himself with worldly distractions, because, being the governor, he must watch over the interests of the community, and in a Protestant country, as Brother Stephen said, more than ordinary vigilance is needed. "It may be that something comes before parliament which will affect us and necessitate measures of protection. The Reverend Father takes measures accordingly. He communicates to us the information which he thinks it desirable we should know, for instance he told us of the war in Italy, and commanded us to pray for peace."—"But why take these precautions when your whole life is spent in achieving merit! Surely if you are so very meritorious in the sight of God, He will take care of you!"—"God may exercise His will by means of human instruments all the same," was the answer, "and we are not to neglect human precautions because we have His favour." The guest-master holds a dispensation which allows him to talk, for otherwise the precept enjoining hospitality upon the brethren would not be obeyed. He is not to be allowed to retire to bed at night, as do the others, but may remain up till nine for the convenience of guests, and lie an hour later in the morning, rising at three instead of two. "It was not always an agreeable duty," he said, "to attend on guests, owing to the foolishness of some and the ignorance of others; but it was the duty appointed him by the Reverend Father, and therefore he did it cheerfully." No introduction is now required, as in former years, which may be taken as a sign either that the monastery feels itself stronger, or that visitors no longer misconduct themselves under its roof."

It is due to this Cistercian brotherhood to state, that though silent they are not idle. Their estates adjoining the Abbey are highly cultivated; the workshops turn out excellent work; they make their own gas; manage and support a reformatory for young Roman Catholic culprits, numbering generally three hundred; and while they do all this, they rise at 2 A.M., and perform seven religious services daily.

Our extracts attest the varied nature of Mr. White's book, which contains matter of interest to every Englishman. His great fault is an over-appreciation and description of small and insignificant matters. What, for example, can be the use, except to fill space, of telling us that "if you lodge at the Royal Oak, you will have the pleasure of seeing the mail arrive, while the stage-coach goes off soberly some minutes later"; and that during an evening stroll he "saw troops of awfully husbandlike come in from the fields, pacing very warily, with rake and scythe on shoulder"—as if husbandmen, rakes and scythes were rare sights in agricultural England.

Marriage in the United States—(Le Mariage aux Etats-Unis.) By Auguste Carlier. (Paris, Hachette & Co.)

No two nations do the same thing in the same manner. We do not make coffee alike, we do not dress alike, the *bijou* au naturel of even courtship is not the best-dressed of London chophones, the Chinaman's cup of tea is a very different thing to that affected by Mrs. Soapsuds, the Turk's *narghile* has but little resemblance to the Irishman's cutty-pipe, and that which seems the best way of loving and marrying to one set of people horribly offends the instincts and moralities of another. In the civilized Christian world there cannot be a greater discrepancy in this last particular than between the French and the Americans. From the first look of love to the last word of marriage there is not a stage of the affair that is conducted in the same way, not a round of the great ladder which is hewn out of the same block. The French girl never leaves her mother's side, unless, indeed, she be brought up in a convent: the American young lady never claims nor would submit to the most ordinary protection of friend or parent. The French girl is married off by her mother without even the semblance of a consultation; suitability of fortune and condition being a much more important matter than any such moonshine as suitability of temper, or the Elective Affinities. An American does her own husband-hunting single-handed; and if she does not quite take the initiative in the moment of proposing, does not hesitate to make her preference undisguised as words would have made it. The French girl's ignorance of real life is profound, faithless, entire: the American girl at eighteen writes on the statistics of seduction and divorce, or walks the hospitals in company with the young students. The same national opposition holds good after marriage. The French wife is free, emancipated, almost irresponsible, a leader of society, a judge and power: the American loses herself when she gains a husband. She is henceforth scarcely a side-ornament where she was lately crown and sceptre both. Young and handsome, she is no sooner married than she is drafted off to the Elderly Section, with whom there is no longer a question of flirtation; and the world which forgave her even grave indiscretions while she was single, will now severely punish the lightest infraction of appearance. It is a curious and an instructive inversion: the French granting to the wife the liberty which the American grants to the maiden; and both so terribly shocked if, by chance, their women change places and cross hands over the code.

Between these two extremes, we English hold our usual middle place. Not so strict with our girls as the French, nor so lax as the Americans; not so liberal of society as the French, nor as the one, nor so rigorously at the other; we think, as a patriotic matter of course, that we have hit on the exact golden mean, and shot our arrow into the very bull's-eye of the question. We say, we give our young ladies sufficient liberty to form their characters, and time and opportunity to know their own minds. We do not marry them off to the first eligible bidder, like so many tender little dories sold, hoodwinked, in the Temple; neither do we suffer them to roam unguided through the husbandless desert, like wild creatures seeking their prey. We make our hands and bonds elastic, and fling the shadow of the broad maternal wing very far; so that, by these wise measures, we secure a race of maidens as perfect in their fearless innocence as our wives are flawless in their crystal purity. Our friends

across the Channel, on the contrary, prefer pretty dolls, in the one case, and matrimonial freebooters in the other; and our cousins to the West hold the best preparation for the fetters of marriage and maternity to consist in a lawless licence, and think protection bondage and prudent counsel mental slavery. Of course—such the other; two extremes it is as justified to itself as we are; for where was ever the nation to be found which was not, in its own esteem, the ultimate sum of morality? The line to the right hand or to the left spoils all the symmetry; the dash of blue or red destroys the whole scale of colour. *La recherche de l'absolu* is always successful in the aggregate; and there lives not a man who does not think his national home the most perfectly organized, and his countrywomen the most charming, the most virtuous, the best brought up of their sex.

M. Carlier thought all this when he took to writing on marriages as brought about in France, England, and (especially) America; giving, of course, the preference by sentiment to his own country, where he finds woman, as wife, mother, and daughter, in far better relations with the Eternal Fitnesses than elsewhere. Perhaps, in what regards her position as a wife, socially and pecuniarily—in what regards the leave and licence to work side by side with men, and the recognition of her equal rights with them—she is more satisfactorily placed in France than here in England, where marriage annihilates her individuality and disposes of her property,—where society does not recognize her need of labour and self-support,—and where she is deprived both of the claim to be helped and of the right to help herself. But the real meaning and effect of these various styles of national marriages cannot be discussed in a paragraph: they have deeper roots and a wider bearing than mere liking; for on their mode and fashion rests the illimitable question of national prosperity as expressed by its population. In France, where marriage is the least of her cares, and almost always from the money point of view,—where an old man, a sickly man, an ugly man, is as acceptable to the girl's mother, who is the real match-maker, provided he has so many francs, as if he were young, hale, handsome,—the population does not increase in proportion to the number of unions, and the children are less robust than they are when born of parents who make marriages from love, and, consequently, choose the best favoured offered to them. Here, then, we have at once a key to many of the problems affecting French, English, and Anglo-American society, and to much of the discrepancy observable in the conduct of their homes and families.

May we not find in the low amount of animal vitality consequent on these loveless marriages the secret of the marvellous docility observable in the Gallic youth, who allow themselves to be married and managed like so many infants, while the bolder lives and more florid loves of the English and Americans produce an offspring which brooks no control, but takes the reins of conduct into its own hands at an early hour!—so complex, so infinite in relation is every human act, whether for the whole or a part, whether for the nation or for the individual. M. Carlier has not touched on this aspect of the marriage question. Indeed, his book is not very satisfactory on any point. In one page he has three mistakes; and at the best his philosophy is but of a scanty and superficial order. Still, the question is always interesting, however slightly handled; even shallow thinkers have a right to their shallow thoughts and feeble utterance—when they do not choke up the path against stronger and better men.

A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas; with Sporting Adventures in the Vale of Cashmere. Edited by "Mountaineer." (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE hunting-grounds of the Himalayas, and of the regions contiguous, have been less thoroughly ransacked than those of South Africa, or even Abyssinia. Indeed, on the great plains which stretch to the verge of Chinese Tartary the crack of the European rifle is seldom heard. The author of this volume took much notice of the Sewalik, and traversing the valley, he took in the usual inspiration of the ride up the crimsoned Mussoorie hill, and all the sumptuous landscape, north and south. From the cool and luxurious sanitary station he had sketched his route; first, to the source of the Ganges, and thence, by way of Koonaur Spit and Ledakh with Kashmere, intending to pass six or seven months outside the limits of civilized life. His retinue, of course, was simple, and his baggage ponderous; since it was necessary for him to be well supplied, even in the cultivated border-lands of India. There was but indifferent amusement until he struck upon Mr. Wilson's tents; but from that point the incidents and adventures of the journey were such as are most fascinating to a sportsman, and very interesting to a traveller. Still the most original portion of the narrative is that descriptive of the Thibetan antelope, the wild yak, and the shalmar. On the road, however, some odd manners were remarked; and, among others, the species of tight-rope performance, which might bring the colour into M. Blondin's cheeks.—

"The rope extended from an eminence on the hill side above the village, over a ravine and down to a green knoll in the fields below, and was drawn as tight as several hundred men with their united strength could effect. They had just finished stretching it when we arrived, and I could scarcely believe a man was actually going to slide down it, any feat appeared so utterly impracticable with any chance of safety. Imagine a rope extended from the top of a rock at least 500 feet high, to a pole some 2,000 feet from its base, and some idea may be formed of the undertaking. A great concourse of people of both sexes were assembled, all in their holiday garb, and the man who was to slide was swinging round at the end of a long plank fixed on an upright pole as a pivot. Every few moments he called some person amongst the crowd by name, and swinging round several times to the individual's honour, received from him a trifling gratuity. He no sooner noticed me than I was included in this category, and being told it was in no way a religious ceremony, I gave him a rupee. When this was over, he was escorted to the eminence above; amidst the loud lamentations of his family, and the discordant music of the village band. With the gleam I saw him; and, as he came, of a sudden on the rope, two individuals loomed fastening something to his legs, which I saw afterwards were bags filled with earth. The spectators, amongst whom I stood, were assembled in groups near the pole to which the lower end of the rope was attached, and I sat patiently watching for the descent. Presently he was let go, and came down several hundred yards with terrible velocity, a stream of smoke following in his wake. As he approached

us, the incline being gradually diminished, his career was less rapid, and became slower and slower towards the end, where the rope being sufficiently near the ground he was taken down, amidst the shouts and congratulations of the villagers."

This is no amusement, but religion. The man is expected, by his race on the rope, to conjure crops out of the soil. Our English sportsman appeared to regard the experiment as much more dangerous than their own conflicts with bears, black or yellow. Indeed, such was their fondness for stalking, that it generally made them forgetful of the picturesque, although the less hardened explorer seems to have been attracted by the glaciers and arches of ice which span the great footings of the Ganges. As to shooting, there is plenty of it in every page,—beaver, leopards, musk-deer, burrell, tahr, and other creatures, slaughtered with remorseless perseverance.—

"The pursuit of these will not indeed bear recital with the thrilling anecdotes of elephant-hunting in Ceylon, or lion-hunting in Africa; but every real sportsman who has had the good fortune to be in the country will bear me out in saying that these hardly yield greater excitement at the time, and certainly not more lasting feelings of pleasure. The hard work of walking up such steep and high hills may take away a great deal of the pleasure from some, but those whose physical powers can make light of this, find as much real enjoyment in stalking a flock of burrell or tahr as in hunting the monarchs of the forest. Nowhere does the stalking yield more excitement; and when it succeeds, there is almost as much satisfaction in making a good shot at the longer distance as of one of these, as in flooring the largest of terrestrial creatures by a scientifically placed bullet at half a dozen paces."

Sportsmen must form their own opinions. The bear in that quarter of the world seems harmless, in comparison with his kindred far off at the base of the Rocky Mountains. As a serious interlude, however, the book contains an admirable and valuable account of the Gurehal Country, by Mr. Wilson himself. Through the northern ranges there is at present but one pass opening into Thibet, and this goes rather over the mountains than through them. The inhabitants of the entire region are characterized by many peculiarities, which were explained to the hunter before he went on his way over the Nela Pass into Koonaur. On this route he enjoyed the novel sensation of encamping on the snowy slopes, and making progress across fields of snow, the accumulations of ages. There was a little ibex-shooting in the more sheltered valleys; but as the road lengthened among the hills beyond the Indus, in the Ledakh provinces, inhabited by Gurehal Tartars, the rifle was pointed more at hawk—now at a wild horse—and then at an avian. What we hasten to the desert plains, where the ramble first saw the footprints of the Thibetan antelope and the wild yak:—

"Having pitched upon a nice place for the camp, I waited for morning in a state of pleasing anticipation. What kind of customers would the yaks look! To judge from the domesticated ones they ought to be among the noisiest of animals. What would they be in reality? Would they charge like the buffalo, or turn out timid? Were they wild or otherwise? On those subjects I knew nothing."

This was something like the sense of discovery.

"Morning dawned on the solitary hills where, for scores of miles in every direction, we most probably the only human beings, and with rifle and gun well cleaned and carefully loaded, we started on what I had been so anxiously looking forward to,—my first hunt after wild yaks. Proceeding up the stream on the bank of which we were encamped, we met a party of nomads, and a few new, and as every fresh portion of ground came within view, fully expecting to see some of the huge beasts, half the day passed and we got to the

head of the valley without having seen one; all was blank, though it was evident they had been there the preceding day. After a little refreshment we ascended the hill on our right, and now looked down into a similar valley, but from the fall of the ground, and the steepness of the slope, could see but little of the bottom from the ridge. After a careful scrutiny of what was within view, without any discovery, we descended the slope, fresh portions of the grassy banks of the stream coming within sight as we went on. There they are at last; four large black objects a couple of miles lower down, and no glass is needed to tell us what they are: there is nothing else in these regions for which they could be mistaken. One of the Tartars intimates by signs, that as the wind is blowing down the valley it will be necessary to go round along the hill-side and stare from below, and tells the interpreter to explain to me that if they get the least scent of us they will be off at once and not stop for miles, which by the bye they had told me twenty times before. We accordingly made the round, and the spot being very favourable, got within range without difficulty. The flat grassy bottom of the valley was not more than sixty yards wide, and the hills rose rather steep on each side. The yaks were quietly grazing near the stream, and I was a little lower down, behind a knoll a short distance up the hill-side; the range not being more than eighty yards. There was little perceptible difference in size, and taking the nearest, I fired at its shoulder. All made a sudden start, the stricken one stumbling forward a few paces, and I gave it the other barrel almost at the same moment. The four rushed across the little stream, and went up the opposite hill side at what appeared to be a trot, but they got over the ground at an astonishing pace for such short-legged, ungainly looking creatures. The wounded one soon lagged behind, and I saw that he was done for. He soon subsided into a walk, and at last lay down, and ere we got up to him he was dead. The two bullets had struck him in the neck and a few inches apart.

And it was a disappointment after all! The yak is not shy, or wary, or savage, or powerful; his skin is nearly hairless in summer, and his skull resembles that of a bullock:—

"I had not an opportunity of seeing whether a yak would charge, but from what I saw of them am inclined to think not so long as there existed a chance of escape; and the open nature of the ground would in almost every case afford this. The most exciting way of hunting them would undoubtedly be on horseback with the spear; but the country they inhabit being so remote, it is not probable this will ever be tried."

Not less disappointed was the sportsman, who seems to possess a faculty of versatile observation, with the beauties of Kashmere, who are particularly sorrow complexioned, he says, and witty because they carry small charcoal-pans under their loose dresses, to warm themselves in winter.

Readers who are not sportsmen will find much to interest them in this volume, which describes in some parts ground not very familiar; it is written with zest, and has been edited with care. Mr. Wilson adds to his love of the chase a quick appreciation of scenery, with good descriptive powers, considerable knowledge of zoology and botany, and a habit of intelligent inquiry, which is among the best qualifications of a sojourner in the wilder regions of the earth. The volume is altogether a pleasant one.

NEW NOVELS.

Artist and Craftsman. (Macmillan & Co.)—This is a tale that may have readers. There are colleagues in it, and colleagues are at a premium in fiction just now. There is a man of the people in it,—a mechanic who carves his own tools, and as the Brindleys and Steadmans did; and the self-made man is a hero precise and encouraging to many a stripling who fancies that he, too, may reach Arcadia if he follows the path which others

have told.—There is a girl of genius, half of Italian origin, who becomes a *prima donna*,—a heroine obviously not despicable in power of exciting interest. Nevertheless, the tale is not a good one: it moves, but not always with a healthy motion. The incidents are not always the best, the characters have some of them a false bloom which belongs to the rouge-pot, not to the fresh air of health and nature. The philosophy hails in its liberality. To speak of the incidents first,—there is a rescue from fire,—there are those who unconsciously unexpected encounters, decline of a life's happiness, the characters never meet with in life, though truth (to quote a new saying) is stranger than fiction.—Next, among the characters figures a group of "navvies," who emulate those delightful *Bockelmann* giants, seduced by the tears, tea, and tracts of the biographer of Capt. Hesley Vismen, and who adore the "singing-bird" (as the Red-Indian Chief called the star of the opera) as delicately and enthusiastically as though they had been so many of the *Beppos*, or *Pippes*, or *Tommases*, who did such frantic things for their favourite actresses, the days when Italian fervour and purpose could only explode in theatrical enthusiasm. The "navvies" party, on the occasion of turning the first soil of a railway job, must be commended to any one who disposed to fancy the above words, and without any reason or scandal against the class "navvy."—But the crowning incident of the book is the one calling for the gravest protest. The craftsman (Mark, the mechanic) falls in love with the artist (Clara, the singer), and carries off her love in return, in despite of all the objections; but he makes it a condition of marrying her, that she is to give up public singing, because it is unwomanly and unworthy of "maid or wife," and after a struggle she does so. The writer forbears to say whether the man and the wife ever again went to opera, concert, or public musical exhibition in which women bear a part.—If they did, they placed themselves under attainder for that Pharisaical hypocrisy which sanctions what is evil for the sake of entertainment, and which perpetuates the existence of a *Pariah* class against whom mainly morality is to be laid to doors, and womanly respectability is its petticoat. Betwixt asceticism (which claims attention and esteem, be it ever so narrow, so long as it is consistent and sincere) and allowance which shall permit the pure, the high-minded, and the intellectual to minister to the pleasures of the senses, every one having poetical taste and temperament, there is no middle course. If the stage be a *Gehenna*, wall up its doors, the sooner the better; if not, let it be raised, by gifted, and brave, and chaste persons encouraging what is gifted, and brave, and chaste in it. There is no need to avert stories—there is none to encourage vile morals among those who frequent it; but if good people are terrified at the idea of good people standing there, they have but one honest course of action—never again to cross the threshold of such a den of iniquity. Whether this unadvised solution of the difficulty has presented itself to our novelist, may be doubted; but since he has made a grace and glory of the dilemma in order to exalt the Craftsman above the Artist-woman, and since his tale, if it have a moral, is levelled against class prejudices, he must bear to hear the other side of the question first propounded. The point has been dwelt on with no humour to dogmatize, whether for or against any sincere conviction, but because it must be increasingly felt (especially in the present transition state of English society) that no preacher or teacher can be too searching in coming to an agreement with himself—nor, till he has come to such agreement, too forbearing from laying down a law which he has not fathomed, and from thumping the cushion over an imperfect exposition of the Gospel.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Rhetoric of Conversation. With Hints especially to Christians on the Use of the Tongue. By G. W. Hervey. Edited by J. W. Jones, M.A. (Bentley).—If Mr. Hervey talks, as he thinks, he might make us envy too deaf. He professes to tell us when we should be Dorian, Lydian, Æolic, or Phrygian in our conversation. Well,

how to do it! Do not hit the teeth with the tongue, or spurt saliva! Avoid ducking your head or whispering.—Is that Doric or Phrygian? Avoid all appearance of palsy.—That surely must be in the Æolian mode. Mr. Hervey's editor, however, is content with the same pattern. He afflicts a page with two brackets in order to venture the remark,—audacious in its originality,—that "due self-respect is not at all inconsistent with modesty." But it is from Mr. Hervey's pen that the following flows: "Reading aside greedily to our stock of ideas." Is all this in the same pattern? He afflicts a page with a line worth reading. After the warnings in the volume, however, it behoves the student of social science never more to commence a conversation in a hall-room by asking of a young lady, all risk and ointment, whether the loveliness in the tribidity of phosphoric acid, puts faith in the modern theory of isomorphism, or is really sure about the parabola described by a projectile discharged in vacuo.

The Handbook of the Civil Service. By Edward Walford, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—Here is the very history of the means to Government. The situations are in search of. It explains the whole system from principles to details. One objection to it may be that it tends to open for the candidate a road rather too royal. The intellectual ground over which the Examiners travel is mapped out with an accuracy suggesting that Mr. Walford is not unwilling to act as "crammer" in general to those young gentlemen who, being otherwise eligible, aim at qualifying themselves by a knowledge of books, globes, and state ledgers, for the public service.

The Denominational Reason Why: giving the Origin, History, and Tenets of the Christian Sects. (Houlston & Wright).—The compiler of this encyclopædia proposes to state, on behalf of all religious sects, the reasons assigned by themselves for their existence, and the forms of worship. By eyeing their own arguments, he avoids the suspicion of partiality. The utility of such a work is obvious. How many stray disputations might discover, from examining these "Reasons Why," that they have been Calvinist, or Basiliens, Antiburghers, or Unitarians, all their lives, and never been wiser! In a general sense, the work is praiseworthy, though we might incline some omissions.

Vathek, a Dramatic Poem; The Dream of the Captive City; and other Poems. By George V. Iyengar. (Hope.)—Mr. Macmahon belongs to that school of young poets of which Mr. P. Percy Jones is the self-directed representative. His 'Vathek,' which is a poetical paraphrase of Beckford's well-known work, displays average power, crumpled down to chaos by a crude, purple and disingenuous comment. While aiming at German metaphysics, it falls into the abyss of English lathos. In the third Act, we are carried first to "Eidola-land" (whatever and wherever that may be), and then into Infinite Space—the latter a groggy and hazy element in which even the boldest of our metaphysicians, or the boldest of our plays, is not thoroughly at home. In the first of these places, we have situations which remind us of a famous scene in 'Faust.' In the second, a very poetical theory is broached by the "Angel of the Universe," who, being again, from the following lines, to have read Bishop Berkeley attentively—

Awon. From out of nothingness they bid arise
Th' ideal substance of a gorgeous world,
All purple with the fresh glow of creation,
And set thereof the altar of burning incense.
VATHEK. And this was thus one moment! A phantom,
A false, transient, visionary shadow,
Substantiated the dream of any shadow!

It is impossible to deal seriously with such gratuitous absurdity—an absurdity which is rendered doubly palpable when those who profess to believe in it are, intellectually, and imaginatively speaking, incompetent to do their theories justice. If Mr. Macmahon considers himself a poet, let him write down what he thinks and feels, and not pry into dangerous mysteries. With a little more study and reflection, he may write good poems—for the volume is in fact, so deficient in thought and purpose, not in imagination and fancy.

Old-fashioned Wit and Humour: in Verse. By William Jackson. (Blackwood.)—This is a small collection of unpretending verses, in which the

humorous element is conspicuous. Witty, in any sense of the word, it is not; but portions of it are not unamusing. It is prefaced by a commendatory letter from the late George Crabbe, whose value as an earnest and painstaking poet is not sufficiently recognized in the days of ambitious doctoredness.

Nathan the Wise: a Dramatic Poem, in Five Acts. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated from the German, with a Biography of Lessing and a Critical Survey of his Position and Writings, by Dr. Adolphus Reick. (Bennett).—We fear the translator of Lessing's rather numerous dramatic poem must content himself with self-appraisement as the result of his labours; since, whereas 'Nathan the Wise' may be profitably read in the original as a study of German, in its English dress the tale becomes occasionally one more tedious than our countryman will like to follow. The preliminary paper summing up the literary services of one whose influence on the mind of artists in Europe has been real and lasting, is sensibly and carefully executed.

History of Graphic Arts. By Jacob Abbott. (Low & Co.)—It may be assumed, we suppose, that Mr. Abbott flings off these biographies with a thorough contempt for criticism. Of his book about English Xmas, therefore, it need only be said that the narrative is tolerably readable, very ragged in its history, and good, or bad, enough for its purpose.

Two additions have been made to Gleig's "School Series," both of which deserve favourable mention. The first is a *Book of Biography*, by the Rev. G. H. Gleig (Longman & Co.) containing brief, but interesting and accurate, biographies of Samuel Crompton, William Herschel, Hugh Miller, George Stephenson, and Philip Beaver. The writer traces the course of each, from small beginnings to great results, in an efficient manner,—with enough of detail to keep the interest, and an unwearying thread of reflection calculated to teach many useful lessons.—*Practical Geometry*, by T. Tate (Longman & Co.), the second of these new works is a remarkable combination of excellence and cheapness,—extensive enough for all practical purposes, and containing many, but several, solutions of useful geometrical problems, together with their applications, and descriptions of the most essential instruments, all placed before the reader with admirable clearness, and illustrated by numerous diagrams; and the cost of the whole not more than 1s.—We have another of Dr. Collie's "Pentecost Classics," called *A Stepping-Stone from the Beginning of Latin Grammar to Caesar* (Longman & Co.), which contains easy Latin extracts for translation, with endless assistance, both to teacher and learner, in the shape of questions for examination, and translations of passages and phrases. The earlier lessons are constructed entirely, word by word and phrase by phrase, just as is required in class; so that the pupil has only to commit the whole to memory, which he may do without understanding the meaning of the words. There is an appendix. We cannot conceive of anything more injurious to masters and boys than to supercede the exercise of their own minds.—Messrs. Cassell & Co. have published a *Handbook of Book-keeping, by Simple and Double Entry*, indicating no improvement upon existing works, but rather the reverse. There is an insufficiency of explanation, and the methods adopted are not the best.—A number of American works have reached us, the first and chief being *Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb*, by W. W. Goodenough, Ph.D. (Trevinck), a complete and satisfactory treatise. In preparing which, the author has been assisted by the works of Madvig, Krüger, Kühner and others. The arrangement is good, the statements clear and precise, and the examples both of general principles and special peculiarities well chosen. As a guide to the writer, it is complete, and an assistance in reading it, this *Syntax* is all that can be desired.—The other American publications are, five volumes of *Harpes's School and Family Series of Reading books*, edited by Marcus Wilson; (Low); very fully illustrated, and containing lessons in *Physic, Natural History, and Ornithology, Zoology, Natural Philosophy, Sacred History*, as well as miscellaneous extracts in prose and verse. Unfortunately, both the text

while the smaller group of soldiers brought up the rear. When ordered to halt, the left-hand rank opened and disclosed a small table, round which stood a number of Austrian officers. One of them advanced a few steps, and said, "Attilio Frosini, your sentence is arrived; it will first be read to you in German, and afterwards explained in Italian." Then, taking up a paper and a small lamp from the table, he read as follows—"Attilio Frosini, you are convicted (?) of having attempted to induce two of our soldiers to desert; you should, therefore, be sentenced to be hanged."—"It is not to be a little!" broke in Attilio—"but as this punishment cannot be inflicted," continued the officer, "it is commuted, and you will be shot instead. Do you understand me?"—"God's will be done!" again said Attilio; but as he spoke his straw hat fell from his hand, and he grasped the priest's sleeve convulsively.

There is but little more of the sad tale to tell. When the drum beat again, the victim was conducted to the spot destined for his execution. The file of soldiers was duly drawn up in front of him. He was ordered to kneel down, and before his eyes were bandaged the priest and he exchanged a few solemn embraces, and a last word of kindness and farewell. "May God reward you!" said the poor lad, fervently; "I commit myself to Him." The next sound which broke the night-silence was the sharp volley which stretched his lifeless on the turf. A few hours afterwards, his body was so carelessly huddled, without form of service, into a shallow grave in the fortress-ditch, that part of one arm was to be seen, some days later, protruding from the ground; and the fortress-jailer, Cotti, who yet bore the same office, "digging up a little rubbish and quicklime thrown upon the spot, to save the poor remains from further desecration. This same man subsequently nailed a small wooden cross against the wall close by the lonely grave, and the place returned to its place when torn down by the Croat soldiers.

So perished one among the many victims of Radetzky's reign of terror in Tuscany; the Tuscan Government being perfectly aware of the excess about to be perpetrated—saying that the "Defect of Frosini" was "a young man named secretly apprised by an Austrian officer of the ill deed the Colonel had in hand, hurried to Florence early on the morning after Frosini's arrest, and laid the whole matter before the Grand-Duke and his ministers, and secured success."

That other such, and perhaps worse, horrors are on record against Col. De Mayer, at Pistoja, the following facts will show, which are mentioned in a note to Padre Marraschini's narrative.

On the 16th of July, 1849, about a fortnight after Frosini's execution, a young man named Sergio Sacconi, the only son of a widowed mother, and one of the volunteers who served bravely in the Tuscan *bersaglieri*, was quietly strolling, at about ten in the evening past the Bishop's palace, when he was arrested in the Frosini tragedy. At the door of the palace stood a sentry armed with a bayonet, whom was Col. De Mayer. Sacconi, as he passed the group, removed the cigar from his lips—"in token of respect," mindful, no doubt, of the deeds of violence done upon several of his countrymen who had chosen thus to be executed rather than to surrender. He had scarcely passed when an officer roughly caught him back, and shooting out some words in German, he and two of the others fell upon the luckless young man, and one of them, with his drawn sword, inflicted such a gash on his head that he fell on the ground bathed in blood. Retrying, however, with strength enough to rise to his feet again, he pressed his handkerchief to the wound and dragged himself painfully along the street, the big gout of blood splashing the flag-stones all the way to his house in Piazza del Duomo. There, after fifty-eight hours of fearful agony, Sergio Sacconi died. He had been assassinated in the public street, while passing by his murderers unarmed, and without giving them a shadow of provocation; and that, too, under the very eyes of their commanding officer! The municipal authorities took no notice of the affair, and were well aware who were the guilty parties, but dared not, of course, venture upon any the smallest remonstrance. Such deeds require neither varnish nor comment at the hands

of the narrator. To make them known is to hold them up to the execration of every civilized community. Well may Pistoja shudder at the remembrance of the Austrian occupation, and thank God that the Grand-Duke's paternal sway is restored. When it is recalled that hundreds of similar savage barbarities committed by Austrian troops, live in the remembrance of this people, and form the wonted subject of their evening talk during the long heart's day *regie* of winter, and the star-strewn summer lounges around cottages and villas and fountains, it is not to be believed that the misallied governments which permit and protect such enormities can ever govern effectively or to good purpose any portion of the Peninsula.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSHP.

Dr. James R. Ballantyne (of the College at Benares), the candidate for the Boden Professorship at Oxford, has received the appointment of Librarian at the East India House, vacant through the death of Mr. H. H. Wilson.

The *fitte* of the Royal Dramatic College will be held to-day (Saturday) at the Crystal Palace, when a whole bevy of public favourites will appear in unusual and most attractive characters—their own. We are glad to hear that Mrs. Austin engaged in preparing for the press a collection of her deceased husband's lectures and papers. In preparing the materials at her disposition, Mrs. Austin will follow out a plan already laid down—though only in part accomplished—by the thoughtful jurist who has passed away. This plan was to publish a new edition of the "Province of Jurisprudence," with considerable additions, which was to have been followed by a second volume, employing the matter collected for the remaining lectures of his course. The design was not completed; but so far as the fragments go, they will be preserved in the form in which Mr. Austin left them. This is not only the most reverential, but the wisest course for the editor to take. The work, if incomplete, will be thoroughly genuine.

Mr. Hawkins has tendered his resignation as Keeper of the Department of Antiquities in the British Museum. Great changes are likely to take place in the administration of the various branches of our antiquarian collections.

The senior officers of the British Museum, by locality, the head and support of the various departments, are making efforts to obtain from the Lords of the Treasury such an arrangement as will place them, as regards salary and holidays, on a footing with gentlemen occupying places in Government offices. With this view they have addressed a memorial to Lord Palmerston and the other Lords. In this document they state:—"That in the year 1857 a new scheme of salaries was arranged by the Trustees of the British Museum, with the concurrence of your Lordships. By this scheme, the second-class assistants began at a salary of 150*l.* a year, and the first-class assistants begin at 210*l.*, and rise to 300*l.* a year: a scale of salaries which, while it constitutes a fair remuneration for persons on entering and during their early years of service, is wholly insufficient for persons who have served in the establishment for a long series of years, and who, in many cases, have families, for whose support, education, and provision they have no means beyond their official salaries. That, in regard to the remuneration of their services under this scale, your memorialists are in a position very inferior to that of gentlemen in at least six of the Government offices: for example—1. In the Public Record and State Paper Offices the salaries of the second and first classes of assistant-generals (corresponding in rank to the assistants in the British Museum) rise respectively from 250*l.* to 400*l.* and from 400*l.* to 600*l.* a year. 2. In the Audit Office, the maximum of the third class is 250*l.*,—while the second and first classes rise respectively from 300*l.* to 350*l.*, and from 400*l.* to 500*l.* a year. 3. In the Admiralty, War Office, and Paymaster-General's Office, the maximum of even the third class is 300*l.*,—while the second and first classes rise respectively from 315*l.* to 500*l.*, and from 520*l.* to 800*l.* a year. 4. In the Stationery Office, the maximum of the

third class is 250*l.*,—while the second and first classes rise respectively from 260*l.* to 300*l.*, and from 375*l.* to 500*l.* a year. That it follows from the above statement, that the highest salary at present attainable by an assistant in the British Museum, after a long stretch of service, is only equal to that of a third-class clerk in the Admiralty, War Office, or Paymaster-General's Office,—while it is considerably inferior to that of a second-class clerk in any of the above-mentioned offices. A reason for this disparity is not obvious. If the Museum, in the office named, were paid and considered in the matter of vacations beyond their value, it follows that the Museum gentlemen are paid and considered less than their value. This would seem to be the opinion of their official superiors. The memorialists state that, on every occasion, when the assistants have thought it expedient to memorialize the Trustees on the subject of the inadequacy of either their salaries or vacations, they have had the unanimous support of all the heads of the departments to which they belong." This interference of the heads of departments it is easy to understand. They do not wish to lose their officers. Between the seniors of the British Museum, and the clerks and letter-carriers, whose case we considered the other day, there is a difference. One clerk is as good as another, and the labour market is open for him to choose. But the senior of the Museum is a highly trained, exceptional man, whose loss might not be supplied from a common market. It is not desirable that he should be left to ascertain his exact value by peripatetic striving after a new and better place. It is, on the contrary, very desirable that he should be attached to the institution by every reasonable courtesy and consideration; so that he may put his heart into it, and look to its efficiency and prosperity as necessary to his own.

Experiments are being made of one port for the Great Eastern in America. She has not sought for Portland; she lies very snugly alongside the wharves in New York; so near, indeed, as to constitute a free exhibition to the idlers of that city. The fact was no impediment to her entry; docks for cargo need not be made.

The Bodleian Library has recently received an important accession of manuscripts—no less than the entire Ashmolean collection, which has been removed into the larger and more appropriate locality. The Museum, it is to be said, does very well without the illustration afforded by a lot of autologous MSS.; but the significance and value of this "change of residence" lie in the evidence it affords of the growing indispotion to sacrifice titles to the wishes of founders. Let us hope, now that this collection is part of the Bodleian, that all the MSS. in that library will be amalgamated into one general series,—so that our antiquaries and historians may be released from the necessity of quoting the calligraphic references occasioned by the large number of separate collections. Such an arrangement would be a real boon to convenience! We cannot help thinking that some members of the University would be as glad to be relieved from the necessity of quoting a volume as MS. Oliver Cromwell, No. —, as many of them are to be relieved from the necessity of quoting MS. Boil, No. —, instead of the changing and often puzzling forms of MS. Digb, MS. e. Mus., MS. Tann, MS. Jam., MS. Rawl., and MS. Douc. Who in the world cares whether a particular MS. was given to the library by Brown, Jones, or Robinson? Mr. Bombyl is an established collector every way, and with a rich and judicious collector; but if he chooses to amuse himself by buying a few hundred volumes and presenting them to the University, why should we poor students be compelled to quote an extract from one of them as taken from Mr. Bombyl's library?

A few days since, Mr. D. Fortescue asked Mr. Cowper, First Commissioner of Public Works, if he intended to produce, in the course of the present session, Mr. Scott's designs for the new Foreign Office. The reply was in the affirmative. He had prepared a design of an elevation in the Italian style, which was still under consideration.

A Goethe monument has been resolved upon at Berlin as well as a Schiller monument, and the

complete monuments of the science in existence. It is this country also which will and must derive the greatest benefits from the achievements of this science, and which will consequently have most cause to be grateful to you for the result of your labours. (Remembered old as your science is, and undeniable as are the benefits which it has rendered to mankind, it is yet little understood by the multitude, new in its acknowledged position among the other sciences, and still subject to many vulgar prejudices.—It is little understood by the dry and unphilosophical to the general public in its simple arithmetical expressions, representing living facts (which, as such, are capable of arousing the liveliest sympathy) in dry figures and tables for comparison. Much labour is required to wade through endless columns of figures, and painstaking to master those, and some skill to draw any definite and safe conclusions from the mass of material which it presents to the student; while the value of the information offered depends exactly upon its bulk, increasing in proportion with quantity, and comprehensiveness. It has been little understood also, from the peculiar and often unjustifiable use which has been made of it. For the very fact of its difficulty and the patience required in reading up and verifying the statistical figures which may be referred to by an author in support of his views, has induced some, and, to a certain extent, from scrutiny, and tempt him to draw largely upon so convenient and available a capital. The public generally, therefore, connect in their minds statistics, if not with unwelcome caution (for which they are equally responsible on their basis), certainly with political controversy, in which they are in the habit of seeing public men making use of the most opposite statistical results with equal assurance in support of the most opposite arguments. A great and distinguished French statesman and statesman, and even quoted as having boasted of the invention of what he is said to have called "l'art de grouper les Chiffres;" but if the same ingenuity and enthusiasm which may have suggested to him this art should have tempted him or others, as historians, to group facts also, it would be no more reasonable to make the historical also answerable for the use made of them than it would be to make Statistical Science responsible for many an ingenious financial statement. Yet this science has suffered materially in public estimation by such abuse, though the very persons who have abused it, physicians, and naturalists should seek to support their statements and doctrines by statistics, shows conclusively that they all acknowledge them as the foundation of truth; and this ought therefore to raise instead of depressing the science in the general esteem of the public. Statistical Science is, as I have said, comparatively new in its position among the sciences in general; and we must look for the cause of this tardy recognition to the fact, that it has the appearance of an incomplete science, and of being rather a helpmate to other sciences, than having a right to claim that title for itself. But this is an appearance only; for if pure statistics abstain from participating in the last and highest aim of all science (viz., the discovering and expounding the laws which govern the universe, and leave this to their more far-reaching brethren, the natural and the political sciences, this is done with conscious self-abnegation, for the purpose of protecting the purity and simplicity of their sacred task—the accumulation and verification of facts, sublimed by any consideration of the ulterior use which may or may not be made of the facts. These general laws, therefore, in the knowledge of which we recognise one of the highest treasures of man on earth are left unexpressed, though rendered self-apparent, as they may be read in the incomprehensible, rigid figures placed before him. It is difficult to see how, under such circumstances, and notwithstanding the self-imposed abnegation, Statistical Science, as such, should be subject to prejudice, reproach, and attack; and yet the fact cannot be denied. We hear it said that its prosecution leads necessarily to Pantheism, and the destruction, and the negation, as depriving, in man's estimation, the Almighty of His power of free self-determination, making His world a mere machine working according to a general pre-arranged scheme, the parts of which are capable of mathematical measurement, and the

scheme itself of numerical expression!—that it leads to fatalism, and therefore deprives man of his dignity, of his virtue and morality, as it would prove him to be a mere wheel in this machine, incapable of exercising a free choice of action, but predestined to fulfil a given task and to run a prescribed course, whether for good or for evil. These are grave accusations, and would be terrible indeed if they were true. But are they true? Is the power of God destroyed or diminished by the discovery of the fact the earth requires to revolve around upon its own axis to every revolution round the sun, giving us so many days to our year, and that the moon changes thirteen times during that period, that the tide changes every six hours, that water boils at a temperature of 212° according to Fahrenheit, that the nightingale sings only in April and May, that all birds lay eggs, that 106 boys are born to every 100 girls? Or is man a less free agent because it has been ascertained that a generation lasts about thirty years, that there are annually posted at post-offices the same number of letters on which the writer had forgotten to place any address; that the number of crimes committed under the same local, national, and social conditions is constant; that the full-grown man comes to find amusement in the sports of the child? Is the naturalist or the scientist less free, because this must be so; it only states that it has been so, and leaves it to the naturalist or political economist to argue that it is probable, from the number of times in which it has been found to be so, that it will be so again, long as the same causes are operating. It thus gives birth to that part of mathematical science called the Calculation of Probabilities, and even established the theory, that in the natural world there exist no certainties at all, but only probabilities. Although this doctrine, destroying the security to which we are accustomed, has startled and troubled some, it is no less true that, while we may reckon with a thoughtless security on the sun rising to-morrow, this is only a probable event, the probability of which is capable of being expressed by a determined mathematical fraction. Our calculations have, from this new application of statistical facts, established to such a precision the probable duration of man's life that they are able to enter with each individual into a precise bargain on the value of his life; and yet this does not detract from the probability of determining that the individual is really to die. But are we not also by the most opposite objection; and statistics are declared useless, because they cannot be relied on for the determination of any given cause, and do only establish probabilities where man requires and seeks for certainty. This objection is well founded; but it does not affect the science itself, but solely the use which man has in vain tried to make of it, and for which it is not intended. It is the essence of Statistical Science, that it only makes apparent general laws, but that these laws may be applied to any special case. It is, in fact, what is proved to be law in general is uncertain in particular. Herein lies the real refutation, also, of the first objection; and thus is the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator manifested, showing how the Almighty has established from the physical and moral world on unchangeable laws, conformable to His eternal nature, while he has allowed to the individual the freest and fullest use of his faculties, vindicating at the same time the majesty of His laws by their remaining unaffected by individual self-determination. Gentlemen, I had the privilege, twenty-four years ago, to receive my first instruction in the higher branches of mathematics—one who has so successfully directed his great abilities to the application of the science to those sciences in which the discovery of the governing laws of which can only be approached by the calculation and reduction of statistical facts. It is the social condition of mankind, as exhibited by those facts, which forms the chief object of the study and investigation undertaken by this Congress; and

it hopes that the results of its labours will afford to the statesman and legislator a sure guide in his endeavours to promote social development and happiness. The importance of these international Congresses in this respect cannot be overrated. They not only awaken public attention to the value of these pursuits, bring together men of all countries who devote their lives to them, and who are thus enabled to exchange their thoughts and varied experiences; but they pave the way to an agreement among the different governments and nations to follow up these common inquiries, in a common spirit, by a common method, and for a common end. It is only in the largest number of observations that the law becomes apparent; and the truth becomes more and more to be relied upon, the larger the amount of facts accumulated and tabulated which form the basis of its elucidation. It is consequently of the highest importance that observations identical in character should embrace the largest field of observation attainable. It is not sufficient, however, to collect the statistical facts of one class over the greatest area, and to the fullest amount; but we require, in order to arrive at sound conclusions as to the influences operating in producing these facts, the simultaneous collection of the greatest variety of facts, the statistics of the increase and decrease of nations, of births and deaths, of emigration, disease, crime, education and occupation, of the products of agriculture, mining, and manufacture, of the results of trade, commerce, and finance. Nor, while their comparison becomes so important, is it sufficient investigation of our social condition, does it suffice to obtain these observations as a whole; but we require also, and particularly, the comparison of these same classes of facts in different countries, under the varying influences of political and religious conditions, of climate and climate, and of race. And even this comparison of the same facts in different localities does not give us all the necessary materials from which to draw our conclusions; for we require, as much as anything else, the collection of observations of the same classes of facts, in the same locality, and under the same conditions, at different times. It is only the element of time, in the last instance, which enables us to test progress or regress—that is to say, life. Thus, the physician, by feeling the pulse of the greatest number of persons, of different ages, of different sex, old and young, male and female, and at all seasons, arrives at the average number of the pulsations of the heart in man's normal condition; by feeling the pulse of the same person under the most varied circumstances and conditions, he arrives at a conclusion on this person's pulse; again, by feeling the pulse of the greatest variety of persons suffering from the same disease, he ascertains the general condition of the pulse under the influence of that disease: it is only then that, feeling a particular patient's pulse, he will be able to judge whether the individual is affected by this particular disease, as far as that can be ascertained by its influence on the pulse. But all these comparisons of the different classes of facts under different local conditions, and at different times, of which I have been speaking, depend, not only on their collection, but also on the ease with which they can be undertaken, but even as to the possibility of undertaking them at all, on the similarity, may congruity, of the method employed, and the expressions, figures, and conditions selected under which the observations have been taken. Does it require the world at large not owe the deepest obligations to a Congress such as the one I am addressing, which has made it its special task to produce this assimilation, and to place at the command of man the accumulated experience upon his own condition, scientifically advanced and reduced to a system, to enable the meaneast intellect to draw safe conclusions? Gentlemen, the Congress has at its various meetings succeeded in doing a great deal in this direction: the official statistics of all countries have been improved; and, in regard to the Census, the most important of all, the Brussels meeting have been generally carried out in a majority of States. I am sorry to have to admit the existence of some striking exceptions in England in this respect; for instance, the Census of Great

Britain and Ireland was not taken on precisely the same plan in essential particulars, thereby diminishing its value for general purposes. The judicial statistics of England and Wales do not show a complete comparative view of the operation of our judicial establishments; nor, while we are in all the departments of the State most actively engaged in the preparation of valuable statistics, can we deny certain defects in our returns, which must be traced to the want of such a central authority or commission as was recommended by the Congress at Brussels and Paris to direct on a general plan all the great statistical operations to be prepared by the various departments. Such a commission would be most useful in preparing an annual digest of the statistics of the United Kingdom, of our widely scattered colonies, and of our vast Indian empire. Even a single digest of the most important results could not fail to be elicited. One of the most useful results of the labours of the Congress has been the common agreement of all States to inquire into the causes of every death, and to return the deaths from the same causes under systematic and uniform names by the Congress. It has in this instance set the example of establishing what is most desirable in all other branches of statistics—namely, the agreement upon well-defined terms. There ought to exist no greater difficulty in arriving at such an agreement in the case of the most obvious crimes than in that of "causes of death"; and it must be remembered that it is one of the first tasks and duties of every science to start with a definition of terms. What is it that is meant by a house, a family, an adult, an educated or an uneducated person; by murder, manslaughter, and so on? It is evident, that as long as a different sense is attached to these terms in different returns, their use for comparison is null, and for simple study more fully deteriorated; and still we have not yet arrived at such a simple and obvious solution. The different weights, measures, and currencies in which different statistics are expressed cause further difficulties and impediments. Suggestions with regard to the removal of these have been made at former meetings, and will, no doubt, be renewed. We fancy we have observed some of the largest available unit, with its florin, offers great advantages, particularly if further subdivided decimally. We hope to lay before you, as far as Great Britain is concerned, the Registrar-General's analysis of the causes of death, and the dangers that people encounter at each period of life; complete returns of the produce of our mines; the agricultural returns of Ireland, in which the Registrar-General of that country has given every year the breadth of land under every kind of crop, with an estimate of its produce as well as its value, and has proved by his success in obtaining these facts at a comparatively moderate expense, and by the voluntary assistance of the landowners and cultivators, as well as of the clergy of all denominations, that the apprehension was groundless that it could not be done without inordinately and needlessly injuring individual interests. We must hope that, considering its importance with regard to all questions affecting the food of the people, this inquiry will not only be extended to England and Scotland, but also to the Continent generally, wherever it may not already have been instituted. Our true returns will exhibit the great effects produced on our commerce by the changes in our commercial system; our colonial delegates will exhibit to you proofs of the wonderful progress of their countries, and profits at the same time that elaborate statistics have rendered their conclusions of that progress. And I have no doubt that the foreign delegates will more than repay us by the information which they will give us in exchange. These returns will, no doubt, prove to us as fresh in figures—what we once already from feeling and from expression—how dependent the different nations are upon each other for their progress, for their moral and material prosperity; and that the essential condition of their mutual happiness is the maintenance of peace and goodwill amongst each other. Let them still be rivals, but rivals in the most noble and most improvement, in which, although it may be the lot of one to arrive first at the goal, yet all will equally

share the prize—all feeling their own powers and strength increase in the healthy competition. I should detain you longer than I feel justified in doing, and should perhaps trench upon the domain and duties of Presidents of Sections, if I were to allude to the points which will there be specially recommended to your attention; but I trust that it will not be thought presumptuous in me if I exhort you generally not to lose yourselves in points of minute detail, however tempting and attractive they may be from their latest interests and importance, but to direct your undivided energies to the establishment of those broad principles upon which the common action of different nations can be based, which common action must be effected if we are to make real progress. I know that this Congress can only solve problems and suggest measures that must ultimately rest with the different Governments to carry out those suggestions. Many previous recommendations, it is true, have been carried out; but many have been left unattended to, and I will not except our own country from blame in this respect. Together we indeed should feel if this noble gathering should be enabled to lay the solid foundation of an edifice, necessarily slow of construction, and requiring for generations to come laborious and persevering exertion, intended as it is for the promotion of human happiness by leading to the attainment of the eternal and the ultimate that universal happiness is dependent. May He who has implanted in our hearts a craving after the discovery of truth, and given us our reasoning faculties to the end that we should use them for this discovery, sanctify our efforts and bless them in their results.

From the peculiar nature of the objects, the various branches of inquiry, the local peculiarities of many of the countries, and the simplification of returns sought to be obtained, a great portion of the time of the clerical staff was taken up in petty discussions and minor details,—yet the general result has been the adoption of much uniformity of principle, certain agreed forms and schedules, the collection of many new data, with analyses which may be found eminently useful for ready reference in the future. But the time has also been submitted to the several Sections, or read to the general meetings, many most important statistical Reports of the condition and progress of different foreign States and British dependencies, which will prove of high value for their authenticity and the recent nature of the information thus furnished.

The first discussion took place on the adoption of terms; and with this view the Sixth Section, which we notice first, was mainly occupied with the consideration of statistical methods and signs introduced by Dr. Guy. Unlike other sciences, the science of Statistics cannot avail itself of any mechanical aids. The tabular forms which it employs so largely are at once its records, its illustrations, and its instruments of discovery. And the statistic who would improve and perfect his science must give his attention to the tabular form, with a view to extract from them all the virtues which are inherent in them. In this study of tabular forms, the first consideration is the character of brevity and condensation which is their common property. Quantities are uniformly expressed in figures, not in words. Verbal repetitions are avoided by the columnar arrangement of the tables. The terse signs of the mathematics are largely used; and special abbreviations are constantly resorted to. Even the terms "statist" and "statistical," seldom indiscriminately as applicable to the followers of this science, led to discussion; the former designation being agreed to as the most concise and useful.—Signs, letters, lines, and spaces, and various shades of colour, may be accepted as instruments of clear and terse expression by the statistic. An opinion was delivered by the members of the section, that, as the sciences of the incommensurable are enhanced, intensities by colour or shades of colour, on various grounds; among others by the expense of printing in colours, the great prevalence of colour blindness, and the inconvenience of carrying sets of colour.—Some Members considered that it would be desirable to select, as far as possible, an exclusive set of signs of use of signs and symbols, as, however intelligible

they might be to the statist, they would be difficult to understand by the public generally, and would tend to complicate, rather than simplify, the statements and illustrations of facts. Three kinds of tabular forms were adopted, viz., tables of record and reference, tables of illustration and exposition, and tables of analysis and discovery. Under the first head are classed all the tables of calculation, such as arithmetical and logarithmic tables. In illustrated tables it is proposed to employ curves, squares, and other arbitrary signs, and shaded and coloured charts. Various alterations were suggested, and tables drawn up for analysis and discovery, and to which Dr. Guy proposed to give the names of Tables of Elimination and of Identification. The idea of arrangement which he proposed in these cases, he desired to extend further to the correction of what he called "Tentative Tables." As an illustration of the arrangement proposed in this order of tables he stated, that we could arrange the annual mortality in the order of its magnitude, beginning with the highest and ending with the lowest; we should group equal rates of mortality together, distinguishing the rates exceeding the average from those falling below the average, by using pencils of the two colours, red and blue, the common black pencil being made to designate the average of all the years. By repeating the same process with the births or marriages, or with the deaths and burials, and by thus obtaining the coincidences, and thus obtain a table of the true relations of the several orders of facts, or even succeed in at once demonstrating the nature of those relations. Such tables would enable us to apply an easy corrective to too confident assertions. If, for instance, it were asserted that the revenue of a country is closely dependent on the price of wheat, we should test the soundness of the assertion by bringing together years of equal revenue, or of equal price, so as to ascertain the limits of divergence of price or revenue, and the number of coincidences between the two elements of the inquiry. In all those investigations, too, in which the results are materially affected by the number of the facts employed, it is of the first importance to compare equal numbers of facts with each other.

A vote was carried, after a long and able discussion, that the Statistic of Literature should be obtained, having been referred over from the Vienna Congress of 1857. Austria possesses a valuable series of statistics of this kind, in Reports for the three years 1853-1855, drawn up by Dr. Constant Wurmbach, under instructions from the Minister of the Interior.—Mr. VAN DER WYTER submitted a proposition, that it is desirable there should be statistics of literature in every country, founded upon identical and uniform principles of classification.—Mr. WISTEN JONES, of the British Museum, seeking upon suggestions of Mr. Fausset, furnished a paper containing many proposals. The classification of books was to be made on the plan of M. Brun's classification. The size of books was agreed to be ranged under four divisions: 12mo., comprising books not exceeding 7 inches in height; 8vo., above 7 and up to 9 inches; 4to., above 9 and up to 12 inches; and folio, all above 12 inches in height; instead of about 20 designations of books at present in use by bookbinders. The difficulty of limiting the definition of a pamphlet was discussed, and it was thought it might be restricted to 50 pages as far as regards printed works. The following propositions were agreed to:—To obtain, if possible, returns of the number of authors of anonymous publications, of reprint and translations of foreign works; the number of foreign books imported, and native works exported; the statistics of printers and printing presses; of publishers, book-sellers, and book auctioneers; of circulating libraries, and of libraries attached to learned institutions, educational and scientific; the number of public libraries and their volumes; the number of works published by the Government, and by the same as may be seen the number of works the publication or sale of which has been prohibited by the Government or by the Church. It was also agreed that the information sought should be published annually, and accompanied by such explanations and short statistical commentaries as might be deemed as may be seen the number of works the publication or sale of which has been prohibited by the Government or by the Church. It was also agreed that the information sought should be published annually, and accompanied by such explanations and short statistical commentaries as might be deemed as may be seen the number of works the publication or sale of which has been prohibited by the Government or by the Church.

In Judicial Statistics some considerable progress

particularly on the part of the Members of the Congress charged with the direction of the census in their respective countries. At the subsequent meetings of the Congress, owing to the strong claims presented by other questions of interest, the consideration of this subject was not resumed, although Mr. Legoyt, a contributor to the Committee for organizing the Second Session, whether the decisions adopted at Brussels might not with advantage be re-considered. The Congress now proceeded to review its early labours, and to ascertain how far the methods of enumerating the population in actual use are in accordance with the principles involved in its recommendations. Since the year 1853 fresh experience has been acquired, and the philosophy and objects of census-taking are better understood by both governments and peoples. In Austria, Belgium, France, Prussia, and other countries, the periodical enumeration has been made since the Brussels meeting, and in Bavaria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Saxony, Sweden, and other States, the census will be repeated either in the present year or in 1861. As these great national undertakings are designed to serve, in different countries, various purposes besides the mere ascertainment of numerical strength, the course adopted by the Congress in confining itself, in the first instance, to the elucidation of certain principles which might receive a general assent, was a judicious one. In every country some departure from uniformity of plan must be made to suit peculiar functions; and an inquiry which embraces every member of the community, in order to be successful, should be framed with due regard to the feelings, if not to the prejudices, of the people it concerns. A basis of action was to be secured; and this important step having been accomplished, the Section proceeded to survey the field of operation by examining the existing methods of census-taking in different States in connexion with the decisions arrived at in Brussels.

The following propositions were submitted and carried, but, like all Sectional propositions, are subject to confirmation by the General Assembly of the collective Sections of the Congress:—1. It is desirable that the census should be by name, and based upon the principle of the actual population; but special returns should also be obtained to establish the legal population, which should include the army, navy, and sailors, fishermen, and other persons temporarily absent from the country at the time of the enumeration. 2. The census should be taken at least decennially; and where the enumerations have taken place regularly at quinquennial or triennial periods, it is not desirable that the intervals should be altered. 3. It is found by experience that the enumeration of the population on a single day is greatly conducive to the accuracy of the returns. In countries wherein, for a particular reason, the census cannot be taken in one day, it is desirable that the agents who have charge of the census be held responsible to carry it out within a given period, and in as short a time as possible. 4. Although the population in most countries is generally in a settled state in the month of December, yet, where it may be practicable to take the census in any other day, the accomplishment of that object must be considered as of paramount importance. The determination of the season and period of the year in which the enumeration should be made. If a certain number of days be granted to the census agents to carry out their instructions, it is important that the population enumerated by them be adjusted in its proportion at one fixed day, and so will fill the same for the whole country. 5. There should be a separate schedule or bulletin to be filled up with the particulars relating to each family or household. 6. The special agents or enumerators charged with the distribution and collection of the schedules will see that they are correctly filled up, and will fill them up themselves from the information given by the occupiers of houses. In order to insure exactness in the enumeration of the particulars which have been decided upon as necessary for collection, it is important that the law under which those particulars are to be obtained should levy a penalty upon such individuals as may refuse to furnish

them, or who may give them in a willfully incorrect manner. 7. In order that a definite meaning may be attached to the term "family," it shall be held that the occupier of the whole or part of a house shall be deemed the head of the family; and that the term "occupier" shall be applicable to (1) a resident owner; (2) the tenant for life; (3) the tenant, whether as a tenant for the whole of the house, or (3) as a lodger for any distinct floor or apartment. 8. It is desirable that the subjects of inquiry should be divided into two categories: the first, to embrace those indispensable in every State; and the second, those proper to be included in the census of all the countries in which it may be expedient or practicable to obtain the returns.

Dr. FARR's paper "On the Occupations of the People," and the propositions and recommendations contained therein, were discussed. In the early census attempts were made, with very little success, to group the whole population under a few heads. Thus, in the first census of Great Britain, the population was classed under three heads:—1. Persons chiefly employed in agriculture; 2. Persons chiefly employed in trade, manufacture, or handicraft; 3. All other persons not employed in the two preceding classes. The groups were extended subsequently; but their grouping was found to be unsatisfactory; and in 1841 the numbers of persons in the several occupations were extracted from the household schedules. This was done on an amended plan, so as to show the numbers at each age in 1841; and the whole industrial army of the country was thrown into classes and sub-classes. The advantage of the arrangement is considerable; as different classifications of the people are required for different purposes; and when the elementary facts are given, it is not difficult to classify them according to the exigencies of the case. For sanitary inquiry this detail is absolutely necessary, as the farmer, weaver, tailor, baker, and butcher, however closely allied industrially, are subject to very different sanitary influences. In nearly every State the census is now taken so as to record the occupation of each individual, and the English and Scotch censuses show the utility of analyzing the valuable information thus obtained, upon some settled plan. If, in connexion with the census, but by a separate process, the organization of the labour of the country is ascertained, the field will then be fairly thrown open to the discussion of the Social and Industrial Statistics—how the quantity and value of each class of products can be determined. So a complete classification of occupations, in all their subdivisions, can then be formed.

The following propositions were adopted:—1. As, in enumerating the population, the occupation of each person is inquired into, it is desirable to abstract the numbers of each sex, following all the principal occupations at each of the quinquennial periods of life; thus, by one operation, the numbers living in the quinquennial periods of life will be determined, as well as their occupation. 2. The census should be taken at the same time, so that the people should be employed; but as these designations are sometimes ambiguous, it is desirable in each language to settle the precise nomenclature to be used in the census; so that, in countries where there are several dialects, the numbers of the people of each occupation may be compared with the corresponding names, and so admit of ready comparison. 3. That a list should be commenced of the names of the principal occupations in the Dutch, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, and Swedish languages. 4. As labour is variously subdivided, it is desirable to indicate the numbers in each of the subdivisions of trades and manufactures, an inquiry subsidiary to the census should be undertaken, to show how, where, and under what arrangements the people are occupied in creating, preserving, and bringing products to market. 5. Such an inquiry is desirable, to show the existing organization of society for the purpose of production. 6. This may be connected with industrial statistics; but it will be of a different character, as its object will not be to determine the quantities and values of products, but the mechanism of production. 7. In carrying out such an inquiry, a form of return embracing certain pre-

scribed heads, should be placed in the hands of a certain number of the most enlightened members of each profession, trade, and manufacturer of the country, with an explanatory letter.

On Tuesday, at the General Meeting, after the close of the Sections, the following official Delegates read statements respecting the statistics of their respective countries: in the following order, Dr. M. de Austria, His Excellency Baron Czerwik; Bavaria, Dr. F. B. W. Hermann; Belgium, statement from M. Heuschling, one of the delegates who was unable to attend, read by M. Quetelet; Denmark, Dr. C. N. David; Hans Towns, Dr. G. W. Asher; Holland, Dr. T. Achelberg; Prussia, Dr. M. von Baumbach; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Baron Maltzahn; Norway, Prof. J. K. Daa; Russia, Dr. T. B. Wernadski; Saxony, and Saxe-Meiningen, M. G. Hoff; Switzerland, M. Vogt; Turkey, Agassi Effendi.

Dr. C. N. DAVID gave an interesting account of the progress of statistical science in Denmark, and stated the contents of various works which had been published under his direction; and in the course of his remarks deplored the want of one uniform system as regards weights and measures, expressing also his surprise that in no country there was an accurate census of the population kept.

Dr. ASHER, of Hamburg, said no Government could properly proceed in forming a law, unless they had an intimate knowledge of the factors that came into competition in its formation; and, least of all, could they do so without that knowledge in all questions of financial legislation. He then laid on the table voluminous statistics connected with the important commercial town which he represented, showing the revenue from 1818 to 1859, with the average of every five years, and a variety of other matters. The value of the imports paying duty had increased 71 per cent, forming about one quarter of the entire value of the imported goods. The value of the imports for the last three years had been about 587½ millions of marcs banco, which was an increase of 709 per cent, as compared with 1818. The export duties had varied, and many of the duties had decreased in amount. A general asylum for the poor was supported partly by voluntary contributions, and partly by grants from the State. During the last seven years the State had provided 80 per cent of the expenses, or 360,000 marcs currency, 447,000 marcs a year. There had been a decrease in pauperism in the septennial period ending 1859, as compared with the septennial period ending 1852, of 71 per cent, though the births had increased 9·27 per cent.

Prof. J. K. DAA described the official statistical publications in Norway, which he represented. From 1815 to 1855 there had been decennial censuses, which had been gradually improved and enlarged, embracing: 1. the number of the people, arranged according to age, sex, marriage, and employment; 2. the domestic cattle, horses, oxen, sheep, goats, swine, and reindeer; 3. needs of different kinds; 4. the value of the products. Since 1830 the county magistrates collected statistics as to agriculture, fisheries, trade, manufactures, mines, poor rates, rate of wages, savings banks, &c. He laid on the table those reports from 1851 to 1855, and stated that other valuable returns were also made by the clergy and others. At a General Meeting on Wednesday, the reception and reading of the Reports of the various Delegates was continued, chiefly from the principal British colonies.

Dr. JARVIS read an interesting paper "On the Extended Progress of Statistical Enquiries in the United States," pointing out what had been done by each State and town in this respect.

The next Report was a general one, "On the Condition and Progress of the Australasian Colonies," read by Mr. HAMILTON.—It was stated that, in order to economize time, the Delegates from the several Australasian colonies agreed to present one common Report, from which a brief abstract of the most important points would be read. After describing their geographical position—that the seven Colonial Governments were situated, five on the island-continent and two on islands adjacent,—with their peculiarities, &c., and that, in population, wealth, they had made of late years, in population, wealth,

and commerce, were instanced. The collective population now exceeded 1,160,000; the aggregate quantity of wool shipped amounted to 50,000 lb. worth, contrasting strongly with the smaller returns of only eight or ten years ago. The Australian colonies now possessed about 19,000,000 sheep, with immense and increasing numbers of cattle and horses; whilst the shipments of horses to India were now considerable. South Australia, compared to the value of 500,000*l.* had already been raised. The quantity of gold produced by Australia since 1851 had exceeded in value 100,000,000*l.* sterling, the largest portion having been obtained in Victoria. 300,000 tons of coal were raised in New South Wales last year. The total value of the wool produced was 4,500,000*l.*, and of the gold 11,000,000*l.* exclusive of other important staple products. Finally, it might be stated, that the aggregate revenue of these colonies was 5,500,000*l.* and their import and export commerce, 45,000,000*l.* giving employment to 3,000,000 tons of shipping.

Mr. WALKER, the Colonial Secretary for British Guiana, then submitted an abstract account of the colony with which he was connected, pointing out that, though, from the smallness of the population, there is not much scope for improvement in agriculture, yet, in sugar cultivation, they were perhaps deficient in many details, yet the statistics of the colony, generally, had been well preserved. The meteorological returns extended back to some ten or fifteen years; although there had been a partial interruption lately, owing to the illness of the observer and reporter. The register of exports had been most accurately kept, and the finance accounts would, he thought, bear favourable comparison with those of any other country.

The next Colonial Report was that of Mr. W. FIELDS, on the Cape Colony. That gentleman apologized for any deficiencies, owing to the difficulties he had experienced from being absent from the seat of his government, where only he could have access to the latest official statistics and accounts. He had, however, been enabled to collect the Blue Books, which came down to the year 1857, and by the Government Gazette of the colony, and other data, framed a report, which should convey an accurate account of the present position of the southern British colony. The statistics taken in 1857, was admitted to be imperfect, from the old machinery employed in its collection. The population was then returned at 241,500, exclusive of 25,500 souls in Cape Town, the capital. A new census would be taken in 1861, the Act authorizing which he had lately received. Within the last three years 160,000*l.* had been voted by the colony for immigration purposes, and between 7,000 and 8,000 persons introduced with those funds. The revenue of the colony in 1858 was 465,910*l.*, and the expenditure 494,589*l.* The value of the exports of colonial produce, which, in 1850, amounted only to 422,719*l.* had increased, in 1859, to 1,818,080*l.* The produce of wool went on advancing in a surprising manner. In 1858, 16,181,000 lb. of wool was shipped from the Cape Colony, and in 1859 the exports of wool increased to 79,490,000 lb., valued at 11,356,000*l.*

Sir C. MACARTHY, the new Governor of Ceylon, then read a statement of the statistics of that island, in which he showed that in the last twenty years the revenue had nearly doubled, the imports increased sixfold, and the exports eightfold. In 1839 the value of the imports into the colony was 547,501*l.*, and of the exports 292,312*l.* In 1858 the imports had risen to 3,444,889*l.*, and the exports to 2,828,794*l.* while last year there was a further marked increase. The revenue of the colony had also great improvement, and had effected a considerable reduction in taxation. There was one very noticeable feature in Ceylon, and that was the progress of education, and the interest taken in instruction by the natives, especially characterised by the extended knowledge of the English language. This singular feature was almost without parallel; and while the two native classes, Singhalese and Tamil, were unable to understand each other's native dialects, the English language had come to be the medium of intercommunication between them. There was one blot in the statistics of Ceylon, and that was the deficiency that stood in the

way of obtaining a correct enumeration of the population of the island. In Eastern countries especially, this was a task of great delicacy and difficulty, from ignorance and prejudices, and also from that fear and impatience of taxation which was even prevalent in more civilized countries. It was scarcely possible to impress on the native mind that an enumeration of the population could be taken for the purpose of a census, and the collection of statistics. In 1857 the population, from the rough census taken, was assumed to be about 1,733,832 souls, but it was more generally believed to approximate to 2,000,000. Sir Charles added, in conclusion, that he hoped to be able to add hereafter some useful information to the statistical information of the Congress; and he should be happy to go out armed with suggestions and advice as to future course of proceedings.

FINE ARTS

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The Lawrence Drawings.

A special grant of 2,500*l.* to the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum has enabled Mr. Carpenter, the judicious and spirited Keeper of the Print-room, to make many important additions to the collection, and to supply many desiderata from a source which, notwithstanding all that has been said, is less derived from it, still remained a mine of artistic wealth.

The Lawrence Drawings have been three times before the public in a prominent manner—firstly, at Sir Thomas's death, when in the hands of Mr. Woodburn, the dealer, and Government might have been sold for a considerable sum; secondly, at a privately trifling sale; but the King of Holland and the Oxford subscribers divided the largest shares between them; secondly, on the decease of the King of Holland, when a public auction caused a more general dispersion, and Mr. Woodburn himself was one of the largest buyers; thirdly and presently, the dealer, having departed this life, left his well-cherished collection to public competition. Under these circumstances, and with the sum above mentioned in hand, the Museum has purchased the collection. We propose, as the subject cannot fail to interest many, and as most of the drawings are already known by engravings and descriptions, to mention the principal acquisitions that Mr. Carpenter has made, referring, at the same time, to the numbers in the Sale-catalogue, and to fac-similes that have been published from them.

Giotto, No. 433 of the Sale-catalogue, 'A Procession of Holy Women,' drawn with pen and brown ink. A very important drawing on a large scale, fac-similed by W. Y. Ottery in his 'Italian School of Design,' p. 11.—Early Christ, p. 37. 'St. Luke painting the Virgin and Child,' engraved in Ottery, p. 2.—Simone Memmi, Nos. 564 and 565, two small and very interesting drawings of figure subjects.—Manecce, No. 650, a small master depicting several figures as if to strike; a fine drawing with metal point, heightened with white on tinted paper.—Don Silvestro, No. 407, a large yellow paper, with a finely-drawn composition of the Annunciation, and the Almighty in glory above, enclosed within a rich border, especially interesting as an unfinished work of this class, and showing the care with which the early illuminators proceeded.—Lorenzo di Credi, No. 172, The Virgin, and Angels adoring the Infant Saviour, St. Joseph and St. Francis standing at the sides; three angels singing the Gloria in excelsis above. A remarkably fine drawing, with arched top in black chalk. In the Sale-catalogue it was attributed to Fra Bartolommeo.—Francis, No. 593, Study for the Virgin and Child in his well-known picture at Vienna, in the Belvedere, where St. Francis and St. Catherine stand at the sides of her throne, with the infant John, holding the 'Ecce Agnus,' in front. This fine drawing, done with the metal point on prepared paper, has been wrongly attributed to Pergino.—Luca Signorelli, No. 845, a fine study in black chalk, outlines on white paper. The holes made for pointing the drawing are still very

conspicuous. It has been admirably fac-similed in Ottery's 'Italian School,' p. 17.—Michael Angelo, No. 104, a sacristy, or dormitory, of the Vatican, with point of black chalk, on white paper. The Virgin seated, and at her side the two naked children; the Saviour supported by St. John, seemingly about to spring into his mother's lap. One, certainly, of the finest drawings by the master, whether for drawing, or execution, or drawing of execution. From the collections of M. Buonarroti and the Chevalier Wicar.—Michael Angelo, No. 117, the Crucifixion. The three crosses are remarkably high, and of peculiar forms; numerous figures, some clambering up the crosses; lightly sketched in red chalk.—Michael Angelo, No. 120, the Virgin and Holy Women lamenting and departing after the Crucifixion; a fine study in black chalk.—Michael Angelo, No. 121, the Resurrection, in black chalk.—Michael Angelo, No. 139, a careful study of a foreshorten figure in the group surrounding the column in the right-hand arch of 'The Last Judgment.' Another figure pertaining to the same picture on the same paper.—Sebastiano del Piombo, No. 614, a fine study in black chalk on white paper, the Portrait of Antonio Saluazano, Raphael, No. 722, 'The Descent from the Cross,' Raphael, in bistre, chalk outline, and opaque white over squares of black chalk upon a light brown ground. Formerly in the collections of Count, Legoy, and Dimasale—Raphael, No. 728, 'The Descent from the Cross,' a study in black chalk, with arched top, highly finished in greyish brown and white, upon grey paper, very different from the other designs by Raphael of the same subject. In this the traditional composition of the Greek artists is very remarkable. From the Bonaparte Sale.—Raphael, No. 888, Portrait of a Youth, presumed to represent the painter himself. Engraved in fac-simile in Ottery's 'Italian School of Design,' p. 44.—Raphael, No. 891, a Study for the head of St. Peter in the 'Transfiguration.' Engraved, very unsatisfactorily, in Woodburn's 'Fac-similes,' p. 29.—Raphael, No. 901, the Portrait, life-size, in coloured chalks, of his friend and assistant Timoteo della Vite. This magnificent drawing, possessing all the intensity of painting, may be regarded as the crown of the collection. It was purchased by the Museum, having secured it. From the Antaldi Collection. To Timoteo we are indebted for the preservation of most of these drawings. He diligently collected the sketches and studies by Raphael, and from him they passed to the Antaldi family, at Pesaro, where Count and Woodburn found separate opportunities to purchase the choicest among them. The zeal and liberality of Sir Thomas Lawrence succeeded, to a great extent, in re-uniting them. Public indifference on these various occasions seems to have rendered all further re-union impossible. Lawrence's sale has now expended 40,000*l.* upon these purchases.—Correggio, No. 275, a most interesting sketch, in bistre outline and wash, heightened with solid opaque white and grey colours for the effect in his celebrated picture, the 'Nativity at the East,' in the Reggia, No. 291, 'The Virgin and Child,' in red chalk within a semicircle, small but of exquisite tenderness.—Parmigiano, No. 286, the head of St. John, a magnificent study, life-size, in black and red chalks on brownish-white paper, for the infant figure in his 'Vision of St. Jerome.' In the National Gallery.—Giorgione, No. 425, Standing Figure in Armour, black and white chalk on blue paper.—Giorgione, No. 420, a group in red chalk, highly finished, of 'four figures; one, asleep in a tent,' is fac-similed with great care by Ottery in his 'Italian School of Design,' p. 54. Sir Charles Eastlake and Panofsky show this to have been more probably a sketch by Pietro della Francesca for his fresco at Arezzo of 'The Vision of Constantine.'—Benvenuto Cellini, No. 251, an exquisite pen-and-ink design, by this master, for a model ornamented with the 'Vision of St. Jerome.' A fine highly-finished study in black chalk, on white paper, of the head of a youth, somewhat less than life-size.—Domenichino, No. 325, a fine large study, on a brown ground, for the 'Seating of St. Stephen.'—Hollain, No. 360, a study in black chalk, on white paper, 'The Descent of the Holy Ghost.'

since, let the force of his topmost tones, a natural, c and c sharp, in the treble scale, be ever so exaggerated (as sometimes it is), it has a certain refinement, beyond the attainment of the generality of tenors who, bred and fed on, Signor Verdi's music, think that to howl is enough.—The three Anabaptists (a most hypocritical trio) have never been so sufficiently sung "with one consent" as by Signori Neri, Haraldi, Polonini and M. Zolger.—M. Tagliacozzi (*Urbeltal*) is now, as always, a first-class actor; attractive to see, sedulous in every point of stage-business.

Lastly, the ladies.—Mlle. Corbani (*Bertha*) is utterly incompetent, as compared with either Mesdames Castellani, Hayes, or Mlle. Mari.—Madame Cuvigny (*Fidèle*) sings the best of her best; yet in no respect engages us, whether musically or dramatically, to retract a word formerly advanced in regard to her powers. Her voice is unequal; her execution is incomplete. Her intentions, as an actress address the stalls, not the boxes. In the whole cathedral scene, a touchstone—she only sang to her trunk once, and that once at the moment of disclaiming him; everywhere else showing that individual solicitude which belongs to the German, as distinct from the French and Italian stages.—The contemporaries state that she excites raptures. We have not mastered the fact as yet—but, since such is the statement, we must record our conviction that she is distinctly second-rate, and, though aspiring to the highest honours, not as yet fit to sit on any throne which the finished dramatic singers and actresses of Europe have occupied.

HEN MARETT'S THEATRE.—Retrospect is sometimes useful; comparison not always "odious." Those who read the musical column in this journal may recollect how, some years since, we gave a vocal artist of the highest promise was allowed to pass from the *Opéra Comique* in Paris, to be replaced there by another lady, reputed to be more lovely, in the same style; and may recall certain prophecies on the matter, not yet fully confirmed. The subsequent career of the two has entirely justified our forecast.—At the less important theatre Madame Milon-Carvalho has risen into European reputation as an artist of just distinction.—Madame Cabot, though sustained in a Government establishment, has nothing less potent than a commission from M. Meyerbeer, has only just succeeded in keeping her place there as a florid French singer of the first order.—Still wider will the distance prove if the attempts of the two ladies at Italian Opera in England be compared. Madame Milon-Carvalho has to face the exigent Covent Garden public, in a work entirely unfamiliar to her (written, by the way, for the other lady); yet on the first night could establish herself; "for good and all," ere the curtain fell on the first act. Madame Cabot has appeared, in the way of her own Parisian characters, before a less fastidious audience, and failed to make good her claim. Yet, to add emphasis to the example, it may be pointed out that, in comparison, the natural advantages would be awarded as the side. Not to give pain, not to disparage, has the above been written; but in maintenance of reality against semblance, and in encouragement of thoughtful study in every artist, be his endowments or his position what they may.—The incompetencies of Madame Cabot were less throughout (*La Fugitive du Régiment*). The uncertainties of her voice were not those of emotion, so much as of erroneous production. Her execution, however dazzling, is rarely perfect, the shake excepted. That the character of Maria was not touched by her aunt have been felt by every one who recollects Madame Goldschmidt's (another example of what art can do) Madame Goldschmidt's successor, Madame Sontag, who, when she had passed maturity, absolutely eclipsed "the Swedish nightingale" by the exquisite finish of her singing, and by the manner in which she threw herself into a part seemingly little suited to one, the life-breath of whose talent was high-bred elegance. We do not see much chance of settlement for Madame Cabot on the Italian stage.—M. Bélat was the best of the three principal personages; Signor Clotapi was apparently at a loss as *Sulpicio*.—Another his-

torical word on a different subject. It is a curious fact that this charming and characteristic opera (one of Donizetti's best) was at first comparatively coldly received on the French stage, for which it was written, and only acted at the present fixed place after it had been translated into Italian;—although translation is notoriously a weakening process.

Madame Ferraris is here again, dancing amazingly;—no other edipid can express her attitudes, her graces and her boundings.—As a dancer, apart from the poetry or humour which makes the mime, she can hardly be exceeded. Her triumph this day week was gaudine.

PRINCESS.—A new farce, under the title of "Bowled Out," by Mr. H. Craven, has been produced here, in which Mr. Widdicombe performs the part of one Mr. Ezekiel Farmer, a religious hypocrite, who interferes with the family interests of a serious old lady, Mrs. *Brethun* (Mrs. Weston), and intrigues for the possession of her adopted daughter, *Marian* (Miss Rose Leclercq). He is tempted to drink too much, and thus incautiously reveals his nefarious plans. Mr. Widdicombe treated the subject with all the finesse, and succeeded in extorting laughter loud and long by his eccentricities.

ADELPHI.—"The Fool of the Family" is the name of a new piece produced here, in which Miss Julia Daly personates another specimen of a Yankee girl, *Betty Sanders*, a farm-labourer, whose sister, *Lucretia* (Miss Laidlaw), affects the fine lady, and looks on the hard-working Betty as the fool of the family. Betty will not resign the care of the house for the honour of the fashionable world, and prefers wedding the rustic *Zeddon* (Mr. Paul Bedford), while Lucretia pairs off with an exquisite, *Mr. Augustus Dimpleton* (Mr. W. H. Eburne). In the end, Betty is found to have made the best bargain. The force of the piece lies in the acting of Miss Daly, who, besides being a most agreeable character, though not entirely novel, aims with considerable effect.

OLYMPIC.—A version of "La Marquise de Carn," under the title of "The Duke, or Nothing," gives here an opportunity for Mrs. Stirling, to appear in a new character, especially suited to her style, and in which she indeed acts with peculiar brilliancy. As the assumed *Duchesse de Boissac* she effects a change for the better in the character of the Duke by appealing to his better nature, and making him feel the pleasure of benevolence. The avaricious noble is characteristically embodied by Mr. Addison. The author, Mr. W. Gordon, sustains himself the part of *The Prince of Conti*, who seeks to entrap the jaded misanthrope into a marriage with the idealistic *Mlle. de Beauvilliers* (Mrs. Stephens), at the instance of her designing relative, the *Châtelain de Beaumain* (Mr. G. Cooke). Well acted, and placed on the boards with elegant appointments, the piece is likely to become a permanent success.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Charles Mathews has produced here his adaptation of "L'Amantadeur," under the title of "His Excellency," which, supported by his own smart acting, has been received with decided favour.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—There have been a few concerts this week, none of remarkable interest. The reason, indeed, may be said virtually to have come to an end, so far as public orchestral and chamber music are concerned. Mr. G. W. Martin's performance of *par-musique* at Exeter Hall and Mr. Paley's second concert at the Surrey Gardens, may be excepted as having taken place. The well-wishers of drama came forward last evening in aid of Mrs. Brough, the widow of the well-known comic writer. They will sing to-day, too, in the *Crystal Palace*, to increase the funds of the Dramatic College.

Madame Berghini-Manno is engaged, in addition to other singers whom we have announced, for the

Norwich Festival. It seems to us not good taste on the part of those having power, to promulgate those transactions between manager and artist, which might and should be private. A local paragraph before us tells what the foe of this Italian lady is to be; and how an English lady has been "declined" because her terms were too high,—providences, these, for bystanders to speculate and compare,—and for critics to appraise the respective merits of the singers selected and rejected. It would be a pity if "juggling" proved so respectable and important a proceeding as the Norwich Festival.

Signor Pacini has finished a new comic opera, "The Muletier of Toledo"—and is now occupied on yet another work, "Berta." The list of this veteran's productions must now be enormous.

An opera company headed by Madame Rudersdorff has set forth to sing and play in the Channel Islands.

To point out the thousand forms of life and production in which the amateur musicians of Europe are distinguishing themselves is manifestly impossible. They are singing, playing, composing, and conducting with as much zeal and fervency, as if ours were an age devoted to play, during which no work was to be done, and all talents were to be, to instance, from Italy, we get a small book, *Brief Observations on the Art of Singing* (Addison & Co.), by Count Antonio Belgioioso, one of a family as musically notorious in Lombardy as the family Wibelberly is in Russia.—A sensible treatise, in thirty-eight brief chapters, devoted rather to style than to such mechanical exercises as a Garcia or a Duprez teach and print. The book may be taken in hand with advantage by any singer or student; and is expressly curious for its temperance and taste, as being put forth in a time when the art of singing has so utterly decayed in its birthplace. It is here intelligently rendered into English by Mr. Arthur Mathias, a gentleman whose name, as a writer of words for music, has been lately seen on the title-page of some spirited and characteristic songs; and who, further, may securely be heard in public, as possessor of a tenor voice, described by report to be of superior quality.

The Marchioness sisters have at last come out in Paris, at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris, in "Semiramide"; to bring out which opera libraries have been ransacked, and portfolios tumbled over, and a large amount of Imperial money devoted to the clothing of the actors. Long live Babylon, and the hanging gardens thereof!—but for Signor Rossini's music we cannot help warning singers; and for a barbaric tragedy which Pasta, Pinaroli, Malibran, Mesdames Gristi and Vioristi, and Miss Kemble have animated,—something of dramatic life, so far as can be made out, nothing of the kind is furnished by the two young ladies in question, who are described as not "significant" looking on the stage,—and chiefly skilful as singers in those passages of due which the *Semiramide* of Lillo, ten years since, and the *Misss Williams*, made so attractive. The *Aster* of M. Ohin is admired.

At a musical festival at Zoffingen (Switzerland), Herr Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, "Saul," was the principal choral performance.

Though it is not our wont to trespass on private entertainments, there are cases that justify an exception being made: such as the three concert performances of the *Chœur* of the "L'Union Lyrique," with English text and English singers, and one of "Orphée," with Madame Viardot, given in the same house, within the week. Even without stage accessories or action, the effect of the last was something unparalleled, and must be dwelt on, if only to substantiate what has been said in regard to the disadvantages under which the opera has been heard on the Italian stage in England. Further, in reference to rumours which have been circulated during the past spring, it should be put on record that the gifted artists, whose singing so moved and electrified her audience, has never been in fuller possession of her vocal powers than on Monday last. A mistake may be here rectified. "Iphigénie en Tauride" is the next opera of the series in prospect for her, not "Alceste."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

LITERATURE

Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China. With Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis; and the Manjours, Mangyars, Tounpous, Tounents, Golds, and Gylaks: the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By T. W. Atkinson. (Hurst & Blackett.)

OUR readers have not now to learn, for the first time, the quality of Mr. Atkinson as an explorer and a writer. The comments we made on, and the extracts we selected from, his 'Oriental and Western Siberia' [Athenæum, No. 1570] will have sufficed to show that in the former character he takes rank with the most daring of the class, and that in the latter, he is scarcely to be surpassed for the lucidity, picturesque, and power with which he portrays the scenes through which he has travelled, and the perils or the pleasures which encountered him on the way.

The present volume is not inferior to its predecessor. It deals with civilization, semi-civilization, and barbarous life. It takes us through localities some of which are little, others not at all, known to even the best read men in the literature of travel. Mr. Atkinson treads forth from Siberia on to a plain two thousand miles in extent. He leads us into familiar intercourse with people who, before they offer the cup of Sinitanka to a stranger, cast some of the beverage to the four winds, as a libation to the gods; and whose small need for a *Journal des Modes* is evidenced by the fact that the two or three kaftans which form their costume are never changed. When one side is dirty, they turn the garment inside out, and when the second side has become fouler than the first, they give it another turn, and so go on, until the robe falls from them in utter rottenness!

The families of the chiefs of these tribes of Central Asia are, however, of royal quality, after a certain primitive fashion,—the fashion of the Scriptures and the poetry of early ages. Sultanas, old and young, mothers and daughters, milk the cows, sheep, and goats, night and morning. This is especially an office of dignity, and once, perhaps, confined to the younger ladies; for we believe that, in the Arian tongues, the word daughter, — so unmeaning in itself to us,—has no other significance but that of the milker of the flocks. In these,—in sheep, cows, goats, camels, and horses,—consists the wealth of a sultan of the plains. He reckons them by tens and hundreds of thousands; marriage-portion is all made up of them; and the young lady who can take to her lord the greatest number of quadrupeds of this sort, is an heiress whose charms are the subject of envy and comment in all the yurts within the limits of wide-spreading Tartary. Of all these animals, the horse seems to be the most esteemed, whether for use or for eating. The Kirghis warrior loathes the idea of eating beef, but the prospect of a juicy steak from a wild horse makes his mouth water. Vegetables he has none, grows none, cares for none,—“the people of Central Asia disdain such trifles.”

Compared with extent of locality, the inhabitants are few; and there is an air about the stern, dreary desert, the quiet valleys, and the silent pastures, as if they had never been enlivened by multitudes of men, and by the passions of multitudes. But beneath this desert and these pastures sleeps the mortality

of teeming nations. The inhabitants of these nations rendered all about them prodigious. Their engineering skill is manifested by the numerous canals which still exist; and if ever this now mournfully grand country shall be fully occupied and peopled by Russia, she will be the restorer of a civilization which once existed, and not the founder of one. The barrows on the boundless plains are numberless; their circling stones look, even on paper, like Stonehenge magnified; they cover generations which once moved within and without the enclosing earthworks which are all that remain of ancient cities and strongholds, but which “afford convincing proof that a great people were once located here.” Great and numerous must the people have been who once covered the now great desert. Over a city of the dead, four miles in length by one in breadth, Mr. Atkinson rode on one occasion,—the ground beneath him being the graves of probably the earliest inhabitants of a region which was the cradle of the human race. Life is still a struggle there, in which Death often gets the better of it, before due season.—

“In January, 1850, the thermometer fell to 20° Réaumur, below the freezing-point, and then came terrible boursas. I have known one to continue for eleven days with such fury that the yurts were blown down, and the stock coverings put asunder and carried away by the storm. I have also seen the household goods strewn over the snowy waste, when all had to scramble to procure the smallest covering as a protection against the cutting blast. These disasters not infrequently happen in the night, when, in the open fields, the papers are blown from the young children, and they, miserable little creatures, are hurled into the snow, and perish. But it is not children alone who fall victims to the fury of these storms,—if men or women wander from the yurt, they are blown down, and they are often frozen to death within fifty paces of their friends. Such are the fearful calamities that visit these vast steppes. The tribe with whom I was stopping had suffered, and were mourning the loss of some of their friends. At the door of one of the yurts, a small white flag was fluttering from a pole, indicating that a young female had been lost; and plaintive music and deep sobs were heard issuing from the yurt, as the sun was setting. In some of the narrow rocky valleys of the Alstau I have often heard a doan, or even more, voices singing in chorus these funeral strains. As the sounds swelled and echoed from crag to crag, it had a pleasing, but at the same time a most melancholy effect,—it was truly funeral.”

There is, however, a grandeur of life as well as of death on these wide plains. Bards, attached to the tribes, render the evenings short by soothing their hearers with songs in praise of a pastoral career, or lashing them into wild fury by charging the chiefs of the great chieftains in the war. Such chieftains sit at their tents, and look at their tens of thousands of animals feeding on the mountain slopes. These mountains embrace scenery such as poet or painter never dreamed of. Their sides, or the valleys at their feet, are rich with veins of lapis-lazuli, green and orange nephrite, gold, silver, and rubies,—rich, in short, in metals and minerals which the coming lord will know how to turn to use. The sunmits, crowned with snow, sparkle in the sun which maintains a summer at their base. The special majesty of the earth seems established here. The heavens smile or frown more emphatically than elsewhere. The land, even where it is barren, abounds in beauties, at the aspect of which the heart throbs more swiftly; earthquakes drink up the mountain lakes; and over barriers of green and purple Jasper the waters leap into the deep beds in the

valleys, or rush roaringly on through gulfs and caverns in the mountains, where man, fearing to trace their course, fixes the abiding-place of Shaitan and his angels.

Such are some of the external features of the country. Let us introduce our readers to an “interior.” Mr. Atkinson had been nearly lost in traversing a stony desert; but, way-worn and famished, he reached a Kirghis encampment:—

“We caused a great commotion; but the usual explanation was quickly followed by the customary welcome. In a few minutes I found myself standing close to several sleeping children, and near two young maidens, who were just unrolling themselves out of their volooks. It is unpleasant to enter a Kirghis abode that has been closed several hours. The strong scent of the koumis bag, mingled with various other odours from tipped and quodred, makes the intruder start back with horror, as plague and other deadly maladies are instantly suggested. One of my Cosacks threw open the top of the yurt, and the fire carried off the odour of stria, otherwise it would have been impossible to gaze at the strange scene. The yurt was quickly placed on its iron tripod, when a goodly portion of brick tea, clothed cream, and the other ingredients were thrown into it. Looking at the size of the vessel, I thought there was sufficient to feast the multitude. The people now crowded round to gaze at the stranger who had unceremoniously entered their abodes. A Cosack was standing near the fire preparing my little supper, while the inmates watched him with intense interest. During these operations I had time to examine the dwelling, which was host to my family, and a strong flickering light from the fire enabled me to scan each individual. The chief's name was Kairan: he was a man about fifty years of age, had a dark swarthy or dirty complexion, with broad and heavy features, a wide mouth, small and deep-set eyes, a well-formed nose, and a large forehead. His head was shaved, and he wore a closely fitting blue kanka cap, embroidered with silver and coloured silks. His neck was as thick and as sturdy as any of his bulls; he was broad-chested, and strongly built; taking him altogether, he was a powerful man. His dress was a Kokhan cotton kalat striped with yellow, red, and green, reaching down to his feet, and was tied round his waist with a red and green shawl. His two wives had on sheepskin coats, in which they slept, and high pointed cotton caps. I cannot say that their night gear was particularly clean or interesting, still it may have a charm for a Kirghis. The heads of four children were peeping from their fur coverings, and one, a girl about six years old, crept out, showing that they were not troubled with night-gown. Next to the children there was a pen in which three young kids slept, and on the opposite side of the yurt four young lambs had a similar berth. These were the inmates of a dwelling 25 feet in diameter; besides which, the space was still further curtailed by a pile of furs, and a small fire. The chief had seated myself on a carpet spread in front of the boxes, the Cosacks placed my tea apparatus before me, and possessing four glasses, I was enabled to serve my host and his wives with the beverage. Several of the children were following in the yurt, intently watching my proceedings. When I handed tea to the women they evidently thought me a barbarian, as no man with any breeding among their tribes would serve a female until every man and boy had been satisfied. Before Kairan went to sleep he informed me that many tribes were on their march towards the mountains, and that great numbers were encamped to the westward. After receiving this news, I turned down without ceremony on the place where I had been sitting; the Cosack spread a carpet over me, and then laid himself up in another. A Kirghis put out the fire, and let down the top of the yurt, shutting us up in utter darkness; but a long ride over these dreary plains is an excellent promoter of sleep. My Cosack was soon snoring, and in a few minutes I was lost to either sound or scent.

These were winter quarters; but the summer

pastures, whither five-and-thirty thousand animals are sometimes moving together, yield pleasant scenes. The shepherds are soldiers also, and often robbers to boot; and are so skilled in the use of lance and battle-axe that Mr. Atkinson is induced to say, "If these men are ever trained under good officers, they will become some of the best irregular cavalry in the world, unequalled for long and rapid marches. They possess all the qualities that made the reputation of the wild borders led on by Genghis Khan." The training here alluded to will come, it is supposed, from Muscovy, which leads us to a consideration of what Moscow and St. Petersburg have been plotting with regard to these countries.

For more than a century and a half, Russia, more or less openly, by fraud or by force, has been extending her dominion in Asia in two directions—towards India and towards the Pacific. In the middle and latter part of the seventeenth century she made but slow progress; was often worsted by the very Tartars from whom the Russian race is descended; and was often ignominiously defeated by the Chinese, who dictated humiliating terms and compelled acceptance of them at the hands of that "Great White Khan," who was considered as being nothing more than the troublesome vassal of the Emperor of the Celestials. The Muscovite policy, however, is one of perseverance, and it has triumphed so far as it has gone. After intrigues and aggressions which have been continuous for above a hundred and fifty years, Russia has succeeded in wresting the Valley of the Amoor from China, and gained a position from which, in a month, if it suited her interested policy, she might sweep the Chinese Emperor, throne and supporters, into the Gulf of Petcheli. In the other direction alluded to, Russia is labouring with an energy worthy of a better purpose. Her power is steadily but merely, and for long and rapidly extending itself over the plains of Central Asia; and when this is sufficiently secured, "the nomades will have to pay both in men and money."

Wherever Russia has obtained an influence among the Kirghis tribes, a young Russian officer is placed near the chief, to whom he translates all messages from the *Chair*, and from whom he obtains signatures to papers of which the chief does not comprehend a word. The present of a gold medal, a regimental coat, or a becced hat, with permission to take a part,—that of not saying anything,—in the yearly council held at Ayrag, induce the poor chief to believe that his influence has increased. He mistakes the badges of his degradation for the symbols of his increased glory,—and is content.

This manner of man is easily over-reached by the emissaries of the Great Khan at St. Petersburg, who, as a speculator in land, carries on a wonderfully successful business. Here is an account of the conclusion of a conference between native owners of territory and Russian annexing agents; the latter resolved to make a bargain their master would approve of:—

"Their appetites having been fully satisfied, the director deemed it a favourable moment to resume proceedings. He therefore desired his interpreter to ask the price at which the Sultan valued the steppe tract, and the pasture land on the right side, with the stream of water which bounded it in that direction. In reply, the Sultan stated that he and the chiefs were willing to sell the land with the minerals on the following terms, viz.: That two hundred and fifty pieces of silver (meaning silver roubles) should be paid to him and a gold medal added, like the one presented by the Emperor Alexander I. to Sultan Boulania. Also, that another sum of one hundred silver roubles

should be paid to the mulla and the chiefs, to be equally divided among them. But he said that the river they could not dispose of, as that was necessary for their pastures and for watering their cattle. The director more told them that he must absolutely insist on the river being included, as he could not purchase the mines without it. 'Nor would it, he said, be injurious to the tribes, as their cattle could drink at the stream before it entered the mining district, where it passed for many miles through their pastures. He, however, promised to add something to the amount named by the Sultan, if this point was ceded to him. Having stated this, he ordered the two hundred and fifty new and shining roubles to be placed on the table; the large gold medal, with its broad red ribbon, was taken out of its case and placed near the money; and a hundred roubles more counted down for the mulla and the chiefs. A gold-laced scarlet coat and a sabre were now added to the heap intended for the Sultan; a kalat or long robe, of vivid colours, and a gold imperial, were put on the table for each of the chiefs and the mulla. The director then instructed to tell them that all these things would be given if the river were included in the purchase; if not, the negotiation would be at an end, as no further offer would be made. They were not prepared for this mode of settling the matter; it seemed far too abrupt, as their residents usually occupy days; indeed, sometimes weeks are consumed in settling their bargains, time being no object with them. They looked at each other with astonishment, and then at the valuables spread out before them, anxious to secure them, but still desiring to get more. Having spoken together for some minutes, the Sultan said that it would take time for them to consider the matter; adding that they would consult all the tribes about it, and give an answer in a few days. The director fully understood what was meant by this, and that they intended delaying their decision until something more was offered; and knowing that this would be continued for an indefinite period if once permitted, he told the Sultan that as the matter had been under the consideration of himself, the mulla, chiefs, and tribes, for several months, they could not require any further time. Besides, he had taken a long journey to meet them, and now could not, under any circumstances, admit of delay. It therefore became necessary that they should definitely decide, before the council broke up, whether they accepted his offer or not; finally he assured them that, if they once left his yurt without concluding the bargain, he should start on his return within an hour. Without further remark, the Sultan began examining the sabre and the coat, desiring that the latter should be tried on. He was quickly invested with it, and viewed the extraordinary change that appeared in his person with perfect satisfaction. The gold medal was hung on his breast, producing a great effect; but as the Cosack looked at the sabre, he said, "This was settled the point. He would have given half the river in the steppe sooner than be stripped of his weapon and finery. In a few minutes the mulla and chiefs were bedecked in their new clothing, evidently on the best terms with themselves, and vastly admiring each other. The money was handed to the Sultan, which he rolled up in his shawl and secured round his waist, as this was too precious in his eyes to be trusted to any other hands. The mulla and chiefs followed his example. Shortly afterwards the Sultan stated that he had a document transcribing to the great White Khan the whole district shown on a map prepared beforehand, with all the gold, silver, and other minerals it might contain, its pastures, and the river. Thus, for a sum of about one hundred and fifty pounds, his Imperial Majesty acquired a vast and a fruitful property in the Kirghis Steppe, which will, I have no doubt, expand rapidly towards all the points of the compass. These mines are of immense value, and are now sending their contributions to the Imperial Mint."

Such is a sample of Russian progress, and its method. The most southerly fort that power has planted in Chinese Tartary is at Kopal, in

43° N. lat. and 82° E. long. This fort is only three days' distance from Kulja, a populous Chinese city, and Mr. Atkinson holds its erection as significant of the fate which awaits the warlike tribes of the Great Horde. Life in localities like these is but dreary at the best, even to Russians skilled in hunting, or fond of researches in natural history. In winter, the Cosack families, men, women, and children, sent to form a nucleus of civilization and of increase in the neighbourhood of the forts, starve severely.

Mr. Atkinson praises the prudence which characterizes one portion of the policy of Russia,—her respect for the religion and superstition of the tribes whom she robs or conquers of their lands. No priests accompany the Cosacks who take possession. The former, indeed, are the less wanted, as our traveller asserts the impossibility of making a single convert, and adduces several instances in proof of the danger of meddling with the natives' stations. A Cosack who had made light of the power of the Kirghis White Lady, was found murdered and cut up, near the ancient temple which was supposed to be her particular residence. A logical Tartar had no difficulty in pointing to the fact, as proof of the existence and power of the "Lady" on whom the Muscovite had cast dirt.

In the Russian fort at Kopal, Mr. Atkinson was wintered up; but he was hospitably entertained by the officers of the establishment,—including a doctor, whose usefulness was a little impeded by want of a hospital and medicines. The most remarkable man of the garrison was a priest who, for some masculinity, had been unfrocked, and condemned to serve in these regions as a common soldier, for an indefinite period. This fellow was a godsend to the dull garrison. The misanthropic villain rendered the stormy Christmas-time joyous by writing plays, training men to act them, and by delivering from the summit of a lofty pole, biting satires, of which he was himself the author, against facts and their founders, the clergy of every degree, confession, monks, nuns, and the Greek religion generally. These produced roars of laughter and applause, so true to nature were they, and so shamelessly delivered; "but, had he uttered them in Russia, his fate would have been chains and the mines of Nerchinsk for life."

By means of forts and towns, Russia is surrounding the Kirghis hordes with civilization, the forerunner of a moral revolution which will open up,—is, indeed, already doing so,—new and vast fields for commercial enterprise. The Cosack pickets will soon be at Kashgar, but Mr. Atkinson does not recommend an English merchant to establish himself or an agency in the Russian or Tartar emporia. He suggests rather the establishment of fairs on the Indus, whence our produce or manufactures may be carried away by the Tartar merchants to the Kirghis tribes, and to Northern China; in return for which "the Kirghis, for their part, will send into India vast numbers of good horses annually; silver and gold are plentiful in their country; and their other resources will be rapidly developed." This end is being hastened by artillery,—the fear of which has subdued many a tribe. The Mountain Kirghis and the Kalducks are now the subjects of Russia, and when under proper command, they will be the most formidable body for mischief of any in Central Asia.

That English merchandise will find its way to Northern China by other roads than through the Kirghis country, Mr. Atkinson clearly points out. Meanwhile, the Russian merchant-princes on the Siberian border are energetic

and enterprising; and their successors, if not themselves, will find new fields for mercantile undertakings down the Amoor and into the Pacific. The author deems the time not far distant when "a mercantile fleet will be moored in their harbours in the Gulf of Tartary and Sea of Japan."

How Russia has executed her part towards the fulfilment of this prediction, the annexed narrative will show. A glance at the map will enable the reader to comprehend the narrative, and the importance of what it details, more fully than any topographical description.

"From 1699 to 1854 the junction of the Argun and Shilka was the most easterly point of the Russian empire in the region of the Amoor. But, during all this period of 165 years, the frontier Cosacks were constantly penetrating into the country on the north of the Amoor; and many wild stories have been handed down of the contests these hardy hunters had with the Manjur race. Besides which, many Cosacks have escaped from the mines, and descended the Amoor only to be captured by the people on its banks. An exile escaped this way and succeeded in passing all the Chinese posts in a canoe, or small boat, by keeping to the north side of the river. He lived on the produce of his rifle, and after a long journey, he finally reached the mouth of the Amoor, in the hope of getting away in some vessel. In this he was disappointed, and after all chance of escape had vanished, started on his return. He fell in with a party of Tungous sable hunters, and spent the hunting season with them. After which they crossed the country towards the upper part of the Zeya, and ultimately brought him to one of the fairs attended by the Cosacks. He was recognized by his countrymen and carried back to the mines of Nerchinsk, after an absence of more than eighteen months. The infamy which he had acquired was considered of so much value that the chief got his sentence remitted, on condition of his taking another journey to gain more knowledge of the region. At the season of the yermak he was provided with powder, his gun, and a few accessories, and accompanied the Cosacks to the fair, in the hope of meeting his old companions, the Tungous. They were there, delighted to see him, and he having been provided with a packet of powder for each man, was again admitted as a brother, and invited to accompany them to hunt the sable. At the end of three days the fair broke up, when he said good-bye to his countrymen, and started with the Tungous on their homeward journey. This time he acquired a knowledge of the southern side of the Yablonoi, and discovered a short route to the sable hunting ground far down towards the mouth of the Amoor. Having spent another season sable-hunting, he returned with his companions to the fair, and then to the Zavod, bringing much valuable information about the different people dwelling on the banks of the Amoor, and opened up a road into a valuable fur-producing country. This exile was sent a third time with instructions to penetrate into the regions on the north side of the Amoor, during the sable hunting season, and return in time to accompany the Tungous to the fair. They, however, arrived, but he was not with them, nor was he ever heard of afterwards. After him several convicts escaped down the river, but no one returned to tell his story, and it is supposed that they were killed. In 1848 it was desired to explore the Amoor, when four Cosacks were sent in the spring of that year on an expedition down the river in a boat; they were armed and provisioned, and it was hoped that this small party might be permitted to pass unmolested. He also carried instruments for making observations, a telescope, and a quantity of gold coin. It was well known that great jealousy existed among the Chinese authorities; that they always endeavoured to stop the Cosacks pursuing game into their territory, and it was only the dread of their deadly rifles that enabled them to escape from superior numbers. The officer was instructed to avoid coming in contact with the authorities, if possible; to examine their towns and villages from a distance, but not to enter them.

He was desired to conciliate the people on every opportunity, and he carried various articles for presents. It was expected that this party would accomplish the object, if permitted to proceed, in about nine months, and, if stopped, that they would spend the winter. Time passed on, and nine months had elapsed; but there were no tidings of the officer and his men. During the winter the Cosacks inquired from all the Ordozhons who attended the fairs, if these men had been seen; but no one could give any tidings about them. The winter sable-hunters were promised a reward if they could find them, or learn if they were detained by the Chinese; but all efforts proved fruitless. In 1852 an application was made by the Governor of Kiachta to the Chinese Governor in Ourga, stating that an officer and four men had deserted, carrying away with them a large sum in gold and several instruments; that they had descended the Amoor, and it was believed that they had been captured by the Chinese officers, and were detained in one of the towns. If so, the Russian Government desired that they should be delivered up, either at Kiachta, or at any of the forts on the frontier. This produced no result; and I have good reason to believe that they have never been heard of. The Governor-General of Oriental Siberia determined to explore the Amoor, and in 1854 a party of expedition was organized by him for that object. It was on such a scale that the General could neither check his progress nor prevent him taking possession of the north bank of the river. In less than six weeks the whole of this vast region, including the country between the Amoor and the Russian frontier to the north of the Yablonoi, had changed masters; it had now fallen into strong hands, and before the end of the year the entire Chinese army could have not dislodged the small body of Cosacks placed in position. General Mouravioff had seized on all the points which his keen eye and practical experience told him were necessary for the security of the new acquisition.

What the results of this may be, it is scarcely possible to conjecture. If Russia makes honourable use of the enormous power she has gained, the world itself may profit by it. If she employs it selfishly or aggressively, she will probably inflict injury on many, herself included. England is greatly concerned in this result, for it is possible that in some of these great plains the cotton-plant may be cultivated successfully, and in such case the probability is indeed strong that a supply of this valuable product will, ere long, be found "at the Russian ports in the Sea of Japan and in the Gulf of Tartary." Settlements are already being made on the Amoor, where industrious colonists, not having to employ years in the clearing of land, will find it easy to raise crops, for pastures are already formed to their hand, where thousands of cattle may find food, and further on, already, the locomotive will lend its aid in this remote part of Asia. Russian steamers are already plying on the Amoor; and the progress of Russia, for good or evil, appears so undoubted to the author, that he declares it will not be long before the Mandarin and his satellites will be made to beat a retreat towards the Great Wall. Meanwhile, Russian colonists are settling down between Prong and Caesars Bay,—the latter, the port of the Amoor. Glance once more at the map, and then observe the import of the following words:—"Both sides of this strait will, before long, be peopled by Russians, and the island of Saghalien be added to their empire. The latter contains valuable beds of coal, whence Russia can draw supplies for either a steam-navy or for industrial purposes; it will also give her splendid harbours in the Pacific, and leave her fleets free for operations throughout every part of the year."

The length to which our notice of Mr. Atkinson's noble work has gone leaves us space only further to mention that the Russian story to

which we have confined ourselves almost exclusively, is but an episode among the Asiatic tribes, of their social life, their history, religion, and superstitions. The followers, too, of nearly all the "logias" will meet with something in those graphic pages of peculiar interest to them. The entire volume is admirable for its spirit, unexaggerated tone, and the mass of fresh materials by which this really new world is made accessible to us. We will only add, as the progress of Russia in that quarter is of especial interest to the merchants, and through them to the people, of England, that news reached London on Thursday announcing the acquiescence of the Russian Government in the project of the Governor-General of Siberia for the commercial development of the Amoor Country; the whole of which will be opened, in 1862, to a free search for minerals. The authorities at St. Petersburg have, hitherto, reserved the search to the Government. With this reform, foreign emigration will be encouraged, liberal policy in commerce and intercourse upon the Amoor be carried out, and life will flourish again over the countless graves of the old and early world.

The London by Moonlight Mission. By Lieut. John Blackmore, R.N. With a Brief Memoir of the Author. (Robson & Avery.)

Lieut. Blackmore's work in the London streets is only to be spoken of tenderly, lovingly, gratefully. All persons of every sect and creed will unite in one expression of praise of his courage and his true-heartedness. He has undertaken a task which needs most careful handling; and were not his delicacy equal to his bravery, he could not have succeeded so well as he has done. Many there are who would be loath to attribute unworthy motives to his generous and selfless piety might seem to savour of ultimate cant,—to more, his earnestness of belief would betoken an undiscerning enthusiasm too credulous to be critical; but through good report and evil report, through the weakness inseparable from all human work, and through the many backslidings which must needs be in such an undertaking, the Lieutenant has held his way manfully, and the Moonlight Mission has been a blessed success so far. This little book is a record of some of the more interesting cases, prefaced by a Memoir of the Lieutenant, which deals sagaciously with the former self—the unregenerate John Blackmore who sang and laughed away his sailor boyhood in that manner of innocent levity so abhorrent to Bunyan and Peter Cartwright. There is an exaggerated and unwholesome tone in the retrospective denunciations, a kind of pious complacency in dwelling on the difference between this picture and that, a too conscious self-glorification in the miracle of grace and conversion that has been wrought, to make the biography attractive. The same tone appears in some of the letters and records of the poor girls themselves. An invidious piety, that trenches nearly on the Pharisee's thanks to God that he was not as other men, inasmuch that he was better than they,—though doubtless sincerely gratifying to religionists of the Lieutenant's particular views, as evidencing a certain change of heart and the reception of infinite grace,—to others not of those views, seems forced and by no means healthy. In putting off the Old Man, and inducing themselves with the garment of righteousness, they get a certain satisfied tone which is entirely unwholesome to a looking-on. One girl, who, by her own confession, was the most heartless thief and the most unblushing liar to be found, who brought disgrace on

more than one innocent person whom she suffered to be condemned for her thefts, and who fell, without any outside pressure of temptation, into every sin within her scope, gets converted in the Home, and regenerate to that pass that she is a Scripture reader and expositor in Australia! So full of spiritual light is she, that she can afford to be ungrateful to the beams of that ray of Christianity called Roman Catholicism, by which she was once sought to be reclaimed, but which is somehow or other mixed up in the same page, and as if in the same category as the worst vices of her life. This ultra-Evangelicism is in bad taste, to say the mildest thing possible of it; and we are sorry to see such a great work as Lieut. Blackmore's disfigured by aught so small and unchristian as sectarianism. It matters little by which door we are enabled to enter the Temple of Holiness; and the fallen woman who is reclaimed by the gentle sisterliness of a nun, or by the fatherly protection of Lieut. Blackmore, is equally "a brand plucked from the burning," equally a victory in place of a sacrifice. The Home has been a glad place of refuge to many in a worldly point of view as well as in a spiritual. Several poor creatures have been married respectably and well, in consequence of their stay there, and thus have been restored to the world and active life again. A young girl of rather higher position and education than ordinary, whose history was published in one of the Missionary Publications, received two offers of marriage; one of which was from a clergyman. She had, however, accepted a third who had offered himself in the mean time, "a rich man," and there is a little graphic touch about the *déjeuner* on the wedding-day, which has a flavor of reality and plum-pudding about it irresistibly comic. But these are the minor defects, the small human flaws, without which no human work exists; and in noticing them broadly and without disguise we would not be held to include the higher graces and nobler efforts of the Mission. Supposing, even, that the Lieutenant's sanguine statistics are beyond the exact mark; yet, after pruning and paring away every possible exuberance, there still remains a solid core of good—a deathless result of undiminished mercy. Many a poor wretch who loathed the sin she had no means of leaving, has found peace and safety in that kindly Home; many a lattered sord, mud-stained, foul, diseased, has there become purified and cleansed; and the life which had but the alternative of suicide or crime, has blossomed out anew into happiness and virtue. Because of such great gains as these, the Moonlight Mission may be termed a noble institution. God speed its task—God bless its work!

Life of Andrew Jackson. By James Parton. In 3 vols. Vol. II. (New York, Mason Brothers; London, Sampson Low & Co.)

This second portion of Andrew Jackson's biography fully sustains the good opinion we formed of the undertaking on reading the first volume. Mr. Parton perseveres in his plan of incorporating in his work long extracts from the writers to whom he is indebted for information. He would have done better had he condensed these numerous and lengthy extracts, and, trusting more to his own powers, had painted his pictures for himself, referring his readers to the authorities by which the accuracy of his statements might be tested. He might thus have produced a brilliant narrative, instead of an unwieldy compilation, the enormous bulk of which will deter many, to whom time is of value, from perusing its pages. This, however, is the only grave fault we can find with Mr.

Parton. He is a painstaking, honest, and courageous historian, ardent with patriotism, but unprejudiced—a writer, in short, of whom the people of the United States have reason to be proud. With an admirable truthfulness, and a daring that savors of genuine British "pluck," Mr. Parton declines to whitewash his hero, preferring to portray him faithfully, neither palliating the bad nor exaggerating the good of his character and career. The first half of the volume is devoted to a somewhat too protracted account of our disastrous Expedition against New Orleans in 1814. In nearly all important particulars the version given of those hostilities, in which the world was shown (not for the first time) how much easier it is for irregular troops keeping close within their lines to maintain a good position than it is for veterans to drive them from it, is identical with the narrative of the same events by "The Subaltern," whom the Duke of Wellington emphatically pronounced to be, as a military writer, "excellent." Indeed, Mr. Parton in this section of his work does little more than reprint the productions of English writers. When we reflect on what are the leading characteristics of the military life of one of our European nations, the following testimony to our remedy—even where the truth tells against us—is not less pleasant than it is just.—

"The voyage to Lake Borgne, the landing of the army on its marshy shores, and indeed every incident of the campaign, so far as the English were concerned, has been graphically described by officers who served in the expedition. These gentlemen evidently had no thought but to tell the truth. The candor, truth, and reason of the highbrow, unaffected kindliness of tone which mark all of those personal narratives that I have been able to procure, give the reader many a pang to think that the stupidity or the ambition of cabinets should have made it the duty of such men, so valiant and good-humoured, to go to the Delta of the Mississippi for a purpose so unnatural and absurd. It may also be truly said that the English personal narratives, both of the revolutionary war and of the war of 1812, give us a higher idea of American courage and endurance than is always afforded by our own too eulogistic historians. This is partly owing to the fact that we read the English narrative without any suspicion that the good conduct of Americans is overstated, or their failures concealed, and partly because it belongs to the character of genuine Englishmen to do justice to an enemy that defeats them, as well as to a rival by whom in peaceful pursuits they are surpassed. In unfolding, therefore, the wonderful series of events which followed the sailing of the fleet from Negri Bay, I shall, as often as possible, let English officers, who took part in them, tell their side of the strange, the almost incredible story."

But though the story is told by our own countrymen, and in our own way, the subject is so disinterested that we hurry over the pages, and would fain forget the miserable contest of two chivalric nations, belonging to the same race, and speaking the same language. We could almost wish the United States a few glorious battles with the great military Powers of the Continent, so that they might be in a position to find a vent for fireside patriotism in recounting their victories over armies not connected with them by the ties of blood and the noblest associations of the past. As it is, their patriotism is excusable to use the form of country towards Great Britain. The most brilliant portion of their history being unfortunately little more than a catalogue of terrible struggles with the mother-country, the same books which encourage their children to love their free institutions, almost necessarily rouse within them sentiments of animosity to that power from which the founders and first guardians of those institutions encountered resistance.

We willingly turn from battle-fields to the celebrations that enlivened New Orleans on the return of peace. General Jackson was, of course, the hero of the day. Wherever he went the mob buzzed at his heels. The ladies presented him with a diamond pin. Good Mrs. Jackson, arriving with a party of Tennesseans, made her appearance on the scene, jolly, beaming with triumph, and full of pious talk. The belles of New Orleans were surprised to find her a fat, short, vulgar woman, ignorant of the laws of grammar, and, worse still, ignorant of the fashions of mantua-makers. At first, the *beau-monde* of New Orleans smiled superciliously, and an anti-Jackson caricature was published, representing "the first Mrs. Jackson as standing upon a table, while Mrs. Livingston was employed in lacing her stays, struggling to make a waist where a waist had been, but was not." But the lady's good sense, unperturbable good temper, and perfect freedom from affectation, soon made her a favorite "amongst the elegant Creole ladies," who presented her with a showy set of topaz jewelry. In the language of our American cousins, she "professed religion;" but during that period of universal rejoicing she laid aside some of her conscientious scruples, and so far countermanded mundane vanity as to take part in a grand public ball, and give the company a taste of "a frontier break-down!"

"The upper part of the Exchange was arranged for dancing, and the under-part for supper, with flowers, coloured lamps, and transparencies with inscriptions. Before supper, Jackson desired to look at the arrangements unaccompanied, and I was appointed to conduct him. One of the transparencies between the arcades bore the inscription, 'Jackson and victory: they are but one.' The General looked at it, and turned about to me in a half-fellow sort of way, saying, 'Why did you not write "Hickory and victory: they are but one." After supper we were treated to a most delicious *pas de deux* by the conqueror and his spouse. To see these two figures, the General, a long, haggard man, with limbs like a skeleton, and Madame la Generale, a short, fat, dumpling, hobnobbing opposite each other like two Indians, and, to the wild melody of "For ever up the Gum Tree," and endeavouring to make a spring into the air, was very remarkable, and far more edifying a spectacle than any European ballet could possibly have furnished."

The last feature of Jackson's private life was his unvarying love for his mistress, and a personally unattractive wife. She was devotedly attached to him; and while he was going about the world fighting duels, swearing, and swaggering, she stayed at home praying God to change his heart, and make him a better man. The time came when her prayers were answered, and the General, too, became a regular attendant at public worship, and regarded his sins with shame and contrition. The famous Peter Cartwright, who united in his own person the best qualities of a saint, a hero, and a man, in Benicia Bay, said of him, "Autobiography" how he dared from the pulpit to direct the thunders of the Gospel against the General!—

"Monday evening came; the church was filled to overflowing; every seat was crowded, and many had to stand. After singing and prayer, Brother Mac took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text: 'What states in itself a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul!' After reading my text, I paused. At that moment I saw General Jackson walking up the aisle; he came to the middle post, and very gracefully leaned against it, and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt one of my ears tingle, and I stood, and turning my head, my faithful preacher, whispering a little loud, said, 'General Jackson has come in—General Jackson has come in.' I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is

General Jackson! If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!" The preacher tucked his head down and squatted low, and would, no doubt, have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General Jackson and all, smiled or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When the congregation dismissed, my city statesman and preacher stopped up to me, and very sternly said to me, "You are the straightest man I ever saw, and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city."—"Very clear of it," said I, "for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course, and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, there is two as can play at that game."

This volume, however, does not bring us down to the period when the General relinquished the ways of sin. The most unscrupulous and utterly unjustifiable parts of his career are those that preceded the defence of New Orleans. The Seminole War and the Arbuthnot murder are the two darkest blots on his reputation. Of the latter crime Mr. Parton writes, "The most appalling, but, frankly calling it 'an act of such complicated and unmitigated atrocity, that to call it murder would be to defame all ordinary murders.'" And this decided opinion accords with the sentence pronounced by the most intelligent and patriotic citizens of the States in 1819. Resolutions were put before the House of Representatives condemning the trial and execution of Arbuthnot and Ambriester, disapproving the seizure of the Spanish ports of Pensacola and St. Carlos de Barrancas in West Florida, and reflecting severely on Jackson's conduct. It is true that these resolutions were lost; but the important minority that voted for them, and the splendid speech of Mr. Clay, made Jackson's numerical triumph a moral defeat. In the Senate the expression of feeling against Jackson was more emphatic. On the 24th of February, Mr. Leary's report, which was read against Jackson on every point, from the raising of the Tennessee Volunteers to the taking of Pensacola, "was presented to the Senate, who, by a vote of thirty-one to three, ordered it to be printed and lie on the table."

But Jackson appealed to the mob—and their verdict was unanimously in his favour. It was true that he had without authority exercised imperial functions—had raised troops by a method unknown to the laws—had invaded the dominions of a king who was at peace with the United States, and having seized a fortress belonging to that king, had expelled its garrison, and filled it with his own troops. It was true also that he had assumed the dread prerogative of dooming men to death without trial. "Could," asks Mr. Parton, "the Autocrat of all Russia, when he ordered an expedition into Circassia, do more? Would any recent Autocrat of Russia have done as much?" But to the raw material of democracy there were trivial offences. Dazzled by his military successes, and incapable of appreciating the principles which he had violated, the multitudes were on his side, and gave him an ovation wherever he went. Not less enthusiastic in his support could have been a standing army of 600,000 men, if such a dangerous power had existed in the country. Looking at the character and influence of Jackson—violent, overbearing, unscrupulous, and greedy of power—the student of history has little hesitation in saying what would have been the course of the General, and the fate of the States, if, as in the military governments of Europe, an important part of the population had been trained to the profession of arms, and educated to obey the voice of a commander. Intoxicated by the acclamations of the people, irritated by the censures of far-seeing politi-

cians (whom he would have designated enemies of the commonwealth), the General would have indulged in the language of "promulgation" and "decree measures," and established on the ruins of the Republic a military despotism. As it was, instead of suffering in any way for his misdeeds, he triumphed over those who were opposed to him; and resigning his commission on the reduction of the army in 1821 (a measure to which he was vehemently adverse), he rose to the highest offices to which a citizen of the United States can lawfully aspire.

Pen and Pencil Sketches of a Holiday Scamp in Spain. By A. C. Andros. (Stanford.)

Nothing can be much more melancholy, to our fancy, than the chronic giggle of a *Miss Mercy Peckiniff*. Few things are more depressing to the spirits than books in which light-heartedness is laboriously produced. But the road of young enjoyment, how delicious it is! What can call that first start for the Continent,—when Calais looked lovely, when the unselect shore-folk of Ostend passed muster as examples of foreign customs! This is a merry book, and few will read it without thinking that its author must be a pleasant fellow to meet on a journey. Not that he is innocent of slang; but in these days, when a duchess may be heard on an official staircase saying, "I believe you, my boy,"—when Lord Adonis entertains the *Lady Corinna* he is courting with the impudent repartees of some Corinthian she—it is next to useless to protest against cant words and phrases in authorship snatched from the last Strand burlesque. Somehow, too, Spain seems to inspire, if not to inspire, slang,—as Switzerland inspires sentiment, and Italy remarks on "pictures, taste, and the turn of the mind." Ford's "*Classical Jargon*" is not impeccable as regards its English. With either classicism or pretensions to guide any tourist, Mr. Andros has nothing to do. He rattles away, amusing himself as he goes—witness the following run down the rail from Madrid to Alicante:—

"Onward is again the word; we must leave this town for Alicante. A broghana conveys us to the railway terminus, where we have a lively argument with the driver regarding his proper fare. The scamp endeavours to make it appear that he has acted from purely philanthropic motives in bringing us at all, and only as a great personal favour has he degraded his vehicle by loading it with trunks. In consideration of the extreme violence done to his feelings thereby, he claims pecuniary compensation adequate to the moral outrage he has so generously inflicted upon himself. Unfortunately, however, for the magnanimous John, he has to deal with at least one Londoner who, from a sense of equity in that work of mercy, has become case-hardened to all urgent appeals or menacing insolence from the fraternity of the whip. Though we cannot order the fellow to drive to the nearest police-station, force him to produce his papers, some him to give us his number, nor appeal to a friendly bobby, we manage to get off without paying more than about double the 'bare fare,' disregarding the look of impotent fury the fellow casts upon us as we enter the station. The ticket-office consists but of one large white-washed room containing a buffet, a cigar stall, and the *despacho para billetes*, a small pigeon-hole to which all have to figure their way to procure their tickets. Of course I leave all this to Julio, and at eight P.M. we find ourselves once more on the rail, bound for Alicante. This time our party consists of a Spanish civil engineer (very civil they afterwards prove); a stout old gentleman; his better half, a shrewish old dame, with the 'bit of an awk'; their niece, a beautiful creature with a fair complexion and rich golden hair; and their servant, a strapping black man, to whom the engineers are remarkably fond. I think officiously assisting, for the poor wench gets but little sleep the whole night.

Cigars—*O temporal! O moment!*—are speedily produced, for *Temporal* ladies do not sit at all objects smoking, and my own private 'cutty' being soon in full operation, the consumption of tobacco and dense fumes of smoke become really terrific. To my English notions, the thing at first seems scandalous, but the novelty is decidedly agreeable, and I feel little disposed to question the propriety of finding that one of the engineers speaks French. I get into conversation with him, and as night advances, persuade him to take me on to the locomotive, though he makes it a *quid* *non* that I shall lend him my pipe. He is so good, he might as well as take the country flat and leave us the desert. With a deafening scream off we start. The engine-driver, a Spaniard, keeps inciting the wretched stoker to fresh exertions every moment, shoving in coke in the most reckless manner, till the steam fairly boils out of the safety valve, when, of course, often flows the furnace-door and out rush the flames. Then the infuriated creature is continually turning on the gauge-cocks to make sure of the boiler supply, so that what with one thing and another, I can scarcely see the legs, drenched in the body, and frozen in the hands, from the runs of the boiler at night air. After a run of about twenty miles, heartily sick of this mode of travelling, which affords but little scope to my inquisitive turn of mind, I return to the carriage, where Julio is affecting to be soundly asleep, but I suspect I am strongly suspect that he has been otherwise engaged during my absence, and the *empressment* with which he takes leave of the ladies in the morning goes far to confirm my suspicions. At about four A.M. we stop at Albacete, a thriving town, called the Sheffield of Spain, where are manufactured the '*palmas*' and '*cuchillos*,' long-pointed knives, so often used for murderous purposes by this excitable, hot-blooded race. Here the engineers leave us, and we continue our journey with the old couple and the young girl. The former are apparently buried in profound repose, but I cannot but persuade myself that the stern old lady is sleeping with one eye open, which is watching me with spectral glare. That basilisk optic haunts me in my broken slumbers like a hideous nightmare. As we pass the station, where the train has been entranced at the advancing form of the deadly serpent, so do I encounter with shuddering awe the eye of that fearful old woman. The lovely seifers see not, nor does the handsome Abigail, and I am prepared to take a solemn affidavit that my gallant comrade does not observe it: I alone am under its spell, and vainly endeavouring to shake off its baneful influence by resolutely gazing at the rising sun, the fiery orb seems to dilate and resolves itself into a human eye. Heaven and earth, is it too much! I collapse into my seat and stare fixedly at nothing, till on the arrival of the train at a station near Novelda, a movement is made by our fellow-travellers, and to my inexpressible relief they quit the carriage after a ceremonious and courteous *adieu*. The ban is removed; I feel a mighty relief, and the slight agitation of the useful trip is joined with Julio in a jovial chorus, before the termination of which the train is rapidly approaching its destination. We are now surrounded by lofty, rugged mountains, yellow and bare, without the slightest vegetation. The outline of the hills is picturesque; the hard profile of the craggy rocks and deserts of stone, glittering in the already burning rays of the morning sun, form a truly Arabian picture, and one would scarcely feel surprised to see a train of caravans issuing from any one of the defiles we are rapidly passing. Suddenly Julio peeks his head out of the window and exclaims in hearty accents, 'There is Alicante!' I look forth and in the distance descried a lofty rock towering above the horizon. That rock is Alicante: in a few minutes we run into the station and are at our journey's end."

Mr. G. P. R. James, somewhere or other, told of a French tourist whose role fixed idea and motive was to eat *à la grande*. We have seen a fastidious traveller lately sustained from city to city by the hope of learning how the game of *pallone* was played.—We have met with a complacent gentleman on the Grand

Tour who acquiesced in suffering every sort of gallery, church, and opera-house, and had done so for months, on the calm condition of "going home by Geneva." She had read of Geneva in her school-days—the sole reason she could assign for this settled and interesting purpose.—Mr. Anders scamped through Spain with a more exciting whim to lure him on—the resolution of seeing a bull-fight—merrily laughing at himself when balked by disappointment after disappointment. We recommend his book of one hundred and sixty-three pages to the railway reader. Some of the cuts with which it is crammed are exceedingly spirited. Even the coloured lithographs have a sort of life and a finish rare in specimens of that so small in scale.

My Life and Adventures: an Autobiography.
By the Author of 'New El Dorado,' &c.
2 vols. (Hall & Co.)

THE author of this autobiography is the gentleman who signs himself Kinahan Cornwallis. He has been a hero, as every one must admit, to ride upon his whirling of romance and adventure. Strange that any one individual, even "the model Irishman," should undergo so much and be alive to tell the tale. To begin with—his mother dies; then, poor orphan, his sister expires, a week before the day fixed for her wedding; thirdly, his brother is killed in the hunting-field; next, he loses a pair of gloves and an umbrella at Liverpool. He starts for the Cape, and the Fates being still adverse, the steamer is burnt, with an awful sacrifice of life, although the narrator, just in the nick of time, is saved by a passing barque. Once in South Africa, he hunts in the far forests, but a lion having eaten his companion, he thinks that corner of the globe a little too hot for a civilized gentleman. Therefore, he hies him to Brazil, to the market of founding brides, and to the presence of New-World Imperialism:—

The empress and her maids of honour made their appearance on the balcony. The empress was a fine commanding-looking man, of florid complexion and with light hair. His features, although heavy when in repose, lighted up with great vivacity when animated. The empress was of the average female height, with a tendency to eunuchoid; but the expression of her countenance was sweet and intelligent; and an abundance of light hair, falling in curls upon her cheeks, only tended to enhance her charms. She was arrayed in a robe of white satin, with a profusion of the richest gold embroidery, draped with Valenciennes lace, and looped with sparkling brilliancy. The train was of green velvet, fringed with gold, and she was crowned with a magnificent tiara of diamonds mingled with emeralds. The attire of her maids of honour was very similar, and they were all remarkably good-looking women.

O ladies, islets, and varelets! O lions and leopards! We are only condensing the transcendentalisms of Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, who, it should be said, travels under the name of Backville St. Lawrence, Esq. We now have him "flow like a thought" to the Philippines, where he dwells palatially, and is disappointed by the ugliness of the female cigar-makers. Not so with the maiden Mestiza, who, we are told, "were exquisitely elegant in their movements, and appeared to have a natural aptitude for the acquisition of the accomplishments of dancing and music, in the execution of which arts there was little loss of witchery. In dress they were lively, unique, and attractive. A small shirt, made of pita, otherwise pine-apple cloth, with wide short sleeves, and worn loose, unbound to the figure and descending to the waist, round which was girt a petticoat, made of silk or cotton of a very colour, were the articles of body dress, beyond which their small and stockinged feet were recessed in light beardless slippers embroidered in gold-lace

They invariably went bonnetless, with their long and beautiful hair exposed to the stinging gale. A way for the waters of Singapore, radiant with a flutter of flags, the cross of St. George, the lilies of France, the Danish cross, the Yankee gridiron, the German towers, the Prussian eagle, and the golden banner of Spain. The Irishman has an eye for the picturesque, and is appropriately enthusiastic. To America, however, by way of Ceylon and the Red Sea, without much loitering on the way. There is one charming, very charming little adventure, considering the adventurer is an Irishman, in the land of Egypt:—

"While inspecting the ruins, or rather the place where they once stood, a group of Arabs gathered round me, begging for coins: among them there was a young girl, whose bright eyes sparkled through the openings of her paleddam. I gave her sixpence, accompanied with an invitation to withdraw her veil, upon which she revealed a beautiful pair of sparkling eyes and a fascinating little face lighted up with a most joyous expression."

Irresistible and naughty Mr. Backville St. Lawrence! He calls at Southampton on the way to write Byronian verses about his adventure, solitude, and desolation. At New York he meets Miss Arabella Pickersgill:—

"Shall I tell thee, reader! at that moment there flashed upon me a face which roled my destiny!"

So far the first volume. The second is rubbish without mitigation. It may be synoptically described. St. Lawrence marries; his wife has thirty thousand dollars; he returns to Europe, and settles in Piccadilly; the lady's father thither comes, and falls down a corpse; the hero is arrested for debt, which draws us into tedious and stupid sketches of sponging-houses and debtors' prisons. Ultimately, he again crosses the Atlantic; his wife is seduced; he shoots the adulterer; is tried for murder at Buffalo, and acquitted; hears that the false woman poisoned herself on the following morning, and takes out a most dreary book with a separate story which we have not read. We are afraid that Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis gives himself too much credit for facility in the compilation of "lives," and the hashing up of "adventures."

Lectures on the English Language. By George P. Marsh. (New York, Scribner; London, Low & Co.)

It is strange how English is neglected by the English. This neglect begins at school, where they may learn any language but their own, which is supposed either to be known already or to be best taught through the medium of Latin and Greek. It is the same at colleges, where the reception, perhaps, of those established more recently. Whatever other subjects are studied at the older Universities, the English language is not one of those included in the regular course. Whether it is ever pursued afterwards, is a matter of the greatest uncertainty, depending upon a variety of fortuitous circumstances. We do not mean to say that the consequence of this strange neglect is a general ignorance of the language, which corrupts our speech and vitiates our literature, though it was only the other day that ridicule was poured upon the English in Her Majesty's Speech from the throne. A sufficient practical acquaintance with ordinary usage to ensure general correctness of speaking and writing, there may be; but how many of us can pretend to a scientific knowledge of our mother-tongue—the elements of which it is composed, and the proportions in which they enter into its composition, its history, its peculiarities, its points of likeness and unlikeness to other languages, its past changes and present

tendencies? And surely if there be any language worthy of our study it is our own, in no other account because it is our own—that in which the mighty deeds of our forefathers are chronicled, the works of our great writers treasured up, and all those qualities which distinguish us as a nation embodied and set forth. To adopt the words of Dean Trench on this subject:—"We cannot employ ourselves better, for there is nothing that will more help to form an English heart in ourselves and in others than will this. We could scarcely have a single lesson on the growth of our English tongue, which could scarcely follow up one of its significant words, without having unawares a lesson in English history as well, without, not merely falling on some curious fact illustrative of our national life, but learning also how the great heart which is beating at the centre of that life was gradually being shaped and moulded. We should thus grow, too, in our feeling of connexion with the past, of gratitude and reverence to it; we should estimate more truly, and therefore more highly, what it has done for us, all that it has bequeathed us, all that it has made ready to our hands. It was something for the Children of Israel, coming into Canaan, to enter upon wells which they dugged not, and vineyards which they had not built; but how much greater a boon, how much more glorious a prerogative, for any one generation to enter upon the inheritance of a more truly, and richer other generations, by their truth and skill, have made already a receptacle of choicest treasures, a storehouse of so much unconscious wisdom, a fit organ for expressing the subtlest distinctions, the tenderest sentiments, the largest thoughts, and the loftiest imaginations, which at any time the heart of man can conceive?"

It was in a desire to extend the critical knowledge of English, that the Lectures before us had their origin. They are the commencement of what is intended a post-graduate course at Columbia College, New York. The trustees were fortunate in securing the services of so able a lecturer. We have read his work with much satisfaction, though it forms a bulky volume of about seven hundred large pages. Our satisfaction would have been still greater, if, by adopting a more compact and direct form of expression, avoiding the repetitions for which he apologizes, and confining himself within the strict limits of his subject, he had made the book smaller. But taking it as it is, we give it a hearty welcome, as calculated to excite an interest in the study of English, and to render valuable assistance in its pursuit. It is distinguished by a higher order of scholarship, a more thorough investigation of original sources of knowledge, a sounder judgment, a more correct taste, and a purer style than we generally find in Transatlantic productions of this class. Being in the form of lectures, it is, as the author states, rather "a collection of miscellaneous observations upon the principles of articulate language, as exemplified in the phonology, vocabulary, and syntax of English," than a complete and systematic treatise. Nevertheless, it points out and exemplifies the right method of studying English. The following deserves to be quoted:—

"There are two languages, which, considered simply as philological aids to the student of English, must take precedence, the one as having contributed most largely to our vocabulary and built up the framework of our speech, the other as having somewhat influenced the structure of English, and as being in itself a sort of embodiment of universal grammar, a materialization, I might almost say a petrification, of the radical principles of the English language. These are the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin languages. When an intelligent foreigner commences the study of English, he finds

every page sprinkled with words, whose form unequivocally betrays a Greek or Latin origin, and he observes that these terms are words belonging to the dialect of the learned professions, of theological discussion, of criticism, of elegant art, of moral and intellectual philosophy, of abstract science and of the various branches of natural knowledge. He discovers that the words which he recognises as Greek and Latin and French have dropped those inflections which in their native use were indispensable to their intelligibility and grammatical significance; that the mutual relations of vocabularies and the sense of the English period are much more often determined by the position of the words, than by their form, and in short that the sentence is built up upon structural principles wholly alien to those of the classical languages, and compacted and held together by a class of words either unknown or very much less used in those tongues. He finds that very many of the native monosyllables are mere determinatives, particles, auxiliaries, and relatives; and he can hardly fail to infer that all the intellectual part of our speech, all that concerns our highest spiritual and temporal interests, is in Latin, Welsh, or that only the innermost machinery of grammar has been derived from a native source. Further study would teach him that he had overrated the importance and relative amount of the foreign ingredients; that many of our seemingly insignificant and barbarous connotational monosyllables are pregnant with the mightiest thoughts, and alive with the deepest feeling; that the language of the purposes and the affections, of the will and of the heart, is genuine English born; that the dialect of the market and the fireside is Anglo-Saxon; that the vocabulary of the most expressive and effective pulpit orators has been almost wholly drawn from the same pure source; that the advocate who would convince the technical judge, or dazzle and confuse the jury, speaks Latin; while he who would touch the better sensibilities of his audience, or rouse the multitude to rigorous action, chooses his words from the native speech of our ancient fatherland; that the domestic tongue is the language of passion and persuasion, the foreign, of authority, or of rhetoric and debate; that we may not only frame simple sentences, but speak with great effect employing a single imported word; and, finally, that we possess the entire volume of divine revelation in the truest, clearest, aptest form in which human ingenuity has made it accessible to modern man, and yet with a vocabulary, wherein, saving proper names and terms not in their nature translatable, scarce seven words in the hundred are derived from any foreign source. In fact, so complete is the Anglo-Saxon in itself, and so much of its original independence is still inherited by the modern English, that if we could but recover its primitive flexibility and plastic power, we might discard the adventitious aids and ornaments which we have borrowed from the heritage of Greece and Rome, supply the place of foreign by domestic compounds, and clothe again our thoughts and our feelings even, closely in a garb of native and genuine growth.

After illustrating the value of Latin as subsidiary to the study of English, Mr. Marsh thus speaks of other languages adapted for the same purpose.—

"The *Mæso-Gothic*, both intrinsically, and as being the earliest form in which considerable remains of any dialect cognate with our own have come down to us, is of much philological interest and importance. There are extant in *Mæso-Gothic* a large proportion of a translation of the *Magna* executed by Ulfilas, a semi-Arian bishop of that nation, in the fourth century, portions of commentaries on different parts of the New Testament, and only some other less important fragments. It is a point of dispute here for any of the later Teutonic dialects can claim direct descent from the *Mæso-Gothic*, but it is certain that it is very closely allied to all of them, and scarcely any modern Germanic forms are so diverse from that ancient tongue to have been derived from it. In variety of inflection, and power of derivation, of composition, in the possession of a dual and of certain passive forms, and in abundance of radical words, an inexhaustible

material for development and culture, the *Mæso-Gothic* bears a certain resemblance to the *Old Norse*, which, on the other hand, it is identified as a Germanic speech, by the character of its radicals, almost all of which yet exist in the Teutonic languages, by its want of any verbal tenses but the present and the past, by the co-existence of a very complete system of vowel changes in a well-marked and regular order of inflection, and by general syntactical principles. The Scandinavian languages, the Swedish and Danish, and especially their common mother the *Icelandic* or *Old-Northern*, the *Frisic*, which, in some of its great multitude of dialects, perhaps more than any other language resembles the English, the Dutch, and the German, particularly in the *Platt-Deutsch*, or low German forms, are all of value to the thorough etymological and grammatical study of our native tongue. They are important, not so much as having largely contributed to the vocabulary, or greatly increased the grammatical structure of English, but because in the poverty of accessible remains of Anglo-Saxon literature in different and especially in early stages of linguistic development, we do not possess satisfactory means of fixing the basis of the *Gothic* portion of our language. There are very many English words and phrases, whose forms show them to be Saxon, but which do not occur in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. These may generally be explained or elucidated by reference to the sister-tongues, and consequently some knowledge of them is almost as useful to the English student as Anglo-Saxon itself. I should unsentimentally place the *Icelandic* at the head of these subsidiary philologies, because, from its close relationship to Anglo-Saxon, it furnishes more abundant analogies for the illustration of obscure English etymological and syntactical forms than any other of the cognate tongues. It is but recently that the great value of *Icelandic* philology has become known to the other branches of the *Gothic* stock; and one familiar with the treasures of that remarkable literature, and its power, wealth, and flexibility of the language, which embodies it, sees occasion to regret the want of a thorough knowledge of it in English and American grammatical writers, more frequently than of any other attainment whatever."

In addition to an acquaintance with these matters, Mr. Marsh recommends the student to make himself familiar with the various phrases which the English language has assumed at successive periods of its growth, by reading our earlier authors for himself, instead of depending upon the statements of others. He enforces his precept by his own example, and encourages by his success, which is particularly seen in his able treatment of the etymology of words—a rock upon which so many have split through want of knowledge or of judgment. Even the best lexicographers are often found wanting here. As instances of Mr. Marsh's success in etymology we may mention the words *grain* and *myzanth*. Among the fifteen meanings of the word *grain* found in Webster's dictionary is that of a dye or tincture, without any specification of colour. Mr. Marsh traces the use of *grain* in the sense of a dye, to the fact that an insect of the genus *coccus*, resembling the American cochineal, and called in later Latin *grana*, on account of its seed-like form when dried, furnishes a reddish dye of various tints. This explanation throws much light upon several passages of Milton, which he quotes, and the phrases, "purple in grain," and "in grain," found in *Shakespeare*. The word *myzanth*, meaning a large glass bottle covered with wicker work, originated, says Mr. Marsh, in the circumstance that this article was formerly much made at Damaghan, in the Persian province of Khorassan. He mentions, in confirmation of this view, that this town is called in the East *damagan* or *damagan*. The word *palaw*, too, which has been recently traced to a wrong source, he rightly deduces from the

Portuguese *palawra*, applied to a council of African chiefs by the Portuguese traders on the African coast. We cannot, however, understand why he should assign *palawra*, rather than a Greek origin, to the words *air* and *angel*.

Mr. Marsh objects to Latham's doctrine, that languages have a tendency, as time goes on, to drop inflections and use separate words instead; contending that the process of phonological development continues till the language becomes a written one, after which there is a reverse tendency to simplicity of grammatical form, and this tendency is favoured by foreign conquest and missionary efforts. For a full explanation of his views upon this point, as also upon the relations between the idiom of a language and the character of those who use it—in reference to which he has some excellent observations—and various other matters of interest, we must refer to the work itself.

NEW NOVELS.

The Queen's Pardon. By Mary Eyre. (J. Blackwood).—"The Queen's Pardon" is very interesting and readable as a story; but it turns on a point of false heroism and false morality that cannot be too strongly pointed out. It is the novel of the present day, as we have often had occasion to remark, the moral hinges on some point of exaggerated and often quite fanciful duty, to the utter exclusion of all legitimate considerations and claims. A monstrous form in the spiritual world are caused by the exaggeration of some organ or limb, whilst the other parts are diminished out of their just proportion. It is the same in the moral world; if one virtue be set up and nourished and worshipped at the expense of all the rest, the result is "a poor, mean, selfish, and avaricious man," and a breed of all. Self-sacrifice is at present the favourite shape that these *heroes* of heroism take in works of fiction; and no virtue can well cause more painful inconvenience to all the parties concerned, because the commonest of justice and equity are the right of all, and justice is the primal root of all virtue. In youth we may be dazzled by the irregular grandeur and tropical warmth of generosity.—It appeals to the imagination, which enables us to fill up the gaps caused by its superiority to ordinary rules, and man is so made that he calls are so gladly run as those on the imagination; but as we grow older, the fitful intermittence of generosity (which has a natural antipathy to being "calculated upon") becomes inconvenient. The journey of life is long; and we are too tired to make *four de five* our selves, or to care to see them in others, by the time we have discovered that it will need all our strength "to endure to the end." We have learnt, too, that superhuman efforts of generosity are followed by proportionate shortcomings in other ways; and we begin to feel that the more we do some other; the *habit* of aiming at superhuman acts of generosity and self-sacrifice sadly increases the number of "negligences and hindrances" in the way of the steady fulfilment of the clearly defined but unexciting duty of the good man; the duties appointed to us in the state of daily life in which we are placed. Perhaps, by the time our course is almost run, we learn to recognize the great fact, that justice is the only basis of real excellence, and that no heroism or generosity can exist until it be rooted in the genuine soil of justice. There is no flashy splendour in justice, but its steady shining light is as a lantern to the foot. The story before us is full of false sentiment, false heroism, and false morality. It is an interesting and carefully worked-out story—so much so, indeed, that it is not a little to be regretted that a type of the class we have been stigmatising. The hero of "The Queen's Pardon," William Grey, is an excellent man, who has worked his way up to prosperity by his own good conduct, aided by the kindness of a few friends, and who has, through life-like labour, as a father to him; he has married a charming young woman, with whom he is living

in great happiness, when her whole existence is blighted by a sudden and incomprehensible catastrophe: his grey hair, his husband, is arrested for robbing his master and benefactor. He asserts his innocence at his trial; but does not defend himself, nor offer any explanation of the circumstances against him, nor show any cause why any one else should be thought guilty. The result is that he is tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by execution for life. His wife yields to the influence of facts and believes him guilty, but announces her intention of "doing her duty," that is, of following him to banishment; but she lets him see, like the good and thoroughly moral woman she is, that her love for him, having been founded on esteem, is now, in place of shattered, and that she is quite incapable of feeling love for a convicted felon. William Grey undergoes his sentence. In due time his wife keeps her word and joins him. In a most story and steadfast fashion she does her duty as a wife, never complaining or repining; but making him feel that there is the icy barrier of a crime between them. William Grey shows himself the same excellent and exemplary man he has been up to the moment of his arrest; but it never enters the heart of his wife to see that he is now a man, a mystery in the case, and that this good man and good husband may, after all, be innocent of theft. Innocent he is: he has taken on himself the guilt of another; he has allowed his own good name to be branded; he has sacrificed his wife's happiness as well as his own (mortgaging his future life as well as blackening his past); and all for a piece of false sentimental heroism! The true robber was the only son of his patron and benefactor. William Grey believed it would kill the father to discover the delinquency of his son; and, therefore, took all the blame and sin on his own's head, appearing a monster of ingratitude as well as a thief. Whilst in the Black Settlements, William Grey's position becomes complicated by the birth of children, who inherit a felon's name, which renders his wife's gloomier and more miserable, and by a natural consequence, ill-tempered and bitter-spoken by his wife's demeanour, yet, knowing as he does its cause, he never confides his secret to her. No! he persists in the heroic "self-sacrifice." His wife's love has died even in his "doing his duty." He is the ingenious form of tormenting in the hands of some people, and the most exasperating. At last, after twenty-two years, the real criminal confesses on his death-bed, and William Grey receives "the Queen's pardon." He and his family all come home. By the death of a relative they become very grand people indeed,—members of the aristocracy. William Grey is treated as a hero. Quite satisfied to find him innocent of crime, his wife never resents, nor, indeed, seems sensible of the real injury that has been inflicted on her; nor does the author in the least recognize the blame and injustice which has blighted her life by a falsehood and a secret. We have pursued this story at some length, to express our blame of the false and pernicious sentimentality that pervades it,—taking it as a type of the heroism set forth in modern stories, to reward our protest that nothing founded on a lie, or on injustice, can come to good.

After Many Days: a Tale of Social Reform. By Seneca Smith. (Twelvée.)—There appears to be two separate stories welded together in this Temperance tale of "After Many Days." The introduction, the account of the Temperance festival, and the little incidents and episodes connected with it, are extremely amusing. There is a touch of genuine fun in them, which we confess does not often sparkle in Temperance tales. There is, however, another tale tacked to the introduction,—or rather two stories rolled into one; they may be, and no doubt they are, highly instructive and warning, but they are told in too spasmodic and rhetorical a tone to please us. We rejoice, however, to see that the very best cases of drunkenness are capable of being cured—which gives a cheerful ending to an otherwise very dismal story. Seneca Smith is undoubtedly clever; but he might refine his style and manner with great advantage to himself and his readers.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The County Families of the United Kingdom, &c. By Edward Walford, M.A. (Hardwicke).—Books of the class to which this belongs are numerous now-a-days. Besides the regular Peerages, of various prices, the Red Books and Directories, we have various others, such as "Who's Who," and others who leave us in full possession of every fact about our knights. That the main support of such works comes from those who are mentioned in them, is obvious enough. But of course they have their utility to men of business as well as to the interest for the merely curious. It is illustrative of the publicity of our age, as well as of the increase of intercommunication amongst us, that with regard to every person of the least note in the kingdom, there should be one authority to tell us who his grandfather was,—another, what his opinions were when he stood for Portsmouth,—a third, his town address,—and so forth. Fame, in our age, instead of being as vague as the Fame of Virgil, aspires to the minuteness of the "Hue and Cry." Mr. Walford's "County Families" is an elaborate and in many respects original compilation, which aims at a greater comprehensiveness than the general run of works of the kind. Not only "county families" are taken in, but personages of all kinds of note, irrespective of land-tenure;—and complete accuracy is attempted in the details of their birth, marriages, marriages, &c. It is in the words of that one can review at length. If we deal with the list of county names, we could only repeat what we said in noticing Mr. Shirley's "Noble and Gentle Men," of the paucity of ancient families in the present territorial system; and as for criticizing the business details, no critic in the world could accurately perform the task. Such compilations must contain many errors; and only repeated winnowings and repeated editions can bring them to anything distantly approaching perfection. In dipping into Mr. Walford's pages, we find reason for impressing on him the necessity of great attention, if he hopes to earn for his performance the dignity of an Annual. He omits, for instance, the Wilkies of Foulden in Berwickshire,—though Berwickshire is by no means a county that has died out of the map. In the list of "English nobles," we miss the Hawthornes, and the "English" Kemures transported from an adjoining county. We could fly southwards to Sussex, and show similar errors at that other end of the United Kingdom; and probably, if the volume were overhauled by a local man for each county, each county would have something to complain of. Such things are trifles, some may say,—but, if so, the whole performance is a trifle; for in what but its correctness in these matters generally can its value consist? The cure is in Mr. Walford's own hands, and when the difficulty and novelty of the task are allowed for, we do not feel inclined to doubt of his ultimate success. He must lay down,—let us add,—some stricter rules as to what he is going to say about the descent of families. In the mass of cases, he leaves himself at large to speak for themselves, but sometimes (thanks, perhaps, to eccentric correspondents) he finds extraordinary statements made about houses of no extraordinary mark. One gentleman's ancestor is said, to our astonishment, to have a "deposed Henry the Third;" and there is a flourish in another case about the Duke of Brittany which,—unless it be tolerated on the ground of having given us a laugh on a wet day,—has little to recommend it. Mr. Walford must remember that the business character ought to be the prevailing feature of his new venture; and if he sticks to this principle, he will do well.

Camp Life: or, Passages from the Story of a Contingent. By Lancelles Wrazall. (8vo.)—More late words about the Black Sea expeditions against Russia. Mr. Wrazall was with the woeful Ottoman Contingent at Kerch. That ill-used platoon, with the equally woeful "Finnish" Transport Corps, had a bad season of it on the Anzof shores. He floated out with his European comrades, in a shipful of champagne; but was landed, on bare boards, in a colossal, but freezing room, with a contract stove to warm him, and very sort of contrivance to vex his soul. But he must needs

be a family man, in spite of reasons and probabilities. And Mr. Wrazall had to weather out the adventure with his wife. The narrative, as we can promise even that satiated reader who has resolved never more to read the undivine tale of the Russian War, is vivacious, and may be read through enjoyably at a sitting. Mr. Wrazall, perhaps, is a little too familiar, too personal, too confidential; but his confidence is not in vain, with a grain sort of humour; and as the story of the Kerch occupation is by no means threadbare, it is a merit in him that, if he sets something down in malice, there are no attempts at concealment. Gentlemen who aspire to red gold lace, and dignify themselves with military titles, and with a sort of "contingent" service after listening to the adventures of "Captain" Wrazall, who, in his final pages, is lugubrious enough about that Captaincy.

Ellen Mordant; or, the Standard of Life. By Mrs. Webb. (Routledge & Co.)—This little work maintains its author's well-earned reputation in writing for the young, and shows a girl's book may be so written as to convey a knowledge of saving truths without becoming necessarily pious or inflated. We should feel no hesitation in placing such a book in the hands of our daughters.

The Money-King, and other Poems. By John G. Saxe. (Low & Son).—"The Money-King," having been "delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, 1854," claims a place among those estimable exercises of craftsmanship which "The Poet" has not yet seen fit to publish rarely much to do. In England their day is somewhat gone by; not so, we presume, in America. Mr. Saxe "goes out" on his humour. If he have studied English models, these we conceive may have been Frazer and Hood,—once far off echoes with the living case of the author of "The Red Fisherman," and the original humanity of him who "sang the Song of the Shirt," may be found in the ballads, ditties, and whimsies which this American collection includes. The following may be given as a fair specimen of Mr. Saxe's smaller poems:—

I'm growing OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no signs of olden age deep;
My toes are supple and dry;
My friends are impatient and cold;
My eye, of late, I often cry,
Is growing old!

My growing fond of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing aptly to rhyme,
My growing taste for sayings,
My growing love of crotchets and jokes,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice,
"I'm growing old!"

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fatter in my length;
I'm growing deeper in my night;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my wrinkled face;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing hair;
I see it in my growing hair;
I see it in my growing hair;
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my growing age,
I'm growing old!

Ah me!—my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ear,
And even when the hours breathe
But makes me debtor to the Years!
For Flattery's honored words declare
The secret as the Hours may declare
And tell me in "How young you are!"
That even in my growing age,
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the year,—how rapid flight
My number moves too swiftly stage;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That pierce the darkness of their stage;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly manna to unfold
Where all are blest, those may unfold
"I'm growing old!"

—How the above just misses distinction in the sentimental-clever school of lyric writing, needs to be explained to no one that appreciates style. Throughout the poem we are obliged to "all but." If Mr. Saxe, however, be young, in

The Note-books of Sir James Thornhill, full of curious memoranda and spirited sketches, during his tours in England and Holland, dated 1711, and of a trip to Paris, in February 1714, afford singular records of the eighteenth century. Its first appearance is in the calendar of the century. His first entry in the Paris volume is, "The Dover coach goes from y^e Crocqueys in *Graciosa* (Graciously) Street, full fare is 16 sh. give 8^d. earnest. They go: Monday: Wed: and Frydays." An extensive series of Miniatures, many of which had previously been exhibited at the London Apartments of the Institute, were forwarded by the kindness of the Duke of Buccleuch.—Mr. C. S. Bale also exhibited his beautiful miniatures of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Jane Seymour, by Holbein, and Lord Hunsdon.—A very fine miniature—painting of the Cardinal Duke of York, was contributed by Mr. Edmund Waterson. It was presented by his eminence to the late Henry Engelshoff, of Rome. Several rich specimens of Bookbinding which had belonged to the Cardinal were exhibited in the same case with the miniatures.—Numerous Portfolios were laid on the tables, containing the original drawings and topographical collections of the late Samuel Layman, whilst many of the more remarkable, in point of careful finish and artistic power, were arranged upon the walls, and afforded a relief to the various rubbings of inscriptions and bronzes which so frequently preponderate in collections of this nature.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Florence, July 4.

It is not a little provoking to see the strange blunder committed by some of the English journals within the last few days, with regard to the state of public feeling at this moment prevalent in Central Italy, while she looks anxiously on at the seething world of transition daily taking place at the "top of the boot." If the writers of such articles as lately witnessed the asphyxiation of *Bombino's* reforms, under the belief that the more northern provinces of the peninsula can be blinded by so palatable a "*burattinista*," or puppet-play, as our Florentine stage it is,—if such writers, I say, could only have longed down our *Viva Calzaducci* Thursday, with the same confidence in the success of these precious concessions to national feeling, he just arrived, I think they would, one and all, have confessed that there was little chance of the most hopeful of those who hunger after a peaceful adjustment of Italian affairs, trying to set his foot in the stone which was offered for bread to the "*esecutori sudditi*" of Francis the Second. So unmistakable was the blighting gloom on every face that morning, that it seemed like a repetition of that which fell on the city after the ill-omened peace of Villafranca.

Every daily paper gave the astounding news of "a Constitution with the broadest basis of reform; a general amnesty; the tri-coloured banner;" and, strangest of all, "an immediate alliance with Piedmont, for the concerting of joint measures for the welfare of Italy!" A mighty mouthful of sugar-plums, truly, for a people to swallow which only last week was bayoneted, bombarded, and burnt out of houses and home by the savage soldiers now preparing to hoist the banner of Italian freedom, and shout "*Viva l'Italia!*" The painful and pushed depression printed on the mobile faces of our Florentines was chiefly owing to the doubt whether their brethren in Naples, enervated by ten years' reign of terror, and a system of demoralizing corruption unparalleled in the annals of civilized Europe, would have yet strength of resolve left in them to reject the proffered dainties, even at the risk of sharing the fate of the yet smoldering ruins of Palermo. A great number of persons held the discouraging opinion that the Majesty would once again be too strong for them. A still greater proportion, including the more hopeful working-classes, stoutly declared their disbelief in the possibility of "*Vittorio Nostro*," giving a friendly hand to "*quel pezzo di barile*," (that big barrel) as they irreverently called the Majesty of the one Sicily. But of the poor Neapolitans, impaled on the horns of their dilemma between the

guns of Sant' Elmo and the dungeons of Santa Maria Apparente, they thought far less; only remarking, that now they had got a real *Galantuomo* for the first time in their history,—meaning, of course, that if they did not get some more, they were thankful for the blessing, "*peggio per loro*" (the worse for them). So spoke the knots of country-folk buying and selling that day under the lofty arches of the Mercato Vecchio. So grumbled the gatherings of masons and carpenters taking their noonday rest in the purple shadows of some dark archway or lofty wall; for once neglecting to be stretched at length on the stones, as in their wont, with arms crossed under their heads, and straw hat or jacket flung for shelter across their upturned faces, but squinting in eager groups to talk over the strange tidings, and instinctively feeling, as strongly as their better-educated fellow-citizens, that should Naples swallow the bait, the deeply desired unity of Italy would have to wait yet a weary while for its completion.

In front of the numerous newspaper shops which, professedly garlanded with political caricatures, now stood in the principal thoroughfares, closely-packed groups were assembled, crouching up with ominous looks the ayes and noses of the momentous question. The very journals themselves had little courage to give their readers that day; and the *Lampione* in particular, a humorous paper illustrated with excellent caricatures, which, in the present state of the public mind, it need hardly be said are all political, gave vent to its forebodings by filling up its fourth side with the semblance of a huge totemstone, inscribed as follows:—"The King of Naples has granted a Constitution! Should Naples accept, pray for the soul of the poor kingdom of Italy."

So passed that day and the next, unbroken save by the reverberation of the same uncanny news by telegram from Paris; and all that time a heavy gloom hung over our brilliant June sunshine. On the Friday night, however, the grand constitutional tables, with their splendidly coloured decorations, suddenly dissolved away before our rejecting eyes; and gave place to Naples in a state of siege, with cannon pointed down every street leading to the royal palace, and the Toledo thronged with crowds shouting *Viva Garibaldi!* The morning's heralded procession (each copy of the constitution taken up on the walls, was flanked by two *birri*, for fear of accident) had been received by the people with contemptuous silence. The soldiers only had hoisted the tri-coloured banner. The police spies only had feebly shouted *Viva l'Italia!* Naples was obstinately determined not to be free. "Thereupon," as runs the terrible catastrophe of the nursery legend, "the evil one changed himself into his own shape." A new proclamation was prepared, over which no *birri* were needed to keep watch: the *statu d'assedio* was proclaimed before sundown, and the Bourbon was himself again!

It is not the purpose of the present Florentine caricatures that you do note the features of this ludicrously fearful "situation." A bareheaded Neapolitan stands in the centre of the picture; his hands unresistingly turned out; his features fixed in comically blank passivity. On his right, a foot soldier savagely thrusts a bayonet through the breast of a man shouting "*Be free! or I'll run you through!*" On the left of the bewildered victim raves a Jesuit priest, broad-shouldered and burly, who collars him with one hand, and waves a crucifix with the other, as he yells, "*Be free! or I'll send you to perdition!*"

What the next phase of all this agitation will be, it is hard to decide; though of the ultimate result we can have little doubt. Many among our most intelligent politicians maintain that no rising can possibly be effectual until good store of muskets are in the hands of the people; and the Neapolitan emigrants, as for the most part well persuaded that *Bombino* will never lose his clutch without first giving a farewell taste of bombardment or pillage to his "beloved" capital. One thing, however, is certain,—that the letting loose of the *Lazzaroni* on the city, as the last resource, is no longer tenable. It was in the hands of the *Lazzaroni* of vengeance that once it was. Even so far back as the infamous, and, in the end, successful popu-

lar tumult got up by *Bombino pèr*, in 1849, to prevent the assembling of the Chambers, and tread out the new Constitution in blood and pillage, many thousands of the dreaded *Lazzaroni* had already equipped the *barile*, and made so sharp an onslaught on their brethren, that the royal faction, that the "pious monarch," pacing up and down his gilded salons in feverish expectation, looking every moment at the clock, and awaiting the news of the conflict between *Lazzaroni* and *bourgeois*, which he had ordered to commence on the stroke of five, met the mortification to see hundreds of his best men go limping or dragging themselves painfully past his palace, hacked and bruised by these unexpected champions of liberty. Since that day of bloodshed and terror, national feeling has made considerable progress in the ranks of the royalist *Lazzaroni*, and despite the incessant ranting of their sole instructors, the Jesuit and Capuchin preachers, who never cease relating to them the execrable misdeeds and sacrilegious excesses of those two renegade "*comunisti*," Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, there is good ground to expect a glimmering of truth among a great portion of them will in any case prevent the recurrence of the horrors of 1849.

And a *propos* of that often-mentioned and little known class, the *Lazzaroni*, or, as they are often called by their own countrymen, the *Lazzari* of Naples, I may recall a few particulars which I gathered yesterday in conversation with a Neapolitan emigrant,—a man of no small repute among our Florence *littérateurs*. It seems that the idea formed on the almighty side of the Alps of these *Lazzari*, as of a separate class, dwelling like a sort of savage republic in the midst of a civilized capital, without home or family ties, or visible means of subsistence, is to be shelved among the "*popolari delusioni*," which made part of the stock-in-trade of the sixth-rate romances of our salad days. The *Lazzari* are, in fact, only the lowest, most ignorant, most superstitious portion of an ignorant and superstitious population. The differences observable between their social condition and that of the "*classes dangereuses*" in any other country of Europe, are mainly attributable to the influence of a Southern climate, and the habits of a semi-Oriental indolence. At Naples, as we are known to suppose, the *Lazzari* are the only class who do the labour of their hands, which varies in kind, according to the quarter of the city to which they belong, as well as to the seasons of the year at which they exercise their callings. The fruit-vender of the month of May or June becomes an attendant on the bathing establishments in July and August, a fisherman perhaps in autumn, and a *fischino* of the port, or a *calcagno*-driver in the winter months.

Perfectly true it is, said my informant, that during the baking season, or great heats of summer, a large number of these venal breed, or uneducated, winnowed sleep in clusters on the port or under the archways of church or market; but even those who for the most part gay young bachelors, hardly arrived at adolescence, and not expected by their seniors to lead very regular lives. The *Lazzari* too, after a family feast, pass the night in his stifling hotel, in the midst of a sweltering huddle of his belongings,—looking back, one should think, with no small regret to the less-dignified bachelor days, when his brown capote and fish-basket were his sole companions on the cool sea-bench.

The moral condition of the *Lazzari* is as varied, moreover, as their places of abode. In one quarter of the town, the wretched guild of pickpockets mainly claims kindred with them. On the other hand, the San Giovanni, or *Lazzari* of San Giovanni,—are proverbial for their strict probity, and are continually employed in carrying small sums of money to the banks, as well as between the petty dealers of *Regina* and the suburbs of Naples. The *Lazzari* of Monte Calvario are pretty nearly as civilized a race as the lowest class of any other great city; those of Santa Lucia are idle and good-natured; those of the quarter of the post and market are ready for fireworks and the most desperate of their kind. Of these last, by the way, were the late King's "*braves*" and trustful pillagers. They are the staunchest attendants at, and the most

clamorous applauders of the miracles of San Gennaro, and put implicit faith in the heretofore denunciations of their rivals in dirt and laziness—the beggar friars. Yet it is only the general feeling of false ignorance prevalent throughout Naples, and not any peculiarity of race or nurture in themselves, which sinks them so far beneath the civilization-mark of St. Giles's, St. Antoine, or our Florentine Camaldoli. If they do, indeed, form a *peut-être* fast—brutal and terrible when stirred up from their delirious wreck of a dream of greatness in the other three—yes, poor souls! they keep faith, after their race-fashion, with their idea of royalty, which, of course, is as much like what royalty should be, as the staring, tinseled, snoring Madonna they worship is like the pure and perfect ideal of motherhood which it is supposed to symbolize.

A few years of only moderate enlightenment of that beautiful, long-degraded Parthenon—a few germs of such social and intellectual life as is growing up around us here at every step, planted in the fertile soil which has lain fallow but for ill weeds for centuries past—and the Lazzari would probably be no longer regarded with terror by the peaceful citizens as the scourge in the hand of tyranny, but as sturdy and faithful defenders of the divine right, not of the King, but of his people's freedom.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

OUR remarks with respect to the objectionable appointment of Mr. W. B. Turnbull to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the State Paper Office, have not been allowed to fall to the ground. This week a deputation has had an interview with Viscount Palmerston to present a memorial respecting the appointment in question. The deputation consisted of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Colthorpe, the Hon. Robert M. P., Sir W. Vernon Bart, M.P., the Rev. Sir N. Chinnery, Bart, Sir T. Phillips, Rev. Admiral V. Harcourt, Major Giborne, Rev. T. Alexander, Dr. Cross, Dr. Stret, Rev. W. S. Moncrieff, Mr. F. Cress, and Mr. C. Birl. The memorial was signed by 2,500 persons, who were peers, eight members of Parliament, ten baronets, 85 magistrates, 518 clergymen, 553 dissenting ministers, besides several generals, admirals, and other officers in the army and navy, heads of colleges, deacons, and other gentlemen. Mr. Harcourt at the same time presented a similar memorial from Scotland, signed by 3,500 persons.

Mr. James Hannay is about to withdraw from literary labour in London, to assume the editorship of the *Edinburgh Courier*,—an office in which he has at least one noble predecessor, namely, Daniel Defoe. What is our loss is a great gain to our Scottish friends, who are not unacquainted with the value of their new acquisition. Mr. Hannay will take with him the good services of all his old London colleagues. They who differed from him in politics, admit the skill and the temper with which he expounded his own opinions; all unite in acknowledging his wide range of scholarship, his powers of observation, the logical character of his judgment, and his happy facility and elegance of expression. Mr. Hannay has reaped honours in many a varied field of literature; we have no doubt of his adding to them in the performance of an office for which he is peculiarly qualified. If the latter leaves him any leisure, we venture to recommend him to devote it to an illustration of the history and traditions of the country in which, we know, he takes a particular interest.

The name of Capt. Acton, which appears in connection with some late doings of the Neapolitan Navy, in which he held a command, reminds us of a name in Smollett's *Letters from Italy*. In 1765, that author writes from Leghorn: "He that now commands the Emperor's Navy is an Englishman called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ship in our East India Company's service. He has recently embraced the Catholic religion, and been created Admiral of Tuscany." This officer was the founder of the Neapolitan branch of the Acton family. After leaving the Tuscan service, he commanded the Fleet of the King of Naples, subsequently becoming that sove-

reign's Prime Minister. In the latter office, if we reckon the very brief tenure of the Marchese Caracciolo for, what it really was, nothing. Sir John Acton may be said to have succeeded Tuscany's statesman, who was longer in office, as head of a Cabinet, than Pitt and Lord Liverpool together. Tanucci reigned for three-and-forty years. Cardinal Acton was of this Anglo-Italian family, of which the Captain is a distinguished member. The English branch of the family is descended by Sir John Emerich Acton, the eighth baronet, grandson of the Neapolitan Prime Minister, and cousin of the Captain in the Fleet of the King of Naples.

Several important changes have recently been made in the arrangement of the sculptures and casts in the Athenian Galleries of the British Museum. The statues of Theseus and of Hyperion, with the Herms of Day rising from the waves, have been placed within a framework corresponding with the extreme angle of the pediment of the Temple itself. This grouping is so judiciously contrived as to indicate the bearing of the architectural lines upon the figures; affording a necessary frame, without in any degree shadowing or obstructing the sculptures. Great praise is due to the authorities for adopting these principles, which, together with the sculptures of the Temple of Victory and antiquities, shows an escape from the dark ages of our classic antiquities. Perhaps the most striking of all recent changes connected with the sculptures of the Parthenon has been the restoration of a leg, which long lay as a separate fragment in the Etruscan Room, to the figure of Victory in the western pediment of the Parthenon. The fragment has been affixed to the place from which it had been detached for so many ages, on the representation of Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, already well known as a learned writer on Greek antiquities. By his suggestion, also, the cast of a female figure from Athens has been placed in the position of Selene descending with the Herms of Night in the southern angle of the eastern pediment. The figure, although not traceable even in Carrey's drawing, was the earliest of the sculptures of these sculptures, appears correctly placed, for the peculiar head corresponds with the architectural space which the cornice must have left for it. Moreover, being accepted as one of the sculptures of the Parthenon pediment, there is no other locality to which it could be assigned.

Dr. Bandinel retires from the Librarianship of the Bodleian next September, after a long and meritorious service. His successor will, we trust, take equal interest in adding to the vast treasures of early English literature there preserved; Dr. Bandinel having paid great attention to that important branch of the collection. We may also take the opportunity of mentioning that the printed books of the Ashmolean Museum, as well as the manuscripts, have been removed into the Bodleian Library.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the selection of the new sites for the Courts of Law has just been issued. The Attorney General's scheme for appropriating the space between Carey Street and the Strand is carefully considered and unanimously adopted by the Commissioners. What an opening for architectural display this would be! The site is midway between the Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Serjeants' Inn. The convenience of the public is obviously concerned in such a concentration of the Courts. The fourteen legal offices and the temples of Thémis at Westminster, Guildhall, Raddinghall Street and Doctors' Commons would be thus concentrated. Not only would the time of the public be saved as well as that of the legal profession, but the Judges would be more at hand to provide in several Courts to which they are called.

It is proposed, should the plan be adopted by the House of Commons, that the building first to be erected should be a Registry of the Court of Probate and for the Divorce Court, as these departments stand in need of proper accommodation for several other branches of the law, as this could be furnished in two years from the present time, provided a bill be passed this session, —otherwise, owing to the necessity of giving notice to the occupiers of property, &c., in accordance

with the Standing Orders of Parliament, it will be further delayed. It is understood that the Office of Works does not anticipate any such early commencement of this business, because that department has laid out 30,000*l.* in acquiring and repairing some very old and dilapidated property in Doctors' Commons for the use of the Probate Court, and given notice to purchase the freehold of a property let on lease, of which some eighteen years are unexpired, by an assignment of the rule of the proposed new edifice would be accomplished, to the public are, however, familiar with the proposition to apply the Unclaimed Suitors' Fund to this purpose, in addition to which it is understood no more than 16,000*l.* will be required from the Consolidated Fund.

The observations we made last week respecting the inconvenience arising from the large number of separate collections of manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, apply with equal force to those in the British Museum. Few things in their way can be more absurd than the adherence, for instance, to the names of the Roman emperors applied to the cases of the Cottonian MSS., or to the nearly equally inconvenient mode of references used for those in the Royal Collection. Then there is the library of MSS. in the Bodleian, beginning, like the Bodleian, with some number of thousands of preceding numbers consisting of the Sloane Collection, the next the Birch, and so on. These useless distinctions, which embarrass the advice, and add unnecessarily to the labour of the initiated, might be avoided by an assignment of the whole collection as the Brit. Mus. MSS. at hand, would serve to identify the old references. There remains only the objection, that by effacing the distinction of separate collections, the chief inducement for requests will be removed. The British Museum, however, by the continual necessity of purchasing at the artificial prices created by the few of collectors than it gains by their legacies; so that, even in the most selfish view of the matter, it can hardly be necessary to foster the vanity of collectors by embalmment their collections.

Mr. B. H. Du Triguett has addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on a subject on which the former gentleman is well able to speak,—the management of museums. His remarks have reference to the management of the Ashmolean, so unsatisfactory in the administration of them, and they take this form and bearing. Recent as is the creation of our museums, they already contain treasures, to obtain which great sacrifices have been made, and which only require an intelligent system of direction, in order to become widely available. With respect to what may be effected by energy, Mr. Du Triguett refers to the labours of fifteen years on the part of the Director of the National Gallery. Our Museum treasures have not been collected for the mere glory of possession, but for the purpose of national education; and yet, as at the British Museum, we pile up wealth on wealth, all varied, and have no space amid the confusion for as various students and instructors. While we unite, as in this case, half-dozen museums under one roof, we scatter our pictures among several dwellings. All is disorder, and without order no institution can flourish; but as our disorder has been the result, not of intention, but of accident, there is a remedy for the increasing evil. The institution of Trustees,—honest possessors of wealth which they often did not acquire, or were not allowed the facilities to render profitable to those for whom they held it in trust,—Mr. Du Triguett looks upon as an obstacle and incapable institution, which can do nothing for itself, and as little for others. Sometimes this effete institution justifies the usefulness of better managed establishments, and would suppress Kensington Museum on account of its being too vivacious a rival of older foundations. This reasoning reminds the writer, of Molière's Doctor, who recommended a patient to pluck out one eye in order that he might see the other with the other. What has just been accomplished at Kensington under a wise and firm and active management, gives Mr. Du Triguett hopes of like results being effected throughout the king-

dom, by the addition of a Minister or Secretary of the Fine Arts to the administration. Such an official, suitably supported, would, he conceives, be a sure means of general amelioration: miserable and inevitable rivalries would cease; the efforts of the new minister would direct public attention to the Arts, and would encourage education; we should then have many, in place of a few contributors, to our museums generally, and, while few place-holders would be disturbed, every one would know his proper post and its responsibilities under an enlightened official chief, who alone can marshal into order, lead, and encourage "the confusion worse confounded," which the writer sees now prevailing, as the consequence of a course of things which can thus, in his view of them, be easily turned to good.

An able and honest writer has received his well-earned reward. The French Academy has unanimously conferred the venial prize, founded by M. Halphen, on M. Emile de Bonnehoe, for his 'History of England.' The impartiality, historical importance, and moral tendency of the work were the grounds on which the prize was awarded.

An interesting Collection of national French songs ("Chansons populaires des Provinces de France") has just appeared in Paris, edited by MM. Weckerlin and De Champfleury. As the French are by no means so rich in the collections of these national treasures as the Germans and the English, credit is due to the editors. Herr Weckerlin, an Alsatian, has arranged the melodies for the piano. A German source is traceable in the songs of Lorraine and Alsace, where Hebel is still in the mouths of the people. The purely French national songs are worthy of attention; fewer of them are known. The songs of Brittany and Languedoc especially are very peculiar.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by ANGLICAN, ROMAN, and DECEASED BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to six. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. GEORGE SICKS, Secretary.

THE NEW SCOTLAND ARTISTS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is now ON VIEW at the Gallery, No. 10, near St. James's Palace.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

MR. HOLMAN BUNT'S Pictures of "THE FINDING of the BIBLE in the TEMPLE," commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 105, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five. Admission, 1s.

MIDDLE ROMA BOYKRENS Pictures of SCENES in SCOTLAND, SPAIN, and FRANCE, are NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 105, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five. Admission, 1s.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 1860, Pall Mall.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Pictures, the reproductions of Artists of the French and Flemish schools, including Hieronymus Bosch's "The Fight of Merry," is now ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 105, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. Open from Nine till Six.

WASHINGTON FRIENDS GRAND MENICAL AND PICTORIAL ENTERTAINMENT, entitled TWO HOURS in CANADA and the UNITED STATES, with his Sermon, Announcements, and Hymns, daily at Three and Eight o'clock. Stalls, 1s.; Arms, 5s.; Gallery, 1d.

ROYAL COLONADE.—Open daily from Twelve to Half-past Four, and from Seven to Half-past Ten. Admission FREE. Children under Ten Years and Schools, Sixpence.—A NEW and ORIGINAL HYMN BOOK, entitled "THE HYMN BOOK," with numerous new Hymns, with VOCAL and other ILLUSTRATIONS, by MR. LEWIS, GRAND DIKMAN of PARIS, LONDON, and LONDON.—A NEW and ORIGINAL HYMN BOOK, entitled "THE HYMN BOOK," with numerous new Hymns, with VOCAL and other ILLUSTRATIONS, by MR. LEWIS, GRAND DIKMAN of PARIS, LONDON, and LONDON.—A NEW and ORIGINAL HYMN BOOK, entitled "THE HYMN BOOK," with numerous new Hymns, with VOCAL and other ILLUSTRATIONS, by MR. LEWIS, GRAND DIKMAN of PARIS, LONDON, and LONDON.

SCIENCE

INTERNATIONAL STATISTICAL CONGRESS.

This important meeting of British and foreign professional and scientific men, of whose proceedings we furnished a preliminary account last week, was only brought to a close late on Saturday evening. The debates, statistical forms, and printed papers and reports connected with the Congress are so voluminous, range over so wide an area, and are, for the most part, so unfamiliar to the general reader, that it is somewhat difficult to present an abstract which shall convey an adequate idea of the important results arrived at. The several Sections are sitting day by day in their committee-rooms, only breaking up to adjourn and report their labours to the General Meeting for deliberation. Taking the Sections in their numerical order, we proceed to furnish a digest of their labours.

In the Section of Judicial Statistics Mr. EDWIN JAMES presented a paper, on Thursday, 'On the Comparative Liability of Males and Females to Various Kinds of Crime.'

Resolutions of great length respecting the Statistical Methods of Justice, touching the numbers of criminals, nature of offences, sex and age, trade, or condition of the alleged offenders, and the supposed motives which led to the commission of the crime, were adopted by the Section and approved by the General Body. These Resolutions cover every possible or probable contingency in connection not only with the Statistics of Courts of Justice, and of Crimes and Criminals, but also those of Prisons, Inquests, Reformatory Institutions and Schools! Referring to the practical utility of these statements, it was considered the most expeditious course for each nation to make its judicial statistics as perfect as possible, according to its own system of rights, wrongs, and remedies, of crimes and offences, penal inflictions, and reformatory treatment; leaving to every statistician the task of comparing the statistics of one nation with another, or with others, for the purpose of enabling himself to draw conclusions therefrom. It was also thought desirable that the British Government should appoint a Commission to examine and collate the different systems for collecting judicial statistics which prevail in this and foreign countries, and to report upon the following matters:—1. What is the best method of recording judicial proceedings, with the view of supplying statistical information on legal subjects? 2. What is the best method of tabulating such information? 3. What additional staff of officers, if any, will it be necessary to appoint in order to ensure the preparation of comprehensive, scientific, and accurate returns?

A Report, presented to the Section by Dr. BACHMAYER, 'Aperçu Comparatif des Législations Pénales de la Belgique, de la France, des Pays-Bas, et de la Saxe-Royale,' was ordered to be printed in the Proceedings of the Congress.

MR. WILLIAMS read a paper, 'On the Statistics of the Sub-divisions, Transfers, and Burthens of Real Property,' when different Delegates explained the mode of land registration in their respective countries.

Resolutions were adopted to this effect,—that it be decided that every State should possess an accurate General Map of its land on an approved scale, and kept up as closely as possible to the time of publication of its several parts. That it is desirable to obtain international statistics in respect of the transfer of land in different countries, and of the laws affecting the same.

BARON CIEKING presented a Report by M. HIR, a member of the Commission appointed by the Vienna Congress to inquire into the different systems of legislation as affecting civil and criminal statistics.

LORD BROUGHTON, in bringing up the resolutions adopted on Judicial Statistics, entered fully into the importance of the subject, and pointed out what he had done or endeavoured to effect for this object when in and out of office; especially by the establishment of the Central Criminal Court, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and a Bankruptcy Bill brought in by the Attorney-General. The Admiralty Court was one which had worked well, and was a model of a court of appeal. The establishment of County Courts, which he had succeeded in introducing when out of office, although defeated by a bare majority of one in the House of Lords, had worked well in bringing home cheap justice to every man's door, though they were yet capable of much extension and improvement. But without Judicial Statistics how could we arrive at any correct knowledge of the working of any of these or the improvements required? Without such statistics there could be no inductive science.

In the Section discussing Sanitary Statistics,

most of the proposals in Dr. SUTHERLAND's paper, and in Dr. FARR's Plan for Determining the Sanitary Condition of the Population of all Civilized States were adopted. It is believed that by the carrying out of these plans the sanitary condition of each part of the population may become known; and measures, discovered to be efficacious in one country, applied in all others. So the health of the human race will be improved, and each nation will get its full share of the benefit.

Papers were read by Mrs. BAINES, 'On the Statistics of Wet-Nursing,'—by Dr. JARVIS, of the United States, 'On a Uniform System of Reports in Lunatic Asylums,'—and by Dr. MILEVO, 'On the Simultaneous Observation and Recording of Epidemics all over the Globe.'—Sanitary Maps regarding the cholera in Russia were laid before the Section by Dr. NEUMANN.—A discussion followed on the subject of Model Cottages and Dwellings, and the necessity of having correct information regarding them.—Prof. SIMONDS introduced the subject of 'Epidemics,' with the view of collecting details regarding their occurrence.—A communication from Sir D. D. BARNARD, 'On the Statistics of Colour Blindness,' was read.

The CHAIRMAN read a letter, addressed to him by Miss Nightingale, in which it was suggested, "That it would be of great importance, at the next Congress, if each Delegate would report any marked examples of diminution of mortality and disease, together with the saving of cost consequent on the carrying out of sanitary improvements in towns, in dwellings of the labouring classes, in schools, in hospitals, and in armies. As, for example, it is stated to be a fact demonstrated by statistics, that in improved dwellings the mortality is less in certain cases, from 25 and 24 to 14 per 1,000; and that in 'common lodging-houses,' which have been hotbeds of epidemics, such diseases have almost disappeared as heads of statistics, through the adoption of sanitary measures. In the British army large bodies of men, living under certain improved sanitary conditions, have presented a death-rate about one-third only of what the army has suffered in past years. Again, it is stated that in our colonial schools for aborigines, we have in many instances exposed the children to the risk of scrofula and consumption, while Christianizing and civilizing them. It might be avoided by sanitary arrangements! It is stated of some industrial and half-time schools for orphans and destitute children, that whereas formerly two-thirds of the pupils became sacrifices to vice and crime, the failures on account of misconduct among the pupils have been reduced to less than two per cent. Might it not be well to consider whether these statistical results do not exemplify what may be done by application of like means? Miss Nightingale cited, in support of her suggestions, the words of M. Guizot:—"Valuable reports, full of facts and sound views, drawn up by committees, inspectors, rectors, and prefects, remain unknown to the public. The Government ought to charge itself with the knowledge of and the expansion of all good systems, with the encouragement of all favourable efforts, and with attempts to improve, according to the results of the statistics, institutions. One channel alone embraces sufficient action and power to secure this salutary influence; that channel is the Press." And if, as it is the cost which frightens communities from executing the works necessary to carry out sanitary improvements, it might be shown that the cost of crime, disease, and cases of mortality is actually greater, it would remove one of the most legitimate objections in the minds of Governments and nations against such measures."

In Industrial Statistics Capt. GALTON, R.E., late Secretary of the Railway Legislation Committee of the House of Commons, read a paper, on Friday, 'On the Statistics of Railways in Great Britain and other Countries,' submitting propositions, which were adopted:—"declaring it important to the industrial interests of every country, that uniform statistics of the cost of constructing and working railways, and of the returns of the traffic upon the railways should be collected."

In addition to the other resolutions on Agriculture agreed to, it was resolved,—"That a return of

the live stock should be obtained not less frequently than once in every five years, and if possible, every year; special care to be taken to avoid exciting the prejudices or apprehensions of cultivators by unnecessary inquiries."

Sir RODRICK MURCHISON, in bringing up the Report of this Section, which embraced Agriculture, Mining, and Railways, for adoption at the General Meeting, gave a summary of the proceedings, and pointed out the benefits that had resulted from the Geological Survey and Museum of Economic Geology in Jermyn Street. Until Mr. Hunt took up the investigation, the mineral statistics of the kingdom were little known. His inquiries had led to the information that we now raise 65,000,000 tons of coal a year. Much discussion had arisen lately as to the probable duration of our coal-fields at the present rate of consumption; and although many statements had been put forth, he considered there were no sufficient data by which any correct estimate could be arrived at.

In the Section of Commercial Statistics it was resolved.—That the statistics of the progress of the Sydney Branch of the Royal Mint (especially if the sovereign coined there be declared a legal tender throughout Her Majesty's dominions) being of great interest, the Government of New South Wales are therefore requested to furnish continuous annual statements, comprising the cost of coining; amount of gold passing through the Mint in bars and coin; and amount coined into sovereigns and half-sovereigns.

A note "On the Gold Production of Australia, up to the End of the Year 1859," was also submitted by the Australian Delegates,—which states that a very large portion of Australia Proper and of Tasmania and New Zealand is auriferous.

The officially recorded export of gold from New South Wales is inaccurate, owing to the indeterminate addition for several years of large receipts of gold from Victoria to that which was produced in New South Wales. The exports and posts conveyed in all, from 1851 to 1859 inclusive, 1,570,047 ounces, exclusive of 59,256 ounces conveyed from the same gold-fields to the colonies, which are included in the estimate for that colony,—314,009 ounces, brought down by other means, will make a total of 1,884,056 ounces. At 77s. per ounce, 7,253,616s. is the value of the total amount raised in New South Wales from the first discovery in 1821 to the end of 1859. But this is not so small compared with the corrected returns of the total yield of gold from Victoria to the end of 1859. This yield exceeds 21,000,000 ounces, of the value of nearly 94,000,000s. sterling. South Australia, in the last eight years, averages a produce of the value of only 100,000s. annually. Tasmania only 8,000s. New Zealand, since 1857, has exported 35,000 ounces, of the value of 140,000s. The value of the total quantity raised up to the end of 1859, was in New South Wales, 7,253,616s.; in Victoria, 93,810,212s.; in South Australia, 100,000s.; in Tasmania, 8,000s.; in New Zealand, 140,000s.; total, 101,371,828s.

Various foreign gentlemen were requested to promote the preparation of Reports on the progress of Banks, Trust and Loan Companies, and Credit Companies in their several countries,—and the Rev. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Nassau Senior, since the Reports for the United Kingdom and British India.

The Sub-Committee appointed to consider definitely the programme upon the Statistics of Banks submitted their Report.—After consideration, it was agreed that, it would not be possible to include "Credit and Discount Companies" in the present Report, but that it might be desirable to refer this part of the question to the next International Congress. That, as regards Banks, it is desirable that, at least at four dates in each year, returns should be obtained arranged as a general rule, in a tabular form, comprising detailed information as to the capital, shareholders or partners, liabilities and assets, places of business, profit and loss, dividend and rates of interest, and discount.

At the General Meeting on Saturday, Mr. Nassau Senior moved an amendment to the rate of interest being only returned for quarterly periods, proposing that it should embrace all the changes

in the rates of interest and discount made since the last return. The alteration was opposed, but it was ultimately carried by the Meeting.

From the Report on the Australian Colonies submitted by the Delegates, we learn that the population of *colonia* amounted at the end of 1858 to upwards of 1,100,000. Of this, the largest portion was in Victoria, which had 504,000. A deficiency of female population, which was gradually disappearing prior to the gold discovery, has been again increased by that event. In Victoria there are still only sixty females to a hundred of the other sex. The aborigines everywhere exhibit the result of a partial decrease before European colonization. The same more conspicuous with the Australian than with the New Zealand. The South Australian census of 1855 gave the aborigines of the settled districts as 3,540, and this scanty number, as stated in official despatches, is thought to have been thus reduced by more than one-half: in Victoria, in 1857, there were 1768. The Protector of the Aborigines of that colony estimated their numbers about twelve years previously at 5,000. An estimate of the number of the New Zealand aborigines was made by the Native Protector in 1844, in which it was stated he had 109,659. The more careful census in 1857 gave their number at 56,049, of whom 31,667 were males, and 24,303 females. Upon other and less doubtful data, as the paucity of children, it appears certain that the race is rapidly decaying. The Northern Island, by its general climate the most attractive to savage life, contained much the greater part of this people, no less, indeed, than 55,026, leaving the small remainder scattered over the cooler regions of the Middle and Southern Islands and the Chatham group. The Tasmanian aboriginal is on the eve of total extinction, while the distinctive features alike from the Australian and New Zealand. Fourteen only survive out of 5,000, the estimated numbers 57 years ago, on the first occupation by our countrymen. The improvements that are being effected in the larger towns must sensibly diminish the Sydney and Melbourne are both now well supplied with good water, and in the former city an extensive system of underground drainage is far advanced towards completion. Infant mortality has long been unusually large in Melbourne. In South Australia, in 1858, the mortality under ten years of age amounted to 69.28 per cent. of the total of registered deaths. An established feature seems to be the greater mortality in the warm as compared with the cool seasons of the year. The lunatic asylums show prominent statistics in the two older Colonies. We must doubtless attribute the large number of insane in New South Wales and Tasmania to the presence of the last elements of the convict system. In the former it is 1 in 518; in the latter the still higher ratio of 1 in 482; while in England it is about 1 in 700. The habits of criminal life are sent mainly either to premature release from the asylum. The proportion of Victoria for 1855 is only 1 in 1,000, which contradicts the common opinion that the excitement of a gold-mining life, and the great consumption of ardent spirits in a climate unfavourable to such indulgence, are causes of insanity.

The ratio for 1857 was still smaller than for 1855; but the cause is explained with reference to improved arrangements for transmitting lunatics from the country prisons to the asylum near Melbourne; and possibly to some slight extent the results of 1858 may still be similarly affected. The South Australian census recently gave 59 subjects for 1857, and 40 for 1858, with a population of from 110,000 to 118,000 for these years. The ratio of crime is very considerable in all these colonies. The remains of the transportation system on the one hand, and, on the other, the great indulgence in spirits and drink, stimulated by a variable and rather warm climate, and generally abundant wages and means, may account for this unsatisfactory circumstance. To no small extent, also, must it be associated with the gold-fields, which in Victoria are the great focus of crime. But the ratio has been diminished since the earlier years of the gold mining.

Crimes of remarkable atrocity are committed mostly by the old British convicts, the remnants of the transportation system. The civil legislation presents some features of a specially colonial and Australian character. The measure entitled "A Preferable Lien on Wool, and Mortgage on Live Stock Act" was enacted by New South Wales about sixteen years ago, and is now by Victoria and South Australia. Attention is called to it as being contrary to the recognized principles of English law, which forbid a mortgage, without transfer of possession, of movable property, and as having been, in consequence, disallowed by the Home Government. It was, however, successively re-enacted in the colony for short periods, and continues on the statute-book of several of the colonies. The measure has been beneficial, judging by the extent to which it has been used in the pastoral colonies that have introduced it. In Victoria, during 1859, the amount involved under this Act was so large as 1,196,571l., while the amount under mortgage upon real property was 2,093,609l. In New South Wales, for the previous year, the sums are respectively 1,192,000l. and 705,000l., showing still more significance. The Gold Act of South Australia was an instance of exceptional procedure under the emergency of these times. The exodus of the labouring classes from that colony for Victoria, in 1852, brought on a panic, much enhanced by the diminution of specie, as the emigrating throng realized and carried off their means. The object of the Act was to make uncoined gold, assayed to a certain standard, a legal tender in South Australia, at a value slightly in excess of the then market-price in Victoria. The price thus fixed,—71s. per ounce,—was below that of the intrinsic value, but it was also above the price of the market in Victoria, where the circumstances at the time had established. The object was attended with entire success, and many distressing circumstances that must have occurred from the further course of the crisis were prevented. The question of simplifying law with regard to the same subject in England, which has been so often debated in Britain, has received its first practical solution in South Australia, where an extensive agricultural and landowning interest have already appreciated the important change. Mr. Torrens, in 1855, carried through the legislature his plan of simplifying the Law relating to the Transfer and Encumbrance of Freehold and other Interests in Land. The provisions of it are similar to, and anticipated, the recommendations of the Commissioners on Registration of Title, contained in a Report to Parliament dated in May, 1857, as to the transfer, leasing, mortgage, encumbrance, and settlement of real estate; and the Act is similar to that of Sir Hugh Cairns's Bill of 1859. The colonial Act, however, differs in some points; for example, in this, that a good holding title, undisputed after extensive public notice, constitutes the possessor against any future objection, leaving his subject only to the payment of compensation. The Act already promotes favourably, and Victoria is disseminating the adoption of its provisions. By its aid expenses are reduced to one-tenth, and proceedings are so simplified, and time so saved, that parties are enabled to transact their own business in real estate, and can generally complete a transaction within an hour. All the colonial territories, with one exception, have been declared Crown property, to the extinction of all native title. They are, therefore, known as Crown lands or waste lands, the title of which to the alienated territory which has been granted or sold to the colonists, and which still bears but a small proportion to the remaining Crown domain. The exception is that of the northern island of New Zealand, where the British Government have recognized the native title to the territory, with the proviso, however, that the title should be given to the Government. This restriction and the intricacies of native ownership have occasioned many differences, and are more or less the cause of the present outbreak at Taranaki. All lands intended for sale in the Colonies, except in New Zealand, are disposed of by public auction, or at least they must, in the first instance, pass that

Mr. Newton also offered some remarks on the *Aves erythropus* of Linnaeus, and endeavored to show that that name was applicable strictly to the *Aves erythropus* of Linnaeus. The Secretary exhibited a drawing of the Rock Kangaroo living in the Society's Menagerie, and believed to be identical with Dr. Gray's *Petrogale xanthopus*.—Mr. Lead-baster exhibited three examples of Buffon's Skua lately shot in Ireland, and some remarkably large heads and antlers of the Wapiti Stag.

FINE ARTS

A CITY EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE ART.

ONE of the oldest of the City guilds, or companies,—the Painters', otherwise Painter-Stainers' Company, which dates from the early part of the fourteenth century,—has just closed an Exhibition of works of Decorative Art, which we hope is only the first of a successful series. The day has gone by when any revival of guild restrictions or apprenticeship regulations would be tolerated or endured, especially when enforced by so humble an authority as an obscure dining and benevolent Association, in some minor alterations of the City. The power permitted to ride upon the neck of commerce in the Imperial Government, and then only for the supposed benefit of the community. If trade is not as free as the country ought to wish, the twelve great City Companies, with their minor companies, can hardly be blamed for it. They have sunk into the position of monumental antiquities; the "crafts" they once governed, limited, and checked have broken from them, and now grow, on all sides, in wild luxuriance; and their ruling bodies have little left to rule except periodical banquets and class charities.

A guild or company like the Painters or Painter-Stainers is wise to recognize this fact,—to turn its back boldly upon the past, lock up its old charters, to enshrine about what it was, and to eulge its corporate brain to direct the future. This is really easy to be. The Painters' Hall, at number something Little Trinity Lane, Queenhithe, City, was once the "Royal Academy" of England. Its Company once boasted of Kneller and Sir Joshua Reynolds, but it has now sunk chiefly into an organization for dispensing food to the benefit of four-painters and decorators who are lame or blind. These are the trades of working-pointing which it now represents, and which its present Master, Mr. Sewell, and its Clerk, Mr. Tomlin, are endeavouring to inspire with some little artistic feeling and ambition, through the medium of prizes and a competitive exhibition. They have overcome the difficulty of getting a body of men to prepare specimens of their art for the chance of a small present reward, a little painting, and the future future hardly to be stated or defined. This difficulty is great, even when dealing with wealthy or energetic manufacturers; it must be infinitely greater when dealing with humble working-men.

The design of the "Master," Mr. Sewell, is not farth in the following circular, addressed to the members of his trade:—"The powers of the various Guilds are not maintainable under their by-laws, and it must be acknowledged they have fallen into desuetude, and operate in restraint of trade. I consider, however, by the mutual consent and coercion, that the Guilds (especially those whose skilful handicraft is required) might yet maintain as bodies a firm and useful position in society; and my suggestion for effecting this, as relates to this Company, consists in inviting the workmen artificers, and artists connected with painting and decoration, to submit their works annually to public inspection,—their merits to be judged by competent persons. The public exhibition of such works to take place at the Company's annual Hall."

The result of the survey and the survey which was assisted has been that about 180 pictures were exhibited, by some 35 hands. These specimens included works of arabesque and medieval ecclesiastical decoration, writing, enamelling on deal, graining, and imitations of marble and inlaid work. The paper, also, and wood, were the materials on which the work was executed. The

judges were five in number—three belonging to the Company, and two to the general trade; and they awarded four prizes, each consisting of a certificate of merit, and the freedom of the Company. These rewards were slight, but they were sufficient to produce specimens in marbling and graining that could hardly be surpassed. The Company, though rich in funds for charitable objects, is poor for all purposes that may stimulate and improve the trade in general.

There was one point on which we think the Catalogue of this Exhibition was unwisely silent, and that was, the cost of the different specimens. In looking at the excellent imitations of marble, we wanted some guide as to their price in foot, that we might judge, in decorating a house, whether it would or would not be cheaper to use the real material, with its superior durability and genuineness. This is a question, we confess, that we should like to see cleared up, even while we give the pioneers all the additional publicity in our power. These were—

First-class decorations in arabesque, J. Smith; first in marbling, J. M'Donnell; first in writing, James Edmest; and in graining, J. M'Donnell. The latter two have also obtained prizes for marbling and decorative painting, but for the judges having decided that only one Smith could be given to the artist.

These workmen may always be found by a note addressed to the Clerk of the Company.

FINE-ART GOSPEL.—Mr. Marshall Wood's statue of "Daphne," executed in marble for the Countess (Frances) Waldegrave, and exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, has lately been set up in the so-called "Chapel" at Strawberry Hill. This chapel is a copy of one in Salisbury Cathedral, and was erected in the grounds at Strawberry Hill by the late Horace Walpole.

A large and fine picture by Sir W. Allan, R.A., and P.R.S.A., representing Nelson boarding the San Nicolas, has been presented to the Gallery by the Earl of Albemarle, by Mr. Herbert C. Blackburn, of Orsett Terrace, Gloucester Gardens.

For some time past an interesting bowl, of bronze, has been exhibiting in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries. This was found near Sir Peregrine Dyke's park, at Lullington, Kent, and is supposed to be a fragment of a Celtic ornament and iron, in clay, two or three feet below the surface, by "navvies," who broke off some bronze ornaments that had been attached to it;—these, which represent birds, stags, fish, roundels, and interlaced work—a common Celtic ornament—have been replaced. The object is supposed to be a Gabbata, a vessel used in churches for an unknown purpose, but frequently mentioned in early inventories. It will be engraved in the *Archæologia*, accompanied by a paper from Mr. Ireland.

A Correspondent, with reference to the inquiries respecting a series of studies of heads for *Da Vinci's* "Last Supper" formerly in England, adverts to a series of similar studies that were purchased by the late King of Holland. Collection in 1850 from the Collection at Weimar, for 8,000 florins. They were executed in red and black chalk, and named in the Catalogue Andrew, Matthew, James, Philip and Nathaniel, Peter and Judas, John the Evangelist, Bartholomew and Thomas and Jude. The heads of Simon and Judas also occur in No. 74 of the Catalogue of Woodburn's Collection of Drawings, which he exhibited.

We stated in the last *Athenæum* that Mr. G. G. Scott had prepared a new design for the Foreign Office, in the Italian style of course, and now it is reported that Lord Palmerston has commissioned Mr. Garling to make a design in the same style, which was sent in three weeks since. If we are to have an Italian Foreign Office, then, undoubtedly, Mr. Garling has a just right to compete for it, because he gained the first prize in the War Office competition, in which Mr. Scott stood third only.

Mr. Talbot Bury proposes that the testimonial to Fagnoli should take the form of a biography of that architect, to be published by subscription. The idea has been republished by the promoters of the Art-scholarship scheme.

It has been resolved to erect a memorial to Sir Hugh Middleton at Islington. This is to consist of a drinking fountain, surrounded by a station of the bringer of water to London, and is to be placed on the site of the old watch-house now standing on the Green. At a public meeting held in Middleton Hall, Islington, presided over by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart.,—that gentleman offered to present the station to the parish. The liberal offer was accepted with acclamation.

A circular was issued on the 29th of May last, stating that 1000 more was required to carry out Mr. Scott's plans for the restoration of Crowland Abbey. This is one of the most interesting relics in the country, and the material would be enormous, if, while we squander 1,500,000 upon a shed for the preservation of the Wellington Funeral Car, the public will not find one-twelfth of that sum to completely rescue from ruin a building whose historical associations are great. In addition to its architectural beauty. Since the issue of this circular the front of the building has been shored up, but nothing further done.

The end of October next will witness an Art-Exhibition at Madrid.

The remains of the Roman theatre and temple, dedicated to Apollo, have recently been discovered at Pierrefonds, near Compiègne. These are said to be in the best style of Roman Art,—and the best relics survivable.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THE JULIEN FESTIVAL will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, and will be given in FLETCHER GARDENS, for the BENEFIT of MADAME JULIEN.

FRENCH PLAYS.—AT JAMES'S THEATRE.—*Postscript* to the JULIEN FESTIVAL.—ON THURSDAY for the BENEFIT of the COMPANY of the FRENCH PLAYS.—Private boxes from Two guineas. Orchestral and other seats from One guinea. Theatricals in Commence at Eight o'clock. Box-Office open from Eleven to Five only.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Eleven Steps of Mazzurka, composed for the Pianoforte, by Frederic Chopin, translated by J. W. Davison, (Boosey & Co.) This is a very handsome publication. The price is cheap, the paper is clear, the type is good, and the scale to our liking, since we have not yet become reconciled to the minikin form of printing which has been introduced to be read in the name, but to be played from at the desk. A careful Preface by Mr. Davison serves as overture to these *Mazzurkas*, containing one or two slight mistakes on unimportant points of detail, but, so far as criticism and analysis go, competent and well reasoned out,—are (we think) on one point. That which has happened to Handel and to Gluck has also befallen Chopin in his last degree. He is too exclusively rated as a composer, who was nothing if not lachrymose and melancholy,—whereas his talent had also a side of peculiar stateliness and grandeur, in which he was surpassed by none of his contemporaries, and approached by few among them. At least half-a-dozen of these identical *Mazzurkas* are based on large nervous phrases,—and can only be rated as sad, on the theory that wherever there are real thought and poetry, there is always an undercurrent of feeling and emotion, be the occasion ever so festive. The lino

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music, has a universal truth in it. Chopin, however, put a more delicate and more delicate touch upon it, and brilliant, in other compositions more unmistakably than in his *Mazzurkas*. Turn, for instance, to his *Poleonice*, No. 1, Op. 40, in which the outlines and phrases are on the largest possible scale of grandeur, too large, indeed, for any pianist's hand to express in all its fulness,—claiming such resources of a rich and jubilant pageant-band, as M. Meyerbeer accumulates in his *Torch Dances*.—There is another *Poleonice*, Op. 53, to which the above description equally applies, though the music more obviously laid out for a piece of pianoforte exhibition. Many other examples, from his *Nocturns*, *Ballads*, *Waltzes*, *Préludes*, could be cited. Even Chopin's playing, delicate though it was, and, of course, increasingly so as suffering and singular habits of life wore out his body, was not always the fragile and timid display, which the public seems alone to have retained an impression. When he

was once at the pianoforte (he preferred sitting down to it after midnight), it was remarkable to observe with what uniring animation he would continue, exciting himself and strengthening as he went on, till the pale, half-dread face, and the form that had seemed convulsed with asthma, but a few moments earlier, absolutely transformed as by a spell of health and energy. On such occasions he would be so getting Chopin to leave the piano. He would plead to stay and to play again, and after that just to play "one little thing more," though the "little thing," at somewhere about two A.M., might prove not less exhausting than his tremendous study in a sharp minor, after which nine out of ten pianists, at the beginning of a session, however Herculean in aspect as compared with Chopin, would have wiped their foreheads and thought their praise well earned—their evening's work well done. These things are merely thrown together, because it is evident from publications like this one that increased care and anxiety to know the truth are at last becoming happily the rule in England; and it is possibly only from the testimonies of different witnesses that the character of any real artist can be fully wrought out, or his place in the Pantheon be finally apportioned to him. Chopin suffered—who has not?—from false friends. The Jesuitical and self-laudatory notice of his exigence and her devotion by Madame Dudevant, will be quoted from time to time, simply because the winds the plausible and experienced pen of a writer of genius. Dr. Liszt does not stand in the category of the Jesuit, but his monograph—as trying to prove too much here, to go too deep there, to soar too high—in written in unnatural French, has small value as regards Chopin; however it attests the sincere admiration of the writer. Perhaps the above words may be considered for what they are worth, should the publishers and editor give out companion volumes of the Ballads, Notturri, Waltzes, Polonaises of Chopin.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.—The last card of his season, we suppose, may be considered to have been played by Mr. Gye in the crowd, when Madame Miolan-Carvalho appeared as *Gilda*, in 'Rigoletto'—with the other parts cast as formerly. Better sung, and more delicately played, the music and the drama could not be than by this thoroughly accomplished artist. Her power as an actress of sentiment—so beautifully displayed in Gounod's 'Faust'—found some scope in the buffoon's outrageous daughter. Her by-play was particularly good,—finished everywhere without disturbance,—always judiciously kept within the limits of her natural powers.—It was excellent, too, to hear how she worked out the points of Signor Verdi's music, without the least squeal or scream. This was her last appearance this year,—since she has left London to fulfil Continental engagements; but as her first English one, in a new style of character, it was also the last of her season, and of popularity for her—which only spilt time can close.

During this week Madame Gria's last performances of her repertory have been announced as in progress. She is about to make an operatic autumnal tour in the crowd, when Madame Miolan-Carvalho appeared as *Gilda*, in 'Rigoletto'—with the other parts cast as formerly. Better sung, and more delicately played, the music and the drama could not be than by this thoroughly accomplished artist. Her power as an actress of sentiment—so beautifully displayed in Gounod's 'Faust'—found some scope in the buffoon's outrageous daughter. Her by-play was particularly good,—finished everywhere without disturbance,—always judiciously kept within the limits of her natural powers.—It was excellent, too, to hear how she worked out the points of Signor Verdi's music, without the least squeal or scream. This was her last appearance this year,—since she has left London to fulfil Continental engagements; but as her first English one, in a new style of character, it was also the last of her season, and of popularity for her—which only spilt time can close.

Mr. E. Smith closes *Her Majesty's Theatre* to-night after "run" of 'Oberon' the success of which opera has been the great event of his year. The performance of Weber's fine and fantastic work has ripened much on repetition. The artists may generally be credited with having improved. For Madame Albini, however, no advance was possible; and from the first, her singing of the music written for *Faustina* was perfection. She has made no such sensation in London since her first Covent Garden season as this year in Weber's opera. Signor Mongini has made progress. M. Béart and Signor Evenski could with difficulty be replaced by any two artists of their class; both are rising in public appreciation. On the whole, Mr. E. Smith may fairly claim the credit of having fought his fight as well as it could have been fought under circumstances. He has promised his public a better orchestra and chorus for next spring's campaign.

PRINCESS'S.—On the close of Mr. Phelps's engagement, the manager has reasonably sought some startling novelty, and discovered it, as it were, in the person of a French artist, who has replaced by any two artists of their class; both are rising in public appreciation. On the whole, Mr. E. Smith may fairly claim the credit of having fought his fight as well as it could have been fought under circumstances. He has promised his public a better orchestra and chorus for next spring's campaign.

DEBRY LANE.—This theatre was opened on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the family of Mr. Albert H. Boucicault, the entertainment were of a miscellaneous character, including an address by Mr. G. A. Sala, and a prologue delivered by Mrs. E. Stirling, and written by Mr. Shirley Brooks for the occasion. 'The Enchanted Island' was the principal performance, in which Mrs. Stirling's daughter, Miss Fanny Stirling, made her first appearance, and certainly a favourable impression on the audience. Professional actors and amateurs united in the benevolent effort of the evening, the result of which appeared to be satisfactory.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—The preparations for the Norwich Festival seem complete. Since they have been recounted from week to week in the *Athenæum*, we need not recapitulate them. The paragraph published on the subject, has called out such a mass of communication on the subject of musical engagements, how and why made, (totally apart from the mistaken case to which attention was then called by statements published with Norwich authority,) that we may return to the subject,—though obviously such conjecture must be chosen when everything savouring of personality can be avoided.

On the 10th ult. a Festival was held at Giesen in memory of Spohr, at which his Overtures to 'Jesumada' and 'Der Berggeist,' and his Symphony 'The Power of Sound,' were performed by the services of Herr Bott, one of the great violinist's pupils. Great violinist as Spohr was, he "comes out" smaller, as an artist, in his Memoirs, than so honest and indefatigable a citizen should have appeared on such an occasion. The humour of his strictures on Beethoven in Vienna has been already adverted to. We are not much at issue with Spohr in regard to Beethoven's later compositions; but there is something like ill-nature in all the smaller man's jottings-down of the greater and more rugged man's posthumous details of "Beethoven's shocking abruptness of manner,"—of his Johnsonian contortions when conducting,—of his extravagances as solo-player, com-

plaint partly on deafness. When Spohr hazards such an assertion as that Beethoven "troubled himself with no one's music save his own," we are tempted to turn down the leaf with a comment, "Not quite true, and very odd on Spohr's part." Surely, if such unympathetic character ought to be awarded to any German musician, it must be meted out to the upright, pompous, respectable, self-contained Kapellmeister of Cassel, who knew very little and cared even less for his contemporaries than as critical a writer of memoirs should do. We need not insist upon the truth as to the percentage of Beethoven's familiar Pianoforte *Auditeur* in the production in his presence at a London party given in his honour. As to manners, rudeness has many forms. Spohr's rudeness was that of a respectable man, cold and not exaggerated; but a man as selfish in his way as Beethoven. To illustrate by an anecdote. For a receipt made to honour him in the house of a great German musician resident here, three artist-ladies,—all singers of European reputation, and whose bows were worth as much as gold,—had conspired to prepare the *aria* (one of Spohr's happiest inspirations) from 'Zemire und Azor.' The leading voice had hardly begun to sing this, when, out of the small London room, and across the pianoforte, and through the three admiring gentlemen, strode Spohr (and he was large, and boisterous, and tall, calling to his wife, "Come, let me see; it is too hot here!").

Among the news of the last Paris week, arrive tidings which are not easy to understand. M. Desloperce (our late guest) has resigned his Presidency of the Commission of Choral Societies. Can nothing less annoy our neighbours?—Madame Van den Heuvel (Mlle. Dupré that was) and Mlle. Sax are about to make their first appearances at the Grand Opéra in 'Robert.'

A new musical work is now in performance at the Suisse Normande. This is Mr. Tolly's 'Garibaldi'—the principal characters in which opera are sustained by Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Mr. Parkinson. With all its political anxieties and its Hyperborean weather, this year has not been poor in foreign musical Festivals. There has been a gathering of the kind at the Hague. There is to be a Festival of the same kind,—the first of a series of Palatine meetings,—at Kaiserslautern, to begin on the 26th of August.

MISCELLANEA

Public Parks.—A new Act, which has just received the Royal assent, and is now in force, provides for local improvements beneficial to the health and comfort of the people. The ratepayers of any parish maintaining its own park, the population of which, according to the last account, exceeds five hundred persons, may purchase or lease lands, and accept gifts and grants of land, for the purpose of forming any public walk, exercise or playground, and levy rates for maintaining the same, and for the removal of any nuisances or obstructions to the free use or enjoyment thereof, and for improving any open land, or footpaths, or drainage, or water courses, or waters from rain, and for other purposes of a similar nature. The Act may be adopted in boroughs. After the adoption of the Act, a meeting of the ratepayers is to take place to make a separate rate, and such rate is to be agreed to by a majority of at least two-thirds in value of the ratepayers assembled. Previous to any such rate being imposed, a sum in amount not less than at least one-half of the estimated cost of such proposed improvements shall have been raised, given, or collected by private subscription or donation. The rate is not to exceed 6d. in the pound.

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Erratum.—In the advertisement of sale of NEWSPAPERS, at Glasgow, dated July 17, p. 48, col. 4th, the line "The present proprietor would prefer to retain a share" had reference to another property. A corrected advertisement at Glasgow properly appears in this day's journal, p. 111.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

LITERATURE

On the Relations of Alexander Pope with the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; and on the Character and Characteristics of Atossa.

IN 1854 we took advantage of a lull in the publishing world and ventured, by way of experiment, to try our critical skill on an advertisement—the announcement of a forthcoming edition of Pope's Works to be edited by John Wilson Croker. That edition, so long expected, has been delayed, almost beyond hope, by the death of the Editor. We are pleased now to hear that it will certainly be amongst the issues of the coming season. Delay, however, has not been without its advantages—the announcement in 1854 of "150 unpublished letters" has enlarged its golden promise, and the last number of the *Quarterly* speaks of "more than 300 unpublished letters." In other respects, too, good has resulted from delay. Mr. Carruthers has liberally declared that the publication of the papers in the *Athenæum* constituted "an era in Pope history." We are willing to believe that they did good service, pioneer fashion. But some questions then raised have not yet been decided; and amongst them one seriously affecting the moral character of the poet—did he, or did he not, receive a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough, to suppress the character of Atossa? We think it well therefore to revert to this subject before the new edition is issued.

We do not mean to enter again on the evidence; that has been fully considered. We heretofore proved that the story was first published anonymously, and after the established fashion, with an "it is said." We proved, as we thought, that Warton and Walpole merely re-echoed the story with such "circumstantialities" as time adds as a matter of course; and that Mr. Rose's pencilling was a mere indication of what might have been referred to—whether fact or falsehood. We propose on this occasion to show, not merely that the anecdote is untrue, but that it could not be true, and that the character of Atossa was not meant for the Duchess of Marlborough at all, but for the Duchess of Buckinghamshire. This is a new light altogether—new to us as to others—a result of that spirit of doubt and consequent research which have done more, in the last ten years, to clear up the Pope history and mystery than all the trusting labours of editors in the preceding century. Some of the letters to which we shall have occasion to refer are yet in manuscript; but they are now all in the possession of Mr. Murray, and will therefore appear in the forthcoming edition of Pope's Works.

As a starting-point in our inquiry, we will consider the personal relations of the several parties.

Pope for many years belonged to the same political party as the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, and was in open and avowed hostility to the Marlboroughs. He was under friendly obligations to the Duke and subsequently to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire. We infer, from a letter of Jacob Tonson to Pope, among the splendid edition of the Duke's works, printed after the Duke's death at the expense of the Duchess. It was natural and proper that it should be so, for Pope selected, arranged and prepared the work for publication;—the Duchess received literary help, and Pope the reward for literary labour. We find Pope, on more than one occasion, on a friendly

visit to the Duchess; and in 1725 he was the native and confidential friend in the famous prosecution of Ward—a fact which appears to have been overlooked by the biographers, although the following letter from the Duchess to Pope, also among the *Homier MSS.*, is just:

"I am much obliged to Lord Harcourt for his friendly assistance in helping my son against the variety of injustices which we meet with from Ward. There is nobody who can be obliged whose gratitude is so useless as a woman's and a child's; I'll answer for the first having a great share of it, and I hope the other will always show the same disposition. I am always, Sir, your faithful, humble serv. K. B."

"I have wrote to Lord Trevor, who has appointed a meeting at our house, and hopes to have the business heard this Sessions. I expect you to be there."

Again:—
"This is first to tell you that I hope you found your mother in very good health, and made your peace with the old woman for staying abroad so long. She will probably describe you by the Gladder as she did Mr. Compton by the Frowser."
"I know 'tis unnecessary, but I desire you to say nothing of what you know of Mr. Stedfield's being at present not well in my favour, except to Mr. Bathurst, in case he mentions it, because I have many reasons to have the particular circumstances as little spoke on as possible, and not the man at all, at least for some time.—I am ever, Sir, your most humble serv. K. B."

These friendly relations continued up to November 1728, when Pope thus wrote to Lord Bathurst:—

"The Duchess of Buckingham is at Leigh's. * * The writings to my mother and me she has signed. You may observe, I know, with me that what you so warmly solicited and contributed to, for my future case, is accomplished. If I live these hundred years I shall never fancy, even in my jealous old age, that I live too long upon you and her. And if I live but one year it would better please me to have an obelisk might be added to your garden, &c."

Pope and the Duchess, as we shall show, soon after quarrelled, so that the flattering "Character of Katherine late Duchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby," published in 1746 as "By the late Mr. Pope," must have been written about or before this time. Whether really written by Pope, or compiled, as he said, from the manuscript of the Duchess, there is, we think, internal evidence that it was written many years before her death. Pope distinctly says so in his letter to Moyer. It must, therefore, have been subsequently adapted to circumstances, for reference is therein made to the loss of "all her children," which was not true until after the 31st of October 1735, when her son Edmund died, and it concludes with an account of the death of the Duchess herself.

The cause of quarrel is a mystery; but the date, within moderate limits, is not difficult to determine. On the 9th of July [1732] Pope thus wrote to Lord Bathurst:—

"There is one woman at least that I think you will never run after, of whom the town rings with a hundred stories, *why she run, and whither she is run.* Her cause of quarrel is sorry for her, and truly so, as I, when she cut off from the number of them three years ago. She has dealt as mysteriously with you as with me formerly; but which are proofs that we are both less mad than is requisite for her to think quite well of us."

"There is one woman," was beyond all doubt, the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who thought it necessary, in consequence of the gossip with which the town rang, to inform the Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, why and whither she had run, which she did on the 6th of June, 1732, by a letter from Boulogne:—

"I left England, Sir, with 'no other precipitation than was occasioned by my having some accounts to state and pass with Mr. Arbuthnot.'"

She then informs him that she had been taken ill at Boulogne,—and adds—

"This has given me the lucky opportunity of bearing, something quick, the silly reports somehow spread concerning a thing done by everybody at their pleasure;—I mean taking a journey to Paris."

She begs Walpole to take notice of her explanation to the Queen or not, as he shall decide,—

"in case any of these nonsensical stories, or any others, have reached her ears, or whether my coming away in the manner I did has happened to be represented or taken in a light any way requires being set right." (*Colley's Walpole*, iii. 125.)

The following is the account of Pope's quarrel with the Duchess, which was whipsawed in a letter to Moyer, as if in anticipation of the publication of the "Character," and of its being attributed to him. This letter Warburton fortunately stumbled on, when, after Pope's death, the "Character" was published and was so attributed:—

"There was another *Character* written of *Her Grace* by herself (with what help I know not), but she shewed it me in her beds, and I received, as by all the adulations of friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand and return her the copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years."

We have now clear evidence not only of the quarrel, but that it took place in or about July 1729. This brings us up, and helps to explain an incident in Pope's life not known to his biographers.

In 1729-30, Edward Caryll married the daughter of Pope's friend and neighbour, Mr. Pigot; and the following is an extract from a letter of Pope's of the 12th of February, in which he sent his congratulations to Caryll's father:—

"I could not see Mr. Pigot as yet; but this day I have received from him, by the post, the letter you mentioned as having been given to you to deliver into my own hands. The contents of that letter are so extraordinary that I must desire you fairly to tell me, who gave it you! and if, instead of your giving it to Mr. Pigot, he did not give it to you."

On the 10th of May Pope again adverts to the subject:—

"A very odd adventure has lately befallen me, in consequence of the letter you sent me addressed to Mr. Pigot which contained a note for £100, and it gives me a great curiosity to know what person put it into your hands. I soon found out the original plotter, but am at a loss for the instruments made use of, which this may give me some light into."

On the 10th of June Pope continues his questioning:—

"I can't help telling you, as well as I love you, that I am ready to take it ill (and the more ill the more I love you) your silence and evasion of my question, and it was not a feeling to my advantage which contained a Bank Bill for £100! I found out, as I told you, the original plotter, and returned the bribe back, as an honest man ought, with the contempt it deserved, by the hands of Lord Bathurst to the lady. Therefore, sir, the plot failed, and 'twas not a feeling to my advantage. Must I be forced to assure you that I can refuse anything I do not deserve, or do not seek, be it a hundred, or a thousand. And I thank God for having bestowed upon me a mind and nature more beneficent than craving. Adieu. Think of me as I merit for I really am, so very truly yours, though but a poor one; but a friendly one where

obliged, and therefore very mindfully to yourself and all yours."

On the 23rd of July we have a last reference to this subject:—

"I take very kindly the warmth and concern you show in apprehending I fancied your opinion of me to be less favorable than it is. Indeed I did not; but was merely desirous to tell you I am the man I am in respect to temptations of interest. Nor was the pretence taken to send me that £100 my proposal to me to do what was dishonourable, but only a notion that I would receive reward for what I had formerly done out of pure friendship. A lady who imagined herself obliged to me on that score imagined she could acquit herself of an obligation by money, which she cared not to owe on a more generous account and Mr. Pigot sent you the whole story, and so will I when we meet."

It is obvious from the agents employed that the lady, whoever she may have been, was connected with the Catholic, the Nonjuring, the High Church, and the Tory party. The Duchess of Buckinghamshire in 1730 answered exactly to this description. Pigot the Counsellor was employed by her professionally, at least in the prosecution of Ward (see 'Life of Hardwicke,' l. 185), and, therefore, perhaps Pigot wished that the money should reach Pope by a less direct channel; and so, as appears from his first letter, Pope himself suspected. Pope, as we have shown, had been actively the friend of the Duchess in the prosecution of Ward; and, in the letter we have quoted, wherein he is entrusted to be silent, she makes a special exemption in favour of Lord Bathurst, who was, indeed, a trustee under the Duke's will. What more natural than that a proud, half-mad Duchess would not, if she could avoid it, remain under an obligation, and should believe that she might acquit herself of it by a mere money payment?

Atterbury, who was in great favour with the Duchess, and was often consulted by her confidentially, hoped and promised, as we believe, to bring about a reconciliation; but it was beyond his power. We can no other way understand a mysterious paragraph in his letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Morrice, to whom he thus wrote, March 18-20, 1731:—

"I see you are afraid to see Pope, and easily guess at your reasons. I have mine, while I almost despair of making up that matter; since the prejudices conceived are, I see, so strong and so unlikely to be altogether removed." ('Atterbury,' iv. 294.)

On this subject, whatever it was, he also wrote to Pope on the 23rd of November, 1731:—

"I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morrice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. I was much in that way before writing on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. I got soundly on the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it."

There is something mysterious about this quarrel—everybody seems studiously to avoid all mention of the cause. Pope, in his most communicative mood, only promised "to tell" his old friend when "we meet," although his friend had been a blind agent in the drama, and would in all reasonable certainty be informed by Pigot. Atterbury is as obscure as an orle; and nothing can be gleaned from Pope's letter to Bathurst, nor even from his explanatory letter to Morrice. All we get at with certainty is, that there was a quarrel,—an irreconcilable quarrel, and that it must have taken place soon after the Duchess, at the warm solicitation of Bathurst, had signed "the

writings" so much to Pope's satisfaction and his "future care." There cannot be the least doubt that Pope, in this letter, refers to some grant of an annuity which had *been purchased*, but purchased of whom? Not of the Duchess, we think, for if she had taken his money, she must have signed the writings. No solicitation would have been required from Bathurst or any other person; there was a legal necessity for her doing so, and on her part a moral necessity. It is not possible that her son, the young Duke, as young dukes sometimes do, had taken up money from Pope on annuity, which, on account of the youth of the former, and for his honour's sake, required the sanction and therefore the signature of the Duchess. There is an enigmatical passage in a poem called 'The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue,' attributed to Lord Hervey, and published in 1742, in which a charge is preferred against Pope, which we do not remember to have seen before:

*This scribbling P., who Peter never spurs,
Falls on extortion's ladder from young heirs.*

—Peter was, of course, the "wise Peter" Walter, of the Epistle to Bathurst, whose great fortune was, we are told in a note, raised by "diligent attendance on the necessities of others." But the young Duke was a mere boy,—not more than twelve or thirteen.

Dr. Johnson mentions that the estate of John of Bucks was found charged with an annuity to Pope,—of 200*l.* a year, says the annotator of Johnson's Lives. Was there something informal in this deed, which, after the Duke's death, required the signature of the Duchess to give it validity and force?

Those, however, are mere speculations, and we are concerned only with facts.

Whether Pope and the Duchess were ever after on civil terms, we know not. Pope, in his letter to Morrice, says that she "picked a quarrel" with him—in 1729—and that they "never saw each other in five or six years." This would bring us to about the time of the young Duke's death,—November, 1735,—a very natural occasion for Pope to express the respect which he had ever professed for the family, and to offer a word of consolation even to the Duchess. Pope did so, and wrote the well-known epitaph; but the "weeping marble" never asked a "tear,"—the proud Duchess was no more willing to remain under an obligation in 1735 than in 1730, and the epitaph was not inscribed on the monument. This must have been gall and wormwood to Pope. Even after her death, he spoke of her with bitterness. In a letter to Bethel, he thus wrote:—

"All her private papers, and those of her correspondents, are left in the hands of Lord Hervey, so that it is not impossible another volume of my letters may come out. I am sure they make no part of her treasonable correspondence (which they say she has expressly left to him); but sure this infamous conduct towards any common acquaintance. And yet this woman seemed once a woman of great honour, and many generous principles." (Ruthead, p. 405.)

Here the actions of the Duchess, once, in Pope's opinion, a woman "of great honour and many generous principles," are spoken of as infamous.

Whether this enmity was embittered by political differences, we know not. It is certain that the High Church Jacobite Duchess, before she died, took the more celebrated Whigs into her special favour. Her grandson, by her first husband the Earl of Anglesea, was married to the daughter of Lord Hervey, a Court Whig of unmistakable politics, to whom the Duchess bequeathed, among other things, her noble mansion of Buckingham House, in St. James's Park; and she appointed Lord Orford, the

hated Sir Robert Walpole of other days, her executor.

It is strange, but more certain, that a political change took place in the Duchess of Marlborough, who, from personal dislike to, or prejudice against Walpole, became intimately associated with the discontented Whigs and the Tories—with Pope's friends—with what was called the "Opposition." We see the effect of this change on Pope, so early as 1735. In the Epistle to Cobham, published in the quarto edition of his Poems, 1735, Pope introduced the following attack on Marlborough:—

*Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hem'd round by friends and friends with bread;
As meagre plunder as they lavishly found;
Now save a people, and now save a great.*

Some friendly influence was now brought to bear on Pope, or Pope's own feelings suggested the indelicacy of this; and, therefore, we have the following note in the Appendix:

"Epist. 1, ver. 146. Triumphant leaders, &c. These four verses having been misconstrued, contrary to the author's meaning, they are suppressed in as many copies as he could recall."

We never saw a copy of this or any subsequent edition in which they were suppressed; but the note served Pope's purpose.

The Duchess of Marlborough humoured and flattered, and did everything to conciliate Pope; all her friends were his friends, and we see the growing effect of this. In what was called the surreptitious edition of Pope's Letters, 1735, we have one describing and disparaging Blenheim, in which he takes occasion to illustrate the description of the place by the characters of the Duke and Duchess—their greatness and littleness—their selfishness and meanness. This letter was not republished in the quarto, 1737, nor, which is far more significant, in the smaller edition of 1737, which was undoubtedly published with Pope's sanction, and which professed to contain all the rejected letters of the quarto; nor in any edition published in Pope's lifetime. So, too, the sarcasm on the Duke, in the letter to a lady, with reference to the camp in Hyde Park, where he speaks of "new regiments with new clothes and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery)," even this reference to a subject, which circumstances had made painful to the Marlboroughs, was omitted in the quarto of 1737.

In May, 1739, Pope wrote to Swift: "the Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me." In January, 1741, when at Bath, he was, we think, applied to by the Duchess's friend, Lord Chesterfield, to recommend some person to write her Memoirs. Pope certainly at that time, 9th of January, 1740, wrote to Lord Polwarth, "I am in great pain to find out Mr. Hook. Does your Lordship, or Mr. Hume, or Dr. King, know where he is?" Ruffhead tells us that Hook—

"performed this work so much to her Grace's satisfaction, that she talked of rewarding largely, but would do nothing till Mr. Pope came to her, whose company she then sought all opportunities to procure, and was uneasy to be without it. He was at that time with some friends, whom he was unwilling to part with, a hundred miles distant; but at Mr. Hook's earnest solicitation, when Mr. Pope found his presence so essentially concerned his friend's interest and future support, he broke through all his engagements, and in the depth of winter and ill ways, flew to his assistance. On his coming, the Duchess secured to Mr. Hook five thousand pounds."

In a letter to the Earl of Marchmont, written so late as 3rd of March, 1742, the Duchess says:—"If you talk to Mr. Pope of me, endeavour to keep him my friend." Pope then was her friend at that time.

Again, 15th of March, 1742, among other complimentary phrases, she says:—

"If I could receive letters from you and Mr. Pope as I had leisure, I would never come to town as long as I live. * * * I shall always be pleased to see your Love and Mr. Pope when, in your way, so bountiful as to give me any part of your time."

On the 8th of September, 1742, Lord Chesterfield wrote to Lord Marchmont:—

"I go to-morrow to Nugent for a week, from whence, when I return, I shall take up Pope at Twickenham on the 19th, and carry him to the Duchess of Marlborough's at Windsor, in your way to Cobham's, where we are to be on the 21st of this month."

So Pope [in July, 1743] to Lord Marchmont:—

"There are many hours I could be glad to talk to (or rather to hear) the Duchess of Marlborough. * * * I could listen to her with the same veneration and belief in all her doctrines as the disciples of Socrates gave to the words of their master, or he himself to his demon (for, I think, she too has a devil, whom in civility we will call a genius)."

No doubt the Duchess had a devil, and a fierce one if provoked, as her friends and enemies well knew.

The result of this inquiry is proof that Pope had quarrelled personally with that "mad" woman, the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, as early as 1729,—that they never, as is admitted, saw each other for five or six years,—and never, so far as we have evidence, were on friendly terms afterwards, and that even death did not save her from his denunciations. It is further proved that, however politically opposed to the Marlboroughs, Pope never had any personal quarrel with the Duchess, and that the political antipathies and associations which had at first separated them, eventually drew them together. There is reason to believe that Pope manifested the most friendly disposition towards the Duchess as early as 1735. This feeling is shown in increasing strength by various suppressions of letters and passages in letters. We have proof that they became more and more intimate,—that Pope visited her,—that she wrote and spoke most kindly of Pope, and Pope as respectfully of the Duchess, as late as July 1743. Later still he must have thought well and kindly of her, for he remarked to Spence (p. 295), "the old Duchess of Marlborough has given away in charities and in presents to her granddaughters and other relations near 300,000 in her lifetime."

Under these circumstances, when was the lady Pope was most in the humour to satirize in 1743?

The Character of Atossa is first heard of after Pope's death. Bolingbroke then wrote to Marchmont:—

"Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four Epistles, that follow the 'Essay on Man.' They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because if he could be excused for writing the Character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his favour of publishing it, after he had received the favor you and I know, and the Character of Atossa is inserted. I have a copy of the book."

This book was, no doubt, a continuation of the edition in quarto, "with the Commentary and Notes of W. Warburton," of which 'The Dunciad,' the 'Essay on Man,' and the 'Essay on Criticism' were already published; the work, in short, referred to by Pope, as mentioned by Spence:—

"Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends just as I am dying.—P. At Spence adds:—'This was said on his sending about some of his Ethic Epistles, as presents, about three weeks before we lost him.'"

This Character of Atossa is understood to

have been referred to in the following note to the epistle 'On the Characters of Women,' published in 1735:—

"Between this and the former lines, and also in some following parts, a want of connexion may be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain examples and illustrations of the maxims laid down, which may put the reader in mind of what the author has said in his Imitation of Horace:—

Publish the present age, but where the text is vice too high, reserve it for the best."

Did Pope act on his own precept? Did he reserve this Character of Atossa till the next age,—that is, at least, till after "vice too high" was in its grave? Certainly not, if the Duchess of Marlborough was concerned, for she outlived Pope. All the arguments against publication were, in her case, in as full force in 1743 as in 1735. Not so in respect to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire. She died twelve months before Pope, on the 12th of March, 1743. Her grandson, by the Earl of Anglessea, had been married a fortnight before her death, on the 20th of February, to the daughter of Pope's old enemy, Lord Hervey; and strange, if merely coincident, on the 3rd of March, 1743, we find Pope giving instructions for printing the very edition found by Bolingbroke,—the four Epistles,—one of which contained the Character of Atossa. On that day he wrote to Bowyer the printer:—

"On second thoughts, let the proof of the Epistle to Lord Cobham (the first of the four) be done in the quarto, not the octavo size: contrive the capitals and everything exactly to correspond with that edition. The first page send me." (Additional MSS. in Brit. Mus. 12,113.)

Of contemporary evidence bearing on this question there is very little. The Duchess of Marlborough, knowing what Pope had formerly written and kindly suppressed, feared naturally that some suppressed satires might be found among his manuscripts. She applied, therefore, through her friend Lord Marchmont, one of Pope's courtiers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to get Pope to burn, or to destroy, all his manuscripts; and Bolingbroke replied, "If there are any that may be injurious to the late Duke, or to her Grace, even indirectly and covertly, as I hope there are not, they shall be destroyed." He subsequently found the four Epistles, and in them the Character of Atossa; and he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was meant for the Duchess of Marlborough. This was mere conjecture, a hasty assumption. Bolingbroke had no time for consideration or inquiry; for Pope was buried on the 5th of June, and Bolingbroke was at Calais on the 15th. Bolingbroke, be it remembered, at the time of Pope's especial intimacy with the Duchess of Buckinghamshire—from 1721 to 1725—was in exile or abroad, and Pope's intercourse with the Duchess had ceased for fifteen years before he died. Bolingbroke, therefore, knew nothing about Pope's intimate relations with the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; and the very application of the Duchess of Marlborough suggested her as the subject. Yet, though under the influence of that suggestion, Bolingbroke was perplexed by the want of likeness. "Is it worth while," he asks of Marchmont, "to suppress the edition, or should her Grace's friends say, as they may from several strokes to it, that it was not intended to be her Character?"

Against the busy conjecture of Bolingbroke we have the evidence of Warburton—the very man who, under the eye of Pope, prepared and annotated the edition of which these "four Epistles" formed a part; Warburton must, therefore, have been informed by Pope, and must have known who were the parties satirized. Now Warburton, in a note prefixed to the 'Character of Katherine Duchess of Buckingham-

shire,' says, Pope's enemies have published it since his death, as if written by him; and he refers to Pope's letter to Moyer, in proof that it was not. He thus continues:—

"The Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her husband's Character. But though he refused this office, yet in his Epistle on the Characters of Women, those lines, 'To herds, beauteous deers, by unguarded stores, or wanders, born decreed to the poor,'—are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another."

Mark out whom!—the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; for those lines are from the Character of Atossa.

Let us now, in conclusion, examine the Character itself, and see to which lady its characteristics will best apply.

Warnton observes that the Classical Atossa was the daughter of Cyrus and the sister of Cambyses,—that is, the daughter and the sister of kings. Now Katherine Duchess of Buckinghamshire was the natural daughter of King James, and the sister of him whom she called, and her party called, King James the Third. The king, her father, by warrant, declared and ordered that she should have place, pre-eminence and precedence as the daughter of a Duke, and should bear the royal arms within a border company. This she did; she ever considered herself as one of the blood royal, and required from her servants and dependents the observance of all forms usual in the royal family. Does this apply to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, the daughter of a country squire—of plain Richard Jennings?

Then Atossa, we are told,—

from her birth finds all her life one warfare upon earth; shines in expiring flames.

—The father of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire was driven from his throne, and her brother declared supposititious. While yet in her teens she was forced to sue for a divorce from her husband, the Earl of Anglessea, on the ground of consanguinity, as obtained it. She had long litigations with the Duke of Buckinghamshire's natural children, and she makes an express bequest to one of them, because "of her not taking part with the other illegitimate children of her late husband in the unjust lawsuits brought against her." She prosecuted to conviction John Ward, M.P. for Weymouth, for forgery, and he was in consequence expelled the House of Commons and condemned to the pillory. Pope alludes to this prosecution in 'The Dunciad,' written before the quarrel; and (Curll's 'Key' says, the passage was written "to please a certain Duchess."

We know not how, by possibility, any one of these circumstances can be made to apply to the Duchess of Marlborough.

We then read of Atossa's "lovesome youth." How that might apply to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire we know not, unless, indeed, something might be inferred from the treatment she received from her first husband. It is, however, directly the reverse of true if applied to the Duchess of Marlborough, who, as Cox tells us, "though not so transcendently lovely as her sister" [la belle Jennings of Granatun], "her animated countenance and commanding figure attracted numerous admirers, and even in the dawn of beauty she received advantageous offers of marriage." So Macaulay says:—"Sarah, less regularly beautiful (than la belle Jennings), was perhaps more attractive. The face was expressive. Her form wanted no feminine charm, and the profusion of her fine hair * * * was the delight of numerous admirers. * * * Colonel Churchill, young, handsome, graceful, * * * must have been enamoured indeed. * * * Marriage only strengthened his passion."

The pleasure induced her, but the scandal hit.

—Here, again, we know not how this might apply to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; but, assuredly, it does not to the Duchess of Marlborough, who, as Coxe records, "in the midst of a licentious Court, maintained an unsported reputation, and was as much respected for her prudence and propriety as she was admired for the charms of her person."

Last night her Lord was all that's good and great:

A statue this morning, and his will a cheat.

—The Duchess of Buckinghamshire had some reason to complain of the Duke, and "the unjust lawsuits" which his will gave rise to, consequent, we presume, on the reversionary interests therein given to his natural children. The Duchess of Marlborough made no such complaining—night and morning were alike with her, and alike her love and reverence for her dead husband. When the proud Duke of Somerset, as he was called, offered to lay his fortune at her feet and implored her hand, she declared that, "if she were only thirty, she would not permit even the Emperor of the World to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John Duke of Marlborough."

Children, with all her children, wants an heir.

—The Duchess of Buckinghamshire had a daughter by the Earl of Anglessea, who, however, died before her mother, but left issue. But the satire applies to the *Duchess*, who had by the Duke five children, all of whom died before her, and the last in 1733, when the dukedom became extinct.

The Duchess of Marlborough, though she lived to eighty-four, left one child, and a dozen grandchildren, every one of whom would have been her heir by law, and was under the entail heir to the Dukedom. So far from wanting an heir, she was herself, for many years, Dowager Duchess. One of her daughters, Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, was succeeded in 1733 by Charles the son of Anne (Henrietta's sister) and the grandson of the Dowager.

To him unknown descends the unguarded dowry,

Or wanders, heav'n directed, to the poor.

—We find, by the *London Evening Post* of the 5th of May 1743, that immediately on the death of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire there was "a trial at law to prove who was heir-at-law to the late Duke of Buckinghamshire, when the Misses Waldeu of Ireland were found to be his heirs." Could this be said, or prophesied, of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough? Living or dead, was her vast wealth "unguarded"? Only 3000. went to the poor, and that, not heaven-directed, but by direction of her will; and not one stilling wandered, or could wander, if her will might determine its direction; but that fact could not have been known to Pope, who died before her.

We have now fairly exhausted this particular subject. On the first convenient opportunity we shall inquire into the very curious history connected with the publication of Pope's Letters.

Unpublished Works of Piron, Prose and Verse; accompanied by Letters (also unpublished) addressed to him, by Mille, Quirault and De Bar, &c. With an Introduction and Notes, by Honoré Bonhomme. (Paris, Malassis & De Broise; London, Barthes & Lowell.)

HERE is a French book of odds and ends, containing, nevertheless, a literary anecdote or two relating to wits and lettered men of France during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The Introduction, though curious and fairly executed, fails in point of taste. What need was there to dwell on writings by the Author of 'La Métromanie,' and 'Gustave Wase,' and 'Arlequin Deuotion,' which had better be forgotten, and

which were so, we may say, by all except a perverse and peculiar class of readers?—The verses and epigrams here published for the first time are not of much value. The correspondence gives its interest to the volume. Piron was a gay, popular man,—good humoured, but withal a little vain,—ready at repartee, but only aggressive (it seems to us) in the case of one contemporary, Voltaire. Him the author of 'La Métromanie' could not endure. Piron was persuaded that he himself was the cleverer man. He revelled with delight on discovering the anagrams which could be made of his adversary's name—"Voltaire" and "At-tivior." He recounts with the triumphant petulance of a school-boy, in a letter to Mille, de Bar, his future wife, how at Brussels, in a tilt of tongues, he "put down" and demolished the Author of 'Zadig.'—

There were present (he writes, describing a party at the house of General Debonnes) the Count de Bismarck [Bismarck], the second personage in the States; Mr. Holland, Mr. Trevelyan, English Minister; the Marquis Aristeo, Italian, of the family of the divine Ariosto; Voltaire, &c. You see that the audience was one worth playing before,—that the game was worth the candle. Everything went off in the gayest manner on earth, save the naughty heart of your illustrious Minister. The good thing that he *ought* to pick the quarrel. With considerable benignity I offered him a velvet paw, quite sure that his stupid majesty would abuse the same. He did so. He thought it well-timed, with a charity little Christian, to remonstrate with me for having lost the first part of my imagination over comic opera. I answered with an air of contrition as sincere as his charity, that the thing for which I reproached myself most in these outbreaks of my young muse was having made game of him in that theatre, and on the spot narrated the scene of Harlequin on Pigeons, who, at the first verse of *Arlequin*, kicks over all the general's wines. * * * On this Voltaire became stupidly sulky; on which I did not let my prey loose, always asking pardon for "the great liberty" I was taking. Then I betook myself to my own praises, and like a man who well knows what he is talking about, I said, that at least I, the little which I had given to the *Théâtre Français* had succeeded. He very rapidly accepted 'Callisthenes.' I was in waiting for him there,—having, by way of answer, that the play in question was the one which had gained a success most flattering for me, since it was the only one of which he had spoken well; and that is true, so I told you at the time.—I had the laughers so completely on my side that he took the step of ranging himself among them (by grimace only, you may well believe, saying to me, with a patting air, that he would rather lose me than read me). "Say the truth, *Voltaire*," was my answer, "confess that I like neither the one nor the other." He did not take the trouble to turn this answer both ways, it was a finishing-stroke (*coup de grâce*). Then I went on better and better. The poem of the 'Chenal de Beune' gave rise to the most comical scene conceivable between Bismarck (Piron's next name) and the hero. He was in despair at the profanation, and I know not what agreeable ridicule which that cast on his 'Henriade.' In a word, read the fable of 'The Lion and the Fly,' and you will read our story, and all without the slightest littleness,—without anything that, on my side, could bear the slightest air of hostility!

No one, says Grimm, could beat Piron in sharp-shooting with his tongue. But with antagonists smaller than Voltaire he could be more pliant—more time-serving. A curious memorandum of an encounter with Piron, by way of codicil to thirty-two epigrams (written in eight days) launched against the critic by the wit, tells us how the former worthy—in his day was as formidable to the dramatic authors of Paris as the first *claqueur*, the Chéreau.

* * * *Arlequin*, it will be recollected, is one of Voltaire's tragedies, which was by no means successful.

lier de la Morière, was to the artists—complimented Piron out of a favourite Dresden snuff-box. So favourite a box was this, that Madame Piron, shortly after the session was effected, secretly took measures to buy it back, and went on this conjugal intrigue to Prault, Préron's publisher, with eight louis in her hand.—She went too late. Prault could not catch his man for three or four days; and his man, when caught, turned up in a grand suit of scarlet. Préron had sold the Dresden snuff-box to the valet of the Duke de Valentinois,—had made his profit, and taken his perquisites on the said transaction.

To conclude, this publication is not like many others from the modern French press, a mere ephemeron,—but one which is worth binding and placing in the library.

Seven Year's Residence in the Great Deserts of North America. By the Abbé Em. Dometech. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

ORTH is the extinction of the North American tribes has been predicted, the successful prophecy has not yet been fulfilled. Against the encroachments of the race whose destiny, we are taught, is to civilize by annexation, and against all the evils which follow in the train of Anglo-Saxon immigration, the children of the Great Deserts still maintain an unequal strife. Naturally prolific, they beget in each generation a progeny numerous enough to give full employment to the destructive powers of hostile invasion, famine, small-pox, and whisky. The work of extermination, however, steadily progressing, every succeeding thirty years effecting a diminution in the numbers and prosperity of the Indian populations, and lessening their shadowy chances of a very prolonged existence. Two centuries ago the Indians of North America,—those of Mexico not being taken into the account,—amounted to some sixteen or seventeen millions of souls. Their number at present is a question of uncertainty, but according to the best statistical authority, it may be computed at about two millions. Thus, in the brief space of six generations, fire-water, small-pox, cholera, and the ingenious instruments which civilization has contrived for the destruction of mankind, have swept away fourteen millions of human creatures, who have not been replaced. Of these deadly agents, war has for some years been the least active; for since the introduction of firearms amongst the Red-skins, and the diminution of their numbers, intestine struggles have become with them comparatively rare. Small-pox, however, one of the beneficent gifts of the white men to the savages, provides for those whom the God of Battles spares. In the space of one month it carried off upwards of 12,000 persons from among the Bicoaracs, Assiniboinas, Crows, Mandans, Minnetares, and Black-feet. Under the touch of this scourge the poor wretches are struck with consternation and despair, and anticipate in their delirious extravagances the slow advent of natural dissolution. "Many people," says the Abbé, "arrived at the climax of agony, were seen to plunge daggers into their breasts, some throw themselves down precipices, or rolled on the sand, uttering at the same time most piteous cries; whilst others precipitated themselves into the cold water of the lakes or rivers, where they met with their death instead of the alleviation they had hoped to find from the internal fire that consumed them." But where small-pox takes its thousands, whisky detours its tens of thousands. Intoxication, while it rouses all the worst, calls into play none of the more generous, qualities of the Indian's nature.

Under its influence he becomes furious and ferocious, fighting, biting, and killing all who approach him; in his frenzy sparing neither wife nor child. Grangulakapak, the "great warrior," was so impressed with the pernicious effects of fire-water on his people, that in the national council of the Creeks, he inveighed against its use with a pathetic force seldom found in the orations of the Temperance Party:—

"Fathers, brothers, and fellow-countrymen.—We have assembled to deliberate; but on what subject? On a subject no less important than to know if we are to be a nation or not! I do not rise to propose a plan of battle, or to direct the wise experience of this assembly concerning the arrangements taken with regard to our alliances. Your wisdom renders this task useless for me.

The traitor, or rather the tyrant, that I desire to unveil before you, O Creeks, has not taken birth on our soil; it is a miscreant that tries to conceal itself, an emissary of the wicked spirit of darkness. It is that pernicious liquor, which our pretended friends, the Whites, have so artfully introduced, and poured in so abundantly amongst us. O, you Creeks! when I thunders this denunciation in your ears, it is to warn you that that cup of perdition be suffered to prevail in our land with such fearful power, you will cease to be a nation; you will have neither heads to direct you, nor hands to afford you protection. While that diabolical juice undermines your bodily strength and weakens your intellect, the zeal of your warriors will become ineffective, their ennobled arms will no longer be able to send the arrows of their weapons on the days of combat. In the days of council, when the national security will depend on the words that fall from the lips of the venerable Sachem, he will shake his head with a distressed mind, and his discourse will be no more than the lip of second childhood."

Amongst the causes of depopulation, sight must not be lost of the *forced emigrations* in which the Indians are from time to time compelled to take part. Possibly, the Government of the United States would find it difficult to mitigate the severities of these periodic expatriations, which the tide of white settlers, ever rolling onwards, necessitates. It would, therefore, be unjust to draw from them the materials for hasty censure. Humanity, however, not the less shudders at the thought of the sufferings experienced by the poor remnants of dying nationalities, as they are passed from one region to another of that vast continent in which the exigencies of civilization permit them to have no permanent place of rest. Certainly the manner in which the exodus of a tribe ordered to "move on" is effected, affords little regard for the feelings of the victims. The women, the children, and the sick are conveyed in waggon, into which they are thrown pell-mell with their baggage, and crowded like negroes in a slave-ship. The men walk or go on horseback, but they make their journey escorted by dragoons or volunteers, who both consider and treat them as malefactors:—

"Many of those poor creatures die during the route from grief, fatigue, sufferings, hunger, and thirst, or overpowered by the great heat. Hundreds of Indians have been thus carried off during their emigrations; the old men and women, and the infants, sunk under the weight of their miseries, which were so much increased by the privations and fatigues of the journey. Multitudes also were swallowed up in the waters of the Mississippi. Among other facts of this kind we may cite that of the Monmouth, a steam-boat, which was freighted on exceedingly moderate terms, as it had been condemned on account of its great age; 600 Indians were embarked on it to be transported to the right bank of the Mississippi; the steamer came in collision with another craft and was immediately sunk; 311 Indians perished by that accident.

Along the route women may be seen in an agony of sorrow, bending over the lifeless bodies of their husbands, or over the graves of their children; but they are dragged by force far from the beloved remains of the objects of their affection. The wife of the celebrated chieftain Ross died of a broken heart before she reached the land which the Government was sending her. Several others met with the same fate. The survivors arrive mournful and dejected in the territory assigned to them by the contract of sale. They gradually abandon their old customs and usages to imitate the Pale-faces of the buffalo and other Indian race in those countries, they are obliged to till the ground for their subsistence. They lose by degrees their original character, and only preserve their costume, which is often modified by stuffs of European manufacture."

To give a vivid and complete picture of those tribes and the vast tracts nominally assigned to them, has been attempted by M. de Meuse amongst whom the Abbé Domenech must be ranked as the latest, if not the most successful. The Abbé has not made an unwise selection of an occupation. Society requires, for its amusement and instruction, a class of writers who, taking a middle course between the stern labours of philosophy and the frivolities of the theatre, unite the dignified appearance of the one with the more innocent attractions of the other. The popular pulpit orator is not less a feature of the present age than the popular pulpit orator; and to perform the functions of such instructor the Abbé Domenech is eminently qualified. With just enough reading to save him from the positive contempt of the learned, with sufficient orthodoxy to secure the approval of his ecclesiastical superiors, with a faculty of descriptive writing that would justify considerable warmth of commendation, with quite enough enthusiasm for willingness to satisfy the ladies, and with an artistic and national desire to be as entertaining as possible, he will gratify many and offend only a select few. On the whole, we are well pleased that the Abbé has relinquished the staff of the pilgrim for the pen of the *littérateur*, and has decided to amuse the ladies of Paris and London, instead of labouring to convert to Christianity the heathen of Texas and Mexico. Young and ardent, he has a brighter career before him in Europe than any he could hope to achieve in America. But now that his missionary zeal has waxed faint, and his ardour is to win a tenth edition—not a crown of glory, he must excuse our declining to regard him as a spiritual hero. He may not even expect us to esteem him as a philosopher, however loudly he may vaunt and the flattering assurances of a coleridge may proclaim the reverse.

The Abbé commences with some chapters, meant to have the appearance of profound erudition, on the sources from which the American Indians took their origin. Of course, like a simple-minded defender of orthodoxy, he is convinced that the savage tribes of North and South America are a consequence of numerous remote Asiatic emigrations, of which no record can now be found save in the points of similarity to be detected in the customs of the two quarters of the globe. At the outset he pledges himself to give in due course overwhelming testimony as to the original identity of American and Oriental usages, but the promise is fulfilled by no means satisfactorily. To maintain his position, he adds nothing new to the logical assertions which Voltaire held up to the noses of ridiculers. "In the time of great afflictions," the Mexicans tear their clothes. Certain nations in Asia formerly did the same, and, consequently, they must have been the Mexicans' ancestors." As long as his readers will adopt this mode of reasoning, the Abbé

does not care what they believe. If they will but reject the conclusions of science, they may indulge their credulity by embracing as truths any number of monkish traditions and scholastic vagaries. They may hold that "the God Totot Quetzacoatl is the same person as the apostle St. Thomas, because the surname Didymus (twin) given to the apostle, has the same signification as the Mexican word Quetzacoatl." The reader is to reject, as utterly admissible, any hint that all the families of the human race did not proceed from Adam and Eve; but he "may adopt the opinion of St. Augustine, who considers that God may have created after the Deluge new varieties of animals, in order to people those countries to which, by their nature and physical structure, they were adapted. Or, again, it may be presumed that God in his wrath, when decreeing the destruction of the animals he had created, made some exceptions, and that he even spared the just families, like that of Noah, from the general doom." Indeed, the reader is allowed great latitude in *presuming*, so long as he presumes that which is either contradictory to common sense, or is totally unsupported by evidence. Egregious as such folly is, it may be confidently predicted that it will find favour with many persons. Not a few will gladly fly from the cautious reasoning of Durand to take refuge in the reckless *presumption* of the Abbé Domenech.

The best portions of the Abbé's work are those in which the natural features of the Great Deserts and the characteristics of their thinly scattered inhabitants are described. The personal experiences of the missionary here help the author by giving his work a force and spirit it would not otherwise possess; but they have supplied him with no new facts worthy the careful attention of either the ethnologist or the geographer. The Abbé's information is drawn from sources long since open to students, whatever praise he may deserve being due to him as a compiler rather than an original thinker or an observer. The writers who have been laid under contribution are for the most part those who find a shelf in every library; and if the Abbé has not in all instances been scrupulously exact in acknowledging his obligations to them, he has acted with sufficient candour to secure himself from the charge of wanting either honesty or generosity. Perhaps the worst-treated of these authorities is Fenimore Cooper, to whom the author is manifestly more indebted for his acquaintance with Indian character than as an Apostolic Missionary he likes to acknowledge. The score he somewhat ostentatiously professes for "his novel writing, the reader will think so pernicious to sensitive minds," would be more forcibly displayed were it accompanied by a tribute of grateful elegy to the priest, as well as the best, novelist America has produced. It is certainly conceded that Cooper is a very faithful delineator of Red-Indian nature, as it is found on the borders of European settlements; but his sketches are declared to be altogether erroneous if taken as illustrations of Indian character in the heart of the Prairies. In what respects, however, they are faulty, the Abbé does not inform us; and it is noteworthy that his own descriptions of the desert tribes, instead of being at variance with Cooper's paintings, are in outline, shadow, colour, even in the way of laying on the paint, faithful reproductions of them.

Some of the Abbé's re-told stories are very amusing:—

"A Creole from Missouri was lounging about a sale of negro slaves on the borders of the Mississippi, in Lower Louisiana. The merchant, who

was from Kentucky, asked him if he wished to buy anything: 'Yes,' replied the Missourian, 'I want a negro.' Having made his choice, he inquired the price of the slave, and the white man, in his apron, replied the merchant; 'but, according to custom, you have one year to pay.' At this proposition the purchaser became embarrassed; the thought of being liable to such a debt during an entire year annoyed him greatly.—'No, no,' said he to the merchant; 'I prefer paying you at once.' The merchant, who had been waiting for a hundred years, replied, 'Very well,' said the obliging Kentuckian, 'I will do anything you please to make the affair convenient to you.' And the bargain was concluded."

The simplicity of the poor Creole from Missouri may be put beside the moral grandeur of the Virginian Red-skin, whose story is taken from Carey's 'Museum':—

"An Indian of the Virginian States, when out hunting, followed the game into the American possessions. The weather was cold and rainy. He stopped at a planter's, where he begged for shelter, which was refused. Hungry and thirsty, he besought a crust of bread, which was refused. But to each request 'No' was the answer; to which was added, 'Get away, Indian dog! there is nothing here for thee.' Several years afterwards, this same planter had, no doubt by the hand of Providence, lost his way in the woods, and, coming up to the cabin of a savage, in his turn begged for hospitality, which was immediately granted with a very good grace. On inquiring the distance from where he was to the white men's possessions, the Indian who had received him so cordially replied, 'You are too far from home to think of returning there to-night; remain, therefore, here, and to-morrow morning I will myself guide you back to your house.' The American gratefully accepted this offer, and spent the night with the Indian, who seemed to take pleasure in showing him every attention; and the next day, according to his promise, he conducted the planter to his habitation. When about to take leave, the Red-skin turned and faced his guest, bidding him look at him and try to remember where he had seen him before. The unfortunate white man instantly recognized the hunter he had so barbarously treated a few years before. He was distressed with insupportable terror at the idea of the fate that he was convinced awaited him. He attempted to speak, but could not find words to express either his gratitude or shame. But the Indian, mildly checking his endeavour, gently and simply said, 'Another time when a poor Indian, cold, hungry, and thirsty, comes to thy door to ask a shelter, a crust of bread, and a drop of water, say not to him, 'Begone, Indian dog; there is nothing here for thee.' After giving this lesson of charity, the Red skin disappeared in the forest, leaving the white man at his conscience."

Red Indian mothers are very kind to their offspring:—

"The Corporal punishments are seldom inflicted on children. When they commit a fault that deserves chastisement, it is usual for the mother to paint the culprit's face black, and turn him out of the lodge with nothing to eat. This correction often lasts a whole day."

That such gentle nurture in childhood does not preclude the development of the ferocious elements of our nature, the following anecdote may serve to show:—

"Death by fire is still inflicted by some tribes who are not converted to Christianity; formerly it was a universal custom. But the Foxes and the Ojibways in particular had acquired a certain renown for the indifference they introduced into the practice of this frightful art. A young Fox warrior, son of an Ojibway woman who had been carried off by his tribe, one day made his maternal uncle prisoner. Wishing to show that he was insensible to the ties of relationship which united him to the Ojibway, he bound the arms and legs of his prisoner to two stakes fixed in the ground. He then lighted a great fire, as he said in derision, to warm him. When he had roasted him on one side, he turned him on the other. The

body of the Ojibway warrior was soon nothing but one hideous roast; then his nephew untied him and said, 'Return to your village, and tell the Ojibway how the Foxes prevent their uncle from feeling the cold.' The man recovered, and succeeded in taking his nephew prisoner. He carried him off to his village, bound him quite naked to two stakes, and taking the skin of a reindeer, newly stripped off, and to which a thick coating of fat still adhered, exposed it to the fire until it was completely lighted; he then threw it on the shoulders of his nephew, saying, 'Nephew, when I was in your village you warmed me at a good fire; I, in my turn, give you this cloak to keep you warm.' The horrible flaming cloak enveloped the whole body of the unfortunate Fox, who was soon consumed, like those human torches which the gardeners of Nero were lighted."

"The Abbé is an agreeable and useful writer. His work is neither learned nor original, though it affects to be both; but it is, nevertheless, a compilation of more than ordinary merit,—worth reading, and almost worthy of being bought."

Two Months in the Highlands, Orcadia, and Skye. By C. R. Weld. (Longman & Co.)

Our young fellows, of all ages, who take annual holidays, are beginning to make the latter pay itself. Xenophons now not only write their "expeditions," but sell them to publishers. If Nearchus yachts along some foreign coast, he takes note of the incidents on his way, with a view to Murray or Bentley, Longman or Smith & Elder; and young ladies keeping journals when over the water, record their entries therein, for after-development at home, not altogether without consideration about Milton's "good men," the critics.

Mr. Weld is one of the most indefatigable of the class of holiday-trip makers and writers. He has already distinguished himself in this way; and in this present instance we have him registering an eight weeks' run in four hundred and odd good pages. On an average, this is about seven pages for each day's performance, which is liberal enough.

The title-page indicates the journey from Piccadilly to where "Es war ein König im Thule"; and from the period of departure till that when Mr. Weld was rattled back, by the last coach for the season, to Tyndrum, there is not a dull page in the history of his adventures.

Extract from such a book will do more to enable our readers to form an opinion of its merits than any amount of criticism or analysis. We therefore open its pages for samples of its quality. Here is a Caithness laird and his neighbours:—

"Amidst Lady Sinclair's lovely flower-garden, and the surrounding thick woods in which the trees are of forest-like growth, I almost forgot that John o' Gra's house was only eighteen miles distant. Barrock is, indeed, in many respects, an oasis in the desert; for while the country generally is almost in a state of Nature, Sir John Sinclair has not only reclaimed, but made many beautiful broad acres around his house smile with plenty and prosperity. Lakes and swamps have been drained, thousands of trees planted, extensive farm-buildings erected, and a powerful steam-engine is made to do as much agricultural work as possible. Nowhere will you have a better opportunity of seeing how scientific agriculture may be made to triumph over sloughs of despond than here. Nor should it be forgotten that, while the land ministers to the wants of man, the peasant is advanced in civilisation. Look at the old Caithness bovel, a mere mud structure, with often only two openings, the door, and a hole in the roof to allow the smoke to escape. While shooting one day, Capt. Sinclair introduced me to one of these primitive dwellings. Raising the latch, we entered a room opaque with peat smoke, which baffled in

its attempt to pass out of a hole in the roof, was rolling in dense masses through the interior. The fire from which it proceeded was in the centre of the bovel, backed by a low wall, but there was no attempt at a chimney. Two ancient crows were croaked on their hams in front of the fire, one of whom was crouching a strange-sounding song, while the other was cooing a noiseful tenor to stand upright in the heap of hot peat ashes. Two small open recesses in the wall contained the crockery of the establishment; and a bench, two chairs, and a last log, and a couple of box beds, grimed with soot and smoke, completed the furniture. Now, you will doubtless imagine that this dismal hole belonged to a pauper. By no means. The proprietor was a prosperous blacksmith, who was, at the time of our visit, exercising his calling at a neighbouring hamlet, and the cabin was inherited in the condition that he had inherited it from his father."

They who are interested in the theory touching the Bud-dhist origin of the stone circles and pillars throughout Britain, so similar to those which Mr. Atkinson met with in Central Asia, will be glad to read of the stone circles of Stonehenge, the most remarkable primitive lapidary erections in Britain." We pass over the topographical to the legendary details connected with them:—

"The Orcaadians formerly regarded them with feelings of awe mingled with religion; for it appears that couples who had no particular reverence for the marriage ceremony as performed in church, considered themselves married by simply shaking hands through one of the upright stones. This was the famous Odin stone. It stood about 150 yards north of the Stennis circle. Liest. Thomas states that he conversed with a man who had seen the stone, and who informed him that the hole was about five feet from the ground, and that to the period of the destruction of the stone by a farmer, it was always customary for the peasantry to leave some offering on visiting it, such as a piece of bread, or cheese, or a rag. It was also believed that a child passed through the hole when young would grow up to be a pious old age. The marriage ceremony, according to an account published in the third volume of the 'Transactions of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries,' was in this wise:—'When the parties had agreed to marry they repaired to the Temple of the Moon, where the woman, in presence of the man, fell down on her knees and prayed the god Woden (for such was the name of the god whom they addressed on this occasion) that he would enable her to perform all the promises and obligations she had made and was to make to the young man present; after which they both went to the Temple of the Sun, where the man prayed in like manner before the woman. Then they went to the Stone of Odin, and the man being on the one side and the woman on the other, they took hold of each other's right hand through the hole in it, and there swore to be constant and faithful to each other.' But it was equally true, they could not have held this ceremony very binding, for local historians add that couples who were united at the stones of Stennis and became tired of each other went to the kirk, and parting in the centre, one went out at the north door, the other at the south, and they then considered themselves free."

From the stones of old to house and home in the Sutherlandshire of to-day:—

"If Scourie had a few trees it would be extremely picturesque. Even without these important adjuncts to scenery, you will admit that it possesses many charms. A line to the north of the island, the small island of Handa, girl with majestic cliffs, the favourite breeding rocks of thousands of sea birds. It is only within a few years that Handa has ceased to be inhabited. Some dozen families lived on the island, subjects of a Queen, who was always the oldest woman of the community. The village of Scourie, the one of the arable land, is land, and you are surprised to see so large and apparently thriving a population in so sterile a district, for the arable ground may be compared to thin veins running through extensive rocky areas."

The landlord of the inn seemed very proud of a little patch of oats adjoining the inn, to which he drew my attention. I could not help remarking what contempt a Londoner might feel, according to his fat fields, would look upon the Scotchman's rock farms. One is reminded of the reported reply of an Englishman who was expected to praise a Highland estate. "By—um," said he, "I have an apple-tree in Herefordshire that I would not swap for your entire property." I left Scotland at eight the following morning, with the intention of sleeping at the inn near the ferry of Kyle Rikon, but matters fell out otherwise. Having walked three miles along an excellent road, winding by many a tortuous fureur, among high rocks, and by the side of small lakes, I came to Radford, a fishing hamlet at the head of a bay studded with islands. Here a consuming thirst seized me, and failing to find fresh water, I asked a girl who was herding cows on the hill side, whether she could direct me to a spring. "Come with me," was her reply, "and I will give you a drink." She led me into a house, and showing me into a snug parlour, desired me to sit down while she went in search of some milk. Presently she returned with a jug of delicious milk and a glass. Anxious to know of whom I was indebted for the refreshment, she informed me that I was in the Doctor's house, of which she had the care while the owner was from home, and that she was quite sure he would be pleased to hear that his milk was put to such good use.

All are not so hospitable as this in the far north. The landlord of the inn at Loch Inver, charges you half-a-guinea a day for fishing; in the loch, the fish caught to be given up to said landlord! So that you not only pay to be this worthy's servant; but if you order any of the fish you have landed to be produced at your own dinner, you will have to pay for eating as well as for catching them!

The account of Mr. Weld's return by the last coach for the season, is a graphic illustration of the side in the character of a people who pride themselves on being the most religious upon earth:—

"I left the steamer at Bannave, passed the night in the excellent hotel, supped with one tourist, an American, who was in raptures with the Highlands, and had seen them leisurely and well, and the next morning dressed by candle-light and left by the huge van-like coach for Loch Lomond, and Glencoe. It was its last journey for the season, and a strange journey it was. For at every place between Bannave and Loch Lomond where we stopped, we took up various articles belonging to the coach establishment; with brushes and buckets, horse-cloths and harness, with an enormous quantity of whisky contained in living barrels, said barrels being the ostlers. The fact is, the coach was returning to its winter quarters to be laid up in ordinary until the ensuing season; and as no passengers were expected, everybody considered that he had found the time to get drunk. How the coach got through Glencoe is a mystery. I walked, and arrived at King's House long before the coach reeled up to that lonely abode. Here more ostlers full of whisky were taken up, with the result, of course, of increasing the drunken confusion of everybody, and we galloped down that long hill across the shoulder of the Black Mount, and through Lord Breadalbane's forest, to Tyndrum, scattering, to the dismay of their shepherds, thousands of sheep that were being driven to Falkirk Castle Tross, and which witnessed the march of the coach. That the coach, with its motley and tremendous load, arrived whole at Tyndrum, is highly creditable to its builder, for so erratic were its motions that I momentarily expected to find myself sprawling on the road, and the vehicle break up into innumerable fragments."

With this book in hand, the reader may profitably travel over the route which it illustrates, either sitting at home or following the actual footsteps of the wayfarer. As for

the country itself, we cannot help thinking that travellers, though they find more of luxuries about them in the hotels than they used to do in the old-fashioned inns, are less cared for in many other respects. They who remember the glorious Scottish breakfasts of old, which they were tended by a tight-lipped Scottish "lassie," full of zeal and good humour, can only dwell with a shudder on the pale tea, consumptive French roll, and odious waiter which now "obtain."

Hunting in the Himalayas. With Notices of Customs and Countries from the Elephant Haunts of the Dehra Doon, to the Bunchowr Tracts in Etnal Snow. By R. H. W. Dunlop. (Bentley.)

Mr. Dunlop is manifestly a practised hunter. He, too, is familiar with Massonow Wilson, the trapper and naturalist, and presents a sketch of that singular man's career as a sort of Autechre among the Indian hills and forests. His track lay, of course, over the Sewalik, across the Doon, up the northern paths, and beyond the perpetual snow in Tibet. The sport he enjoyed was principally elephant and wild yak shooting, with an occasional attack on the snow sheep; but he also brings in a few reminiscences connected with the tiger. The record of these adventures is varied by interesting accounts of the Hill populations, the Himalayan tea-culture, and the commerce of Tibet. We could wish his notice of the polyandrist tribes had been more extended. Indeed, it would be a useful task to collect all that is known of their customs in India and Ceylon, since the subject is very generally misunderstood. However, Mr. Dunlop was, above all things, when on his travels, a stalker of elephants, deer, and bunchowr, or wild yak, a brute which he has, among the Indian hills and forests, in respect to temper, in respect to the manner in which he is killed by the author of the narrative edited by "Mountaineer." Of the two writers, he, we should say, is the better as an authority. But it is amusing to find him, inured as he is to the Overland Route and the East, complaining that people spend time and trouble in Scotland instead of enjoying a nice little trip to the sources of the Ganges, where the game is more varied and plentiful. Yet many persons, he warns us, live thirty years in India without seeing a live snake except in the charmer's hands, or a wild elephant, still less a tiger. In the Dehra Doon, however, whatever the hunter may be pursuing, he is sure to come again and again upon the elephant trail—the jungle crushed by giant feet, the grass plucked up, the branches on both sides torn or rubbed away. Some of them enjoy for years an infamous reputation as murderers. Mr. Dunlop tells of one who, in a spirit of practical joking, killed an old woman, whereupon a native writer, proudly conscious of his command over the English language, reported the circumstance thus:—"Honoured Sir,—This morning the elephant of Major R—, by sudden motion of snout and foot, kill one old woman. Instant fear fell on the inhabitants." Upon all matters concerning elephants, tigers, yaks, and other Indian game, Mr. Dunlop may be profitably consulted by less experienced sportsmen. He introduces us to the infant tribe:—

"The bunchowr, or little sucking elephants, of four or five feet high are ludicrous little monsters; they become treacherously familiar about two days' initiation in the ways of civil life. At Dunlop's arriving in Howel's camp, and proceeding in all innocence to the quarter where the elephants were picketed, would be immediately subject to examination by those inquisitive little brutes. One of them, perhaps, playfully removing his hat, when, apparently, phenomenally examining his head;

while another, with cheerful familiarity, would make him stand on one leg, by winding its trunk round the other. I have known one of them considerably astound a gentleman, by insinuating the point of its trunk into his pocket, and the suddenness and facility with which it unbosomed his pantaloons."

There is a picturesque account of an elephant herd surprised by night:—

"We suddenly recognised the presence of one great pioneer trunk near our elephants, then moving masses in the neighbourhood seemed to rise and fall. Some large opaque locality, which we thought a bushy tree, and scarce noticed, would slide off in solemn silence, while dim outlines of arched backs and trunks moved before us like the dissolving phantoms of a dream. Suddenly, the main body of the herd in the null jungle seemed to take an alarm; and we heard a long-continued splash as they trooped to our side from across the Soowah. There was a gap in the bank near our tents which were about one hundred yards from the stream, and as the leading elephants made for this, we soon saw the water's misty columns glistening past us in a blue glaucous light, as evenly as objects on the slide of a glamour lantern—a slight crackling sound, as of straw breaking, being the only cause for their transit. There were, I should say, at a guess, at least seventy in the herd, and I noted here and there the gleam of a turban."

Not one was bagged, whereupon Mr. Dunlop disassembles usefully upon rifles and ammunition. Soon afterwards he killed his first elephant, and sat upon the carcass in triumph. Shooting mulets in the water was a very different sort of amusement. A propos of this, we have serviceable instructions for travellers:—

"While referring to the flavor of fish, I would point out a very simple plan for ensuring tender meat, and saving the water-mistery column. It is generally known that if the flesh of any animal is cooked directly it is killed, so promptly is it that the heat of roasting or boiling will warm it before its own animal heat has left it; it remains perfectly tender. Several days of keeping or hanging are required only for the purpose of removing that toughness and rigidity which newly killed meat acquires when cooling. Suppose then a wild fowl or a porcupine shot in the neighbourhood of the camp, which is always supplied in the Doon with a blazing wood fire, the first thing to be done is to cut and wash out the trail, or gralloch the porcupine, while an attendant mixes up some clay and water into a thick paste, which is quickly smeared all over the animal, the quills or feathers giving it a firm hold. This strange looking mud pie is then laid in the fire, which first dries and bakes the mud covering into a seamless earthen vessel, which retains the juice of the meat while baking; some experience is requisite to determine the time for removing the dish and placing it on the table or the ground, when a blow with a tent peg separates the case from the meat, the former, and gives access to the carnal kernel within."

It is an agreeable relief to the details of mere hunting, to pass to Mr. Dunlop's sketches of wild society in the hills. Concerning the origin of polyandry, there is a legend setting forth how five brothers, all princes, agreed to hold an archery contest at the Court of Drona:—

"The character of the reward to be given by the king to the victor in the archer was unknown, but the five Pandava brothers agreed to divide the prize if any of them should prove the winner. The eldest of the brothers, Arjuna, was declared victor, and received as his prize the king's daughter, Draupadi, who was doubtless considerably surprised to find that, under the agreement already made, Arjuna, she was equally the property of her brothers, or, possessed five husbands instead of one."

The plan seems to produce no social discord:—

"In the Jounsur district, when the eldest brother marries, the woman is equally the wife of his younger brothers, though the children are by courtesy, called the children of the eldest brother."

When much difference exists in the ages of the brothers of a family, as, for instance, when there are six brothers, the eldest may be grown up, while the younger are but children, the three elder then marry a wife, and when the young ones come of age they marry another, but the two wives are considered equally the wives of all six."

Returning to the sport of the hills—what kind of excitement it is that attends, not what the Americans call a bee-hunt, but shooting at a hive!—

"When crossing the Bireh Gunga stream, between the Goodyear T&L and the village of Elancee, some of my men pointed out to me a large honeycomb attached to an overhanging rock, about 100 feet above us, which, like a roof, completely sheltered it, and made it quite inaccessible. The villagers told me that a sahib had fired a rifle ball at it the former year, but it only made a small hole, bringing down a few drops of honey. I saw at once, that by striking the surface of the rock just in front of the comb, my heavy rifle ball would be flattened out like a sheet of paper, and cut it off the rock; I therefore fired both barrels at the spot. Down came the greater part of the comb with a perfect stream of honey, and a cloud of infuriated bees; we all fled instantly, the Coolies throwing down their loads and seeking refuge in the jungle, while a herd of goats coming down the opposite bank was scattered in all directions; a low howl now and then from the dogs in charge, testifying that the bees had discovered that their noses at least were not covered with hair. Rolling a blanket round the entire body is a complete protection, as the sting is not long enough to reach through it, and as the Coolies all carry blankets, very few of them, comparatively speaking, got stung. As soon as the bees commenced swarming again on the remnants of comb left sticking to the rock, the natives pronounced all danger passed, and rushed forward to secure some of the honey. The villagers of the neighbourhood seized on large pieces of the comb, which they said was a powerful medicine for cattle; but my Coolies, who know nothing about the kind of honey they were collecting, secured as much of the liquid portion as they could find, and ate it. I merely tasted some, as it had not usually mixed with grass and gravel; but I observed that the few bees lying about were of a much larger and heavier kind than any I had seen before, and the honey soon began to have diabolical effects on the Coolies, who staggered about as if intoxicated."

The honey of the hills is poisonous.

The Snow-men on the mountains, although properly British subjects, claim a sort of independence; and Mr. Dunlop had some difficulty in obtaining leave to travel further. These Snow-men are almost literally tea-totallers, drinking only that beverage, and eating the flour of chicken-skin. The tea, however, is made with salt and butter, so as to resemble soup, and is nutritious enough to sustain life. The hunter was enabled to go forward in search of the wild yak, and in due time,—

"We saw a mile in front of us, amidst a chaos of mighty rocks, a conical hill with a flat top, on which, motionless as his mighty pedestal, stood a gigantic solitary bull grazing grandly on the wastes around him, sole living monarch of the solitude—but looking at the distance, we saw him, like some majestic monuments of iron. This monster's head and hide I have now among my trophies at home; but it took many days of hard work to obtain them."

This narrative is that of a cool, cautious, intelligent sportsman, who enjoys almost a scientific pleasure when out for a hunt on the Indian Highlands. It is a book for the wallet of all who propose treading the same path, and for home-readers who are not yet tired of elephant and yak shooting.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester; with a Selection from his Correspondence and other Unpublished Papers. By the Rev. Francis Kilvert, M.A. (Bentley.)

Richard Hurd was a man of the people, who, in the days of his greatness, loved to live like a prince. He was the son of a Staffordshire farming couple, and he lived to be tutor to the Prince of Wales, and to decline being appointed to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. These facts alone indicate that he was a man of some mark, ability, and power. He was born when George the First was king, in 1730; and dying in 1806, he is still remembered by a few elderly gentlemen in the reign of Victoria.

The chronological details of his life within those dates need not occupy much space. He went to Cambridge at the early age of fifteen; he left it, at thirty-seven, when, as Senior Fellow of Emmanuel, he appointed himself to the rectory of Thureston, in Leicestershire. No female attraction was ever powerful enough to allure him from a single into a double fellowship. His subsequent church dignities were the Prebendary of Lincoln's Inn, whence he was promoted through the influence of Warburton, to a work by whom he had lent his name,—to the Archbishopric of Gloucester. His next step was to Lichfield and Coventry, a see which he occupied from 1775 to 1781. From the latter year to that of his death, he was Bishop of Worcester, not only content to be, but to remain so.

Hurd's contributions to literature were numerous, but we fancy that very few readers now consult him. His name, however, still retains a certain charm over those who take interest in the period during which he flourished; and this will not be lost by the new matter produced by Mr. Kilvert. We do not imagine that any one will be conscious of a large additional measure of esteem for the little Bishop, after perusing this volume; but they will certainly learn something more about the man and his opinions. As an illustration of the life and manners of a bygone period, which is now wonderfully old-fashioned,—a fossil curious to look at,—the volume is well worth the couple of hours' attention which are required to master its contents.

In one sense, however, Mr. Kilvert is in error. He is the champion of Hurd against the sarcasms, misrepresentations, and malice alleged of Horace Walpole; but for every shaft flung by the latter, Mr. Kilvert unconsciously flings two. Horace's bolts he does not meet with a buckler, but he drives them through the ribs where they had lodged. Where Walpole bruised, Mr. Kilvert causes to bleed; and the scratches of the satirist are rubbed and fretted by him into wounds.

We have a very clear remembrance of all, or nearly all, that the Strawberry Wit said or wrote against Hurd. At the worst, it did not amount to much; and the censure or the satire was tempered by laudation. Walpole allowed him the possession of sense and knowledge, "but sure a most disagreeable writer." The fine gentleman described the divine as one of the superficial authors whose works were wonderfully adapted to the prevailing public taste. He pronounced him to be obscure and prolix,—as he securely was; and more especially in those imaginary Conversations, wherein he made no attempt to imitate the styles of the colloquists, but caused every talker to talk the opinions of the Rev. Richard Hurd. Walpole asserted that he was tame and without originality; and he manifested his esteem of him as a poet, by declaring that some foolish stanzas

aloot at the time were written by Hurd or by one of the king's footmen. Horace spoke of him lightly as "Lord Mansfield's Bishop Hurd," and audaciously declared that he was as fit to be wet-nurse as to be the tutor of the Prince.

Now there is nothing here set down or implied,—except in the last clause,—which Mr. Kilvert does not, in his own way, show to be true, or which Hurd himself does not admit or suggest. Walpole accused Hurd of lacking originality; and, says Mr. Kilvert, "The Bishop's opinion was, that originality is an inferior merit to the dextrous use and application of thoughts already struck out. In his well-stored Common-place Book, we see the extent to which he availed himself of existing materials; and by a comparison of this with his published works, it appears with what skill and judgment those accumulated stores were made to assist his own invention, and were worked into new forms and combinations. Walpole called Hurd 'Lord Mansfield's Bishop;' and Mr. Kilvert, who complains of Walpole, hints that he was right in making the assertion:—

"The year 1774 witnessed Dr. Hurd's advancement to the episcopate as Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the translation of Dr. Leveson North to the see of Worcester. This elevation has been ascribed to King George the Third's admiration of his Moral and Political Dialogues. It is said that 'the King one day, pointing to these Dialogues, said, 'These made Hurd a Bishop. I never saw him till he came to his hands.' " Considering, however, the dexterity with which those about Courts contrive imperceptibly to direct the choice of princes, we can hardly doubt that his powerful friends, Lord Mansfield, Mr. Charles Yorke, and Bishop Warburton, had much to do with this important step on the ladder of promotion."

We may notice here that Hurd, as a bishop, put even the old mediæval spirit; instead of monies in Latin; went with his household in procession of carriages and horses to church; and, while Warburton was content to scumble about the country on a scrub pony, never moved from one place to another without an escort of a dozen servants, "not from ostentation, but, as he thought, necessary dignity annexed to his situation and character."

Walpole was equally correct in suspecting that Hurd was rather a fair than a great classical scholar. The prelate's Latin inscription, commemorating the visit of the royal family to his house,—an inscription amended for him by Dr. Balguy,—proves this. As to the good Diocesan's poetry, it might very well have been written by a palace footman. Indeed, the poetry of Doddley, when in livery, was better than the Bishop's.

Hurd was as unsparring in his censure as Walpole himself. In 1748 he writes:—"There is a wonderful scarcity of reputable clergymen in this country; sober are rare, but learned I have not heard of one near me." This was general; but the young "person" could individualize very strongly:—"My good friend, Mr. Macro, spent the last week with me at Rye, in Devonshire. We made an excursion to Sir Andrew Fountain's and Houghton. 'Tis most unfortunate that the masters of both of them should be rascals." The people of Rye, where Hurd commenced life as a curate, he describes as "resolutely obstinate," which may have been no libel. Of Fielding he writes, in March 1751, "I dined with Mr. Allen yesterday, where I met Mr. Fielding,—a poor, misanthropic, worn-out rascal, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery." In 1759 he sneers at the "wretched company" kept by Mason at Cambridge; and ridicules the "invention" of the Society of Antiquaries with more of Walpole's bitterness

than Walpole's grace. Referring to a visit paid by him to Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, he says of his host:—"The only smoothness of the prelate ran over upon me in all sorts of civilities; and I am to eat a bit of mutton with him on Sunday." Then he turns again to disparage Mason, who is "a wretched politician." The poet had sought a favour through an unsuitable channel, whereupon the rising court-prelate exclaims, with his nose in the air, "When will these simple-minded men of Parmassus learn a little prudence!" Of a man of greater rank, but less ability than the lord, Erie (subsequently Bishop of Salisbury), Hurd writes sarcastically as "a discerning prelate,"—"a little makeshift, at least if bishops were to be got then, as some say they are now, by a dextrous application of that quality." The writer, of course, was not yet a member of the episcopal bench.

That he was distant and lofty, is well known. A phrase of his, when at Thurston, indicates his want of genial sociality:—"I am never perfectly quiet; for I have delightfully had ready about me," thus wrote the cold, cautious, grave scholar to the warm, witty, and convivial Warburton. He could write, too, of deceased public men as sharply as of his contemporaries; in proof of which we cite this paragraph, on Clarendon and others, penned when Hurd was yet a Whig:—

"The persons of my court, except two or three whom he had made us acquainted with in his other history, were all his personal enemies; and to preserve a show of candour towards these, his miserable pencil was restrained from expatiating, as it could have done, in the draught of their characters. Hence Arlington, Buckingham, Berkeley, and the rest of that crew of miscreants, excoriated. It did not fare thus with the enemies to the King and Monarchy. After all, what I regret most is, that his superstitious loyalty would not suffer him to give us a just picture of his illustrious master—the man by which he might have distinguished himself at once for all the injuries he had received from the politics, if you will, but the meanness and most contemptible, of all our princes."

Hurd, to follow his mood for censoring, spoke of Priestley as "a wretched coxcomb"; and his own "learned audience" at Lincoln's Inn were "demi-pagans." The following review of a house where he had been hospitably entertained, rings of the "Horatian" style, if it has not the "Strawberry" flavour:—

"Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 2, 1771."

"..... Yesterday I preached my Apocalyptic Lecture to a full and frequent audience, at the head of which was Sir Evelyn Wilmot, for whom Lord Mansfield was confined by a cold. However I dined afterwards with him, and three lords and the young Prince Poniatowski, nephew to the King of Poland, whose adventure has lately made so much noise. Our conversation turned much upon Turkey, and other Hungarian news. And this is calling keeping the best company!".....

The letters, as we go through them, abound in graver censures than these. In one, Dr. John Butler, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and of Hereford, is alashed with, "I doubt he is a prostitute man;" and Bishop Shipley, of St. Asaph, is dismissed with an "In good truth, this good man is a very coxcomb." The hatred of the Scotch (excepting Lord Mansfield) was at least as intense as Walpole's. Of Robertson's History he remarks:—"There is a deal of pride in it, according to the Scotch way of writing history, and indeed everything else." And mark the charity of this:—"His civility to Gibbon and Raynal make me suspect his religion to be of a piece with that of his friend Hume." And again:—"I have very little kindness for any Scotch writer, except one or two, and for those only, or chiefly, because they have the feelings of men. Vanity, parade, false taste, and im-

delity are the portion of the rest." It was hardly much better at Court, where he was ambassador to the Prince of Wales and Duke of York. Here is a little touch of life at Windsor in 1779, which Hurd was hardly justified in publishing:—"The Court went there to celebrate the birthdays of our two Princes. The time passed in jollity and dissipation, notwithstanding the cloud that hangs over us."

But, with acknowledged faults, the yeoman's boy had many virtues, born of the training he received in his humble home. One glimpse into that home we cannot but yearn for:—

"An amusing anecdote is current in the family respecting the Bishop's younger brother, Thomas. He was, as the Bishop states, in the Birmingham trade. At that place he had formed an attachment, unknown to his family, to a highly respectable young person, but in humble life, and of no great personal attractions. This attachment resulted in a private marriage. In one of his visits to his parents, his mother, observing him to be unusually silent and thoughtful, pressed him with an affectionate 'What ails thee, child?' to tell the cause. The reply, in a faint voice, was, 'Mother, I'm married.' 'Married!' cried the old lady, 'and where's thy wife?' (Reply in a still fainter key) 'I left her in the cart-house.'—'Go,' rejoined his mother, 'and fetch her in directly.' The poor little woman, shivering with cold and anxiety, was accordingly ushered in from her inhospitable abode. The feelings of the good old people were touched, and she was welcomed as a member of the family. This plain little person used in after-times, on her visits at Hartbury Castle, to be led up by the Bishop with stately pomp to the head of his table, and thence the only medium through which the family was continued."

From a son in this humble household, Hurd became the offerer of an asylum to a king:—

"In contemplation of the threatened invasion of England by Buonaparte in the year 1803, it appears that Hurd had placed one or both of his episcopal residences at the King's disposal, as affording a suitable and secure asylum for the royal family. The following letter shows in what estimation his old and faithful servant was held by that generous and warm-hearted monarch."

"My dear cousin HURD,—has been thought by some of my friends, that it will not be necessary to remove my family. Should I be under so painful a necessity, I do not know where I could place them with so much satisfaction to myself, and, under Providence, with so much security, as with yourself and my friends at Worcester. It does not appear probable that there will be any occasion for it, as I do not think the unhappy man who threatens us will dare to venture among us; neither do I wish you to make any preparation for us; but I thought it right to give you this information. I remain, my dear good friend, your affectionate son-in-law, &c. &c. G. B. ROBERT."

We have alluded to Hurd as a poet. Here is a mild sample of his epigrammatic style:—

ON SOME LATE HISTORIANS.

Teach me, Historic Muse, to mix
Impurity with poetry,
That I shall write with *allured pen*,
Like my lord Gibbon, Hume, and Boswell.

Of the personal virtues of Hurd, there are very many illustrations in this volume. From these we collect that he loved a pipe of tobacco, and that all the better of a young man who had the same taste. He was what may be called a "bit of a musician." "To cultivate, or at least to relieve this solitude," he writes from Cambridge, in 1749, "I have taken to my long-neglected fiddle . . . Not a grain of taste, but a wonderful exactness of fingering, bowing, &c. This is the grammar of music; the flourish of rhetoric is to come after, if indeed it ever comes, to make, to say the truth, I much regret it. The farmer's son was constitutionally proud. 'I do not pretend to be very learned,'" said poor Ball, his curate at Thurston, "but

I have never been treated with such distance, or rather disdain." There was no hearty impulse in Hurd. He was a frigid, good man, always on his guard, with the faults of men who live much alone. "I am so entirely alone," he writes from Thurston, in 1759, "that for weeks together I see no human face but that of my own servants, and of my parishioners at church on Sundays." Between the learned and the uppling clergy, the laity must have been badly off in those days! On the great and little virtues in public life (as he tells us) he looked down with philosophic contempt; and the ladies themselves were not unobserved by the clerical bachelor. "When I contemplate the faculty"—this he writes in 1765—"the ladies have got of being well everywhere but at home, I shudder at the thoughts of matrimony, and half acquit this libertine age for the disgust it has conceived of it." After this, we smile at Mr. Kilvert thinking that Hurd was a counter-part of Cowley, the poet who longed,—but let him sing what he longed for:—

Oh! may I, ere I descend to the grave,
A small house and a large garden have I
Few friends and many bees, both true,
Both learned, and both diligent in their duty,
And since Love never will from me flee,
A mistress, modest, and very free.

As good as guardian angel are I
Only beloved, and loving only me!

This reminds us that Hurd sneered at another poet, Pope, for being subsided to the gentleness of Patty Blount; and at Patsy, for her inclination to making verse: "If ever I fall in love," writes Hurd, "it shall never be with a poetess."

The second portion of Mr. Kilvert's volume contains copious extracts from the Bishop's Commonplace Book, including a series of characters which are written in Hurd's very best style, as regards both matter and manner. We pass over these, however, in order to quote the subjoined passage and letter. The latter is admirable in a man who smothered Shakespeare! It relates to an accident which happened to Pope in 1726, when the carriage in which he was riding was overturned into the water, and the poet had a narrow escape from drowning:—

"I transcribed the following letter of Voltaire [to Mr. Pope] from the original in the hands of Dr. Macro, of Norton, near Purty, in Suffolk. 'Sir,—I judge this moment of your sad adventure, that water you fell in was not hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected you. Indeed I am concerned beyond expression for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. It is possible that those fingers which have written the rape of the lock, and the criticism which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated. Let the hand of Dennis or of your postmasters be cut off you are sacred. I hope, Sir, you are perfectly recovered. I rely your acquaintance concerns me so much that I am desirous a matter ought to affect his scholar. I am sincerely, Sir, with the admiration which you deserve, your most humble servant, &c. &c. VOLTAIRE."

"In my Lord Bolingbroke's house, Friday at noon."
We must here close a volume which has taken us back to much of the world's matter of interest. The reader rises from it, as a man who leaves a society of ancient friends with whom he has not held intercourse for many a long year. It is pleasant to be in such quaint company, and we turn from it not without reluctance.

NEW NOVELS.

Herbert Chauncy: a Massacre scene against the sinning. By Sir Arthur Halliday Elton, Part 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.) "Herbert Chauncy" is elaborately and carefully written. "The dark foundations deep" of the plot are distinctly laid; the threads of the intrigue are, woft and woad, laid on the loom of the author's weaving; and at the end a steady hand, till within sight of the last hundred

would meet with great errors. The style of the writing, which we have read only to fulfil our duty as reviewers, has nothing of history but the same. Even from the Preface, which is printed on the inside of the cover, one perceives the excitement and the exaltation of the blood of him who wrote it. Sig. Broggio appears to speak from the Tribune to impassioned listeners like himself, rather than to impartial readers desirous of knowing the truth. His emphatic declamation urges him to describe as prodigies of gloire and of heroic virtue the acts which the judgment of just French contemporaries has given a very different name, and on which posterity will pronounce a very different opinion. We do not enter into a consideration of the causes of the war, nor do we ask whether the Power which appeared to be so the real provoker of the war. This is reserved for true history and for the times in which reality shall have taken the place of illusions. We only say that it is not permissible, when arms are drawn, indecently to turn the pen on the enemy (Austria) and vilify him with such epithets as "thief" and "bandit." However large and confounding legislation and the press may be, their historian ought to guard against that style which confound the historian with the libellist, and those rhetorical figures which cause narrative to descend into invective. The narrative of Broggio, whether as regards preparations for the war, or the actual battles, or whether he has it in view to defend the object of both, in his warlike excitement he uses the pen with the same ardour that his fellow-subjects employed in the use of arms, approving, disapproving, exalting, cursing, according to the ideas which seem exclusively to govern him, showing himself anxious to acquire importance less as a chronicler than as an irritated orator. From the moment, too, in which he speaks of the revolutionary movements of Central Italy one may see that his ideas labour under material exaltation. He is of the number of those for whom the conspiracy which prepares the ruin of the antecity of states, and the rebellion which dispossesses one prince in favour of another, are things lawful, nay, most holy. Pleading, as we do, doctrines wholly different from those which have earned and inevitable sovereign power legitimately acquired and possessed, and far from agreeing in the contrary sentence with the Sub-alpine writer, we believe that, for the reasons assigned, his work cannot be admitted to free access to our documents and relations, on which the author bases his narrative, we cannot but observe that, whether their authenticity be true or false, the style of each, not exceeded by that of the official acts which Broggio transcribes with the signature of Minister of State, is too ostentatious far from accustomed to the severe simplicity of Decrees of Government, and appears to be turned to the same object as that which the above-named author points out in his most partial narrative. We do not intend by this to say that the work is contrary to the laws of the country in which it is published, but that, as written, this not being our duty nor our care. But the short analysis which we have made of it,—or rather the few hints we have given,—are sufficient to justify our judgment as to its exclusion from all book-shops in these royal dominions. Such is Signor Comandante's judgment which we offer. The reviewers,—Tyrer, Gaetano Barbato, Cav. Dominico Anselmi, Lubrano, Giuseppe Cerini, Chancellor." On this report Giuseppe Cerini was placed under the judicial power, for having this book in his possession, and on the 31st of May, 1860, the Judge Instructor, Baron Federico Marini, condemned him to a fine of 30 ducats, and 40 ducats expenses. His immediate liberation from imprisonment was ordered, but the police stepped in and retained him, or did so certainly up to the 26th ult.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is considered that the interview which the Deputation had last week with Lord Palmerston, to present the memorial in favour of the appointment of Mr. Turnbull as Chancellor of the Foreign Papers in the State Paper Office, was very satisfactory to the memorialists; for although Lord

Palmerston did not, of course, give any promise, it was gathered from the fact of his not offering any defence of the appointment, that he could not justify it; he, moreover, promised to consult Sir John Romilly. We await the result with confidence.

The Select Committee on the Kensington Museum have completed their labours. Mr. Lowe, the chairman, prepared the Report, which is all its essential features was passed by the Committee. The Report, which is to be forthwith submitted to the House, completely exonerates (as we understand) the Department from the charge made of competing at public sales with the British Museum. The Committee dealt with the difficult subject of photography, and have reported that the system adopted by the Department is the only practicable solution of the mode of enabling the public to have national objects photographed. Mr. Fairbairn had stated to the Committee, that at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, the photographic professors had been so troublesome, that it was found absolutely necessary to limit the privilege to one person.

The Committee recommended that the structures at South Kensington, which are dangerous for several reasons, should be forthwith removed, and safe buildings substituted for them according to a plan for laying out the grounds recently submitted to the Select Committee by Capt. Fowke. The cost of these structures is estimated at £4,000*l.*, and the Committee recommended the House to vote the necessary funds at once. It is proposed to remove from the British Museum only the material part of the collection, and such duplicates and superfluities as cannot find room in Bloomsbury. Mr. Gregory's Committee on the British Museum will propose several reforms and additions, and will also put in a claim for an additional sum of money.

The new edition of the *Annals* of *Lord's Martyrdom*, &c., will appear early in August with a new novel, entitled *"The Shadow in the House."*

It is said, that if the Government succeed on Monday in carrying their question for making the duty on imported foreign paper equal only to ship, and not to land, the duty on the importation question will then be taken up. The Canadian Parliament has abolished the old import duty of 10*l.* per cent. on books; and the American Senate has rejected the bill for largely increasing the duty on books imported into the States.

The decision of the Royal Academy reminds us of an incident connected with the Exhibition, then held at Somerset House, on Sunday, June 28, 1853. The papers of the following day contain this paragraph:—"Yesterday, the Duchess of York attended divine service at Whitehall Chapel; afterwards, Her Royal Highness went to see the Exhibition at Somerset House, attended by Lady Anne Cullen Smith. Her Royal Highness was received by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Countess Lieven was also admitted." While the Royal Academy thus opened its doors to such noble company, the Sunday Mr. Home was endeavouring, fruitlessly then, but with ultimate success, to obtain parliamentary authority for the opening of Hampton Court Palace on the same day. It is due to the Royal Duchess, however, to say that she visited the Exhibition on the Sunday, the pecuniary interest of the Academy itself. When such exalted visitors attend on ordinary days, access is forbidden to the paying public, and the funds of the institution suffer. To this latter result the Duchess was unwilling to contribute.

Our City companies, to whom the fact may not be known, will perhaps be glad to hear of the antiquity of the volunteer fire, and of the pluck and bottom of its members. The gallant Londoners never exhibited these qualities more strikingly than when they defended the capital for Edinburgh against the invading Swede. The former, it is true, was personally unworthy of the obstinate bravery exercised in support of him. He early began his public life,—at his baptism,—by an act which made a discreet man like Dundee ever afterwards; and when he reached the termination of his life, the property at large were tempted to follow the example of the otherwise discreet and decent prelate. But the London volunteers, on the occasion referred to,

were defending a cause rather than a man, and they did so so manfully (about eight centuries and a half ago) that they continued their resistance when nearly all England besides was held by the Danes. They were not, however, yielded even then, but *Endured himself* about his own staunch citizens, who were of good heart, when he was departing. In the words of William of Malmesbury, which we quote from Mr. T. Duffus Hardy's edition of the *"Gesta,"*—"Nec adhuc fluctavit. Londinenses enim, qui Angliis in celestibus illis inclinata, nisi Eboracensis, sententia esse destitutis sui." The Londoners, as the old Chronicle further informs us, were especially worthy of praise. They were a sort of men that Man himself would not have been too proud to have a host with, had they only possessed a competent leader. They were, however, protected only by the poor shadow of one; even then, says honest William, they played their game boldly, risking every hazard of war, and withstanding a siege of several months continuance. "Londinenses pro viris, et quibus Maledictio, spernentur hasta si diu habuissent, ejusque dum velis umbra protegere, totius populi alium, ipse etiam obsiderent, non paucis mensibus locant." This testimony to the pluck of the old Londoners, and to the valour of the volunteers who interest all the corps in the metropolitan county. Other counties are as rich in as bright example, and to inquirers concerned in making records of what has been effected by volunteers against great odds, may be recommended especially a perusal of the *"Londinenses pro viris,"* &c. The men there were in no wise inferior to the Londoners.

Mr. Jackson writes to us, strongly protesting against our "brief notice" of his *"Old-Fashioned Wit and Humour,"* in the *Athenæum* of the 21st of July. Mr. Jackson assures us that his work is "ingeniously and brightly written, with wit and humour." This gentleman finds allude to his alleged equality with Byron, by his publishing in the "Collection" a poem, called *"A Reply,"* in the name of the great Lord Byron; but "conscientiously exonerating his Lordship from all blame, and ascribing all the merit to the public should be made!" Mr. Jackson further assures us (we quote his own words),—"for myself, I may say, so far from being 'unpretending,' that for lively, gay, and correct verification, I am conscious of a London, which I have not seen superior to any writer now living." There is something else, we think, in which he is also unimpaired by any mortal. But we leave him to guess what that is. It is not modesty.

A "sensational bookmaker" is one of a new class, founded in the United States. To a tradesman so-called, Hicks, the pirate and murderer, sold, just previous to his execution in July, the copyright of his autobiography, dictated by him to an amanuensis. To do honour to the amiable author of this record of his career, we have sent him to the island of the bay of New York, the scene of his last murder and of his execution, in a gay steamer, on board of which were many of his friends; and all enjoyed the good things provided for the occasion. The steamer went directly out of its way, in order that the public might view the convicted man, who may have been with courtier parties; but we do not recollect any author, autobiographer or otherwise, who was thought worthy of a cold collation, with troops of friends, a steam excursion, and "lots of fun," as preliminaries to hanging. The American Sensation Public, who are so ready to respond to the demand, also, till Mr. Hicks's volume is published.

An American journal writes that a publishing house in the States purchased of Dumas the advanced sheets of that author's *"Life of Garibaldi,"* which work was actually begun, and on construction made by the General to the writer. On translating the work for the American press, however, the French story was discovered to be itself a translation, slightly altered, of the

American 'Life of Garibaldi,' by Dwight. Such is the American story,—which, as the phrase goes, "needs confirmation."

The fine miniature of the late Mr. Landolt Holland, and of his brother, Mr. Henry Holland, have been sold during the past week by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, at prices worthy the best days of the great sale of the collection of books belonging to important artists—Johannes Dörrhaeus, (Eauvres, Paris, 1747, 8 vols., a beautiful copy on fine paper, 19*l.*,—Bourdelaux, Sermones, 16 vols., a very fine copy in morocco, 18*l.* 18*s.*,—Brathwaite, Harmaebus Itinerarius, first edition, with frontispiece, 15*l.*,—Godefridus, De Rebus Gestis, 15*l.*,—The original edition, 22*l.* 15*s.*,—Esopi Vita et Fabellae, printed by Aldus, 1505, 9*l.*,—Biblia Sacra, first edition printed by Aldus, 1518, 30*l.*,—Biblia Sacra Latina, printed by Fust and Schoeffer, 1474, 15*l.*,—The Bible of the Duke of Devonshire, 16*l.*,—Byble in English, of the largest and greatest volume, printed by Richard Grafton, 1541, 50*l.*,—Biblia Germanica, first edition of Luther's complete version, 1534, a beautiful copy, 60*l.*,—Butler's Hudibras, by Grey, a fine copy of the best edition, 16*l.*,—The Works of John Bunyan, the last edition of England, printed at the Hatford Press, 30*l.* 10*s.*,—Breydenbach, Sanctuarium Peregrinationum Opusculum, the first book of travels ever printed, 12*l.* 10*s.*,—The Book of Eneydos, compiled by Virgil, 15*l.*,—The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, 15*l.*,—Ciceronis Officiorum Libri Ivi, et Paradoxia, first edition, and the first portion of any classical author ever printed, 85*l.*,—Gascognie's Whole Workes, with the Glasse of Government, 16*l.* 10*s.*,—The Works of George Gascoigne, 15*l.*,—14*l.* 5*s.*,—Spectator and Tatler, a fine series of the original papers, containing curious advertisements, 25*l.* 10*s.*,—Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, 5 vols., a fine copy, 70*l.*,—Hasted's History of Kent, 1794, 10 vols., 10*l.*,—Hudibras, 16*l.*,—16*l.*,—24*l.*,—Homeri Opera Omnia, the rare first edition, but the volumes of unequal size, 36*l.*,—Horatius, the first Aldine edition, 13*l.*,—Le Sage, Le Diable Boiteux, a fine copy, on thick paper, 16*l.*,—Georgical Dictionary, Chapman, 16*l.* 10*s.*,—The Works of all Home Poets, 10 vols., 10*l.* 15*s.*,—Lodovici Portraits, 4 vols. procob. 49*l.*,—Marguerite de Navarre, Heptameron François, a beautiful copy on fine paper, 11*l.* 5*s.*,—Moliere, (Eauvres, Paris, 1773, a fine copy in morocco, 14*l.* 14*s.*,—Petrarca, Rime, 15*l.*,—Peterson's Catalogue of the Italian type of Aldus, 8*l.* 10*s.*,—Andrèni, L'Adamo, first edition, 12*l.*,—Milton's Lycidas, a beautiful copy of the first edition, 13*l.*,—Pikonoclastes, first edition, 10*l.* 15*s.*,—Prelatique Episcopatus, Arregetio, and other Tracts, first editions, 5*l.*,—Montaigne's Works, 10 vols., 10*l.*,—10*l.*,—35*l.* 10*s.*,—Montfaucon, L'Antiquité Expliquée et Monumens de la Monarchie Française, 20 vols., on large paper, 56*l.*,—Perrault, Les Hommes Illustres, the Peckford copy, 18*l.* 10*s.*,—Purchase's Pilgrimage, 16*l.*,—De Rebus Siciliæ superbo, 16*l.*,—Voyage d'Italie, frontispice, 63*l.*,—First Edition of the Works of Shakespeare, George Chalmers's copy, the verses inscribed, 91*l.*,—A very fine second edition, 36*l.*,—Works of Taylor the Water Poet, a large and handsome copy, 10*l.*,—The Voyage du monde par Desseigns, superbo, 16*l.*,—Frontispice drawings, 31*l.* 10*s.*,—Les Wilson's Catalogue of Bibles and Testaments, privately printed, 11*l.*,—Ware's Whole Works relating to Ireland, first edition, 13*l.*. There were also a few manuscripts of antiquarian interest, such as—Condramin's Mathematics, of the fifteenth century, 18*l.*,—A charming little book of Hours of the Church of Paris, on vellum, with illuminations of an unusual character, French Art. sec. xv., 60*l.*,—Officium Mense Martii, of North Minster, most beautifully written, pure Latin, 66*l.*,—The total amount of the sale, 4,757*l.* 18*s.* 6d.

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SCIENCE

The Physiology of Common Life. By George Henry Lewes. 2 vols. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Physiology is not now what it once was—a mere Science of the Schools. Gradually, its more important topics have been made intelligible and interesting in relation to physical well-being. Dr. Southwood Smith and Lord were among the earliest writers for ordinary readers, and, latterly, we have a lady putting forth Physiology in Schools, and a lady teaching Physiology in a boarding-school in London and practising among ladies in America. Never yet has there been a more signal example than this lady M.D. of the possibility of making the doctrines of the dissecting-room and the lessons of pathologists fit handiwork for a strong-minded woman. Hardly need we add another name which will immediately spring to the mind of every reader of this *Review*—Florence Nightingale could not have penned her 'Notes on Nursing' unless she had been something of a physiologist; nor is it any secret that some of the best of women are abandoning the idleness of the boudoir and the dissipation of the drawing-room to acquaint themselves with such necessary physiological knowledge as may enable them, under the highest impulse, to minister to bodies not to minds, and to dispense.

It is just possible that the popular writers may be partly influenced by less pure motives than the Sisters of Mercy—employing that phrase quite apart from any sectarian interpretation. The Sisters find their reward in their own consciences—the popular writers in their own purses. Here, for instance, in Mr. Lewes, who has made his physiological acquirements convertible into monthly payments in Cornhill and at Edinburgh. A monthly dose here and there is not too much for the public taste or the writer's pen,—two Monthlies can be regularly supplied with proper proportions, and in due time successive papers serially issued can be bound into two glossy volumes, such as we have now before us.

As all popular logic must assume the formula of the *argumentum ad hominem*, so, we take it, all popular physiology must be founded upon the *argumentum ad stomachum*. Mr. Lewin seemed to be aware of this, for he begins with a chapter on Hunger and Thirst, and then proceeds to Food and Drink, and Digestion. He then comes to the Physiology of the Senses, and deals with Feeling and Thinking, and the Mind and the Brain. Probably, therefore, he would agree with our own axiomatic expression—*Stomachus est Homo*. This is our view of the Physiology of Common Life. This was Abernethy's view of it, as, indeed, we ourselves inferred when, long years ago, he patrolled the streets of London with his "Anatomy of the Stomach."

Edward, my boy, of the pastrycook's shop.

Such was his conception of mercantile physiology.

It was, indeed, once thought, and may be thought now, that the happiest man is one who does not know that he has a stomach. This is a felicity denied to men conscious of the

possession of mind and brain. In order not to know that one has a stomach, one must not know that one has a brain. Power in the one seems to be conjoined with impotence in the other. Yet no general law can be enunciated upon this matter, for some men, like Dr. Johnson, are so constituted as to do so finely. Possibly, if one could sum up all the conversations and discussions one has heard, and all the quiet, domestic talk that one has participated in, the humiliating result would be that the greatest number of sentences has been referred to the stomach and its concerns. Many people, who are so constituted as to do else, but even the more reflective and intelligent would be compelled to subscribe to our formula; some because they have no more constant and regular foe than dyspepsia; and others because they have become aware by painful experience that they cannot safely follow at table the example of the Archbishop of the diocese, or of the popular Baptist minister who addresses a thousand people for an hour, and afterwards addresses himself to a different subject and a selecter audience—with Samsonian energy and consuming zeal,—all the more rapidly consuming if he be a tea-

While we would recommend people to read such popular books as this of Mr. Lewes, and to acquaint themselves with the structure and action of the stomach, we would dissuade them earnestly from generally confessing to any weakness in that department of the body known as *Mr. Lewes*. The stomach is the seat of a delicate digestion, but we shall never, like Mr. Lewes, publish this fact in a monthly part and afterwards in volume 1. In greener years we have innocently admitted our delicacy to a few sympathizing friends of both sexes, and have happily escaped reproaches from the friends of Stogumber beer, bitter teas, quinine, draughts, and homoeopathic tinctures which have been profusely poured upon us, not to speak of pills and globules, and the melancholy pressages of a comparatively early grave to which our slighted advisers have consigned us. Once we have been so far from our friends as to reveal our delicate secret with us to our grave, be it early or late. Resigned as we are at present to all minor evils of the naucous membrane, and finding our life easily assumable, we shall bear in memory a brief epitaph—which we have already written for ourselves, and which is legible, in the corner of a remote country churchyard.

I was well—
Would be better—
Here I lie.

Very common life indeed, even that of the butcher's shop, might be bettered by a knowledge of physiological truths. Every Londoner is complaining to his butcher of high prices, and every butcher to his customer of short supplies. Physiologists would tell Prof. Beedoe to enlarge the butcher's sphere of operations with tendereland, M. Ste. Hilaire with wholesome horseflesh, and Dr. Beedoe with hind-quarters of donkey. Only our prejudices keep us lean in purse and person. As all is fish that comes to some folks' nets, so all is human that comes to some physiologists' tables. Sir James Spence, the great anatomist of the titie on Clifton Down, and afterwards dined off hind-leg of donkey, by Dr. Beedoe, and deluded into calling for more, and thanking their host for his capital dinner. Hundreds of innocent tourists are fed upon insatiable mysteries in Paris and Germany. Why not have a few more of the great assistants of the Paris Royal never inquire about anything but the bill. We make it a rule never to eat flesh in

the neighbourhood of the Jardin des Plantes. Mr. Lewes suspects he has eaten herself on board the steamer on Lake Constance, where, be it known, abundance of that delicacy is sold and served up. A Frenchman asserted to an Englishman that the beef of his country was better than that of ours, for, added he, "I have been two times in England, but I never find the beef so superior to ours. I find it very convenient that they bring it you on little pieces of stick for one penny, but I do not find the beef superior!" Never was the poet's line truer than in relation to these matters:—

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

All the eaters just alluded to were well-fed and well-satisfied men, and would have continued grateful for hospitality had not a word or two been whispered to each party respectively. The magic sounds, "horseflesh, donkey's leg, and cat's meat," at once converted the innocent students, the happy tourists, and the patriotic Frenchman into miserable discontented wretches!

Philanthropists and Poor-Law Commissioners must surely see the advantage of studying and applying physiological knowledge to Common Life. The poor ought not to have prejudices, and perhaps no Oliver Twist would ask for more if he had donkey or puppy the first time. Our national squeamishness is a reproach to us, and Liebig, writing to Mr. Mechi, predicts a famine—if the world lasts a little longer than Dr. Cumming has prophesied. If the Greeks ate donkey, surely we may learn their manners as well as their language. Plato, indeed, has not mentioned this delicacy in his Symposium, but he was absorbed in his philosophy. Perhaps we should do better by being dieted as we are drugged—in dog Latin and in perfect ignorance. A recent tourist in Central France was complaining before retiring to rest of having been greatly disturbed the night before by some dreadful cries and howlings, which he hoped would not be repeated. "No fear of that," said the medical aide, "no fear of that, for they were the cries of that fine *tom-cat* you had for dinner to-day!"

But a truce to our recollections of conscious or unconscious omnivores. Let us turn to the nobler subject of the brain. On this Mr. Lewes is diffuse, having opinions of his own to propound and establish. He does not regard the brain as the *sensorium commune*. That it is so is the doctrine of the schools, where we learn that "mental nervous actions cannot take place without a brain." Such, also, is the creed of common life, as our most current phrases declare. Mr. Lewes affirms that "the Mind cannot be localized in any one part of the Brain, such as the Cerebrum, Cerebellum, the ganglia at the base, or the Medulla Oblongata, but that each of these parts has its own special functions, and contributes its own special forms of consciousness." The author's views on this matter are well argued, whatever may be the competent reader's conclusion. Had he kept to argument, his theory would have been at least innocuous. Unluckily, however, for several poor frogs, Marshall Hall had asserted, in propounding the opposite theory, that decapitated animals never move unless excited to motion by an external stimulus. "This fact," says our author, "I positively deny," and thereupon follows details of the behaviour of sundry maltreated frogs. Here is one poor patient's experience, as extracted from our author's case-book:—

"Some time ago, I removed the brain from a frog, and left it on a plate to recover from the effects of ether. The next morning the servant came to me with suppressed alarm, assuring me my frog would escape. 'No, there's no danger,

it can't escape; its head is off.'—'But I assure you, sir, it's quite lively; I thought it would jump off the table, and hanging up stairs I found it was.'—'It is the life of the room. Such things are of frequent occurrence.'"

Again, Dr. Inman, of Liverpool, "completely emptied the cranial cavity of a frog, yet still found the animal quite vivacious." Mr. Lewes not only thus maltreated frogs himself, but gives directions to others. "The frog is first skinned, and then its brain having been carefully removed, the whole of its skin is stripped off. The effect of the skinning is to render it totally insensible (!) to any external impressions: you may pinch, prick, tear, burn the flesh, or cut off the limbs bit by bit, without producing the slightest sign of sensation. Yet this frog will hop spontaneously." Further, Mr. Lewes has divided the spinal chord of living tritons, and vexed headless frogs with acetic acid, while other physiologists have removed a portion of the cord in very young rabbits, and perpetrated various cruelties on pigeons and dogs which make us shudder as we read.

His topics sometimes lead off the author from physiology to psychology, and it is indeed but a dim border-land that separates them. Much as we are disposed to commend the present work as a useful, informing, and by no means ordinary work on its subject, yet we doubt the sufficiency of some of the reasonings relating to psychology. "In these pages," says Mr. Lewes, "an attempt has been made to show that Mind is the psychical aspect of Life—that it is as much the sum total of the whole sensitive organism, as Life is the sum total of the whole vital organism,—that various organs may be set apart for the performance of various special functions, mental as well as vital, but that no exclusive organ of Mind can be said to exist any more than one exclusive organ of Life can be said to exist." We think it incumbent upon those who tread at all upon the border-land between physiology and psychology, to point out that Mind is something far higher than "the sum total of the whole sensitive organism." An indignity is cast upon our highest instincts and holiest impulses when a countenance, even by implication, is shown to the fatal yet favourite view of some who believe, if they do not plainly affirm, that Mind is a mere product of organization.

In many of these pages, Mr. Lewes passes from the popular to the polemical physiologist. Then his aim at originality vitiates his claim to popularity. Students will find here much that is controversial, and fitter for them than for common readers. This is not so much the fault of the author as in his method. An elaborate book would be necessary to give full play to Mr. Lewes's opinions, and therefore, though there is much that is perspicuous enough, there is much of another character, and the whole work is hardly homogeneous. This feature may, indeed, make these volumes with an enduring value, while it limits their currency. Most readers would prefer to know what eminent physiologists believe rather than what Mr. Lewes conceives.

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—July 18. —E. Buller, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. Birch read an interesting paper, in which he pointed out, at considerable length, the additional information which Mr. Mariette's recent researches in Egypt had thrown upon the well-known "Statistical Tablet of Karnak." It will be remembered that, some years ago, Mr. Birch devoted much time and learning to the elucidation of this curious monument, which consists of a series of legends inscribed on the north and south sides of a small sandstone temple, erected

by Thothmes the Third, the importance of which had been recognized, even in the dawn of Egyptian discovery, by Dr. Young, and subsequently, more fully, by Prof. Lepsius. M. Mariette, who is well known to the learned public from his remarkable labours in the excavation of the Serapeum at Memphis, appears to have given much study to this Tablet at Karnak, and to have suggested some new and important additions to the interpretation of its contents, the result of his more careful and detailed examination of its contents. According to him, the southern side would seem to have suffered the most, more than half the text having been destroyed by a restoration of Sethos the Second. It is also, apparently, the conclusion of the whole document. The northern is the more valuable, and contains—First, an account of the march of the king, and a speech of a deity to him; secondly, an account of the Battle of Megiddo, wherein four lines have been discovered by M. Mariette since Prof. Lepsius published his copy; and, thirdly, of a portion, of which Prof. Lepsius's copy is extremely incomplete, but which has been largely added to by the exertions of M. Mariette. Of this part Mr. Birch gave a full and careful translation, pointing out, as he went on, the historical bearings of the lately-recovered portions of this inscription, on the geography and history of Western Asia. From these, it appears that Thothmes, on his return from an extended expedition to the north-west, attacked and took the fortress of Arastu, or Gass; and, in subsequent years, approached Tyre, and devastated Arad, or Aradus.

FINE ARTS.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

Few associations have done more, or can do so much, for Art as the Arundel Society: its objects being to get together transcripts from works hitherto almost unknown to the world, to discover lost ones, and, where young and future ages. There can hardly be conceived a more excellent institution. The number of Art-treasures that have been brought before the public by its efforts is extraordinary when we consider the difficulties to be encountered, not alone by the artists who make the drawings for the use of the engravers, but in the production with sufficient success of a considerable number of copies for the subscribers. It speaks highly for English love of Art, that, in the direction principally chosen by the Society (by no means a popular one), it should not only have been fairly supported at starting, but an enlarged range of service assured by the increased amount of money subscribed; thus testifying to the appreciation of its labours, and success in extending the class of persons interested in them at a rate which has in a few years more than doubled their numbers.

We noticed some time since the publications for the year 1858, which were issued in the course of last spring, some unavoidable delay having occurred in their production. These consist of lithographic fac-similes from one of Pinturicchio's pictures, in the Cathedral at Spello,—one from Luini's 'St. Catharine,' in the Reera, Milan,—engraved outlines from tracings of two heads in each of these,—four wood-engravings from Giotto's 'St. Anthony,' and 'St. Clare,'—and a Memoir on the above-named works of Pinturicchio, by A. H. Layard, Esq. The series for last year consists of two more woodcuts from Giotto,—a chromo-lithograph from Leonardo da Vinci's 'Madonna and Child,'—St. Onofrio, Rome, an interesting work, with an outline of the head of the Virgin,—a similar transcript from Giovanni Sanzio's fresco at Cagli, representing the 'Madonna and the Saints, with the Resurrection of our Lord,'—a work which, apart from its interest as the production of Raffaele's father, is inestimable for its own merits, being curiously transitional, and marking a phase of Art that stands midway between the aceticism of the early schools and the feeling for idealized elegance which was consummated by the artist's great son. Examination of it will elevate people's ideas of Giovanni Sanzio immensely, and will show that he was not the in-

significant painter he is usually held to be, but an artist of estimable talent. An engraved outline, taken from the upper part of the figure of an angel in this picture, supposed to be a portrait of the young Raphael, and a Memoir by Mr. Layard of the artist, complete the list of publications to be issued for 1859.

Besides these, the Society has in hand a series of cheap publications from works of early Italian Art, to be produced by means of subscriptions specially collected for the purpose, called the "Copying Fund." Hitherto B. Pinturicchio's "Annunciation," at Spello, had been announced for publication among the ordinary annual issue of the Society; but, owing to the intense stupidity of the monks of that place, great obstacles were encountered in making the drawings by Signor Mariannucci, who found those worthless resolute to oppose the publication of copies of their frescoes, fearing that the resort of visitors to the place would be checked thereby. High authority in Rome at length removed these difficulties; but the time lost was such, that the L. da Vinci and Giov. Sanzio were adopted in place of this, and the Pinturicchio transferred to the series of works to be obtained by subscription to the "Copying Fund"; which is more appropriate, because, through the liberality of Sir F. Scott, a series of admirable drawings from the same artist's pictures, in the Library at Siena, are at the disposal of the Society, to copy from and engrave. A greater variety in thus obtainable in the annual issue: two of the same series having already appeared therein. In thus extending the operations of the Society, without at the same time enhancing the amount of subscription receivable from the ordinary members, great service is undoubtedly done to its objects, and a wider range of choice offered to those who, not being members, may yet desire to obtain occasional copies, through its publications, of such examples as may please their individual tastes. Nor is this altogether for destruction, as it is going on amongst the ancient frescoes of Italy is really awful. Holes are knocked through them for doors, nails driven in them to hang garments on; in addition to the ordinary progress of Time's decay and routine of accidents to which all paintings are exposed, the most atrocious and mischievous of mischiefs called "restoration," the great enemy of old masters. Mr. Layard, in speaking of the risks to which the Early Italian frescoes are exposed, stated to the Society at a recent meeting, that he had noticed "barbarous names scratched upon the frescoes of Assisi and Spello; these were the names of Germans who had crossed the Alps many years ago, to pillage Italy. Such names he had also noticed on the frescoes of the Benedictine Library, at Perugia. He feared that the mercenary troops of His Holiness the present Pope, made up of Germans and Swiss, would not be more careful of these works of Art. But there were also mercenary painters who destroyed these works, as well as mercenary soldiers. The meeting had heard of a painting respecting the Sibyl's valley at S. S. Novella at Florence. He had noticed the same instance of this vandalism that had come under his notice. In the chapel of S. M. Novella is a beautiful fresco by Filippino Lippi; a scaffold was erected in front of it, on which, when he was there, were three gentlemen with axes, to destroy the work of the proportion of mops. He inquired what they were about to do, and they replied, 'We are engaged to *rinfrascare* (or *refrask*) Filippino Lippi.' There were also some fine works by Ghirlandajo in the same place; and he (Mr. Layard) had no doubt they would also be *refrask* him. In indignation he went to the authorities, and endeavoured to persuade and argue with them to stop the work; but they were not moved at his complaints, until in desperation he threatened to write to the *Times*,—a threat which, even as it may appear, had the effect of suspending the operation of *refrasking* Lippi and Ghirlandajo." In concluding this speech, Mr. Layard gave other instances of the cruel neglect and destruction that were going on in Italy amongst the frescoes, and he urged the immediate adoption of some means to obtain copies of these works as speedily as possible, and while the Society had the opportunity of obtaining the services of so

skillful a copyist as Signor Mariannucci. While the artist was in Rome awaiting the adjustment of the squabble with the monks of Spello, he copied the 'Disputation of St. Thomas Aquinas,' from S. M. sopra Minerva, by F. Lippi, and that picture by Da Vinci now intended for immediate publication. We rejoice to understand that the picture, which has been carefully and handsomely produced by tracing the original, which, however accurate (and tracing is not always the most accurate process of reproduction), is to be superseded by fac-similes in colours, in the present case made of two heads in the fresco by Lippi, which are reproduced most admirably in chromo-lithography, thus giving every member not only a full-sized outline, but the treatment in colour, of the heads selected.

The copyist above named, after executing these drawings in Rome, returned to Spello, having, through the kindness of Cardinal Antonelli, mastered the monks at that place, and found the frescoes there in a much more condition than when the copy of 'The Nativity' was made (published this year, and recently noticed in the *Journal*), and he proceeded to like manner to copy the need of some steps being taken to insure, at least, copying these and similar works, if so short a time brings such destruction upon them. From Spello the artist went to S. Gimignano, and copied two subjects from the series by Francesco Gozzoli there, whence he proceeded to Florence, to copy the magnificent Ghirlandajo, 'The Death of St. Francis,' in S. Trinità,—a copy which is so genuinely and loyally made, that to look upon it is a delight. All men acquainted with this wondrous work can testify to its merits of composition, expression, and to that fascinating simplicity which claims for it a crown of Art, and was the peculiar characteristic of the most graceful of Early Italian painters. This work the artist accomplished on the usual reduced scale employed in the Society's publications, and thus showing how it is possible to do the exact fac-simile. The publications for the present year, which are fairly advanced now, and will be distributed in the winter, consist of the transcript of the whole of the last-named picture, and two of the heads, accompanied by a biographical and critical notice of the artist by Mr. Layard. The completion of the Arena Chapel series of Giotto by two woodcuts, will also be accomplished; and the remainder of the notice of Giotto and his works at Padua, by Mr. Ruskin, which has appeared from time to time, will be published.

To return to the future plans of the Society. While the artist, before named, was at Florence, advantage was taken of the liberal disposition of the Government to make copies of the frescoes in the Brancaccio Chapel of the Carmine. Mr. Layard did a good thing for Art when he ordered, on his own responsibility, the immortal 'Tribute Money,' by Masaccio, to be copied; which was at once done. The funds at the disposal of the Council do not permit them to undertake the whole series. Having completed the 'Tribute Money,' Signor Mariannucci proceeded to Bologna, to copy the two frescoes by Francia of the Marriage and Burial of St. Cecilia, in the church of that saint. It seems to have been quite time something was done to preserve at least records of these beautiful works, and as it is stated to be in a very bad condition, the passage in which they are, being used as a public way. We are happy to learn that the Society have commissioned their artist to proceed with all the other works in the Brancaccio Chapel, i.e., the Masaccio and Lippio. On the completion of this valuable series they will possess a fine of Art-knowledge such as has never yet been worked in modern times; and will have done an infinitely good service to taste, and to the knowledge of Art amongst us. It is proposed to publish these as a monograph, as also the Sibylla Pinturicchio now in hand, when complete.

The Arundel Society invites the members and their friends to inspect the collections of drawings made by their artists, especially those made for the Copying Fund, and styled 'Occasional Publications,' and also the Sibylla and the Nativity, received for any of the latter works. They will be reproduced in chromo-lithography. These consist

of two works of Benozzo Gozzoli, from S. Gimignano; 'The Preaching of St. Augustine' and 'Death of St. Monica,' two from Filippino Lippi, in S. M. sopra Minerva, Rome, 'Disputation of St. Thomas Aquinas,' and heads of Arius and a monk, from the same; all noble works, admirably reproduced,—two by Francesco Francia, from St. Cecilia, Bologna, of the marriage and death of that saint,—by Pinturicchio, 'The Annunciation' (before named) at Spello, and ten subjects from the life of Pius the Second, from the Cathedral Library at Siena. These are to be published separately, at a moderate price, reduced to members of the Society.

An examination of the drawings from which it is proposed to make the chromo-lithographs of this series will reward any lover of genuine Art, convince him of the soundness of the Society's policy in selecting such works,—apart from the circumstance, before adverted to,—and, we hope, will heartily dispose him to aid in carrying out such an excellent purpose. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive anything better suited to the end in view than these drawings; they are extremely fine and exquisitely faithful, in rendering the characteristic beauties of the original, and, taken as illustrations of the history of Early Art, are invaluable.

FINE-ART GOSPEL.—On Thursday, the First Commissioner of Works was invited to the House of Commons, to allow an exhibition in the Committee Room of photographs of the Ca' Vendramin Calergi, the Scuola San Marco, and the Church of S. Zaccaria, at Venice, in order to show good examples of the style. Mr. Scott wishes to adopt for the Foreign Office, Mr. Cowper declined on the ground that in such a case, ultimately, the room might be converted into an exhibition room.

The Queen's medal, chief among the prizes delivered at Wellington College on Tuesday, the first occasion of such a ceremony, was presented to the successful Mr. Cowper, and the 'prize of the school,' by the Prince Consort, the designer of the medal thus awarded. It bears, on one side, the head of Queen Victoria; on the other, the words, "Duty towards God and Man" within the circular inscription, "In honour of Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

The work of repairing the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, is being continued with the greatest activity. Four statues have been placed in niches in the pillars of the porch. Eight others will shortly be added to complete the series of Christian kings, from Clovis to Philip Augustus. All the stained glass has been repaired in the interior. The grand altar has been replaced in its original position.

The *Catzenberg*, *Burkhardtsberg*, in commemoration of the late Julius of Germany's beloved bard, has commenced the publication of a splendid illustrated edition ("Jubiläums-Prachtausgabe") of Schiller's poems. It is to appear in sixteen numbers, each containing, besides about a score of letters, poems, and other literary treasures, illustrations, the smaller ones, and a great number of highly-finished initials and tail-pieces in woodcut. The names of the artists who have been engaged for this edition (Von Schwind, Von Ramberg, the two Piloty, Kirchner, and Schnorr) suggest well for the quality of the work, and the first number, which has just been published, shows that the book, when finished, will be one of the finest of its kind ever presented to the public. The large photograph, after a drawing by Arthur von Ramberg, illustrates the poem, 'Laura an Clavier,' the two smaller ones accompany 'Hector's Abschied' and 'Die Kindesmörderin.' They are all of them excellent specimens of photographic art; the large one, besides, is fascinating by the sweetness of its composition—a charming room interior, with the pretty young widow (pretending to be dead) in the foreground, and her mother (who has just been in reality) at the old-fashioned harpsichord, and Schiller, in his uniform, and a book in his left hand, pensively sitting (not standing, by-the-by, as the poem has it, "Istet nicht stehend da"), in a chair behind her. The picture is signed, "Vischer (the artist) has just been looking down upon the group; a glass with flowers overshadows the performer's music-book. The whole, as we said

before, is charming. We felicitate the Germans upon this really exquisite edition, and their favourite poet, and look forward to the following numbers with no mean expectations.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SACRED ROMAN CATHOLIC MUSIC.

It is no light task to dispose of the mass of musical publications which has accumulated since we were able to deal with them. One or two have been mentioned incidentally, because of their momentary importance; but the mass to be dealt with is enormous. Some of its component items are curious. To begin with mere publications, the reader is requested to have patience with a title of no ordinary length and breadth, while we introduce a *Cantata on the Passion*, by *Our Lord Jesus Christ*, the *Words and Music* by *St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori*, composed in 1760, with Accompaniment of Bass, tenor, and Violin (*Organo*); an *Ancient Manuscript, bearing Autographic Corrections*, recently found in the *Royal Library of the British Museum*, arranged for Organ or Pianoforte, according to the modern Rhythmic Notation, at the same Time agreeably with the Traditions and Taste of the celebrated Ancient Neapolitan School of Music, by the Chevalier Frederick W. de Liguori (Philipp). The Chevalier's head-roll of titles which follow may advisedly be omitted; nor can space be spent on describing the insignia and ecologically humours of types which give this *Cantata*, externally, what may be called mountainous proportions, while, intrinsically, it merits no such billiard-scale. In 1760, Handel had finished his career, and Gluck was approaching his zenith. A wonderful organist at Leipzig, too, one Sebastian Bach, had poured forth sacred compositions in a volume, the extent of which is only less remarkable than the even quality of the writing. And yet, in this *Cantata* a fair specimen of what the Neapolitan composers were about one hundred years ago, it would justify our lecturing on the decadence of the Italian school, as having already set in with most prophetic steadiness. But it is not.—As a Saint, the wise old gentleman whose portrait with the sworded confronts the title-page may have been an average personage;—but he was inferior as a composer. The staple of this *Cantata* is a duet in a minor, for soprano and contralto, which looks like poor amateur music of his period—full of little turns and puerilities, which, we submit (in spite of the announcement) do not belong to the School of Scarlatti. The arrangement is in keeping with the entire tone of pretension assumed. The organ is treated as the Neapolitan of 18's (not 17's)—but treat the organ; and the effect of the accompaniment, if played as written, on Handel's or Bach's instrument, must be comical rather than canonical. The solemnity of the proceeding is one reason for entering into the above details of its slightness and silliness.—To illustrate by comparison, we set in an English amateur of the century, the late, in Roman Catholic music, beats Saint Alphonsus hollow. *'Tota Pulezia*, for two equal voices; *'O Salutaris*, for a single voice; *'Ampius*, for a single voice; and *Accompagnements for Organ or Piano*, by J. L. Elberton (Schott's) will probably say all the fulness. Mr. Elberton, though not a *Haydnist*, even among our amateurs, shows a real sentiment of grace and expression in most that he writes. Settings by him of Byron's verses, recur to us, after many years, if not because of their originality of phrase, from a certain delicacy of taste in handling, so that perfume which will not quit the roomers of the old cabinet where the sweet one once harboured. Of these three Motets, the duet is the best. *'O Salutaris* has been rendered hard to treat as a solo by Cherubini's model treatment of the words. In the *'Ampius* the organ is treated with more variance with the declaration of *'organ or piano*. Herein is no scandal against the harp as a sacred instrument; merely an illustration that not the slightest analogy exists betwixt its means and those of Milha's instrument.—Next comes a modern Italian, or to put it another way, an Italian (or musician) works to shame—*Il Quaresimo Mariano*, with a *'Sole Maria* (*Laudate*) for

men, women, or children. In this sacred song, the modern Meyerbeer effects in the accompaniment are not disclaimed, the *cantabile* has a devotional unction which must inspire the singer. There are heart, intellect, and knowledge in all that Signor Mariani writes, here as elsewhere. If there is sometimes in his manner a mixture of what is new with what is old, whereby effect is lost (the product for that reason sounding neither old nor new), it belongs perhaps to time and to place of residence. A musician must, indeed, be of the strongest to resist the false influences of Modern Italy.

But from Modern France the Neapolitan Saint of a hundred years since receives his heaviest blow. Here is M. Gounod's *'Jesu of Nazareth* (Augener & Co.), already introduced to England by the excellent singing of Mr. Stokely, but not till late circulated.—Here, too, are M. Theodore Ritter's *'O Salutaris*, a solo, and his *'Ave Maria* for two voices (published by the Author);—the latter a really fine and pompous sacred duet, bearing out everything that our short acquaintance with the young pianist's name should be heard of, and from M. Ritter.

STRAUD.—A new comedy, in one act, exceedingly simple in plot, and entitled, *'Observation and Filtration*, written by Mr. Horace Wigan, was produced on Thursday week, and met with success. The title is divided between a husband and a wife, the latter of whom indulges in a "filtration," and the former values himself on his faculty of "observation," yet misses the point on which his happiness depends. Mr. J. Turner makes the part exceedingly ridiculous; and, indeed, with Miss Balfour's aid, Mr. and Mrs. Seep are an amusing pair. The gallant, Mr. Sanguine, is performed by Mr. Swanborough. The nefarious practices of this gentleman are exposed, not by the observing husband, but by a rival suitor, the person of a wife, Mrs. Sanket (Miss Oliver), who is also persecuted by the attentions of Mr. Sanguine, and who turns out to be an old acquaintance of Mrs. Seep's. A comparison of notes establishes the double dealing, whereupon the lady rejects her husband, and her friend gives her hand to a modest youth (Mr. Pansell), who is content with the pursuit of one fair object at a time. This natural solution of the situation was by the art of the dialogue, sufficiently suspended until the fall of the curtain, and maintained the curiosity of the audience to the last.

OLYMPIA.—On Monday, Miss Louise Keeley and Mr. Frederick Robinson made their appearance at this theatre for the first time. They were remarkably successful. The piece chosen for the occasion was the farce of *'Somebody Else.'*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—A concert was given on Tuesday evening, at the Surrey Gardens, in aid of the Bazaar of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and was most successful. The London concert season may be said to have closed on Wednesday, by Mr. Gye's last open-concert in the Floral Hall.—The Crystal Palace, however, still holds out, since there was a gathering of 1,000 part-takers there yesterday, conducted by Mr. Beechey.

For the winter season the caterers are already at work. The English opera-stroke bids fair to be as animated as the Italian one has been. Gluck's *'Iphigenia*, we learn on good authority, is to be produced at the *'Her Majesty's Theatre'* in October, by Messrs. Parry and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Sandys in the principal characters. Madame Viardot will, perhaps, sing *'Orphée'* on the London stage, for a night or two while passing. An English version of *'Le Domino Noir'* is said to be in hand for the same theatre. As for the Italian, male and female, who are to be conveyed,—if report speak the truth,—should only one-half of them be competent, the prosperity of London may become the envy of Europe. We have been hearing of new tenors, burning to sing the *'Credo'* in the ladies' choir. Mr. Swift, it is said, may return shortly.

A curious rumour promises Promenade Concerts

during the winter, directed by the Prince George of Saxe-Coburg.

We must return to the arrangements made for the Norwich Festival, for yet one more word. Since they were last alluded to, has come forth another pamphlet, containing the market-prices of the artists, with all the information of confidence, which no one wants to hear. The host who staves at the head of his own table what the turbot has cost, and how much has been paid for the pineapple on the epergne, is more oppressive than chorists to the last note.

In spite of the climate, the People's Bands in the Parks on Sunday have resumed their performances, and contemporaries, who should know, assure us with fair success, the temperature considered.

An operatic company, headed by Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Giuglini, is about to make a provincial tour.

Gluck's *'Armida'* is to be given as concert-music at Manchester, on the 26th of September, with M. Halle for conductor.

If we are to trust the *Concise Musicale*, which journal, however, it must be said, does not shine in the correctness of its foreign correspondence, during the campaign of the Vienna winter opera-season, *'Alma'*, an opera by Herr Löwe, will be among the novelties, and amongst the revivals, the *'Orfeo'* of Gluck. At St. Petersburg it is to be given during the autumnal (or Russian) season, national opera, *'The Brignads of the Volga'*, with music by M. Villedieu.

There has been another singing-festival in the rose-district of France, held at Provins, during the middle of last month.

For the coming Italian winter season in Paris, it appears that neither Madame Borghi-Mamo nor Signor Tambrich is engaged. Signor Mario and Gardoni are; so is Signor Pansani, another tenor, who is now (or we are in error) on this side of the Alps. Meslancs Penoso and Albani will also re-appear.

Madame Vera-Lorini (of whose skill as an actress we are assured by those in whom reliance may be placed) is to be *prima donna* at the Teatro San Carlo of Naples during the winter, provided, it is agreed, that neither Naples nor the King be heavier than opera-business on its hands. Truly comical, if true, is the statement to be read in some foreign journals that, together with the mitigation of the operatic transaction, which forms one of the new constitutional ameliorations, the dancers have been allowed to lay aside that deep green under-clothing which was imposed on them during the ascetic reign of the last most religious and gracious King of Naples.

MISCELLANEA

Science and Art Department.—Estimate of the sums required to be voted for the Science and Art Department, including the various establishments connected therewith, for the year ending March 31st, 1861. The sums agreed to by the House of Commons are a grand total of £5,601, showing an increase of 325, since last year. For Schools of Art and Science in the United Kingdom: North Kensington Museum, Library, &c., 66,413. (In 1859, 60,925.) For School of Science and Art, London, 1,000. Total, 6,417. 5s. 6d. (In 1859, 6,342. 4s. 6d.). Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, 10,317. 12s. 6d. (In 1859, 9,081. 1s. 6d.). Industrial Museum for Scotland, including the Natural History Museum, Edinburgh, 2,913. 16s. 6d. (In 1859, 2,720. 16s. 6d.). Royal Dublin Society, 6,000. (In 1859, 6,000.). Museum of Irish Industry and Provincial Lectures in Ireland, 4,966. 16s. 6d. (In 1859, 4,966. 16s. 6d.). Royal Hibernian Academy, 300. (not included in 1859). Total, 14,956. 14s. showing an increase on last year's estimate of 1,566. 14s. There appear also an item of 4,482. 4s. 7d. in another estimate for furniture to be supplied to this Department. Several items in this estimate are noticeable. The office expenses are thus made out: The secretary and assistants as before; chief clerk, 300.; two book-keepers, 400.; three second-class clerks (paid by the day), 300.; one accountant, 330.; one book-keeper (paid by the day), 200.; extra

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

LITERATURE

Travels in Canada and the States of New York and Pennsylvania—[Reisen in Canada, &c.]
By J. G. Kohl. (Cotta, Stuttgart.)

On no colonial possession of the empire can the eye rest more rejoicingly than on Canada, to which the state visit of the Prince of Wales attracts so much attention. Towards Canada England has been truly a mother-country, not seeking to use it for her own advantage, but governing it almost always with a view to its own welfare. If we set aside some acts of severity—or, we may even admit, of injustice—in the earliest period of her possession, when the encouragement afforded by the French to the American revolt had naturally awakened a feeling of suspicion towards our new French subjects, the affairs of Canada have been administered almost invariably on just, humane, and conciliatory principles. After the insurrectionary movements of 1837 and 1838, the Government, to its great honour, though completely victorious in the struggle, far from riveting the chains on vanquished (if such a phrase be not too violent a figure of speech for the negative grievances of the *habitans*), abused the occurrence to open its eyes to abuses of which it had not before been aware, and of which it immediately commenced the needful reform.

"*Quoique nous étions battus*," said an old Canadian to our traveller, "*en nous a fait du bien*." The French colonists were by degrees placed on the same footing as those of British descent; they obtained the same political rights, and care was taken that in public appointments no regard should be paid to nationality. Many of the highest offices in the country are now filled by French Canadians, the public revenue is entirely at the disposal of the Canadian Parliament, and to the whole population, French and British, an ever increasing liberty of local self-government is permitted.

The result of this wise and liberal course is shown in the perfect reconciliation of the two races, and the assurance that instead of finding in the former a secret enemy, ready to conspire with foreigners on the first opportunity, our Sovereign has in the French Canadians the most important counterpoise to foreign influence. There does, indeed, it is said, exist among the more juvenile members of the community a small party which goes by the name of the *Boisgras*, and they may possibly look with some longing towards the more dashing and obstreperous independence of their republican neighbours; but the majority of the French *habitans* are decidedly Conservative, and have a salutary fear that the go-ahead Yankees would be likely, if they got the country into their hands, to "improve the French off the face of the earth."

But besides the pleasant emotion of self-approval with which the mother-country may regard her American possessions, she cannot but rejoice, for the sake of humanity, that so large a portion of the American continent should be secure from the bitter and blighting curse of slavery, and exist as a harbour of refuge to the unfortunate negro when afflicted beyond endurance—a harbour not to be reached, however, without such serious risks as make it unlikely to be sought in any but extreme cases. Even for the sake of the slave-owners themselves, as it appeared to the sagacious traveller before us, it is desirable such a safety-valve should remain open.

Mr. Kohl has now traversed—not without profit to himself and his readers—a considerable portion of the earth's surface. He may almost say with Ulysses—

I am become a name
For every seafaring with a literary bent;

—and his writings are nearly as well known in England and America as in his own country. In many respects we regard him as a model traveller. He possesses the observant and reflective faculties in due proportions,—is thoughtful enough to know what to make of the facts that present themselves, yet never so possessed by theory as to have his observations confused,—not at all given (according to the well-worn joke) to evolving a camel out of the depths of his consciousness, yet able to infer a good deal concerning the structure of the beast from the study of small portions of its anatomy.

Mr. Kohl's tour in America was a very extensive one, and some of its records have been already noticed in this journal. The present volume relates chiefly to his Canadian journey by Albany, Burlington, and Lake Champlain to Montreal, Quebec, the settlements on the Ottawa, the "Lake of the Thousand Islands," Lake Ontario, Toronto, Lake Simcoe, and back by Niagara to New York. He had proposed commencing it by a steamboat passage up the Hudson, but as it was the month of October he found that only night-boats were running; the pleasure travellers had almost ceased, and the men of business, who still came in crowds, preferred passing those lovely and picturesque shores in the dark, by way of saving time. He decided, therefore, to make the trip by rail; and as the line runs close to the river-side he did not lose much by the change of plan. His quick eye caught immediately on starting an indication of American sentences.

The newsmen or newshaws, instead of worrying the passenger with their wares when he is intent only on his place and his ticket, and other cares that crowd on him at starting and leave him little leisure to think of newspapers, take a passage on the train with the rest, being pretty sure that it will pay to do so. After awhile custom always creates an appetite for the intellectual provender they have to dispose of.

The little newshaws had their stock of political, commercial, serious, and humorous literature carefully stored up in some corner, and as soon as everybody was comfortably seated, and the train in motion, undertook from time to time an excursion through the flying community, and whenever they saw anybody yawn immediately presented their enticing wares, and apparently did a good stroke of business. They very often bring with them, also, a collection of the newest books, and afford thus no trifling assistance in the diffusion of the most recent literary productions. The American books are all calculated for quick and convenient use on railroads, and in other situations where the reader is likely to be helpless. They are all neatly bound and ready cut; not like our German books, which we buy in the most inconvenient form possible, namely, in loose sheets, and then have to wait a fortnight for the binder. Once there came hurrying past our carriage a little fellow, with flying hair, and a quantity of printed quarto sheets hanging over his arm, who threw them, right and left, into the lap of every passenger. I read the paper, and found it contained a collection of notices and praises of the book of a certain well-known traveller in Africa, taken from many newspapers and periodicals. I had scarcely got through the many variations on the one theme, namely, that there could be no more interesting employment in the whole world than to read this gentleman's book all through, when the little literary Ganyemede aforesaid made his appearance

at the opposite door to the one where he had formerly presented himself, but moving with rather less freedom and celebrity than before, for he was carrying a whole pile of volumes, radiant in new gilding, and presenting them as had before done his criticisms, right and left. "What is that?" I asked.—"The 'African Travels,' sir, that you have just read the praises of—costs only half a dollar the copy."

At the colossal hotel at Albany it struck the traveller, as it does us, as rather surprising that the vast tables were served by troops of white republican damsels, all under the command of a gentleman of the unfashionable complexion. This sable superintendent "received every guest at the door with decorum, and even dignity of manner—just the medium between too great devotion and too great self-assertion, which a gentleman is accustomed to observe." He also kept a vigilant eye on the movements of his troops of attendant maidens, who were distributing tea, coffee, tongue, ham, mutton-chops, &c., with the etiquette of practised players dealing cards. A similar phenomenon of an army of fair waiters, under a negro officer, was seen at Burlington, and here the Yankee master of the hotel professed the utmost concern for the black assistant as well as for another of the same race in his service, declaring him to be "a real Uncle Tom."

Mr. Kohl first touched Canadian soil at the northern end of Lake Champlain; and even to him, rushing through the country on the wings of steam, the change of nationality was immediately perceptible in a certain quiet, old-world aspect of things, as remote as possible from that of the brilliantly wide-awake citizen of the Great Republic. But he had little time for philosophizing before he came in sight of the "Silver Town," as Montreal is called, from the plates of bright tin with which the roofs of houses and churches are covered, and which in the dry climate of Canada retain their brightness a long time.

When I saw Montreal on a dull day, I thought this epithet a little exaggerated, but afterwards, when I saw these tin-roofed houses and churches glittering in the last rays of the setting sun, and seeming sometimes to glow with internal fire, I became of quite a different opinion.

Many of the social arrangements of Canada are, of course, copied from those of America, and the hotels retain the same republican character,—according to which society is all, and the individual nothing. The guests, *en masse*, are magnificently served; and if you let yourself be drummed into the banquetting room with the multitude to the sound of the gong, you are fed and waited upon by a whole army of attendants, with the most energetic attention. But if, as an individual, you wish for so much as a cup of broth, you may wish for it a long time. While, as one of the crowd of guests, suited of pretensions, attended with princely splendour are at your disposal, when you withdraw your own personality into a little cell with four white walls, you may ring, and call, and sigh in vain for the assistance of one of the throng of servants of the great public.

While passing along the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, which forms the boundary line between Lower Canada on one side, and New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire on the other, Mr. Kohl gleaned a good deal of information illustrative of the early history of colonization in these districts. Here is "The History of a Piece of Land."—Shortly after the period of the American revolution, a Mr. Maccomb undertook, with a few companions, a hunting and canal voyage on the St. Lawrence, and made himself acquainted with the previously

almost unknown districts now constituting the northern part of the State of New York. They stood in very ill repute at the time, having formed part of the country of the Iroquois, and never been entirely subjected either by French or English, but having remained as a kind of desolate battle-field between them.

At the time of this canal voyage there lived upon it only a few scattered Indians, the poor remains of the once numerous and valiant tribes; and on the maps of the time it figures as a completely white spot, adorned by a sort of fancy painting of the society of the Hudson, of which no one knew anything. Mr. Macomb, however, discovered (about the year 1795) that it contained magnificent forests, a fertile soil, and many fine sites for future villages and towns. He associated himself, therefore, with a partner, who got together a capital of about 200,000 dollars, and proceeded to the execution of his project. The financial condition of the State of New York, no, indeed, of all the other States of the Union at the time, was deplorable, and the offer of Mr. Macomb to purchase three millions of acres of its waste land was gladly accepted. An agreement was drawn up, by which he became the purchaser of a tract of nearly five thousand square miles, between Lake Ontario and Montreal, at the not very exorbitant rate of about 44d. per acre. The original document was shown to Mr. Kohl—it was on parchment, with a great waxen seal of the arms of New York (of that period), on one side a sun rising among mountains, and on the other a rock, against which the waves were dashing, with the motto "*Frustra*."

The associates now commenced a land speculation on a grand scale. They wrote and diffused as widely as they could a description of their new acquisition; they travelled to Europe to find co-subsists and partners; they formed companies in England, France, and Holland, of which one took from their half a million of acres, and another a hundred thousand, while smaller parcels were sold to private individuals. The descendants of one of the partners, whose family is one of the first in New York, is still in possession of no less than 200,000 acres. He explained to Mr. Kohl the principles on which he proceeded in the administration of his estate.

I sell my land usually under very easy and inviting conditions. I desire only to find vigorous, industrious men, of good character. I don't care whether they have capital or not, and according to these instructions my agents have to act. I leave my settlers time to look about them a bit to make themselves at home in the wilderness, and to put by a little towards the payment of the purchase-money. How and when the payment is to be made, I leave entirely to them. I require no interest for arrears, for I consider the labour they expend on the land is so much rent that they pay me; and as long as the purchase-money is not paid, it remains, of course, my property, which they are thus constantly improving. They are over-loaded by my agents, and if they do not soon very readily with their work, we require them to clear a bit of forest, or make a few little bridges, or put up a barn. Sometimes the settler will move off after having lived on the land for ten years, without having paid me a penny; but he has left me meadows for marshes, corn-fields for forests, and houses and farm-buildings, where before there were only thick woods, so that I find my account in the transaction, and can sell the land for a much higher price the next time.

Mr. Kohl bears on many occasions pleasing witness to the virtues of the old French Canadians. They are, he says, truly, generally regarded in the world as a horribly superstitious, stupid, and idle people, mere hindrances to the march of progress,—more dark spots on

the bright intelligence of the community by which they are surrounded. The traveller is, therefore, greatly surprised when he meets one of those "seals of darkness," a French Canadian village:—

It was Sunday when we entered the Cote de Neige (a little French village not far from Montreal, and as the Canadians in their observation of the day adopt the view that God has appointed it both for prayer and recreation, it is chosen as the special day for visiting friends and relations. The roads were covered with pretty little one-horse chaises, going to and returning from the different villages; and in the cottages and before the doors we saw every where groups of the villagers engaged in friendly gossip. We ventured to enter one of the cottages, one of the humblest in appearance, and were immediately understood and welcomed. An ancient dame, the mother or grandmother of the house, observed, as she placed a chair near the fire for the stranger, "Eh bien, je comprend Monsieur est voyageur, et il veut voir comme on vit au Canada; for this, not Canada, is the appellation of their country among them. Many other words have undergone a similar transformation; and *coir, saoir, and coirer*, have become *roir, sroir, and croir*. The present Canadian peasantry are, as it well known, the descendants of soldiers, travellers, and all kinds of adventurers; and that such simple, modest, upright people should be the issue of such a parentage, is a strong proof that human nature has, under some circumstances, just as strong a tendency to purity as to improve itself, as, under others, to become demoralized and degenerate. There was a numerous family of various ages assembled in the cottage; and they and their habitation were brilliant with cleanliness and snow-white linen. It was indeed Sunday, but the weekday dress, which I afterwards saw did not suit the holiday attire. I could not help expressing my admiration at the order and neatness of everything around me to the mother of the family. "*Vous êtes bien bon, Monsieur*," she replied; "*mais l'ordonne de la Providence; ce n'est pas une habitude. Un famille malpropre! Ah, Dieu préserve! Une famille malpropre serait bien ramassée dans notre village, et je croie c'est le cas dans tout le Canada.*"

Perhaps we may see in this and similar accounts cause for revising those rather hasty generalizations concerning the necessary connection between Catholicism and dirt, which have formed the subject of many a good Protestant homily from travellers in Switzerland and elsewhere. Wishing to see whether his favourable opinion of the French Canadians was shared by their neighbours, Mr. Kohl consulted one of them, an inhabitant of a village on the Ottawa, which contains not less than six different churches, religions, and nations, and received a very satisfactory reply:—

"Oh, these Canadians! Sir, I assure you, they are a fine, honest, and manly set of people. It is true there are some among them that are like others; but on the whole the Canadians are most honest and gentle. There are no bars, thieves, and assassins among them. When I first came into the country no Canadian would care to shut his door, and none would ever think about an oath or a paper if you bought a piece of land of them. Since the revolution of 1837, the custom of shutting doors has become more general. But still, their houses are always open for the poor and the stranger. If you ever, sir, have lost your way, or feel tired, go to a Canadian house if you can find one. They will make you as comfortable as they possibly can. That is what the Canadians is."

Here is another little sketch of this Idyllic life:—

I never go through a Canadian village without looking through the open window into the neat dwellings, at the groups of inhabitants at rest, or clanking about the fire. When we got to Beauport, a village far from the Falls Montmorency, some particularly interesting after scenes were to be going on, and when we saw a long procession

of gayly-dressed men and women entering a house, we rushed the marriage before us, and saw the bride and groom locked in. One of the men standing about seemed to object to this, and asked, "What do you want there, gentlemen? What business have you there?" As we were convinced that no Canadian *habitant* ever speaks rudely, unless he thinks he has good cause for it, we replied, "*Monsieur, nous sommes des étrangers; est-ce aujourd'hui la première fois que nous sommes venus dans ce pays. Vous offrez des noces, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur!*"—"Ah! oui, c'est très bien, Monsieur; descendez, descendez enjoints, et entriez. *Soyez les bienvenus. Oui, sans doute, ce sont des noces.*" We alighted and locked into the house, and at the company. I think I have never seen such well-dressed, well-behaved, handsome and cheerful-looking guests at a peasant's wedding before. There were good-tempered and hale old men and women, fine young fellows, and crowds of pretty girls; and in the midst, the be-garlanded and happy, but dumb and embarrassed, bridal pair. Here were the "good old times," that we sometimes hear of in romance, not in pen and ink, or of old canvas, but in flesh and blood and reality before us. October is, it appears, the season for weddings, when everybody who is married before, marries, in order to be settled "warm and comfortable for the winter." This nuptial pair was one of four that were, according to custom, going about from house to house, and from one relation to another, to pay their wedding visits.

The settlements of the French Canadians can generally be distinguished, we are told, at a considerable distance from those of the Americans, by the houses lying close to each other, instead of being scattered far and wide. The *habitant* has no ambitions longings for thousands of acres, but likes to nestle among his friends and neighbours, to have his church within sight, and his children, if possible, settled round him. The Yankee, more self-reliant and self-sufficient, cares not for neighbors, would rather be without them, indeed; he looks into the future,—sees the vision of the world, and all the wonders that shall be, and can dispense with present comfort. With respect to his children, he accepts, as a law of Nature, the separation from them at the earliest possible period. The traveller ventured to put some questions to an old French farmer, concerning his domestic management, and was told that his daughter had been for some years working at her *trousseau*,—that his two sons were employed on board a steam-boat, but brought their father all that they earned.

"Et je leur ramène tout ça dans un coffre bien solide. This capital is growing every year, and very soon my eldest will be able to take his boy land, and marry, and give me a little farm for him—the bit of land up there—close to my house. Then my son will get himself a wife, and come and live near me. By-and-by my second son will do the same; and if I cannot find land to suit him, I will divide my own with him. "Y our children do not seem to be like the Americans, who leave their parents directly, and go and settle somewhere on their own account!"—"Ah, Dieu préserve, Monsieur! Je déteste ce système! Non, non, Monsieur; j'ai mes vœux sur mes enfants autour de moi, tout près de moi, comme une poule ses petits."

In all this the good *habitant* was, according to M. Kohl, to be regarded as a representative man. No one in the village (which was in a new settlement on the Ottawa) had more than forty acres of land, and five-and-thirty were thought a good farm. But the land was all nicely cleared, and "not a stone to be found in the fields."

The chief want of Canada—that of sufficient means of communication—is now about to be supplied; and whatever hopes of prosperity may hitherto have been entertained for it may now probably be multiplied tenfold. To the

many blessings it has to offer to those who are looking for a new home, there appears to exist only one drawback; and that is one that falls lightly on a well-fed and well-housed population. England may look with pride on so fair an offspring; and her fine American daughter may echo the invitation to Jacques:—"Come hither, come hither, come hither: Here shall you see no enemy but winter and rough weather."

Historical Recollections of the Reign of William IV. By A. J. Maley, Esq. (Hoye.)

THE two sons of George the Third who succeeded their father on the throne have not yet had historians equal to the task of representing them individually, or of elucidating the mysteries of the various administrations which carried on the government in their respective names. George the Fourth, as Regent and King, was not ill-served by his Premiers. They were all men of mark:—Spencer Perceval, Lord Liverpool, with a possession of office only inferior in duration to Pitt's, George Canning and the Duke of Wellington;—Lord Eldon and Lord Lyndhurst, both men sprung from the people, sons, in fact, of good "working" men, were his Chancellors;—and among their subordinates, as well as colleagues, were aspirants to fame whose career carries with it a moral in which the ambitious and disappointed man might well find comfort.

But to moralize is not, just now, our vocation. Pursuing our outline of the Cabinets of the kingly sons of George the Third, we have only to add, that the Wellington Administration was in office on the death of George the Fourth, in June, 1830, but gave way to the Grey Cabinet, with Brougham for Lord Chancellor, in the November following. Earl Grey resigned in May, 1832, when Canning, who had introduced the Reform Bill, but he resumed the Premiership in a week, and held it till July, 1834, when he was succeeded by Lord Melbourne. The Cabinet, of course, continued Whig. The great temporary return to Tory principles was effected by the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel at the end of the last-named year, the Duke of Wellington having assumed the provisional government of the country till the Baronet had returned from Italy. This Ministry, which restored Lord Lyndhurst to the woolsack, only kept together for a few months, yielding place and power to a second Melbourne Administration, which, with Sir C. Peppys (Lord Cottenham) in the Chancellorship, survived till the reign of Victoria was two years old. It was then shaken out of place by the Tories for a day or two, but ultimately recovered itself, and "held on" until its final dissolution, in 1841.

From 1830 to 1837, under the most peaceful of our kings, the country passed safely through more than one crisis; and securely surmounted danger which menaced her at home as well as abroad. The reign of William opened unseemly enough, for at his half-crownation, as that rather shabby ceremony was called, neither the Princess Victoria nor the Duchess of Kent was present, nor had any preparation been made in anticipation of the Heirress-presumptive attending on that solemn occasion.

William, however, was highly popular, the more so as his predecessor was not regretted by the people. William the Fourth was the "savior king," and his subjects were inclined to like him merely on that account. He was of a good-tempered turn, and his condescension was lauded when he admitted pursuers to the honour of being presented at Court. He was a thoroughly English king, proved, as it was supposed, by his speedy and summary election

of all foreigners holding places at Court. There was a spirit of fun in him, too, which pleased the most loyal, even when it was played off at their own expense,—as, for instance, when the lieges were one evening lustily calling for "the King! the King!" in front of St. James's Palace, and they as lustily cheered the old gentleman whom (as they afterwards heard) the tired monarch had ordered to stand out on the balcony and represent him in the twilight.

The effort of the Opposition to pass a Regency Act was the first symptom of the troubled complexion of this reign. The declaration of "the Duke," that the people did not need Reform, and that things were very well as they were, led to the embittered hostilities and the various triumphs and downfalls which ensued. The conduct of the Whigs, however, who as resolutely passed over the claims of O'Connell to promotion at the Irish Bar as the Tories had done, was quite as fatal to the tranquillity of the country as the anti-Reform policy of the Tories themselves. It stimulated the demagogue to agitation, whose only advantage could be in pecuniary profit to himself, for he was as well aware as any man, that a Repeal of the Union was really as probable as our return to the Heptarchy. The ill-blood which arose at this time, when great political questions were being treated, assumes now an appearance of exaggeration. Queen Adelaide was hoisted through the streets because a leading paper had pointed her out as an opponent to the enjoyment of popular rights; plans of insurrection were put on paper by men in office, or longing for it, and who hoped to attain ultimate ends by treasonably putting an armed country in active antagonism against the Court. It was a time, in short, when men appeared to act more by selfish impulse than on principle, and when mob-law was so recognized that for one night at least, the illumination for the final success of the Reform Bill, the entire city of London was in possession of an ochlocratic force which no authority restrained. On the morning after this hurricane swept through the streets, the houses in the latter which had exhibited no symptom of rejoicing for the accession of Reform, looked as if they had been stormed and sacked by a cruel enemy. The masses never showed themselves so unworthy of their political emancipation as on the night on which its advent was "celebrated."

The great event of the reign of William was undoubtedly the Reform Bill. It accomplished, by legal means, a revolution which, in despotic countries, or in those unworthy of constitutional privileges, is effected by rash and sanguinary proceedings. If it did not effect all that was expected from it, the bill at least satisfied the great majority of the people, and these, or their descendants (for the period of a generation has passed away since then), cannot be aroused to such another agitation as that by which the Reform measure was carried.

After this subject all others of William's reign are presented to us in calmer colours; but they were stirring subjects nevertheless. They included the Repeal agitation, the dealing with the Irish Church temporalities, and that coercion law for Ireland which the Whigs themselves found necessary, though they had denounced it as tyrannical when it was proposed and adopted by the Tories. Irish affairs left ample room for very pretty quarrels, and with other means for annoying those who were in power, by those who were not in place, they were applied to as many personal as public ends, till the old King, who would have granted any privilege to the people which their representatives might think proper to recommend,

quietly passed away from the turmoil, and so got very well rid of it. He was not a bad king, nor was he wanting in spirit. Early in life, on his return from his first voyage, he refused to avail himself of permission to return to the Royal Palace, so hateful to him was that nursery system of restraint under which George the Third and Queen Charlotte kept their sons. Had the royal couple looked as closely after the princesses, they would have been less lively young ladies, and there would have been less shaking of heads among Windsor gossip. Among these princes, Prince William Henry emancipated himself at birthday celebrations, and even cautious little Borneo exhibits him to us drinking hard and swearing loudly. As a sailor, he was one of good promise; but his opportunities were few, and illness at home drove him into that connexion with Mrs. Jordan, whom he treated more liberally than the world gave him credit for, and on whose children he conferred distinctions of which the same world considered they were scarcely worthy. As king, he prized tranquillity, and loved ease and simplicity like an unassuming "Roi d'Yvetot." He wished to enjoy himself in his own way, and was willing that other men should do the same; just as he invariably fell asleep over the wine, but hoped, on awaking, that every gentleman had taken care of himself. The character of the Court was but a little more splendid than that of the King's house in his dual days at Bushy. Among the Queen and ladies playing their then fashionable worsted work, he loved to tell domestic stories of a jocose quality; he "potted" a good deal; played his rubber, and was a favourable specimen of the good-natured squire, having nothing in him of the majesty of a king. Nevertheless, he had the spirit of a gentleman; and when Lord Molyneux spoke insultingly of him and the Queen at a Liverpool meeting, and afterwards appeared as a guest at the King's ball, the King requested him not to appear at Court again. In fact, William had the stuff in him of an old English gentleman, and enjoyed more felicity as "Squire" at Bushy, challenged by butcher-boys to run his cob against their ponies, than he ever experienced at Windsor or St. James's, where he was trammelled alike by the splendour, the trundle, and the responsibility of his position.

Mr. Maley's book is a register of facts, rather dryly posted, and unenlivened by a single anecdotal illustration or sketch of individual character. We had hoped that the title, 'Historical Recollections,' implied his having something new to tell from his own experiences; but the book seems to have been compiled for the assistance of his own memory of times through which he had passed. It may render the same service to others who have lived through that period, but it certainly is not likely to be attractive to persons born since the era on which it treats. We do not commend it even to the former class of readers. They will find no efficient portrayal of William Henry in the writer who dismisses him with remarking that he conceives "William the Fourth has some right to be placed in the very scanty ranks of good kings, although certainly not entitled to occupy a very prominent position. His virtues, it is true, rather than his vices, are of a negative character."—and although in the long catalogue of his predecessors it would not be difficult to find many worse, we doubt if it would be possible to discover any better monarch than William the Fourth." By which we are to understand that the best of kings has some right to be accounted a good sovereign, but has no claim to prominence of

position among the pretty good. Perhaps not. It is Mr. Maley's affair.

"The Eagle's Nest" in the Valley of Sixt; a Summer Home among the Alps; together with some Excursions among the Great Glaciers. By Alfred Wills. (Longman & Co.)

THIS is another of those Alpine books, the publication of which is rapidly forming a peculiar group in the literature of travel—a book, moreover, not without its peculiarity. Mr. Wills claims to be, in some sort, a discoverer of the Valley of Sixt,—the beauties of which have, apparently, been too generally overlooked. So much have they struck him as to have tempted him to purchase and proprietorship. He is about building a house there, the district—far off as it seems to fancy—being virtually as accessible as the north of Scotland was some twenty years ago. In all his enjoyments and projects he was encouraged and assisted by his wife, who, indeed, is answerable for some of the pages and the illustrations of this volume. Mrs. Wills died a few months ago, painfully and unexpectedly. The book is dedicated to her memory. Grief takes many forms of solace. To some, such laudations and intimate recollections as we find in the Preface will appear more sudden and explicit than is agreeable. They must give the book, to all, a tinge which distinguishes it from the generality of narratives for the use of summer tourists.

When noticing 'Peaks and Passes' (on its publication) it was impossible to avoid pointing out how large a share in the delight of these Alpine adventures is taken by mere desire to share perilous fears which one before has accomplished. Separating with honour from among amateur climbers and scramblers, experienced men of science, whose investigations cannot be too minute, too thoroughly supported by collection,—we cannot but feel that there is a large leaven of recklessness for the sake of recklessness, mixed up with much enjoyment of nature and of scenery. This especially applies to the glacier excursions, many of which cannot be attempted without grave peril to life, the bodily fatigue of which is tremendous, and the pleasure dependent on the inscrutable caprices of Alpine weather. All these things tell characteristically enough on the guide-class, by whose intervention such terrible pleasures are only to be enjoyed. Something akin to the fascination of chamois-hunting naturally grows into the nature of the mountaineer. He has not only to carry out old and well-approved plans of travel, but is encouraged to dare and to devise in order to satisfy the appetites of explorers to whom a pleasure is sweet in proportion as it is new. 'Memoirs of the Guides' would not be a bad subject for some member of the Alpine Club, especially if he can write so well as Mr. Wills. It will be seen that our author is answerable for this suggestion in the pages from which we draw the following and story:—

"The glaciers of the Mont Rouan are interesting to those who care about the great names in Alpine story, as the scene of the tragedy which closed the career of the adventurous Jacques Balmat, the hero of Mont Blanc, perhaps the hardest and most indomitable mountaineer that ever drew breath, even beneath the shadow of the Alps. He had, unfortunately for himself, contracted a habit of gold-seeking, which kept him poor all his life; and he had long had an idea that some veins, apparently of carboniferous earth, which streak the calcareous precipices near the glaciers of Mont Rouan, gold ore might be found. In the month of September, 1834, being then no less than seventy-two years of age, he started, accompanied by a single chamois

of Val Orsine,—one *Pache* by name,—on his perilous tour of discovery. He was seen the following day, in company with the huntsman, making his way to the head of the Fond de la Combe. Late in the afternoon they reached a solitary hut, called La Cabane des Bergers de Montons, perched on one of the largest of the patches of grass already mentioned, and here they passed the night. The next day the hunter returned alone, and Jacques Balmat betrayed great reluctance to answer any questions concerning him; and, when pressed, always asserted that they had separated in the morning, Jacques Balmat making his way towards the glaciers, he returning in the other direction, as the old man insisted upon going into places of such danger that he dared not follow him. Of what awful calamities after they parted, he declared he knew nothing. The Val Orsine man stuck to his story whenever interrogated, and unsatisfactory as his manner was always felt to be, nothing could be discovered to contradict his account; and there the matter rested till fresh light was thrown upon it by an incident which illustrates curiously the state of society at Sixt, and the nature of the objects of primary importance in the eyes of the village politician. Years after this occurrence, a disclosure was made by a man who, at the time Jacques Balmat disappeared, had been Syndic of the commune, an officer bearing the same title as the chief person of the commune at the present day, but then deriving his authority from the fact of his being the nominee and representative of the central administration, not, as now, from being the free choice of popular election. This person divulged for the first time, that the day after Jacques Balmat was last seen, a peasant of his commune had informed him, that on the previous day his two children had been playing on the grassy slopes on the northern side of the Fond de la Combe, near the Chalet de Borel, when they heard a loud noise, which he heard apparently creeping along the naked face of the rocks, precipitous above a great accumulation of broken blocks of ice, which had been pushed over a precipice by the advance of the glacier, suddenly fall and disappear in a chasm between the rock and the ice. Influenced by the belief that the matter would scarcely go unpunished, and which it would appear were shared by his informant, the Syndic strictly charged the children never to breathe a syllable of what they had seen, and threatened them with all the undefined terrors of the law if they ever ventured to tell the story to any one else. The children were young, and probably living at a solitary chalet, where they had no one but their parents to talk to, and either forgot or only faintly remembered the incident, or were imbued with a salutary respect for so great a personage as the Syndic, and the secret had been kept to that hour. The ex-Syndic was well aware that the relatives of Balmat had made anxious but fruitless searches for his remains, and that some sort of suspicion of want of candour had fallen upon the Val Orsine hunter, and, whether his conscience at last smote him, that he had suffered him to remain silent, or that he had, of his own free will, refused to do so, does not appear, but he was for the first time told this story to the then Vice-Syndic of Sixt. The Vice-Syndic communicated the intelligence, first to Jean Payot of Chamouli, and afterwards repeated it in the presence of my informant, Auguste Balmat. The children in question were inquired for, but it seemed they had left the neighbourhood. The spot, however, from which the figure had been seen to fall, a little green oasis in the desert of rock, was pointed out; and a fresh expedition was organized, on an extensive scale, from Chamouli. Among the explorers were Auguste Balmat and several other relatives of the deceased, and one Michel Carrier, the artist of the great plan in relief of Mont Blanc known to visitors at Chamouli, and a tolerable draughtsman. With incredible difficulty, and taking the utmost precautions against snowed-in, the explorers reached the glacier, where they knelt near and at the side of the glacier. Here they found below them a precipice, and at the foot of this the broken masses of ice shot over the edge of the platform on which the glacier rests. Auguste was tied to a rope, but found it impossible to descend the face of the rock, or to get any nearer

to the chasm which had received his great-uncle. He described it as a black gulf, the bottom of which he could not see, into which a stream issuing from the glacier was thundering, and stones and blocks of ice, broken by the glacier's retreat, over the ridge, were continually falling. All hope was therefore finally abandoned of the possibility of finding any traces of the great pioneer of Mont Blanc. Carrier, however, took a sketch of the spot, and the party returned to Chamouli. Some time afterwards, when an Auguste Balmat, together to the Val Orsine. When they drew near to the hunter's cottage, Carrier went on alone to the door, and asked 'Pache' if he had seen Balmat, adding, 'I expected him somewhere about here; he is gone to seek minerals.' The man answered that he had not seen him, but that he would endeavour to sit down and wait for him. Half an hour afterwards Balmat came by, as if casually, and asked if Pache had seen Carrier. The hunter insisted on their taking a bottle of wine, to which they assented, on condition that he should come to Val Orsine and dine with them. Accordingly, the three adjourned to the inn at Val Orsine, where they sat down to dinner, and Balmat and Carrier took care to play the old hunter freely with wine. When it had begun to tell upon him a little, and the suspicious reserve he always maintained in the presence of those he associated with Jacques Balmat had a little relaxed, the hunter, sitting beside him, suddenly pulled out the sketch he had taken at the Fond de la Combe, and laid it before him, saying, '*Connaissez-vous cette image?*'—The hunter, taking off his guard, started, exclaiming, '*Mon Dieu! quel est Jacques Balmat, ce père?*'—'What, then,' said Carrier, 'you know where he perished!'—The man appeared confused for a moment, and then recovering his habitual caution, said, 'No, no, I know nothing about it; but I saw the scene near which I left him, and it is there that he has been buried, he has fallen down.' He then got up, and no entreaties could prevail upon him to stay; and by no artifice could he be induced to approach the subject again. It is not difficult to understand that an ignorant peasant, fearful of being charged with having killed a man, and who, moreover, Balmat, should have imagined that his safety lay in pretending absolute ignorance of every circumstance connected with his fate; but the conduct of the Syndic, to whom the whole mystery was known, requires to be explained a little more in detail. It is not easy for a person unfamiliar with the Alps to conceive the importance justly attached by the members of a mountain community to their forests. Not only do they depend upon them, and upon nothing else, for their supplies of fuel and for their building materials, but also for the still more important service of acts of credit on the detached portions the accumulations of the winter snow which falls upon the area they cover, and of forming a protecting barrier against the avalanches hurled from the heights above them. These avalanches bring with them not merely snow, but rocks, masses of earth and mud, and, from the unexpected mountain sides in prodigious volumes and with incredible velocity, nor unfrequently tear off large portions of mould, and kneading it up with their own substance, cover the comparatively level ground which finally arrests their progress, with a compound of earth and snow. When spring comes round and the snow melts into water, the land is covered with thick deposits of mud, through which it will perhaps take two or three seasons for the herbage beneath to force its way; so that even if houses, men, and cattle be out of the reach of the avalanche, it may do damage enough to impoverish a whole neighbourhood. Anything, therefore, which tends to the destruction of their forest ramparts, is regarded by the peasantry as a deplorable calamity. * Jacques Balmat was a noted gold-seeker, and, despite his ill-success, enjoyed considerable reputation throughout the commune near to Chamouli as a person of great knowledge and experience on such subjects. The moment the Syndic heard that the children had seen a man fall down the precipice of Mont Rouan, he conjectured that Jacques Balmat, who had been seen in the valley a day or two before,

had been searching for gold in that neighbourhood, and that it was he who had met with the terrible fate described by the children. A vague local tradition had long been current, which asserted that gold was to be found in the valley, and that some Swiss adventurer had even made their fortunes by working it; but little heed was paid to the story, and no one had assigned to the popular notion any particular locality. If Jacques Baldart were once known to have selected a definite spot for his researches, his example would be followed; and the discovery which had been frustrated by his tragical death would be accomplished by others. Mines would be opened, vast quantities of wood would be needed to smelt the ore, the interests of the valley would be sacrificed to the influence of persons who could gain the ear of the authorities at Paris, and their forests would be destroyed to feed the cupidity of strange adventurers. Such was the train of thought which passed through the mind of the wary Syndic, and determined him, at all hazards, to suppress every trace of facts which might put future gold-hunters on the right scent."

To other Englishmen who are tempted to try cottages of their own among the Alps, as summer retreats, the narrative offered by Mr. Wills of his difficulties in settlement will be helpful and instructive. It was long, he tells us, ere he could get his title; anything like purchase being seriously and systematically opposed by a large body among the valley-people in Sixt. The Church did not like the idea of an heretical Englishman building a miniature Exeter Hall within its borders. The priest and his "following" set their faces resolutely against Mr. and Mrs. Wills, and the proprietor had to pay very dearly for his few acres,—something like double the market-price. The expenses of conveyance, however, rendered heavy by delay, opposition, remonstrance, memorial, must seem fabulously small to any one aware of the brilliant rapidity with which English Circumlocution Offices, official or professional, run up their bills for weary words on skins of parchment,—for consultations, the argument of which is to impede agreement. Yet more: when the Englishman, with true British perseverance, did carry his point, had paid for his acres, and begun to lay the foundations of his mistrusted heretical summer retreat,—nothing, he assures us, could be more cordially neighbourly and less selfish than the behaviour of every one in the Valley, even of those who had been the most staunch of his opponents. The site itself seems full of beauty,—the scenery to be as grand and bold as Alpine scenery should be,—but to possess some amenities of its own; as in the fir forests, where the trees spring, Mr. Wills assures us, not from that fine, bare, soil which is habitually the groundwork of the pine, but from a tender carpet of green moss. Last winter the vale was ravaged by terrible floods, and the inhabitants entreated Mr. Wills to get up a subscription in relief of those who had suffered thereby. Wisely, he declined to do this; but has hurried the publication of this volume, he says, with the idea of turning some English gold into the direction of the sufferers from the inundation.

The Book of Vagabonds and Beggars: with a Vocabulary of their Language. Edited by Martin Luther in the year 1528. Now first translated into English, with Introduction and Notes, by John Camden Hotten.

There are only two classes in society who have any claim to the title of vagabonds, or wanderers; and they are the very cream of the cream and the very dirt of the dirt. The aristocracy at one end of the stick of civilization,

the tramps at the other, divide the trade of travelling—the profession of cosmopolitanism between them. While the middle classes go on, from year to year, in a steady mill-horse kind of circle—from suburb to office, from office to suburb—The Right Honourable Sir James Bagges, Bart., is flying with his family from country to country; and "Jem Baggis," with his clarinet, is moving on from village to village. There is no difference in principle and habit between the two men, except that they run on different levels. The tramp's lodging-house conducts the same kind of business as the hotel of a thousand beds, and the *table-d'hôte* is only a higher order of "cook-shop." To be here to-day, and somewhere else to-morrow; to live like a commercial traveller, without the annoyance of samples or transactions; to mix with many men, hear many languages, and see many places; to feel that you have no master, no settled hours of work, and possess the liberty to come and go, are attractions for all real vagabonds, whether dirty or decorated. The philosophy at the bottom of all this is a determination to break the monotony of life. Half the crimes in the world, half the sickness, and half the actions, are produced by a want of mental activity, a restless desire to do something that is not precisely work; a feeling that it is necessary to kill time. There are few minds that can settle down in a parochial compass, can feed upon the natural history of the place they live in, or rest contented with a "Journey round their room." They want excitement, action, change; or perhaps, as Mr. Mayhew suggests in his 'London Labour,' because they feel a great determination of blood to the surface of their bodies, and consequently a less quantity sent to their brains.

The thorough vagabond never changes his character or habits. You may start a distressed epic poet in the coal, coke, and potato line, but you can never convert a real vagabond, and stop his wandering. Hundreds of people must be familiar with this fact in their own family circles, when going to history. When you go to history, it only proves the same thing. There is the notorious case of Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew, who is known as the "King of the Beggars." He came of an ancient and honourable family in Devonshire. He ran away from school at the age of fifteen, and joined a gang of gipsies; and though many attempts were made to reclaim him, he lived with these wanderers until his death.

The people of the backwoods—half farmers, half hunters—never care to come back within the borders of civilization; and thousands of the settlers (or unsettlers, as they ought to be called), in the Western States of North America, prefer to pull up stakes, and go further back amongst the Indians every ten years, rather than remain in a district becoming filled, with industrious emigrants. There are people, even in London, who show something of this feeling, who are always moving their homes from place to place, and who are the first to try and live amongst the "carcasses" of a new neighbourhood. This vagabondism is at the bottom of most voyages of discovery; of most expeditions of conquest; of most plans of colonization. It animated the invasion of England by the Romans (to go no further back), the Norman conquest; the seizure of India by Anglo-Saxon rulers, and hundreds of similar starting-points in history. There are its grandest manifestations,—the occasions on which the beggar, the pirate, and the brigand mostly work in masses, and so become elevated to the rank of heroes. If you wish to see vagabondism in its meagre and more individual form, you must tramp about the country with an observ-

ing eye, or dip into old English writers like Harman, Harrison, and Decker.

As a picture of vagabondism in Central Europe, during the early part of the sixteenth century, this volume is a useful contribution to the history of manners and customs. It is interesting as being connected with the name of Martin Luther, and edited by him during the most stormy period of his life; and it is doubly interesting, because it tells us nothing extraordinary or of the theories he has argued, and the dramatists—those worthy of the name—have felt, that human nature is the same in all ages and in all countries; and here is another proof that they are right. The rogues and vagabonds of Germany in Luther's time, are the same rogues and vagabonds we see to-day, with the same tricks and the same love of deception. As the translator says,—

"The stroller, or 'Master of the Black Art,' is yet occasionally heard of in our rural districts. The simple farmer believes him to be weather and cattle wile, and should his crops be backward, or his cow 'Spot' not 'let down her milk' with her accustomed readiness, he crosses the fellow's hand with a piece of wood. The stroller, however, is righted. The Wiltshire, or finders of pretended silver fingers, are now-a-days represented by the 'Fawney Riggers,' or droppers of counterfeit gold rings,—described in their treatise of the ways of vagabonds. 'Cotton-Whippers,' or Joneses, are unfortunately for the pockets of the simple, still to be met with on public race-courses and at fairs. The over-Sinners' group, or pretended distressed gentry, who went about 'neatly dressed,' with false letters, would seem to have been the original of our modern 'Beggars' and 'Letter-Whippers.' These looking impostors, with clean aprons, or carefully brushed threadbare coats, who stand on the curbs of our public thoroughfares, and beg with a few sticks of sealing-wax in their hands, were known in Luther's time as *Goose-shears*. "Another class, known among the London streets, took as 'Shaven Jemmies,'—fellows who expose themselves half-naked, on a cold day, to excite pity and procure alms—were known in Luther's time as *Schwan-felders*.—only in those days, people being not quite so modest as now. These fellows were occasionally naked before commencing their shiver at the church doors. Those wretches, who are occasionally brought before the police magistrates, accused of maiming children, on purpose that they may the better excite pity and obtain money, are, unfortunately, not peculiar to our civilized age. These fellows committed like cruelties centuries ago. Borrowers of children, too,—those pretended fathers of numerous and starving families of urchins, now often heard howling in the streets on a wet day, the children being arranged right and left according to height,—cried in the olden oak time,—only then the loan was but for 'All Souls,' or other Feast day, when the people were in a good humour. The trick of placing soap in the mouth to produce froth, and falling down before passers-by as though in a fit, came into vogue in London streets a few years ago, is also described as one of the old manoeuvres of beggars."

As the history of this little book may not be familiar to every antiquarian reader, we give it in Mr. Hotten's words:—

"The 'Liber Vagabundum,' or 'The Book of Vagabonds,' was probably written after 1505, that year being mentioned in the work; it is the earliest book on beggars and their secret language of which we have any record,—preceding by half a century any similar work issued in this country. Nothing is known of the author other than that it was written in a fit countryman in a 'Reverend Magister, nomine expertus in truista,'—which proficiency in rogues, as Luther remarks, 'the little book very well proves, even though he had not given himself such a name.' None of the early impressions leave a date, but the first edition is known to have been printed at Augsburg, about the year 1512-14, by Erhart Oegelin, or Ocellus. It is a small quarto, consisting of 12 leaves. The title:—*Liber Vagabundum; red Dettler Orden: is*

printed in red. The title-page of this, as of most of the early editions, is embellished with a woodcut,—a facsimile of which is given in this translation. The picture, representing a beggar and his family, explains itself. At the foot of the title is printed in black: *Gedruckt zu Auppurg durch Erhart Oeglin*. The little book was frequently reprinted without any other variations than printers' blunders (one edition having even omitted the first word, 'Lieber Vagatorum') until 1628, when Luther edited an edition, supplying a preface, and correcting some of the passages. In 1529 another edition, with Luther's preface, appeared at Wittenberg, and from this, comparing it occasionally with the first edition by Oeglin, the present English version has been made. Nearly all the editions contain the same matter; nor do those issued under Luther's authority furnish us with additional information. With regard to the Vocabulary, however, I have made, in a few instances, slight variations, as given in two editions of the 'Liber Vagatorum,' preserved in the Library at Munich."

It makes slang literature quite respectable, to find a dictionary of cant terms edited by a great religious reformer, and its preface wound up with the ejaculation:—"So help us God! Amen." The impostors gibbeted in the book! this pious wish, amounting to more than thirty distinct orders of vagabonds. As friars were beggars, and beggars were friars in the sixteenth century, there is nothing remarkable in Luther's connexion with this volume. The translator (author and publisher rolled into one) has added much in the way of elucidation, and evidently possesses a thorough knowledge of all matters connected with cant literature. The book is carefully got up in the Roxburghe style, and is not unpleasing to those who are not bitten with bibliomania.

A Hand-book to Reigate, and the adjoining Parishes of Gatton, Mersham, Chislehurst, Betchworth and Leigh. By R. D. B. Savage. (Reigate, Allingham; London, Willis & Sothman.)

THERE was one man who had a good word to say for William Rufus, namely, his brother-in-law Warren, who received at his hands one of the most acceptable gifts that ever happy man received from his wife's brother,—the lordship of that wide tract of beauty, known by the name of Reigate Manor. Although that precious portion of our precious country has since that period passed into the possession of various owners, the device of the Warrens is perhaps more frequently seen by any memorial of the other Lords,—and the cheery *er* and *avere* on public-house posts serves, at least, to remind us of the august family which once largely profited by holding the monopoly of licences for tipping. Those other Lords were the fighting Fitz-Aubyns, the Mowbrays, the Derby-Stanleys, the Howards,—greated of all be of Effingham, the admiral who chased the Armada from sea to sea,—the Sackvilles, the Monsons,—of rather boisterous and buccanering memories,—and from them, by forfeiture, to James the Second. The noble man thus returned to the Crown, from which it had departed in the reign of the second William. From the hands of the third of that name, the last of our kings who exercised the old prerogative of alienating, at will, the hereditary revenues of the Crown,—Reigate Manor passed, in grateful acknowledgment of service rendered (when service was at once most valuable to one party, most perilous to the other), to the Lord Chancellor Somers. His enemies, of course, envied him this brilliant possession, and abused him for it accordingly; but he held it on, nevertheless, and though he had no child to whom he could bequeath it, he left it to his sisters,—the son of one of them, plain James

Cocks, ultimately succeeding. By the descendant of this gentleman, Charles Somers Cocks, Earl Somers, the inheritance is at this day enjoyed; and that it is worthy of being enjoyed any traveller may satisfy himself, who, instead of dashing by Red Hill, on his way to the dreary Continent, will descend at that station, and explore a district unsurpassed for beauty, from Reigate to Betchworth Clump, and from the Clump right away to the home of Evelyn, at Wotton.

Some of these old proprietors were rough-spirited fellows,—like to superiors, equals, and inferiors. The Warrens defied the king himself, when called upon to show the title by which the land was held; and while they carried off and outraged the law, they courted and hated off their neighbours' wives. In the latter respect, with a spice of vengeance added, the Mordaunts were not far behind the Warrens. It must be said of the latter, however, that they were not without a certain feeling of generosity.—John de Warren gave to that extremely nice gentleman, his cook, and also to the cook's wife, for various pleasant duties rendered to him, the noble estate of Flanchford; for this, Master Brice, the cook, had merely to pay one pound of cumin at Christmas,—savour of the dish tossed up by him and Alice at some Yuletide banquet. Brice must have been a notable man in his day; but his name has almost disappeared before those of other celebrities, in and about the locality. Here Fox first preached the Gospel by a Protestant interpretation,—here Shaftesbury wrote his 'Characteristics,'—here Ben Jonson is said to have found holiday for his brain and stomach,—here Usher died,—and here Eugene Aram lived for awhile, unconscious that the hemp was fast approaching to that consistency of rope by which he was to be strangled. Poor kuave! there seem to have been less gentle ruffians than he here, who slummed so nicely deserved hanging.

The Rev. Mr. Pettie, one of the Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral, officiated in this parish, happily only for two years, between 1738-40. 'He was a man very fond of company and drinking. One Sunday after Divine Service in the afternoon, he came to the Swan Inn with his head down on, and got quite tipsy. He quarrelled with one of the company, and went out into the street and stripping off his gown, threw it down and said, 'Lay thou there, Divinity, till I have beat this man.' This does not seem promising for the intelligence of the place; but all Surrey clergymen did not resemble Pottle. The parish library was founded so long since as 1701, by Andrew Cranston, the vicar. All the rich people round contributed towards it, and more than that,—"Russell, the blacksmith, gave the bar and fastening to the window; and Ward, the Reigate carrier, cheerfully carried all parcels gratis from London to the library. Well done, honest Russell and Ward! Ye worthy Ward! the mistaken gentleman who added to the collection that very lively book, Bug's 'Quakerism drooping.'

There are, however, books of a superior class to the above, and some even rich and rare, in the collection, which fostered an intelligence that does not seem to have decayed,—seeing that at the last Examination before the Oxford delegates, Reigate had a greater percentage of successful students than any other locality in the kingdom.

As usual, the most ignorant people in the district are, probably, the tombstone cutters; but wiser men are said to be sometimes blunderers too. Take, as a sample, this paragraph in connexion with the church at Chislehurst:—"Within the altar rails lies buried Alice, eldest daughter of the 'judicious' Hooker, the author of the 'Eccelesiastical Polity.' Her tombstone affords

an instance of the frequent inaccuracy of monumental inscriptions, for her father is described an Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of Salisbury, though he was distinguished by neither of these dignities. As this lady survived her father forty-nine years, Isaac Walton is wrong in supposing that she died in early youth."

Better no tomb at all, than a memorial which carries an untruth; and yet, mortuary inscriptions are accepted as evidence in our superior Courts—as far, at least, as dates and genealogy go; but we suppose these tribunals do not admit them as evidences of character. Among those who lie without a monument—although he expressly required his successors to raise one—is the brave old Admiral Howard of Effingham, whose name and deeds we have ever fancied were honoured in the numerous grand, gaunt, old majestic Spanish chestnuts which abound, from his old residence all the way to Dorking. His family, save in a poor coffin-lid registering, have not cared to comply with the request of the man who saved his country—saved it by his foresight as well as by his courage. Here is a passage, the moral of which is especially recommended to those who fancy safety is too dearly purchased by pecuniary sacrifices, in order to maintain power to resist a foreign enemy. Effingham recollected that, in the days of King John, Louis le Dauphin had been, for a time, lord of Reigate Castle itself, and he was not disposed to see a second foreign master's flag flying from the old walls:—

"To his patriotic firmness a debt of gratitude is still owing from us, as it involved the very preservation of our country.—The Armada, as it is everybody's recollection, received a foretaste of the tempestuous destiny that awaited it on its first departure from Lisbon. So thorough was the damage then inflicted, that the attempt seemed indefinitely postponed. Consequently Queen Elizabeth, with the frugality that formed such a marked element in her character, directed the rebuilding of our Fleet on the most economical scale. Effingham, interposed; 'used freedom to disobey her orders' for the dismissal of the sailors, and begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense.—His foresight was justified, and the need of our not too extensive preparations was fully shown by the appearance of the Armada within the Channel; and but for the courage exhibited at the Council Board, the Spaniards might have found us almost at their mercy."

Of all the celebrities of this locality, the Vanquisher of the Armada is among the most worthy of being remembered; and he is none the less dear to our memories because his family have raised no worthy memorial to indicate where his bones lie in honoured repose. He is one, however, of many; and a traveller with this book in hand may traverse a line of beautiful country, read of its heroes, learn the nature of the soil which he crosses, and acquire a fund of useful general knowledge, and a bank of health which will last him to and beyond his next holiday trip. Books like the one before us are likely to induce a taste—certainly to afford facilities—for travelling in home districts; districts yet unfamiliar to many who annually cross the Channel to explore localities less worthy of a visit, and less capable of affording enjoyment.

Records of Roman History on Roman Imperial Coins. By Francis Hobler. 2 vols. (Nichols.)

We receive with pleasure these two portly volumes, which have been long expected, and do credit to the zeal and perseverance of Francis H. Hobler, for no word among us for his long official duties in connexion with the Mansion House, has impeded his leisure

hours in the collection and description of his cabinet of Roman coins. We think he has chosen a good subject for illustration, and that he has carried out his intention with success. If there be in our minds any source of regret, it is that he has not enriched his volumes with a number of engravings proportionate to that of the coins which he describes. Mr. Hobler must be well aware that in no science more than in numismatics is the Heronian complement true—

*Regibus tribuitur animosa potestas per aureum,
Quam quæ sunt cunctis subiecta fidelibus.*

One good plate, containing a dozen well-selected specimens, is really more valuable to the practical numismatist than many pages of description, as it tells to the eye, above other things, what no description can ever tell, the exact state of preservation of the object depicted. The possessor of the medal may be easily induced to exaggerate the perfection of his piece; but the hand of the skilful artist will generally be found to correct and to modify this tendency. It is true, indeed, that Mr. Hobler has given a good many woodcuts—admirably executed by Mr. Fairholt—from some of his best and most curious types—but these are, interspersed through the volume, and therefore, lose much of their value, because they cannot be seen together and at one view, which is the peculiar advantage of plates of coins, as contrasted with copies of individual specimens. Mr. Hobler's work contains a record of nearly all the most remarkable coins from Cæsar Pompeius to Tiberius Constantine,—that is, for the whole period of time which may fairly be designated under the title of Imperial Rome, together with a full—and generally accurate—description of a vast number of distinct types belonging to each of the monarchs who ruled during these ages,—with a special object of illustrating, as far as possible from such records, the principal events, the life and the manners of that portion of Roman history. Nor, indeed, is the work of this kind unnecessary or devoid of considerable general interest, though the range of it is in some degree a limited one. The practice of numismatic writers has, hitherto, with some rare exceptions, been too much devoted either to mere dry catalogues or to monographs, embodying some few selected coins of one particular ruler or of some one place. Little, if any, attempt has been made in England to do for any one great class of coins what Eckhel aspired to do for all; and though Mr. Eckhel's work falls short of the range and grasp of his great predecessor, yet, as an attempt to do this in some degree for the coins of Imperial Rome, it justly deserves its meed of praise. In England we have, indeed, but few works of this kind that can in any sense be called resurables,—the best of the class by far being that of Admiral W. H. Storch, which is however limited to the largest size of copper coins, usually called by numismatists "Large or First Brass." Mr. Hobler's volumes, on the other hand, offer a detailed account of every size and form of the Roman Imperial coinage, and demonstrate that his cabinet must have considerable numismatic value, even if looked at simply as a nearly complete collection of a class of coins the majority of which are not rare. It may easily be conceived that, in such a case, value depends mainly on the completeness of the collection, and Mr. Hobler's chief success as a collector is shown by the fact, that he has been able to obtain and to arrange appropriately the few rare and scarce types that fill the intervals among the more abundant and common ones. For these reasons we think that Mr. Hobler's work will find a place among many who are not purely numismatists, and we should ourselves be glad to see an undertaking

of the same kind for many other branches of the science, of more artistic beauty and excellence, than any the Roman series can pretend to. Something of the kind has, indeed, been done in the case of the late Col. Lenke's "Numismata Hellenica,"—though we are inclined to doubt whether this work be not of too learned and too limited a character to excite an equal interest to that of the projected numismatist. There is no doubt, as Mr. Hobler has pointed out, that the consideration of a complete series of Roman coins does afford, with more truth than can be alleged of the coinage of any other nation, a clear insight into the social condition of the people, of their wealth, their acts, and of their government:—

"Starting [says he] with the rude and heavy *As*, and following the series of coins leading up to the fine types that commence with the reign of Augustus, thence tracing the series down again to the small and badly-executed coins which make their appearance in the reign of Gallienus, we have an opportunity of viewing an epoch in our civil history, the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. With but few wants, and those of the simplest character, and confined almost entirely to the necessities of eating, drinking, and fighting—for the latter was a necessity to him, and the element of his greatness—the early Roman was well content. If the treasury coffers were filled with the primitive description of money, the *As*. When luxury had increased the number of his wants, the polished Roman of the time of Augustus found in the money of his day, a more ready means of satisfying his manifold exigencies than if the primitive system of barter had still prevailed. Advancing onward to the later days of the Empire, the reckless and feverish haste in converting material into negotiable forms, or, as it may be expressed, the turning of the principal into the insignificant, of the future and its claims, is clearly shown by the slovenly and careless execution of the coinage; while the immense number still existing of the Small Brass, which then became the principal medium of circulation, points to the equal distinctness to the loss of that simplicity of which this characterised the Roman of the Consul."

Again, he remarks, that—
"as would be anticipated from the character of the people under consideration in the following pages, the greatest historic interest is centred in the military types of the different Emperors. In this respect we have ample means of testing the value of these records of Roman History, and most satisfactory is the result; for, on comparing the course of events in any one reign as depicted on the coins, with that detailed by historians, we not only find each incident corroborated, but we are also frequently introduced to particulars of a man unnoticed by the historian, who, perhaps, was biased in the view, he took of contemporaneous and misinformed on past events. Nor must the quality of this corroborative and supplementary evidence be overlooked. No errors have crept into the text of these chronicles through the carelessness, or nimis diligenter, of transcribers: we have the fact itself, simple, and, however much perturbed from the truth at the time it was implicitly recorded, at least free from false lights that might have been thrown upon it by historian or commentator, whose work would have been equally open to objection on the ground of want of veracity."

For illustration of the history of finer classes of ancient Art, it is true that Roman coins do not possess equal value with those of the Greeks. Yet, if we comprehend under the name of Roman money the coins struck, during Imperial times, by the great towns of the colonies, we have at once a series, from the study of which very interesting and important artistic results may be deduced. How much may be made out of one branch of study alone, has been recently pointed out by Prof. Donaldson, in his admirable work on "Archæologia Numismatica." We now learn that many of the best types, of which he has given representations,

were taken from the rich cabinet of Mr. Holzer. To that gentleman, therefore, is justly due the credit of having made the selection which has proved so valuable to Prof. Donaldson. Many individual facts of historical interest are recorded on the coins which have been mistaken or overlooked by ordinary historians; and, for the determination of an intricate or perplexed chronology, no evidence is so good as the dated Imperial money. Rulers who would be ready to falsify everything else,—who debased their money in the most shameful manner,—seem religiously to have placed on their coins the true dates of the transactions recorded; and this, too, in cases where the alteration of a single letter might have auto-dated or post-dated an event many years.

The domestic economy of the Empire is well shown on these coins—*as, especially, the shipping and importation of corn, the modes of transport adopted, and the conveyances used; and almost all the more ordinary implements required for domestic, agricultural, mechanical, or sacerdotal purposes, are accurately depicted.* With these we may notice the representations of arms and armour, which are generally admirable.

With regard to the actual beauty of workmanship, we are inclined to think that Mr. Holzer is willing to give a somewhat too high standard to his favourite series:—

"Such [says he] is the skill displayed in many instances by the artist, not only in the execution of the design, but in the design itself, and such is the elegance and refinement of the latter, that it is difficult to believe the artists were not brought to Rome from Greece, where alone the beauty of form was thoroughly understood and appreciated. Indeed, I would challenge a comparison of the medallions of Antoninus Pius, p. 445, Marcus Aurelius, p. 494, and Lucilla, p. 566, with any medallions of the present day, both as to beauty of design, and making a proper allowance for disparity of ages, as a specimen of die-engraving."

There is no doubt that the larger Imperial coins do show good instances of that kind of Art which is essentially Roman, just as truly as do the remains of the temples, bridges, aqueducts, and roads demonstrate the vigour and ability of the Roman mind. Still, none of the more strictly artistic Roman works bear any comparison in beauty with those of ancient Greece. Even the best Roman statues are unquestionably copies from Greek originals; moreover, were undoubtedly, in many instances, the work of Greek artists resident at Rome or in the great cities of her colonial empire.

But, if we do not agree with our author in this exalted estimate of the beauty and artistic character of his favourite Roman coins, we are quite as ready as he to acknowledge their value in many other particulars. Thus, we believe they far more correctly reflect the character of the people to whom they belong than do the coins of any other people, even than those of the Greeks. In wanting in the graces of beauty and workmanship, there is no ideal treatment to interfere and obscure truth. This is so, any one may satisfy himself who looks over a series of them with a view of studying the portraits of the Emperors. Thus, who can doubt that he sees the men as they really were, when he scans the varying lineaments of such faces as Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Domitian, or Caracalla; and that, though on a scale so reduced, the views that disgraced an Otho or a Vitellius are as manifest on the coin as on the best executed bust?

No country has, in fact, so long or so interesting a collection of individual portraits as Rome exhibits on her Imperial money. If, then, it be true that there were no other sources of interest in them beside these, such a work

as Mr. Hobler's, describing them fully, would be worthy of the labour he has bestowed upon it. He justly remarks:—

"A series of the Emperors forms a miniature portrait gallery of the greatest interest, giving in several instances the changes wrought by the finger of Time on the countenance of a man during his whole life, if not from the cradle, at least from early youth, to the period of his death. Remarkable instances of this are given in the coins of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and of his son Commodus. We are introduced to the former during the early part of Antoninus Pius, and find him represented as a beardless, curly-headed boy—we leave him a venerable old man. His son Commodus first appears before us as a youth, and, if the last portrait we have of him does not leave on our minds the idea of a man as venerable as old Marcus Aurelius, it gives us at least an accurate notion of his age at the time of his death."

When, however, Mr. Hobler adds that "the perfect resemblance of some of these portraits to the remaining busts of some of the same men, warrants the conclusion that in the majority of cases the likeness may be depended on," we are bound to say that we think he is rather putting the cart before the horse, to use a popular phrase. The fact is, with some exceptions, we have no Imperial busts to compare as portraits with those to be seen on the coins; and in many instances, but for the likenesses preserved on those small monuments, it would be absolutely impossible to determine to whom this or that bust ought to be attributed. Besides this, we have rarely any satisfactory evidence of the previous history of any of these busts; we do not know who made them—we are wholly ignorant as to the authority given for their execution; sometimes, even, we have serious reason to doubt whether they are actually contemporary with the personages they represent. Though occasionally showing an excellence of workmanship which would lead us to believe them of metropolitan manufacture, there can be no doubt that many have been made in the provinces far away from Rome, and, not infrequently, by artists who worked from a traditional rather than an actual knowledge of the features of the Emperor or Empress delineated. With respect to the coin-portraits, the case is, however, wholly different. Whether faithful representations or not, we, at least, know that they bear the stamp of authority, and that they are the portraits which the individual Emperors or the Senate ordered to be placed on the money of the Empire. They become, therefore, so many distinct standards of criticism whereby we are able to determine the character, and often the genuineness, of other portraits.

There is one additional source of interest in these Roman coins, of which we think Mr. Hobler forms a very just estimate; and this is the existence of large numbers of coins expressing the monilities and virtues ascribed to the different Emperors, and which are fully deserving of the detailed notice he has thought fit to give of them. This class has not, as he truly remarks, been "customarily admitted into an Historic Cabinet by those antiquaries who seek only for the type of an event," but they are unquestionably deserving of great attention from all who are studying the social history of the remarkable people to whom they belong. In this sense we quite agree with Mr. Hobler in thinking—

"that they are equally historical by their evincing the feelings of the Roman people towards their Emperor, when a good Prince, attending to their wants and safety, or their exultation expressed in a successful warlike being their ruler. These commemorative types may also be found on the coins of those Emperors who were of base, depraved, and

tyrannic bearing towards the people; and although the attributed virtues are direct falsehoods, yet the coins which bear their impress are historic evidences of the servile adulation of a weak and timid senate overpowered by the insolence of the soldier; who, by the large donations of an evil-disposed Emperor, were always at his command to wreak destruction on those who were obnoxious to him."

We take leave of Mr. Hobler, in the hope that the sale of his work may attest the interest the public has taken in his labours. Should the manner in which his volumes, and Capt. W. H. Smyth's unpretending notice of his "Cabinet of Large Bras," have been executed, tend to induce other gentlemen who are in possession of magnificent collections of Greek coins to do the like for their far more beautiful series, we shall rejoice in thanking Mr. Hobler and Capt. Smyth for having taken the initiative. The time is past for the old dry catalogues of the last century, which are of no use whatever but as records of the wealth of those who possess the cabinets, or for the reference of the mere numismatist. The public demand instruction, not mere lists; they want to know what story can be told by the beautiful medals the rust of ages has spared to us; what insight they give us into the character, the habits, and the occupations of the people to whom they belong. Above all, they wish to know whether, among the various devices made use of by ancient nations in the adaptation of their types to the special circumstances or the particular occasions on which they were minted, there may not be some hints of which, even in this enlightened age, we might with good reason take advantage.

The Mutinies in Rajpootana: being a Personal Narrative of the Mutiny at Nusseabad, with Subsequent Residence at Jodhpore, and Journey across the Desert into Sind, &c. By Illudus Thomas Prichard. (Parker & Son.)

Central India during the Rebellion of 1857 and 1858, &c. By Thomas Lowe. (Longman & Co.)

TURKISH works are animated by a fierce, melancholy, retributive spirit. The authors have their eyes fixed upon the stains of massacre; neither of them concedes a point in extenuation of the Indian mutinies. Nor is this, perhaps, unnatural. We do not find that Mr. Prichard or Mr. Lowe claims to speak with the authority of any very long experience: the former retired from the army in consequence of the distrust with which the events of the insurrection had inspired him; the latter reveals his sentiments by his pitiless and almost exulting record of wholesale military execution. The opinions stated, therefore, to be mainly the reflexions of personal feeling; but, apart from this, the books are of interest. No detailed narrative of the revolt in Rajpootana has been undertaken, except by Mr. Prichard, whose journal was written amid the scenes he depicts. He was not present when the greatest acts of the drama were performed; he was not at Delhi or Lucknow; but he struggled with an isolated body of Europeans from the remoteness of the Rajpoot interior, across vast stretches of desert country, into Sind. Mr. Lowe follows the columns of Sir E. B. Ross and Brigadier Stuart through the terrible central Indian campaign, and saw the war develop itself in its most dreadful form. His views are strong, and somewhat prematurely expressed; but it must be remembered that his story has all the flush and glitter of the march and the conflict, the siege and the revenge: it is the rapid current, red with human blood; it is the

passionate testimony of a man who heard and saw the worst of the Sepoy rebellion.

Mr. Prichard, prefacing his narrative by a useful general account of Rajpootana, describes the position of affairs at Nusseabad, near Ajmere, in the spring of 1857. The soldiers were already discontented, if not menacing; but the garrison turned in for the night, towards the end of May, without a notion of the dangers besetting them. The very next day the station was a heap of smoking ruins; the Europeans were driven into the jungle; the officers were distracted between thoughts of their duty and thoughts of their families. It was as yet a mystery how far the outbreak had spread; it became necessary to fly, but the writer declares he never heard of any blood being wantonly shed. Still, a night march of thirty-two miles was preferable to the chance of massacre. The ladies and children being deposited at Beawar, a party was sent on an inspecting expedition back to Nusseabad:—

"A curious scene met our eye as we entered the ruined station on Monday morning about sunrise. The first thing I noticed was the white appearance of the roads we were riding on; it looked as if it had been snowing, and the snow had left innumerable patches all over the place. We soon found that this white appearance of the ground resulted from an immense quantity of paper strewn about, chiefly private letters, taken evidently out of writing-docks and cabinets, where they had been no doubt placed with the idea of keeping them from the eye of strangers. Here was a revelation of secrets and family matters. I observed that nearly all I picked up were overland letters, and began at first collecting them with a view of returning them to the owner, who had evidently made a point of preserving them for some object, but I soon found that the attempt was vain, in my overburdening myself, for I could have collected a donkey-load in half an hour, and by evening should have required a camel to carry the product of my day's gleanings. The houses were mostly blackened ruins; the compounds, like the roads, strewn with papers, notes, letters, private official, fragments of books; the ditches round most of the compounds, too, were quite full of papers, and what chiefly attracted my attention, was the immense quantity of music lying about. Trashy stuff, I dare say, as old music generally is, but had I chosen to collect it, I could have laid in a stock that would have put most regimental bandmasters in ecstasies."

Mr. Prichard is harsh in his criticisms of public men; but the time is not yet come for settling the thousand and one political and personal questions arising out of the Indian mutiny. It is agreeable to find, in the midst of so many dreary episodes, the description of a general welcome accorded to an Englishman at Mairat:—

"The rumour of an English traveller having arrived at first attracted a small crowd under the shade of the gateway, which situation was exactly opposite to the rickety, airy position I occupied, to gaze at me. By and by, it reached the ears of the magnates of the place—most likely Akhal Sing went and told them—and I had a visit from one of the kotwals, or native magistrates. This man had been at Ajmere some time before, where I had accidentally met him in the quarters of the fort commandant, and though we had not on that occasion exchanged a syllable (and he was a sulky-looking fellow with thought, he appeared overjoyed to see me). Mairat was honoured by my presence, he was proud; his brother, the khikan or head man of the place, was proud; the moonshoes and writers were proud; all that they possessed was at my disposal, the resources of Mairat should be ransacked to supply my wants; and first of all I should be 'shampooed.' Now, shampooing is a process against which I have always entertained perhaps a very foolish prejudice. The idea of a native standing over one, clawing, and pawing, and muddling with one's limbs and muscles, is a thing I

passages, which may, like the flash of a policeman's "bull's eye," throw a little light upon the perplexed condition of affairs which precede it.—The prisoners were not discharged; they were remanded to prison. Lord Aylmer, Mr. Deering, and Capt. Neville proceeded to London, and asserted themselves assiduously to procure a pardon for all. In a few days afterwards the Third was proclaimed in London, there was a gay procession in the streets of Chancery; the prison gates were unbarred; there was a cavalcade from the prison to the church, where a marriage ceremony was performed, and the union of two true hearts, partly politics, partly policy, a French conspiracy, an insurrection, masked balls, ruined abbays, mysterious meetings, beautiful young ladies, fortune-tellers, sorcerers, highwaymen, dead people coming to life years afterwards, Papists, Protestants, Tories, Jacobins, priests, all mixed in the confused tumult of the story, though what the mysteries, public and private, are about, no reader will ever find out. The style is awkward, feeble, and unreal; and with all the multiplicity of plots and ingredients of romance, "The Nevilles and the Forestons" is a book utterly unavailing for any mortal in search of amusement. We have not read so bad a novel, on the whole, for a long time.

The Two Household's; or, Passages in the Life of Barbara Ramsey. A Novel. By Terence Devlin. 2 vols. (Newby).—This novel is written with a certain omniscience which carries both author and reader over many absurdities. A moment's consideration would admonish them, in the words of the epitaph, "to stop and think before you further go;" the author would have drawn bridle, and the reader have drawn breath, and the first volume would have been left uncompleted. As it is, the novel is unfinished. It consists of two fragments of two distinct stories, connected by means of the heroine, who removes out of one into the other, leaving both only half told. In both parts the reader has drawn breath, and the materials are well chosen and well put together into shape. Incidents seem to melt in the hands of the author, and all the scenes, properties, and people fall into more than dream-like uncertainty and indistinctness. Mr. Mensteth, the husband and villain of the first part, after putting his wife into a madhouse (she is a suffering angel, but by no means a sane one), brings her out again with as little reason as he put her in—oligists he took to work for him, to wait on him, to loathe him, and to live in bodily fear of him, believing, as she does, that he is not only a villain but a murderer. She does nothing, only exclaims in complaints to a female friend, the Barbara Ramsey, who tells the story of her wrongs. They talk "in the Eccles vein," and a rational-minded prose reader would conclude that the highest reason for any more practical end in life than that of the hero's, lies against every post that they could find. That portion of the story ceases suddenly.—Mrs. Mensteth dies—the reader's suspicions are roused that the demon husband commits one more murder, though nothing is proved. Everybody who has been mentioned in the book dies, except Barbara Ramsey, who survives to go into another household, and the husband, the demon aforesaid, who vanishes in a paroxysm of remorse, and goes whither nobody knows whither. The second portion is more fragmentary and abrupt than the former, and is brought up by a fatal accident. The survivors go off in a travelling carriage; and what is the end of Barbara Ramsey nobody is told. The whole work is as vague as an ill-executed photograph. It is evident that the author had aspirations, which she has been powerless to express; a child's first efforts at drawing, the hand has been unskilled and ineffectual. The author of "The Two Household's" has, however, an amount of faculty which bears cultivation would turn to good effect. She has failed in the present work, but she also has given promise of better things.

Who shall be Duchess or, the New Lord of Dur-

leigh. 2 vols. (Saunders & Otley).—We once thought that we had read a novel the day when Anne of Swaneau was the Muse of the *Misera Fress*, in which a worthy pastor and his wife, sitting at the door of their rural vicarage, discomfited of their ways and means and the increasing waste of those growing angels, their sons and their daughters, whose life was anxious, but the pastor we recollect, bid her be of good cheer, for that Providence would provide for them. Scarcely had he done speaking, when a crash was heard,—a travelling chariot had broken down, exactly opposite to their gate, the occupant, a young nobleman of useful wealth, had broken his head or his arm (we forget which); but he was straightway carried into the pastor's house, where he was, of course, sent by the Providence of the novelist to fall in love with one of the daughters, to make her a marchioness and her father a duke, and the present story, which begins by asking the interesting and momentous question, "Who shall be Duchess?" is much in the same style as the old friend of our infancy. A young nobleman disguises himself to have the chance of being "loved for himself alone," and the novel is a collection of all conceits in the story, and ripples the ocean of his true love with charmingly artificial obstacles, over which he leaps very gracefully and gallantly. All ends well at last; the story looks as if it had all been modelled in the sugar of a wedding-cake or written to the laughter of fifty superfluous valets. The tale is absurd from one end of it to the other; but it is told with all the good faith of a romantic school, who believes in lovers and everlasting felicity.

Katherine Morris: an Autobiography. By the Author of "Step by Step." (Barton, Walker & Co.).—Katherine Morris is an American story, written with good sense and good feeling. We have been much pleased with it; for although there is little story, so far as plot is concerned, yet it is a true-looking history of the struggle of a high-spirited, unprincipled young girl to become wise and good. She has to go out into the world as a governess; and though it may be that governesses are in a somewhat different position in America than with us, still, making every allowance, there is an honest and a true history of her life, and this portion of the heroine's experience which may be recommended to the sisterhood in England,—who, in this work, will find something greatly to their advantage, if they can profit by it. "Katherine Morris" is neither an amusing nor a romantic story; but there is a certain element of human interest in it which will secure the attention of the reader.

All Right: an Old Maid's Tale. (Blackwood).—"All Right" bears its moral on the face of it. We confess to being very weary of interesting young heroines, born in easy circumstances, obliged, by sudden misfortune, to leave the sweet home of their childhood, sell their pony-chaise, and go out into the world as governesses, till, by dint of discipline, they become

Two wise and good
For human nature's daily food.

They are either married to some lowly such as Sir Cresswell Cresswell never believe a husband made of, or some fatal accident comes to spoil their lives, and they are left with a broken heart full of the precious jewels that are said to lie in the head of adversity or of a tomb.—We are not strong in the facts of Natural History. At any rate, if this heroine is not made happy, she must all the more go to the dogs, for being miserable; and the reader is left in doubt whether a dead lover is not better than a living husband. 'All Right' is a well-meaning story. It is perfectly harmless; and some readers better off for patience and many other virtues than we are, may read the book and be thankful.

The Cheviots: a Tale. By M. S. Birkinhead. (Simpkin & Marshall).—This is a story written, we should imagine, by a young person,—a first attempt, full of enthusiasm, the author herself being one of her own most interested readers.—There is no certain faith and freshness about both book and author, which have a charm to disarm sober criticism. Some of the incidents are amusing

and well told—there is a great variety of character; and the novel is not particularly like the people of real life and human nature; still, as authors of real life and human nature are in question, the fiction is all of a piece,—the reader feels that he is reading a tale like one of the good, old-fashioned stories of the days of his youth, and is rather thankful that criticism, the most powerful of enemies, is not at hand, and the author has evidently done her best to give both a tale and a moral. It is, we perceive, published by subscription, and for once subscribers will have a book worth their money.

Just Dorothy's Will: a Novel. 2 vols. (Marbrough & Co.).—Aunt Dorothy's Will is a very common-place story,—common place both in style and in incident,—we have read worse tales with more pleasure. The events are huddled together, and come to pass like changes in a pantomime; the most wonderful webs of villainy are woven and unravelled out in a hasty and quick way which is very independent of time and space. The false heir to an estate ousts the true owner, and is, in his turn, deposed with scarcely more explanation than would be required for borrowing an umbrella while the hostess and marrying a man, and a little murdering, to say the least, of forgery, fatal accidents, and fire,—spring up like mushrooms. There is no lack of incidents, but they are not elaborated with either care or skill: the conversations are flat and long-winded. There is a want of interest and favouring in the whole work, which will, we imagine, leave most readers in a dissatisfied frame of mind.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Queen and Princess of France. By George White, M.C.P. (Dolman).—"The practice of remarkable virtues and the suffering of severe trials have ever commanded the esteem and sympathy of all men; but when those qualities are united in persons of high birth and gentle sex our interest is doubly excited."—By such a promise the reader will be naturally prepared for a lead-roll telling the virtues of the *Citizades, Bathildes*, and other canonized French royal ladies, who sail their prayers, who worked their historical tapestry, and who were maltrated by *the Bad* that is in the world, and who saved the world, and reaped all such villains as they did not like, in the dark or the twilight age.—But who, after Mr. White's preamble, could have expected to find among the blessed and lamented women—Mary of Scotland! Such facts prove the book to be a sectarian production, addressed to those by whom Mary Stuart has been, as an act of faith, represented as an angel put to death by a rival demon-queen. In all such productions facts are thrown overboard. Menzies was not only self-sacrificing, but chaste, and on account of her chastity canonized (according to Mr. White's time)—Ninon de l'Enclos may have been a spinster as immaculate as Mdlle. de Scuderi,—Madame du Barry (as we have been lately instructed) a glorious and worshipful heroine.—It is hardly, at this time, a very judicious as well as a bad book, but it is a book that is well worth reading, whether for Lutheran or for Romanist.

Country Cottages: a Series of Designs for an Improved and Enlarged Class of Dwelling for Agricultural Labourers. By John Vincent, Architect. (Spott.)—Of Mr. Vincent's introductory essay on the condition of agricultural labourers in different parts of England we cannot speak in terms of praise. His pictures, drawn from the columns of the Times for 1844, are not truthfully representative of the state of affairs in 1840. The sufferings of our rural poor in the years immediately preceding the repeal of the Corn Laws were cruel in the extreme; but at the present time the peasantry of Norfolk and Suffolk would smile at being told that "they enjoy a state of wretchedness better than the broad Mr. Vincent's survey of Maltha's opinions relative to population seems to us also to be some-

city" some ten years ago,—has now raised his collection to the number of 2,500 or 3,000 volumes; and he is about to print a Catalogue of them, as a contribution—and by no means an unimportant one—to Welsh Bibliography. The books may be classified generally, as (1) works on Wales and its border counties, (2) works in Welsh, and (3) works by Welshmen and natives of the border counties. But the Catalogue will be arranged under the three divisions of works published before 1800; those published in the first half of the present century; and those published since 1850. The reviewer, which, by your courtesy, I would prefer to librarians and collectors of books coming under any one of the three classes mentioned above, are that they would be so good as to communicate to Mr. Salisbury the titles of any such works as they may possess,—which are not so common as certainly to be found in any Welsh library,—in full, and, if possible, accompanied by some brief description, especially if published abroad; and that, if they have duplicates, they would obligingly indicate the fact, and their willingness to part with them by exchange, or on any other terms. I need not point out the value of a Catalogue like this; but I may say, that the knowledge and determination which my friend has brought to the performance of his self-imposed task are such as to be to me a satisfactory assurance that his Catalogue will be,—and particularly so if he obtains the aid which I have requested,—a most important addition to British bibliography.

"I have, &c. B. B. WOODWARD."

The Royal Library at Berlin has published in the Government papers a list of the acquisitions it made and procured it received in the course of last year. Among them the Scharnhoff and Fischhof Collections take the first place. The Scharnhoff collection of maps, which the late General, during his stay in almost all countries of Europe, had amassed with love and care, consists of 16,000 numbers; it was always Scharnhoff's lively wish to see them placed in the Royal Library. They were purchased by order of the King; completed by the Kloden Collection, which contained 10,108 numbers; and after having been kept for a time in the Castle of Bellevue, they were at last removed, and united with the Royal collection of maps in the northern wing of the building. The yearly amount of 500 thalers has been fixed for the increase of this important branch of the Library. The second valuable acquisition is the musical collection of the late Professor at the Conservatory at Vienna, Joseph Fischhof; it consists of 3,978 numbers, mostly pieces which the Royal Library did not possess before, and which complete the Royal Collections in the most desirable manner.

We hear from Dresden that the composer, Herr Richard Wagner, has been favoured by a conditional amnesty from the King of Saxony. Herr Wagner may return to Germany, with the only exception of Saxony. The King's pardon, then, consists in not requiring the other German States to deliver the culprit up to him, in case he should be found living in one of them. This news has been despatched to Paris, where Herr Wagner now lives. Liberal as the act of pardon may seem, it is more than the Prussian Government has done. Nevertheless, Saxony seems to have the precedence in its cruelty to political prisoners. The disclosures that have lately been made by the book of Herr Oelskers, one of the state prisoners recently released, are very painful, and come very near to the Naples state of things, all events, leaving far behind the sufferings of Silvio Pellico. Where, then, we may ask, is the humanizing effect of scholarship? The King is a scholar, and has transmitted Dante.

The following is of interest, probably, to many of our readers:—

"St. Burton Street, Duxton Common, August 6.
"As a notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of this month, 'that the Congress of the Société Française d'Archéologie will meet this year at Dunelm, from the books of *Ages and Ages* it is to be inferred, may lead many archaeologists into error, and disappoint them of being present at the discussions which will take place, interesting to Englishmen particularly, on the subject of Caesar's Expedition

into Britain, and an investigation of the localities to fix the point of his departure. I beg to state that my official invitation from the Secretary General, M. l'abbé Le Petit, specifies the days of meeting from the 16th to the 23rd inclusive of the month of August at the Hotel de la Halle, at Dunkirk. Persons exhibiting cards of membership pay only half fare going or returning by the railroads of *l'Ouest* or *du Nord*.
"Yours, &c. WILLIAM BELL, Ph.D."

The poem in praise of the late Prince Jerome, which was given as a task of rhetoric in the Paris schools, has produced a sort of strike among the pupils, many of whom refused to recite it. It is said a good deal of the poor lads, to the praise of one who certainly was not a saint.

The Crownshild Collection of Books and MSS., the major part of which was consigned from Boston, U.S., for sale in this country, has been dispersed by auction by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. The sale attracted a numerous attendance of students, as well as of the book trade, many of the latter holding commissions from the principal European and American Libraries. Of the books which were of peculiar interest to Transatlantic collectors, few fell to their share, their commissions being outbid by the English amateurs. So large a number of sumptuous bindings by modern English bookbinders has not for years appeared in an auction, and the choicer specimens, especially those by Bedford, Riviere, and Pratt, were eagerly competed for. Amongst the more remarkable lots in the sale were:—Audubon's *Quadrupeds of North America*, 3 vols., 70*l.*;—Beacon's *Advancement of Learning*, King Charles the First's copy, with some autograph notes by him, 34*l.*;—Dibdin's *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, with additional illustrations, bound in 8 vols., 57*l.*;—Other works of Dr. Dibdin produced high prices, *The Decameron*, 24*l.*, 10*s.*;—*Tour in France and Germany*, 14*l.*, 15*s.*;—*Northern Tour*, large paper, 14*l.*, 5*s.*;—*Rehobad for an Oliver*, 6*l.*, 6*s.*;—*The Letter of Columbus*, giving his account of the Discovery of America, 1493, a tract of four leaves, brought 30*l.*, 10*s.*;—*A Catalogue of Caricatures from an early date*, bound in 12 vols., 62*l.*;—*The Chronicles of England*, and *The Description of Britain*, as printed by London, bound in 12 vols., not quite perfect, but of an edition of which no perfect copy is known, 18*l.*;—*Chancer's Works*, folio, 152*l.*, 15*s.*;—*A complete set of Hulsin's Collection of Voyages and Travels*, original editions, in 27 vols., small quarto, 154*l.*—1850, 385*l.*;—*Galerie Royale de Dresde*, 2 vols., 84*l.*;—*Galerie de Florence et du Palais Pitti*, 4 vols., 24*l.*, 10*s.*;—*Hakluyt's Voyages*, 4 vols., 15*l.*, 10*s.*;—*Hakluyt's Polychronicon*, printed by Wynken de Worde, 1465, 21*l.*, 10*s.*;—*A Series of Les Casas's Relations of Transactions with the Indians*, 1542, 13*l.*, 15*s.*;—*A rare tract by Mathieu de Crevin, printed by Gutenberg*, 1459, 12*l.*, 10*s.*;—*Shakespeare's Poems*, 1640, 16*l.*;—*Bible*, Cranner's Version, printed by Whitechurch, 1550 (the first edition of the "Great Bible" in quarto form), 65*l.*;—*Bible*, 1559, first edition of Cranner's Bible, 46*l.*;—*Strutt's Dictionary of Engravings*, 1793, 10*l.*;—*A collection of 1,000 additional drawings*, and bound in 38 vols., 68*l.*;—*Purchase's Pilgrims*, a collection of early Voyages and Travels, 5 vols., 1625-6, 65*l.*;—*Bible*, Coverdale's Translation, 1635, 96*l.*;—*Thomas Aquinas, De Articulis Fidei*, a tract of a few leaves supposed to be printed by Gutenberg, 1459, 10*l.*;—*Statuta's History of Virginia*, and *Travels*, 1627-30, 31*l.*;—*A Collection of Drawings*, made by the late Lieut.-Col. Hamilton Smith, of every conceivable subject, natural history, ethnology, antiquities, archaeology, costume, &c., amounting to about 15,000 in number, was knocked down at 500*l.*

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTER, and a Collection of BRITISH ARTISTS, IS OPEN FROM 10 O'CLOCK TO 5 O'CLOCK. Catalogue by GEORGE NICHOL, Secretary.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S Picture of "THE FINDING of the SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," commenced in January, 1858, is NOW ON VIEW at the GALLERY, 106, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1*s.*

MILLE ROSA BONIFER'S Pictures of SCENES IN SCOTLAND, SPAIN, AND FRANCE, are NOW ON VIEW at the GALLERY, 106, New Bond Street, from a Private Collection.—Admission, 1*s.*

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 15, Pall Mall.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the French and Flemish Artists of the French and Flemish schools, including Flemish and French artists of the 17th and 18th centuries, is NOW ON VIEW.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 6*d.* Open from 10 till 5.

NEW OPEN—15, PALL MALL.—UPPER ROOM.—EXHIBITION OF ORIGINAL ANCIENT PICTURES of the Italian, French, Spanish, and Flemish schools, from a Private Collection.—Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 6*d.*

WASHINGTON FRIENDS' GRAND MEETING and LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT, entitled "Two Hours of INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSE OF SLAVERY," will be held at 4 o'clock, and 8 o'clock, daily at Three and Eight o'clock, respectively, W. B. EDWARDS, Dr. James's Hall, Finsbury.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND ART.—Open daily from Twelve to Half-past Four, and from Seven to Half-past Nine, at the Theatre of the Royal Academy of Music and Exhibition, open daily from 10 till 5.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 6*d.* Open from 10 till 5.

SCIENCE

Archæia; or, Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D. (Montreal, Dawson & Son; London, Low & Co.)

At the mere mention of the Hebrew Cosmogony a whole Synagogue of interpreting and reconciling Rabbins rises up to our recollection. Doctors Buckland, Chalmers, Pye Smith, Harris, Hitechock, and King, plain Hugh Miller, and a scholastic Kurtz, with half-dozen others, start up, and claim our attention; not to mention those who never mentioned themselves, but were happily anonymous. Some of those named attracted much notice in their day, and still maintain a respectable position in relation to this subject. Others speedily sank into oblivion, particularly those of the earliest days, being overweighted either by their rigid theology or their cumbersome geography. Some overlaid their judgment with Hebrew lore, and of such it may be sung—

The Hebrew roots are seldom found;
To flourish, save in barren ground;
Through slowly planted, and with toil,
They overman and starve the soil.

Others had so little sound geology that it lay like a dried plant upon the leaves of all leaves of their theological folios. There were those, too, who conceived they had but to take the volumes of Inspiration and Nature, and to transpose their pages, so as to force them to read and correspond in parallel columns. No natural contention of the strata themselves equals the artificial contortions which they have suffered at the hands of writers whose proofs prove little more than that Genesis and Geology have the same letters.

We have, however, a very different kind of publication before us now. Amidst so much that is crude, and merely compiled, it is refreshing to meet with an author who has reflected deeply, and observed as well as read fully, before he has put forward his pages in print. He may not arrive at his sixth or seventh thousand, but he will be remembered, and perhaps read, when incompetent writers have been forgotten. Who, for instance, now thinks of opening Young's "Scriptural Geology"? or who now heeds a deceased Dean of York's foolish fulminations against the geologists? But the late Dean of Westminster's books will always be held in honour by the men of the cloister and the men of the quarry, even though the latter have advanced

in knowledge beyond their early tutor, and can now read the Mosaic Record under fuller light than that which shone upon the accomplished Orion.

Dr. Dawson, who "rolls the psalm to wintry skies" in Canada, and is chiefly known amongst ourselves by his 'Acadian Geology,' announces that this work is "the result of a series of exegetical studies of the first chapter of Genesis, in connexion with the numerous incidental references to nature and creation in other parts of the Holy Scriptures." He intends also that it shall afford "geologists, and the readers of geological works, a digest of the cosmozoological theories to be found in the Hebrew Scriptures, when treated strictly according to the methods of interpretation proper to such documents, but with the actual state of geological science full in view," and, while he has availed himself of all the critical and expository helps within his reach, "he has trusted principally to a careful comparison, in the original, of all the Scriptural references to every fact and term in question." Nor has the proponent of this design failed to work it out with diligence and argument. The proper and satisfactory treatment of this subject demands far more knowledge of natural science than many have thought, and involves the consideration of great and frequent difficulties. No man will, we think, maintain a firm and lasting eminence in relation to it who does not set out with the deeply-rooted conviction that both records, the Scriptural and the Geological, are true,—both equally true,—both designed for man's instruction, and both capable of mutual illustration and confirmation. To dread or despise one in order to protect or exalt the other is equally unwise and unphilosophical. To say that they cannot be reconciled is unwarrantable; to affirm that they are really reconciled by any man is, perhaps, presumptuous. Yet the learned and good men who have thought and spoken in this direction have not laboured in vain, as the present volume will show. Much that was once put forth as hostile to Genesis has now been entirely demolished. Geology has been welcomed as an invaluable friend where it was dreaded as a secret foe. Astronomy has added its friendly observations and celestial light; and Ethnology is continually confirming, instead of confuting, the earliest testimony concerning the earliest pair of human beings. It is undeniable that the first passages of the Biblical cosmogony are obscure. Its first words seem to sound forth indistinctly from their archaic remoteness, but the rays of modern science have invaded the mysterious gloom of incalculable ages. Characters formerly regarded as undecipherable are now distinctly legible, and from the strong and abounding confusions already obtained by the researches of naturalists, no man need fear for a well-grounded faith, if only he will bring it to the light of science, or bring the light of science to it, and rest in the confidence that the discrepancies of to-day may be supplanted by the corroborations of to-morrow.

Geology has often been charged with being changeful, and, therefore, unworthy for Biblical exegesis. Yet it is only changeful, as is all science which is progressive. Its goal in one year is its starting-place in the next. Its progress is rapid, but it is (at least in our land) towards Revelation. This is the more noteworthy as it does not aim at this point. By its entirely different course it arrives at the same resting-place. Besides, if Geology be changeful, what is to be said of Biblical exegesis itself? The very schools of natural orthodoxy produce as living leaders Prof.

Baden Powell and Dr. Passy, Messrs. Jovett and Maurice and Mannel. No five of our equally eminent geologists will so differ on stones as these chryseum do in sermons. They are notoriously wide asunder as the theological poles, while geologists are fairly at one on most of the main principles of their science. Heterodox geologists are the exceptions. To-day we have but one, Darwin, and his reception as a theorist is far from flattering. A glance at the recent Addresses of the Presidents of the Geological Society will show that they tend to unity, and that they all treat Revelation, when touched upon at all, with becoming reverence. Can you conceive he found in our theological colleges? The very best charge they should bring against geologists is that they are not agreed. Let us hope that the impulse given to these studies by the Burdett Coutts geological scholarships, just founded at Oxford, will lead to a better understanding and a broader view of the testimony of this witness to the truth.

Divines seem very much to have overlooked the theological value of geology. From this ground might be delivered some of the most striking and interesting of all the sermons to be found in stones. The present needs of living men give the fullest significance to many of the old transitions and accumulations of the earth's strata. The column is less in erecting, but man is its capital. Forebodings of his approach are to be discerned along the whole line of the geological changes. In him centre the special ends for which there are so many marvellous contrivances. Monstrous and minute creatures abounded in the ancient seas, and in Old World shores, but they have passed utterly out of being, and are known only by exhumation,—only in their sepulchral tablets. Man, however, though later than all, has outlived them all. He is never to pass out of existence. All the complexions of the great system of Life are perishable, except its culminating creature. He stands imperishable upon accumulated sepulchres. This latest birth of creative time shall witness the end of time. Yet, apart from the Inspired Record, he knows nothing of the past, except by its wrecks and ruins. Geology is his sole teacher here. Did he listen reverently to all it reveals, he would find it a monitor—and, in part, a prophet. Did he conjoin it with Revelation, he would learn from these two friendly witnesses that, while reverence and reticence characterize him, he has nothing to fear from the march of terrestrial change. Earth has been most wonderfully prepared as the grand floor of his temple, and the hand that raised this floor upon the central foundations of the globe is slowly but surely rearing the majestic superstructure. To be indifferent to the testimony of the past is to be indifferent to the intimations of the future. The worthiest worshippers in the completed temple, and the most willing, will be those who have loved to trace the one connected, slowly evolving, but never-halting, design which Natural Science unveils to be the governing idea of the grand terrestrial unity.

To detail Dr. Dawson's views would be beyond our province and our limits. We can only intimate some topics on which he holds somewhat advanced opinions, as compared with earlier writers. He adopts the hypothesis of long periods, in place of natural or civil days, for the course of Creation, and thus the whole series of fossiliferous rocks belong to the fifth and six days; and the early plant-creation to the third day; while, for the great physical changes of the fourth day, Geology has nothing as yet to

show, except a mass of metamorphosed Azoic rocks, which have hitherto yielded no fossils. The creation of the sixth day comprises all herbivorous mammals, a variety of terrestrial reptiles not included in the work of the previous day, and the carnivorous mammals. This corresponds with the tertiary era of Geology, and it must also introduce the existing mammals and Man. The seventh day of Genesis is the period of human history. From this outline it may be readily apprehended how far Genesis and Geology are presumed to be synchronous. The doctrine of local centres of groups of species is ingeniously introduced, to account for the contemporaneous existence of carnivorous and predaceous animals with happy and innocent man; the group of man's centre of creation being harmless and innoxious.

Collateral topics are treated of in the course of the arguments coincident with or arising out of the creative days; particularly the unity and antiquity of man, which is carefully discussed within moderate limits. The appendices, even when more condensed, contain some interesting pages relating to science. That on the development of scientific forms by natural law, is excellent, and is anticipative of Mr. Darwin's recent book, which it is clear Dr. Dawson will read with entire dissent. He is also no friend to supposed tertiary races of men,—as pre-Adamites; nor is he convinced by the arguments of the flint-finders in its columns of the necessity of greatly antedating the human period. He finds fatal defects in the evidence, and affirms that the observers have not taken into consideration the effects of intense frost in splitting flinty and jaspery stones—that "it is easy to find, among the debris of the jasper reefs of Nova Scotia, abundance of ready-made arrow-heads and other weapons," and that there is every reason to believe that the Indians and, perhaps, also, the original Celts, found and found those naturally split stones, which gave them the least trouble in the manufacture. To these the savage usually adds a little polishing, or notching, or other adaptation; and this seems to be wanting in the greater part of the specimens from Abbeville." But Dr. Dawson speaks not as an eye-witness, and only as a reader of our columns.

We heartily commend this book to intelligent and thoughtful readers; it will not suit others. Its tone throughout is good, while as much is condensed in this one volume as will be required by the general student. Those who will take pains to master it will be grateful to the author for his labours. We are glad that he "has found in Montreal a house sufficiently enterprising to undertake the risk of publication." This fact speaks well for Science in Canada.

SOCIETIES.

ASTRONOMICAL.—**JUNE 8.**—The Rev. R. Main, President, in the chair.—S. Gorton, F. Abbott, and L. P. Casella, were elected Fellows.—**Résumé aux Observations présentées par M. Adame sur différents Objets divers, contenu en Théorie de l'Association du moyen Mouvement de la Lune,** par M. G. de Pontécoulant.—**On the Importance of making Observations on Thermal Radiation during the coming Eclipse of the Sun,** by William Thomson.—**On certain Babylonian Observations of the Planet Venus,** by the Rev. Dr. Hincks.—**Comparison of Borchardt's and Hansen's Lunar Tables with the Greenwich Observations from 1547 to 1856,** by G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal.—**Results of Meridianal Observations of Small Planets;** **Observations of a Star by the Moon;** and **Phenomena of Jupiter's Satellites;** observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in

Payne Knight wrote the Preface to the Catalogue. Most of the succeeding Exhibitions of the "Old Masters" possessed some leading or distinctive character. Among them may be particularised the following years:—

1814. Works of Gainsborough, Hogarth, Wilson, and Zoffani.—1815. Van Dyck's masterpiece of "King Charles on the Dun Horse" (the picture was on its way from the Edinburgh House to Blenheim).—1816. Two of Raphael's cartoons, 'The Miraculous Draught,' and 'Paul Preaching'.—1817. Two more cartoons, the 'Ananias,' and the 'Phylas'.—1818. Two more cartoons, 'The Beautiful Gales,' and 'Charles's Charge to Peter'.—1819. The remaining cartoon, of 'The Sacrifice at Lystra'.—1820. A collection of Historical Portraits.—1822. Bonnetman's Copies of the Four Pictures by Raphael at Madrid.—1826-7. All the pictures collected by George IV. in Carlton House. The exhibition was repeated the following year.—1830. The Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—1833. Selections from the Works of Reynolds, West, and Lawrence.—1838. De la Roche's two large pictures of 'Lord Stafford going to Execution,' and 'King Charles insinuating the Gunpowder Plot'.—1840. A Selection of the Works of W. Hilton.—1842. The Works of Sir David Wilkie.—1846. A Collection of Historical Portraits.—1847. The Collection of the Marquis of Bute, from Luton House.—1848. Remarkable as first introducing the older and more formal pictures of the Italian School.—1849. The Collection of the Earl of Yarborough, from his town residence.—1850. The Collection of the Earl of Yarborough, removed from Appledramme.—1851. Lord Carlisle's Mabuse and 'The Three Marins'; Lord Suffolk's 'Rabotier,'—an extensive and well-selected collection well worthy of the importance of the year and the vast influx of foreigners who visited London for the great Hyde-Park Exhibition.

Such are some of the leading facts culled from this serviceable little volume. The writer, who states his acquaintance and connection with the establishment for a long series of years, has certainly shown great care and considerable judgment in the employment of very extensive materials. His short biographies, begun in the last number, are exceedingly acceptable. The following general remarks we adopt from his Preface:—"The works of British artists that have been exhibited in this gallery amount to the number of 25,150, and the value of pictures sold by the artists during the whole course of the Institution amounts to 150,000*l*. The number of pictures by deceased masters borrowed for the various Exhibitions, since 1813, is no less than 7,653." Let us hope that the coming Exhibition of the "Old Masters" may be more creditable than the last. Bad pictures with distinguished owners will naturally find excellent places; and works also which, although very indifferent in themselves, have acquired an undesired fame and notoriety, will command similar advantages. Cases like these have rather a beneficial effect, inasmuch as they lead to severe scrutiny in good light, under claims to distinction, fall ever after to their merited level. But it is indeed a bad sign when pictures of very inferior merit, without either celebrity or distinguished ownership, as we now see, are allowed to occupy prominent places. It argues inefficiency in the managing powers, and will seriously diminish future interest and confidence in the proceedings of the Institution. Better have very few and very select pictures than a great crowd of fine frames and unworthy canvases. The taste for Art is surely now sufficiently raised to warrant the suggestion, even as a money speculation.

NEW PAINTED GLASS.

HAVING lately looked at a good deal of new painted glass at home and abroad, and as the decoration is increasingly in request, by way of memorial as well as of beautification—some fancies on the subject strung together may not be wholly useless. It is curious to see how certain colours prevail in modern church windows as fashionably as in haberdashers' shops. While the old ruby seems hardly attainable, save in one or two specimens

from Dresden,—while the other primitive colours, which said Saint or Bishop or Patriarch stand out so gloriously at the end of the side aisle, or aloft beneath the vault, seem avoided—whether from economy (it cannot surely be chemical ignorance) or false taste who shall say?—everywhere—whether the church be Sainte Chotilde at Paris or the very striking Central Church at a little village in the north, in rogue, which gives the show abstinence and parsimony destructive of its purpose and real character.—The paper decorations improved to cover and to cheer the naked, cold windows of *Notre Dame de Paris*, on the occasion of the christening of the *Prince Imperial*, looked as salutary and as harmonious as many of the recent contributions intended for perpetuity (Republicanism and Puritanism permitting) which have been lately placed.—Particularly was I struck with this by the Munich west window of the carefully restored Cathedral of Glasgow. Into the glass of this, 1,600*l*. of good Scottish money have been mangled; yet the effect is poor and pretty—chilling, rather than enriching the austere nave of a very grand church, to deck which the glow of Autumn, not the rainy and capricious tints of April, are required. There is to be glass everywhere in Glasgow Cathedral. Even the Barony of Leith Kirk, which was one of the most solemn crypts before Scott's genius haunted its heavy columns, with their concealing shadows—by that interview in his 'Rob Roy' is in progress of adornment, since the modern men and women of Glasgow—while still stoutly Presbyterian—have no fear of the protests of an *Andrew Fairbairn* or a *Jenny Geddes*.—Windows are already in the crypt, by artists of Edinburgh, Munich, Dresden, Brussels. Those from the three low mentioned are the best. The Munich specimens, however correctly made in design (as is the fashion of Munich quasi-religious art), are thin and laid in colour; overlone with the grasshopper-green abroad. What has made Bavaria so dead to the spirit of its old glaziers, that it is to be glass everywhere at Nuremberg?—From Brussels, with a warmer fancy intended, we get too constant a repetition of those foxy flesh tints, which seem to form the new Belgian fixed idea of human colour, and are for ever to be found in the paintings of De Vries, and other painters, and their pupils, and for this there is no warrant in the famous Low-Country windows—neither in those by Van der Weide in the Cathedral at Brussels, though these contain too much *grisaille* in rock-work and architectural backgrounds,—still less in the splendid 'Knebelth speich' at Gouda.—In the Edinburgh specimens an ungracious dull grey prevails,—and all these windows, with all their different humours, tend to destroy in each other such charm as might be given by any one individuality repeating itself so as to compose a unity. The impression made is one of patchiness and contradiction—of private self assertion rather than private judgment. When will it be understood that no "Master of Works," carefully selected, is better than the most skillful-humble Committee: provided that each member of the Committee of co-operation, that he may leave a little print of his own stubborn finger in the pie?

C.

FINE-ART GOSPEL.—The success of the exhibition of Mr. Holman's "The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple" now in the German Gallery, has been signal. We understand the receipts from admissions alone have almost repaid to Mr. Gambart the whole of the purchase money. The reluctance of the public for the engraving of this picture is unusually large. A committee of gentlemen of Manchester wished to purchase, some time since, this work for their contemplated Fine Arts Gallery in that city. Mr. Gambart, we are informed, offered it to them for the original price, 3,000*l*.; he was willing to forego 500*l*. of this sum, as his own subscription towards the carrying out of the most desirable object of establishing a splendid gallery in the city whose leading inhabitants are patrons of the art of the very noblest scale. The Government, through the Department of Science and Art, does a good thing towards the encouragement of High Art, by the establishment of itinerant

Museums and Galleries of Art, and by subsidising the National Galleries of Edinburgh and Dublin. The advantage of establishing such collections in large provincial cities being admitted, there can be no doubt that a wealthy place like Manchester ought to possess, by whatever means, a Gallery of Art, worthy of the distinguished position it holds in the Art world. We do not think this praiseworthy motto could be so allowed to issue or remain incomplete. Mr. Gambart's offer was only clogged with the condition,—a most reasonable one, indeed,—that he should retain Mr. Holman Hunt's picture until the completion of the engraving, for the privilege of which he pays, in addition to the 3,000*l*. before stated, 2,500*l*.

The sum of 1,600*l*., which appeared on the estimates for two statues of British Sovereigns, was withdrawn on Friday week, after an animated discussion between various members, on the policy and taste of erecting a statue to Oliver Cromwell, the expense of a series of statues, as proposed, and the state of the public commissions given to Messrs. Ward, Maclean, Herbert, and Dyce. These gentlemen were attacked vigorously and defended; the Ward party, however, in the hope that the papers defending themselves. The sum of 1,200*l*. for the Lords and Commons corridors was retained.

An Appendix to the Report respecting the National Gallery, contains a statement which, we think, calls for attention, in the hope that a remedy may be provided for what is really pitiable in the employment of a most unfit and meretricious model by many of the painters in art (students). We referred to this subject in a recent notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition. Under the circumstances brought before us by this return, we feel it our absolute duty to appeal to the profession and the managers of the Gallery, that this crying evil and most dangerous practice should be put a stop to. It appears that of the pictures in the collection of the National Gallery, there are several artists to designate as the very worst and most flagrant example of bad art, in precisely that which is most frequently copied by the tyros of the Gallery. We refer to Dyckman's picture of 'The Blind Beggar,' and to the portrait of an actress, and to a portrait of a man, which are so bad in quality, that we cannot help marvelling how it could be allowed to retain a place on the walls. The only reason for such a position being given to it, that it may serve as a beacon and warning of the complete folly and weakness of a style which relies upon sentimental clap-net feeling for expression, and elaborate stippling for execution, to the total neglect of colour, surface, tone, handling, manliness of treatment, and intellectual power in any quality of the art. Sir C. Eastlake must have been not a little astonished and annoyed to find the result to be as we have stated. In the year ending December, 1859, 14 (14) copies of 'The Blind Beggar' have been made, of the 'Gerardus,' 9,—Cuy's 'Landscape, with Cattle' (No. 55), 7. Other popular works in proportion.

A statue of M. Delacroix in bronze, is to be erected at his birthplace, Bourges, the work of the famous French sculptor, M. E. Robert.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

FLORAL HALL, COVEY GARDEN.—MR. ALFRED MEEHAN has the honour to announce that a SERIES OF MUSICAL CONCERTS will be given at the above Hall, COVEY GARDEN, commencing MONDAY EVENING, the 14th inst. The programme will be performed by the following artists:—Messrs. MEEHAN, GIBBS, and ALFRED MEEHAN.—The Concerts will commence at eight, and terminate before eleven.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLISH SONNET.

'The Mother's Song,' by Barry Cornwall. Set to music by John Hullah (Addison & Co.). This is one of Mr. Hullah's pictures of the former of the two worlds—though good, not altogether his best. We cannot like the diabolical snap on such words as "sire," "fir."—Mr. Hullah so rarely errs in this matter, that the error has possibly been made on purpose, under the impression that the words "Sire," "fir," "step," by C. A. Barry (Olivier), is a graceful setting of the Laureate's delicate lyric from "Sea Dreams."—Among the better songs in

the heap to be disposed of in *'Shining Stars'*; one of Miss Proctor's beautiful lyrics, set by Wilhelm Seußhals (Addison & Co.), and, as usual with the composer, exquisitely sung by Miss Proctor, are again by Mr. G. A. Macfarren (Cramer & Co.), is far beyond the bounds of musical sanity, though not among Mr. Macfarren's most substantial or happiest efforts.—Mr. F. Berger, who is also among our better song composers, has somehow got his way over some words of *'I love me little, love me long'* (Addison & Co.), and makes a song which, though in semblance more expressive than the average, is still not one of his best songs.—*'Rag-pickin' Kate'* (some publishers) is another novelty from the same hand, with the same character applied.—Among odd things not to be overlooked (if only by reason of their oddity) is a setting of old George Withers's quaint lyric, *'Shall I, wastagee in despair?'*

By Signor Piatti (Schott & Co.). Calabria and Carlisle are not further apart than is the poet of Old England from the violinist of young Italy. Signor Piatti here writes like a musician rather than a melodist.—*'Afternoon in February'*, Prof. Longfellow's well-known lyric, set by Arthur Cotnam (Ruddall, Ross & Co.), merits to be withdrawn from the herd of every-day songs. It is picturesque, though, as indeed it should be, somewhat antiquated.—Here, too, we may include *'The Red King's Son'* (Addison), *'Thou art mine, Love, in gladness'*, and *'Our Home shall be a Grassy Dell'* (Schumann), by C. M'Korkell, as a very little above the common level.—*'O, tell me I love the Spring'*, by Maria Tildeman (Addison) is a pleasant reminder that women are beginning to think for themselves in musical composition. Among the group of graceful and thoughtful musicians, which includes Miss Macdome, Mrs. Tom Taylor and others, the writer of this song may claim a fair, if not a first-rate, place. Why is there no second-rate? The sentiment and the music would have borne as much as *'Seduction'*, by Harrington, Bart. (Lonsdale) is a pleasing and graceful melody.

We must now address ourselves to a catalogue of commonplace works; there being degrees, positive, comparative, and superlative, even in commonplace. For the superiority of these we will say, however, mere enumeration is sufficient notice.—*'Our Early Home'*,—*'There sat upon a Linden-tree'*,—*'Sing, pretty Streamlet, sing'*,—*'Katie'*,—*'Irish Ballad'*,—*'Dennis'*,—*'Irish Ballad (Lodge & Co.)'*,—by V. B. Allen; the last two purporting to be arrangements, though, if it be so, of national melodies hardly marked enough to be worth arranging. Of the other songs, the third is the best, having a certain graceful rocking motion.—*'I love to sing'* and *'I forgive him'* (Addison & Co.) are by E. L. Hime.—*'For the Mountain'* (same publishers), by Stephen Glover, is a commonplace of the first class.—Mr. Henry Reginald has spent an hour over arranging certain songs by Ignazio, *'When first I met thee roving'* and *'One Summer Morn'* (Jewell), which provoke criticism, being called *'Melodies of England'*; albeit, melody there is little or none.—*'Springtime and I'*, by E. Reynolds (Williams), wears the air of poor amateur music.—*'Magnolia'*, by Peter the Venerable, A.D. 1092, is a Latin hymn translated by the Rev. Alexander Ross—not well set by C. G. H. (Ottensmeyer & Co.).—*'Here I the Chief whose pallid bearing'* is paraphrased from the French by Mr. J. W. Mould—set by the Stoeppel (Lonsdale).—How this song came to a serial publication ostensibly devoted to *'the National and Popular Music of France'* it seemed difficult to explain, till we saw that composers as little French as Handel figure in the catalogue. Mr. Stoeppel should hardly enter the same as Handel.—*'The Warning of the Rose'* is written as well as composed by Mr. Rophino Lacy (Cramer & Co.).—*'Summer Gladness'*,—*'Days past long ago'*, and *'Queen of Peak Flowers'* (Duet), by Mr. Sampson (Cramer & Co.) are a shade better,—and a shade better still is *'Night Watchers'*, by Joseph Robinson (same publishers).—Mrs. J. Holm's *'Crows'* has disposed herself in arranging *'The Last Row of Summer'*, with a second voice part.—*'The memory of thee'*, by J. W. Morgan,—*'Lassie, are you waking'*, by George Linley (same publishers),

—*'Sing on, sweet thrush'*,—*'Love and Fear'*, yet one more song about the son by Alice Mary Smith.—*'Avery Fairy Lullaby'*, by R. E. L. (Lodge & Co.).—*'The Evening Song'*, by J. W. (Royal Musical Repository) may be strung together as below mediocrity.—*'Winning the Gloves'*, a comic ballad by C. W. Glover—the comicality of which seems hard to find.—and *'Charming Sue'*, by Charles Stoman (Addison & Co.) are content in the sentimental vulgarity of their liturgical frontletiness.—*'The Wren's Treason'* is publishing Scotch songs printed in wooden type at a cheap rate.

The above is enough, and more than enough,—but still a quarter of a score patriotic outbreaks remain to be tabulated.—*'The Rifle Recruits'* (Calf), by Maurice Coleman (Ward & Co.).—*'I am'*, by Jas. Saunders (Williams).—*'The Volunteer's Song'*, by Edward Hummel, who had better not, at the head of such a poor production, have announced himself as "son and pupil of the late celebrated German composer, J. N. Hummel" (Calf), by Maurice Coleman (Ward & Co.).—*'I am'*, by the old "British Grandeur" (D'Almeida & Co.).—*'The Rifle Volunteers'*, by Thomas Cridlock (Shepherd) make up an "awkward squad." No foreign born enemy who is a slave will shake in his "wooden shoes" in terror at the most pious of these war-songs.—Our chances of *'the Marcellus'*, such as sours the milk of human kindness even in the sweet-tongued Mr. Menzies, may have died out with Dithlam—in more odd ways than one, the English counterpart to Rouget de Lisle.

PRELUDES.—The *Zouave troops* still continue at this theatre, and have added to their repertoire some new pieces; among them, the *revue* of *'Pau de Famée sans Fen'*, *'Les Petites Mâitres de la Vie Humaine'*, and *'Uae Fille Terrible'*. Their merit as actors has been well sustained, and they have proved moderately attractive. On Monday, the exhibited their talents in the comic operetta, *'Les Deux Aveugles'*.

ANTHUS.—On Wednesday, Mr. Webster took his benefit at this theatre. The drama selected for the occasion was *'Janet Fride'*. The great success that attended the performance was probably due to its being the first appearance of the actor-manager since his provincial tour. Mr. Webster has abundance of claims on the theatrical public; and it was pleasant to witness the unanimous recognition of them by the very large audience then assembled to greet a popular and highly deserving favourite.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—There are exceptional cases in which the rule not to speak of works one has just perfectly presented to the public may be justifiably departed from. Her Modesty's Oratorio, *'Abraham'*, the pianoforte score of which (Ewer & Co.) has been some days before us, is one of them. Without in the least precluding such criticism as should only be applied after performance, it may be asserted, without the least of flattery, that it is one meeting an ordinary estimate. Be the quality what it may, we are cognizant of no modern German composition of its kind, so sustained in its quality of interest, as *'Elijah'*. Counting recitatives, *'Abraham'* contains forty-four numbers. It is divided into two parts. It has no overture. The voices are written for within the average compass. There is no extraordinary difficulty made or provided. The sterling quality of the music, which will suggest itself to every one perusing the score, was thoroughly authenticated at the rehearsal on Monday morning. Like its sterling men, Her Modesty has been always so plain in his dealings with his public,—so sedulous in matters of Art, so modestly chary of anything bearing the aspect of self-recommendation,—that it is a pleasant duty to offer the above remarks, at a juncture when a material and important work by him is about to come to judgment.—A word more on another matter in connexion with *'Abraham'*. Mdlle. Michal impressed us favourably by the thoroughly musician-like steadiness with which she took the *supra* duty for Madame Novello,

who will not arrive in England for some weeks to come.

The ears of London concert-goers are not to be included with more than a week's holiday this year, since a series of entertainments is advertised in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, to commence on the 13th, under the guidance of Mr. A. Mellon. Miss Parera and Miss Augusta Thomson are to sing. The performances of classical music are to be of a grand scale; and the first eight concerts are to be conducted by Prince George of Saxe-Altenburg. The benefit concert of *Her Majesty's Theatre* at the Crystal Palace to-day should attract those who love that which is choice; since the music of Mozart's *'Schmiedel Director'*, as yet only incompletely rendered here by Herr Offenbach's company, forms part of the programme.—In the bustle and distraction of the musical season just over, it could hardly be expected but that some matters must be overlooked. We find that mention has not been made of Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, as a singer of more than ordinary promise. Such is the case.

Mr. Balfe is understood to be at work on another opera, in conjunction with Mr. J. P. Stimpson.

To carry out the object of its decision as regards musical policy, the Committee of the Society of Arts, on whose proceedings we have reported step by step, is now circulating a declaration, recommending the first preparation at its instance, of which all the advocates of uniformity are invited to sign.

The interaction of the English news in the *Gazette Musicale*, which has been now pointed out to all concerned in that periodical, has of late been taking bold forms. Only the other day (to instance) were readings of the commencement of the season of our *Popular Concerts*. The journal which arrived on Monday last contains yet more hazardous assertions, which any Londoner may be able to contradict; but, with these, a problematical announcement, that the choruses of the *Concerts*, the *'Signor Mario'* and *'Madame Crid'* (the latter with "more last words") are engaged to sing next year at *Her Majesty's Theatre*.

The impossibility of open-air pleasures being cultivated, save under umbrellas, has been "an ill wind" which has blown good to the theatre. Paris this summer, in July and August, and a good half of September, they are hardly to be kept open. This season we read of *'Le Petit Chaperon Rouge'* revived at the *Opéra Comique*, not unsuccessful, though the cast is eminently mediocre, with the exception of Madame Faure-Lefebvre,—at the same theatre, of *Descaus* of Mdlle. Marimon as Catarina in the totally impossible yet altogether amusing opera of MM. Scribe and Aubert—*'Les Diamans'*.—At the *Grand Opéra* Madame Van den Heuvel Dupuyard and Mdlle. Sax are said to have given a new life to M. Meyerbeer's *'Robert'*, now far on its way to being five hundred representations old.—A phenomenon worthy of consideration by all generous persons interested in the occupation of women—is the increasing number of female players on stringed instruments, while the choruses of the *Concerts* have speak of it. This year, at the examination of students, Mdlle. Beulay gained a first—Mdlle. Castellan a second—prize. The violinello, too, has its professional students (and prize-winners to boot) among the gentler sex.—Madame Viorst is about to turn her genius, experience, and science to account, by assisting to edit a selection of the best classical vocal music of the Italian, German, and French schools, with directions as to style, accentuation, colouring, &c. This is a promise of no common value.

The *Gazette Musicale* mentions that a *Signora Lumley*, niece of Mrs. Lumley of *Her Majesty's Theatre*, has been singing at the *Teatro Re*, Milan, with success.

It should be said, in correction, or rather explanation, of our late notice of M. Delaporte's resignation, that this has only reference to the Presidency of the Society at Paris, and not removing him from his sphere of provincial usefulness, the value of which was so notably attested at Sydenham a few weeks since.

The King of Saxony, we perceive, has done a wise thing in at last reversing the attitudinal which

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LITERATURE

The Story of Savonarola and of his Times—
[La Storia di Savonarola, &c.] Related by
Pasquale Villari, with the assistance of New
Documents. Vol. I. (Florence, Le Monnier.)

No great man's biography requires so much aid from the graduated perspective and mellow shading which a distant stand-point affords to the biographer, as that of a great religious reformer. None in his lifetime takes wider or stronger hold than he on the tempestuous passions of his time; none is more ardently glorified by his disciples or more unscrupulously beshamed by his opponents; and it is not until somewhat of the harshness and exaggeration of the tumultuous elements in which he wrought as a living man has been dimmed and smoothed out by the creeping time of centuries, that we can credit him with anything like his true balance of good and evil, or draw anything like a faithful outline of his moral and intellectual characteristics from the garbled portraits handed down to us by contemporary friends or foes.

So has it fared with the biography of the world-famous Prior of San Marco, at Florence. While living, he was, on the one hand, branded as an impudent charlatan, a hard-headed, self-seeking demagogue, or, at best, as a fanatical agitator and rebel against sacred authority; while, on the other, he was invested with the spotless robe, the palm, and halo-crown of a prophet and a martyr, the shreds of his garment treasured up as holy relics, and the place wherein he suffered strewn with roses on the anniversary of his death. Nor did the blind contradictions of party violence early cease to vibrate as their circles widened out in the course of years. It needed a very wide removal from the focus of strife to attain the steadiness of hand required in a faithful chronicler of Savonarola's life; and, accordingly, it is only at a comparatively very recent period that it has found dispassionate narrators.

In Germany the task has been performed after a one-sided fashion by writers who, like Meyer and Rudelbach, represent Savonarola in the light only of a Protestant martyr, entirely overlooking his claims to renown as a statesman and philosopher. And even as regarding what was the doctrine which he preached, and for which he died, many and obstinate are the difficulties which beset his chroniclers; for while Luther considered him as ranking among the foremost of those who recognised the great doctrine of justification by faith—the keystone of the Protestant creed, "albeit he was somewhat clogged and impeded by theological mire," there have not been wanting those among the orthodox sons of the Church of Rome who have entirely approved and accepted his religious tenets; nay, the ultra-Jesuit "Propaganda went so far as to admit his 'Triumphus Crucis,' a work which contains the whole of his doctrinal code, as a class-book into its schools.

The Life of Savonarola, published in 1854 by M. Perrens, did but little towards the better understanding of the real essence of his hero's moral being, although, with immense labour and conscientious research, he brought together a mass of tracts and traditions gathered from the writings of the "prophet's" contemporaries, as well as from the valuable works of Padre Marchese, himself a brother of Savonarola's convent, and likely, from congeniality of character both in religion and politics, to have entered *con amore* into an analysis of the mar-

tyred Prior's life and writings. From an entire lack of skill in contrasting and balancing the abundance of contradictory materials he had so industriously collected, so as to draw out a living conception of the principal figure on his canvas, M. Perrens left Savonarola much as he found him in his readers' minds—a riddle yet unsolved, for good or for evil; yet M. Perrens's work is by far the fullest and most unbiased of the biographies of Savonarola published previously to the one now before us. Mr. Madden's book on the same subject, which appeared about the same time, in an enlarged and improved second edition, was disfigured by startling inaccuracies; and the original matter of the work was so diluted by irrelevant quotations from authorities, ancient and modern, of every grade of importance, that it rather resembled a gossiping compilation than a carefully executed study of character. Besides these defects, Mr. Madden's book had the fault, as its title ('The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola, illustrative of the History of Church and State Connection') imports, of making Savonarola's life illustrate beyond all things the author's views respecting the mischievous effects of the union of Church and State in Italy. It lacked the single-minded earnestness required to portray with effect an individuality so powerfully outlined, so intensely of its own time and nation, as that of the stern republican who stood inexorable at the deathbed of Lorenzo the Magnificent,—the ascetic friar who gave unmoved to the flames the whole huge rich pile of Florentine "Vanities" at the foot of the Loggia dei Lanzi.

The want of a satisfactory life of Savonarola has been hitherto felt as strongly in Italian as in English literature, and Prof. Villari was, as far as the first half of it goes (for the second volume has not yet appeared, in consequence of the author having had to enter upon the duties of the Professorial chair at Pisa, to which he has recently been appointed), does much to fulfil the conditions requisite to produce a successful biography. Prof. Villari does his work simply and sincerely, with an honest clearness and a worthy of appreciation very useful amid the tangle of conflicting testimony which he has to unravel. He develops the successive phases of the great friar's eventful career with minute impartiality for both sides of the question, despite his own well-proved and frankly displayed liberal principles. He neither tries to excuse Savonarola's grave political errors on the score of expediency, nor to soften away his excess of fanatical harshness by comparing it with the dazzling depravity of his opponents the Borgia and the Medici. From his writings and the story of his life, drawn from the most trustworthy sources, including a variety of documents till now scarcely, if at all, known even to students of the Florentine archives, on the rich stores of which Signor Villari has copiously and industriously drawn, he evokes,—as we think, successfully,—the image of an indomitably persistent and consistent man of one idea—and that idea, the glory of God. He shows us a man who, in pursuit of that single aim, founded a new republic in Florence only as a stepping-stone for the triumphs of religion, and who, while rough-hewing original creations for that future time to which he belonged far more than to the world around him, was ever at war with the evil, and even with much of the good, of his own day. Such a man, we believe with Signor Villari, was the honest enthusiast who, all his troublous life long, never stayed his hand from the work he believed he had to do, nor ceased to cry down with rugged strident eloquence the elegant

philosophy and glosy rhetoric of Lorenzo's circle of platonic voluptuaries, till he fell,—as such a man needs must fall,—in single-handed conflict with the might of a fanaticism as inexorable as, and less honest than, his own, bent on revenging the audacious sentence which the humble Dominican had passed on its towering falsehood and corruption, when, delivering his first sermons beneath the towers of San Gimignano, he spoke out the three memorable "conclusions" which became the war-cry and device of his whole after-life:—

The Church shall be scourged,
And afterwards renewed,
And this shall come early.

Savonarola's intense belief in his own prophetic powers was the genuine consequence of that mystical enthusiasm into which the ardent unspoken poetry of his nature (though he was no poet in the narrow sense of the word) expanded, while possessed by the all-absorbing contemplation of his own idea, whose influence was similar to that of the metal disc of the electro-biologist in conjuring up hallucinations. Added to these strong incitements to self-glorification, as the chosen vessel of God's might, came at a later period the unbounded faith of his brethren in San Marco, the almost worship of his fellow-citizens, and, above all, some strange coincidences of remarkable prophecies with speedy and unlooked-for events—of visitations of wrath hurled down on impenitent sinners and miraculous aid afforded in cases where hope in man's help was none. In the year 1492, Savonarola predicted, in the Sanctuary of San Marco, "many citizens of note being present," whose names Signor Villari records, the approaching death of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Pope, and the King of Naples; and two out of the three doomed rulers did not live to see the close of the year.

In 1497, the "prophet," who for a considerable time had absented himself from his pulpit at the Duomo, disgusted by the wavering faith, political showmanship, and unwholesome life of many of his disciples, once more, on the 26th of October, at the entreaty of the Signoria, entered the grand old church to preach to the starving, murmuring, hopeless Florentines. The city was beleaguered by mighty enemies. Pestilence was raging within the walls. Well-to-do citizens were sinking down at the street-corners to die of hunger; for the vessels laden with corn which had for many weeks been eagerly expected from Marseilles, were kept out of the port of Leghorn by the blockading fleet of Venice, and Florence was enduring the extremity of want and desperate self-abandonment. Then, to that miserable, squalid crowd, Savonarola spoke words of cheerful import, bidding them not despair, for speedily help was at hand, so they would but repent of their sins and put faith in his word; and, lo! on the 30th of the month, just as the miraculous Virgin of the Immacolata was being brought in procession into the city at Savonarola's suggestion, accompanied by an immense multitude with sad and solemn countenances,—

At that very moment [writes Signor Villari] a messenger, who had entered the city by the Porta San Frediano and passed over Ponte alla Carraja, came riding at full speed down the Lung' Arno towards the Palace of the Signoria, bearing a bundle of olive in his hand. But falling in with the crowd, he found himself surrounded on all sides by the people, who grasping his horse's bridle, with one voice demanded the news from Leghorn. The long looked-for supply of corn was at hand, at last, and as if by miracle, arrived from Marseilles. The vessels had come in sight of Leghorn, driving before so furious a tempest that scarcely were they despatched at sea before they swept into port, without

the Venetians being able to stop their progress, for the force of the same wind had obliged their ships to take shelter below the Maremma. The words can describe the unbelieved joy of the people. The messenger was led away by a crowd of people. The words were repeated and loved, an unobscured flash of light on the city was, almost in a moment, better of the blessed hours, the bells rang out as for a festival in every church solemn public thanksgiving was offered up for the marvellous aid granted to the city. Even the very Archbishop (the part of the Lord's will to save the Republic from imminent ruin, and that once, at least, Savonarola had been in truth a prophet. His name and his authority thus gained a thousand-fold greater influence, and the populace went about shouting—"The Friar's preaching has saved us once again!"

Such was the unhopful for deliverance which followed close on the words of triumphant assurance which Savonarola had uttered two days before in the hearing of all Florence. Surely it is more than excusable if the rescued Florentines extolled the Prior of San Marco as a prophet, and revered him as a saint!

There is curious evidence in this biography of Savonarola, that his youthful character was by no means so hard and austere as many of his chroniclers have asserted, misled by the records of his unocial avocation of the pleasures of his age, and of that tenderness of conscience which shrink from the poisonous Court atmosphere of his native city—gay, splendid, luxurious Ferrara. In the opening chapters we get pleasant glimpses of the ruling influences of his home—of the feckless, spendthrift, courtier father; of the fine old grandeur, the learned physician from the schools of Padua, anxious to train up young Jerome to his own profession; and of the high-minded, gentle, loving mother, Elena, a daughter of the noble Mantuan family of Buonconsigli, the dearest friend and sole confidante and comforter of her strangely gifted son in all his life-struggles. Festivals and pageants were the element in which Savonarola's boyish days were unwillingly spent. The impression they made on him, even in those early times, is powerfully conveyed by the scraps of rough, trenchant, satirical verse in which his contempt and disgust for the servile, grasping Ferrarese world about him were wont to find vent. A few years later, the heart-strings of the future ascetic gave out the single harsh vibration of a whole life at the touch of youthful passion. Its object was a fair young neighbor of the shy, hard-featured stripling—the natural daughter of an exiled Strozzi of Florence. But the prudent damsel, it seems, was little likely to waste her smiles on the ungainly younger son of a half-rained hanger-on at the Ducal Court, and peremptorily rejected his suit, declaring that "never could a Strozzi match with a Savonarola!"

The smart of disappointed love was now added to the luckless sailor's bitter and solitary mutings, and this early sorrow very probably strengthened his vocation for a conventual life; but of this resolve to abandon the world and its trials his parents were as yet totally unaware, although the hour for its accomplishment was just at hand. We quote a little incident in the course of the last day Savonarola spent under his paternal roof, because it presents his stern self-mortifying nature in a new and touching human light. A year previously Savonarola had returned home from a short stay in Ferrara, where the preaching of an Augustinian monk had irreverently decided him on entering a cloister:

Coming home towards to Ferrara, he had been quite cheerful by the way; but as soon as he set foot in his father's house he saw on what a sad

trial he was about to enter. His mother, as though conscious of all that he felt, regarded him with eyes that seemed to search his heart, so that he dared no longer look her in the face. For one whole year this struggle went on, and many and many a time he said to himself, "Did Savonarola ever find period as to a time of unequalled suffering." And among other such days, on the 23rd of April, 1475, Savonarola, having seated himself, took up his lute and played so sad a ditty that his mother, as if moved by a spirit of divination, turned mournfully towards his play. "My son, this is a sign of 'parting.' Whereupon he put a restraint upon himself, and with a trembling hand continued playing on the lute without once lifting his eyes from the ground."

The concluding sentences of this passage are taken from a beautiful and affecting letter addressed by Savonarola to his father, in which, speaking of himself in the third person, he details his reasons for embracing a monastic life. The very next morning after that little scene of dolorous lute-playing and trembling, yearning, mother's love, when the whole town of Ferrara was holiday-keeping for the feast of St. George, Savonarola stole away from his home, and began his lonely journey on foot to Bologna, where he entered the Dominican convent to perform his novitiate, requesting to be set to work for the brethren in the most humble capacity.

Very different is the scene in which he appears in the next passage we shall quote from Signor Villari's pages, when he stood, twenty years later, in the stately Villa of Careggi, near Florence, where Lorenzo the Magnificent lay on his dying bed. More different still was Savonarola himself from the melancholy lute-player of Ferrara, now hardened and exalted into the warning prophet, the relentless scourger of evil-doers, the dreaded adversary who disarmed the pride of Florence with the Medicæan despot. Lorenzo, smitten with his death-sickness, lay at his princely villa, surrounded in vain by every possible appliance and remedy which the scanty medical science of those days could devise for the relief of the possessor of untold wealth. In vain had the renowned leech, Lazzaro da Fiesco, come express from Pavia to administer "his marvellous leverage of distilled gems" to the dying tyrant. His life—and had nearly ebbed away, a few near friends, such as Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola, alone visited his darkened chamber; and Politian sat day and night beside his patron's bed, unable to restrain his tears when the sick man's eyes rested on his. In this extremity, the terror of his evil past rose in awful array before Lorenzo's tortured conscience. The absolution pronounced by his confessor had no power to calm his torments of remorse, "for," says Signor Villari, "having lost all faith in his fellow men, he did not even believe in the sincerity of his confessor"; strangely enough, however, manifesting thereby his yet enduring faith in the paramount efficacy of the confessor's veto. Signor Villari shall tell the tale of that terrible deathbed scene, the truth of which is attested by important existing documents, although Roscoe expressly denies the facts:—

On a sudden, however, the severe image of Savonarola rose before his mind. He remembered that this man at least had never yielded either to his threats or his entreaties; and he exclaimed, "I know but of one truth-teller! God and that is he." So, as he expressed a desire to confess to him, a message was instantly sent to San Marco for Savonarola, who was so utterly amazed at such an unwonted and unexpected summons, that he scarce believed it was true, and made haste to obey. "I know he is to go to Careggi," seeing that he had no words to speak which could be pleasing to Lorenzo. But when he heard the dangerous state

of the sick man, and his desire to confess to him, he immediately set forth to go thither. That day Lorenzo felt nearer his end than ever. He had summoned his son Piero to his chamber and had bidden him and kind-hearted young man, who had been his confidant, to give him his last counsel. When the friends who had remained with him at this colloquy, re-entered the chamber, and led away his son, whose presence had agitated him too strongly, he expressed a wish to see Pico della Mirandola, who came to him accordingly, without delay. It seemed as though the consoling presence of that mild and kind-hearted young man, who had been somewhat, he said to him: "I should have been ghastly enough had not the sight of thee first cheered me up a little." His face after this grew calmer; his talk became almost cheerful, and he even began to laugh and jest with his friend. Suddenly had Pico left him, when Savonarola entered the room and respectfully approached the bed of the dying prince. The special aims which the latter desired to confess to him were three in number: the seeking of Pulitana, the forcible appropriation of the moneys belonging to the charitable fund for poor girls, by means of which many and many of them had fallen into evil courses, and the bloodshed which followed the Pazzi conspiracy. As he spoke, Lorenzo became more and more agitated, and Savonarola, to quiet him, went on repeating "God is good. God is merciful. But," added he, as soon as Lorenzo had finished speaking, "there are three things needful to that end."—"Which be they, father?" answered Lorenzo. Savonarola's countenance grew dark; and spreading out the fingers of his right hand, he began:—"In the first place, you must have a strong and living faith in God's mercy."—"And the second?"—"In the second place, you must restore all your ill-gotten gains, or donate your sons to restore them in your stead."—"At these words Lorenzo appeared surprised and sorrowful. Nevertheless, by a strong effort over himself, he signified his consent by a nod. Then Savonarola rose, and with his right hand the dying Prince swooned down trembling in the bed, he seemed to lift himself above his common height as he said:—"In the last place, you must give back freedom to the people of Florence." His face was solemn; his voice almost terrible. His eyes, while awaiting the answer, were fixed on the dying Prince, whose countenance the small remnant of strength that nature had left him at that hour, turned his back indignantly, and spoke to him never a word more. Thus Savonarola departed without granting him absolution; and Lorenzo the Magnificent, tortured by remorse, soon afterwards breathed his last, on the 8th of April, 1492.

How hard is it for a dying tyrant to yield up at the last hour the darling object of a whole life's labour, even when persuaded that an eternity of torment will be the price of his refusal! Widely different is the estimate which Prof. Villari gives us of this magnificent Lorenzo, the patron of Art and Literature, from Roscoe's sunny panegyric on his greatness:—

A strange existence, truly [says our author], was that of Lorenzo. At work with all the power of his intellect and his will at the making of new laws which should crush out some last remnant of filthiness, after using his influence to obtain some new decree of confiscation or sentence of death, he would enter the Platonic Academy, and dispute with vehemence on virtue and the immortality of the soul, issuing thence, and mingling with a company of utterly depraved young men, he would sing his "Canti Carnascialeschi," or Carnival songs (of infamous obscenity), and give himself up to wine and women,—then return home again, and at table, in the society of Pico and Politian, recite verses of his own on poetry, and to each of these pursuits he gave himself up so wholly that each seemed to be the sole aim of his life. But the strangest thing of all is, that in the midst of such a multifarious existence not a single action can we find stamped with true vigour and generosity, either towards his people, his intimates, or his kindred; and, surely, were the case otherwise, his indefatigable panegyrics would hardly have neglected to record it.

Prof. Villari enters at great length into the examination of Savonarola's writings; comprising the four small treatises which make up his *Compendio di Filosofia*, di *Morale*, di *Logica*; his numerous religious works; his poems, or *Laudi Spirituali*, written and sung by his disciples, the Piagnoni, about the streets of Florence, in abhorrent opposition to the wanton *«Centi Canzoni d'occhi»*; his prophecies and his sermons. These latter works are full of the lofty heroic poetry of a strong soul doing desperate battle with the aged iniquities of priestcraft and kingcraft. With regard to his verse, there is little to be said; though, as a fair specimen of it, the following lines may be interesting, because they show the bent of his mind at a very early period, before his departure from Ferrara:—

Seeing how all the world stands upside down,
While spent and overthrown
Both every virtue and every name lie;
No living light and I,
Nor any for his sake do maledict mean.

Whom by rapine lives is best satisfied,
Or who his infant words, or whose spouse;
Or on his brethren's blood is fullest fed,
Or lays the poor in ruin with his toils.
While him men deem crowned with rarest wit
Who makes the greatest gain by force or guile,
And opening Heaven and Christ, is best his while
On bulging others downwards to the pit!

Savonarola's study of the Scriptures was intense and unceasing. Two copies of the Bible are yet extant,—one at the Magliabechi and one at the Riccardi Library in Florence,—entirely filled with marginal notes, written by the great friar's own hand, in minute, almost microscopic, characters, with such continual abbreviations as render them almost wholly illegible without the aid of a magnifying-glass, and the most minute and prolonged application. This mass of commentaries, it seems, Savonarola made merely to assist him in his sermons; but according to a complicated system, all his own, each important passage was made to possess four significations,—spiritual, moral, allegorical and anagogical. No wonder if his notes were voluminous, when we hear he added to the numerous historical and geographical notices, and the interpretation of many Hebrew words and phrases!

The first volume of the work before us brings the narrative of the prophet's life only down to the Carnival of 1497, which closed with the famous *«Anathema»*, or solemn *«burning of the Vanities»*, as it is often called, on the great Piazza of Florence. Respecting this fanatical sacrifice of precious objects of Art, which has so often been made a ground of bitter accusation against Savonarola and his followers, Prof. Villari has much to say. He defends his hero with great energy against the sweeping judgments passed upon him by many modern authorities, who unparaphrasing lay accusations of reckless vandalism at the friar's door:—

It is strange [says our author] that in the ancient historians there should occur scarce any mention of such accusations, and that in the almost infinite number of ancient writings which attack or defend Savonarola, and in which every subject for abuse of him is carefully brought up, this one theme alone should have been entirely overlooked.

It was only at a much later period that the friar began to be stigmatized as a barbarous fanatic for firing the pile, on which, says Signor Villari, three parts of the artifice consumed must have been wanton tales and poems, gay disguises, masks, and other carnival adornments. And he hints that, if a few works of Art did really perish in the mighty bonfire, they were very probably of such a kind as did not merit a better fate. The well-known story of Fra Bartolommeo having burnt on that occasion a number of his drawings from the

nude figure, rests on the single authority of Vasari; but Signor Villari remarks that Vasari could only have known this fact by hearsay, since he lived a century later than Savonarola, and that his testimony is not exempt from suspicion, as he invariably spoke ill of Savonarola in his works, and showed but little reverence for the memory of Fra Bartolommeo.

Certain it is that Savonarola lived on terms of close intimacy with many of the most illustrious artists of his day, not excepting Michael Angelo. Vasari relates of Lorenzo di Credi, that *«he was a partizan of the sect of Fra Jerome»*; and of Cronaca, that *«so mad was he for Savonarola's doctrines, that he would speak of nothing else»*. Sandro Botticelli was one of the first who illustrated the friar's works with fine engravings. Two members of the Della Robbia family of artists received the Dominican habit at his hands; and Fra Bartolommeo was so affected by his death that for four years after that catastrophe he was unable to touch a pencil.

Other strong testimony in Signor Villari's favour is furnished by the fact of Savonarola having founded a school of design in his convent of San Marco, and that he encouraged his novices in the study of the fine arts, that their works might supply funds for the support of the community without the need of alms. But, whichever way the truth may lie, Savonarola was assuredly not the blind and superstitious foe to Art and Literature which he has often been represented. We can find room for but one more extract; but it shall be one which contains, we think, a powerful argument on Savonarola's side versus Vasari and such as pin their faith on his word:—

We have seen [says Signor Villari] to what fearful straits the Republic was reduced for several following years. For this reason, the Government was forced to decide on putting up for sale the Medicean Library, which had been confiscated, together with the other property of that family, when they were driven out of Florence. But the poverty of the citizens was no less than that of the Republic, there was great fear lest that splendid library should be dispersed, or, at least, fall into the hands of foreigners; for the creditors of the Medici were many, and among others was the French Ambassador, Monsieur Philippe de Comines, who was suing for a debt of a thousand florins which they owed him. By good luck, the friars of San Marco were just then able to dispose of a considerable sum of money, seeing that they had just concluded the sale of their possessions, according to the decrees of poverty given them by Savonarola. What opportunity could be nobler, thought he, for profitably employing the proceeds of the sale? If he purchased that rich collection of manuscripts, he would save it from being dissipated, and from the danger of passing into foreign hands; he would place it in the convent library, the only one in Italy which was open to the public; and, at the same time, he would be able to assist the Republic in its greatest need with the money obtained by the entire sale of the property of the convent. What nobler or holier use could the friars of San Marco make of their worldly possessions? They bought the library, then, for the sum of three thousand florins, paying down two thousand directly; and for the rest of the sum, they remained indebted until January, 1498, when, by the help of Bernardo Nani's signature, they bought themselves to pay the money within sixteen months, to Philippe de Comines, hoping that in such a work of public utility they would be assisted by all their friends and kindred. Thus did Savonarola employ the proceeds of the sale of the possessions of his convent, and add to the wealth of the Republic, in order to save for the world that magnificent Laurentian Library which, now-a-days, forms one of the greatest glories of Florence, and which was then the fullest and most perfect collection of Greek and Latin authors to be found in Europe.

Such was the man whom many are pleased to call a barbarous friar, a burner of ancient manuscripts, a destroyer of paintings and of statues!

The story of the last sad scenes of Savonarola's life remains to be told in the Second Volume, which will contain besides a great number of curious and interesting documents relating to the prophet's strange career, which are due to the unwearied researches of Prof. Villari in the Archives of Florence. We welcome his book, and desire to see it soon and worthily translated into our own language.

Narrative of a Residence at the Court of Meer Ali Moored; with Wild Sports in the Valley of the Indus. By Edward Archer Langley. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THERE is something enticing in the idea of a residence at an Oriental Court. It suggests at once the memory of Alasheid, of palm and perfume, of harems and roses, of silver lattices, and champagne festivals. The East is charged with memories of rapidity. No longer does Prince Nadir practise archery in the forest. He cracks bottle-necks with rifle-balls, and sends to London for twenty fowling-pieces. Meer Ali Moored travelling home from England, gets into difficulties at Trieste, and sends for a Member of Parliament and an ex-captain of cavalry to help him out. Thus did it happen that Capt. Langley, after resolving never more to visit India, took the road by sea and land to Sind, and found himself, in the month of November, at Bombay. There, at a native entertainment, he saw the East and West confluent in sherbet and champagne glasses. At Kurrachee he witnessed some rifle-shooting which would set Wimbledon Common ablaze; and, tarrying not long on the way, arrived at the capital of Meer Ali Moored, who, we should note, is one of his admirations. Here, in garden of lemon, orange, and mango, Asia still stood about the Prince as he cavalcaded to his palace to banquet with his courtiers, high-deer, and pilau. His munificence was displayed by a gift to Capt. Langley of a mighty Turcoman horse, which canted eight hours almost at a breath,—a feat to be praised by all except those riders of M. Alexandre Dumas' creation who weary the wind and thunder from Paris to Strasbourg at an unbroken gallop. The Sindh soil is fed on grain, flour and butter. His Highness kept also asses from Khorrasm, white, costly, and most arrivable brutes. Among his sports was that of chasing fowls with hawks. Capt. Langley enjoyed an infinite variety of amusements, whether in palaces, gardens, or hunting-grounds, sometimes journeying with a vast camp. He was excluded, of course, from the sweeter intimacies of society, but a lady friend described to him the Amer's family—the fair young princess who had never been seen by her lord since the day after her marriage, the pensive mother whom no camel would carry, the noble slaves who rose with the parrots, brilliant as themselves, and tended their delicate, though sometimes severe, mistresses:—

At about eleven a.m. the ladies reclined on their charpays; a slave girl fanned each of them, another rubbed and patted the soles of their feet to promote slumber, and they were soon in the land of dreams, their attendants following the example. About two o'clock in the afternoon they arose, bathed, and commenced their toilettes. This process was a very elaborate one, and occupied fully three hours, as the ladies of the East are quite as fond of dress and ornaments as their sisters of the West. Their hair was combed and braided by their handmaids, who appeared to take great delight in the task. The combs were of sandal-wood, and queer-looking combs they are, but still they answer the purpose very well. The

oil used for their hair is that extracted from mustard-seed, the rank odour of which is in some measure, though not altogether, counteracted by some strong perfume, with which it is scented for toilet purposes. Attar of roses is, perhaps, too delicate a perfume for Beloochee noses, as my informant never saw any at Khyrpoor, but sandal-wood oil was in great request. Musk is also much prized, as is rose-water, essence of jasmyn, and orange flowers. The ladies are partial, too, to the odiferous gums which are occasionally burnt in their dwellings. Amongst the sweet-smelling wares for the harem, called *caspenee*, extracted from lemon-blossoms, lemon-pearl, sandal-wood, civet, and frankincense, prepared in rose-water, but this is rarely used. Large quantities of conserve of roses are prepared in every family, and the ladies consider it a sovereign remedy for all trifling ills.

The Amer's second wife was of such proportions, that "no elephant ever produced a tusk capable of forming a bracelet" for her, which shows how fair, fat, and happy a woman may be in the Valley of the Indus. As for the Amer himself, Capt. Langley tells us he spared no expense in endeavouring to become, like his full-sized princess, heavy and lively, though he doubts the statement that every head of deer killed in his hunting-grounds cost the people 600 rupees. Sport in this region, however, is not what it is in Bengal or Thibet.

"His Highness and Meer Khan Mahomed, having been thus carried through the swamp, seated themselves on a raft composed of a dozen large pots lashed to a frame covered with reeds, very suitable for such sport, which was pushed through the water towards the ducks and other wild fowl; and these were at first so little alarmed that they allowed the raft to approach within forty yards as they took wing. Great was the destruction by the first few shots, till the continued firing caused them to become more wary; but when then the birds were in a room, and round which easy shot of the princes, till at length the ducks and larger fowl appeared each time to increase the length of their flights, and after some hundred shots had been fired they abandoned the lake for some more secure place of refuge. Still, however, the firing was kept up on the ground, and, when, hence, which, being hardly allowed a moment's pause to rest their weary wings on the bosom of the water, were forced to fly round and round, thus affording sport after the ducks and teal had all sought shelter at a distance. When the Meer and his sons were tired of slaughter, much amusement was caused by their *liped* retrievers in endeavouring to catch wounded birds, many of which were swimming about with broken wings."

Still, bear-hunting had its excitement, notwithstanding the army with which His Highness made war upon a wild pig. However, all was not rose-coloured in these pleasant places of western India:—

Torture is occasionally resorted to for the purpose of extracting money from those who are reluctant to disgorge their dishonest gains, and for the purpose also of extracting confessions in criminal cases. One method is to place the party astride on a charpoy; his feet are then tied below with a rope as tightly as possible, thereby causing intense pain; but if this is too inefficient to produce confession, water is thrown upon the ropes, which causes them to shrink to such a degree that they cut the unhappy sufferer to the bone, causing so much agony that the poor wretch at once gives up his money, or confesses to what is required. From time to time, occasionally, it is supposed, conforming to a crime that he never committed, through sheer physical inability to support the agony inflicted. Another mode of torture is placing an iron ramrod, burning hot, between a man's thighs whilst he is hung by his thumbs from a beam. The more common practice, however, is to place some beetle of a peculiar kind in a noose upon the navel of the victim, binding it tightly on with a cummerbund. The beetle immediately begins to gnaw the part, so that the wretched sufferer is to be eating into

his very entrails, and thereby causing him such intense agony and terror that he is in a few minutes given in.

"Kick a Sindhi first, and give him your orders afterwards," is a proverb in the land, so that some of these asperities may not be so unjustifiable as they seem. There is, at all events, no distinction of classes:—

"Monstrous as this must appear, it is no uncommon thing for even official personages at native courts to receive a drubbing; the present Mookday Kar to His Highness Meer Ali Moosa 'has eaten the slipper' on two occasions, and I have no doubt he will deserve it! When the Dejee the Meer goes out with his retinue and shoots till nine or ten o'clock, then returns to breakfast; after which he holds a *durbar* in the *lancey*, which having been well sprinkled with water to lay the dust, a large *Strutjee*, or cotton carpet, is spread, a charpoy with a couple of cushions to give it a throne-like appearance being placed at the upper end; on this the Meer takes post, his courtiers squat on the carpet, the more favoured near His Highness, those held in less honour at a distance. A petition or two is perhaps presented; if so, the Meer skims his eye over half-a-dozen lines, tells the party that he bathes and dresses, then passes the time in firing at the cushion at his back. The musicians are ordered to play and sing, after which His Highness retires to take his siesta, and all the attendants and others go to sleep too, for no noise is permitted during the slumbers of the sovereign. After the Meer rises, he bathes and dresses, then passes the time in firing at a mark, or has some dogs brought for inspection, or has some of the young hawks tried at partridges or crows, which are kept in readiness for such purposes."

Capt. Langley, fascinated by the Amer, was not equally delighted with the suavities of his children:—

"Precious of their mode of life I shall mention. It was calling one morning on the Meer's youngest son, when his elder brother Meer Shah Nowaz came in from hunting, and after inquiring regarding his brother's health, he being laid up with a large abscess; some words passed in Sindhi, and then a tall Bech, of six feet six inches, and nearly naked, entered the apartment with an iron weapon, some five feet in length, presented towards the heir-apparent, for whom I might have felt alarm but for the tranquil air of both brothers and several armed attendants. The middle part of the weapon was, I then saw, covered with a very grey cloth, which the young Meer unrolled, disclosing to view sundry roasted partridges, and other *game*, which went forth a savoury odour. His Highness at once seized a partridge, slipped it off the spit, and commenced tearing off the flesh and devouring it, without break or talk. When finished, he took a mouthful of water, squirted it forth on the floor, and seizing the filthy waste-cloth of his favourite henchman, a *Sikh*, used it as his serviette, winding up with an ejaculation loud almost as a pistol-shot, followed by the ejaculation, '*Al humd-ulillah*,' by way of grace after the banquet."

A grand entertainment at Khyrpoor opened up a new aspect of Sindhi life:—

"Having finished my toilet, my presence was requested in the hall of audience, where I found assembled a number of guests, relatives and friends of the two princes, who invited me to take a seat on their charpoy, in front of which a great *Arjan* carpet was spread, on either side whereof the guests were seated, leaving the centre clear for the dancers. A *turfa*, or not, then came forward, but the exhibition was indifferent, and the performers far from good looking. A second set followed suit, and they were very superior to the first. After the matchless finished, I heard a great deal of laughter, and Meer Shah Nowaz, pointing outside, requested me to look at the best of beauties there. These were a party of concubines dressed as women, and more disgusting-looking *lipeds* I never beheld."

At random we quote a paragraph for the especial benefit of all persons who suffer in the summer weather from the picking and stealing

of servants and children. It relates to a stratagem practised by certain domestic thief-takers of Khyrpoor:—

"One of them having been repeatedly robbed of his supercandies, which was kept in an iron chest in a small inner room, with tobacco for his hookah, conserve of roses, and other choice matters, behooved him of a way to discover the thief, and did so in this wise:—Having caught a dozen or so of wasps, he clipped off their wings, and dropped them into the jar of supercandies. The room was open to all the servants, but nothing occurred till the dusk of the evening, when one of them going into the room ostensibly to bring some tobacco for his master's hookah, was heard to set up a fearful yell. The master at once knew that his bait was taken, and, rushing into the room with several servants, caught the pilferer *flagrante delicto*, as with a handful of supercandies he had grasped some half-dozen wasps."

We have another anecdote, very Oriental in its way, a *propos* of the same topic:—

"I also heard of another ingenious way of detecting a pilferer. The party who had been robbed drove a wooden pin into the floor of a dark inner room, and annotated it thoroughly with a preparation of *ling*, or *confusio*. He then assembled his servants, one of whom he knew must be the thief, and, after a preliminary ceremony to awaken their superstitious fears, he said, 'Now go into that room singly, and lay firmly hold of the pin; the guilty party will stick to it, the others need have no fears.' The servants having gone in and returned, one at a time, their hands were examined, and all but one were found to smell strongly of *confusio*. That one was, of course, the thief; as, knowing himself to be unobserved, he had not touched the pin, for fear of sticking to it, as he had been told he would; and his house being searched, the stolen property was found therein."

There is an abundance of cheerful and entertaining gossip in these volumes, which are unaffectedly written, and afford an excellent insight into the mingled simplicity and state enjoyed by the Sindhi princes before their overthrow.

A Second Series of *Vicissitudes of Families*. By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms. Longmans & Co.

Our readers may remember that when "Ulster" published his first and popular series of 'Vicissitudes,' we took occasion to congratulate him on the happy vein of the genealogical mine which he was opening up. The truth is, that Genealogy can never be popular except in its applications. Considered as a science, of which the business is to investigate and record the descent of families, everything is against it,—its difficulty, dryness, and appearance narrowness and exclusiveness of interest. But when the facts of the study are applied and detailed by an ingenious man, its whole appearance is altered. People who had before dreaded the name of Genealogy, begin to see that it has one relation to books like 'Darwin on Species,' and another to the last new circulating-library romance; while, if they choose to extend their inquiries to its bearings on history and politics, new points of curiosity are presented by it at every step. Much remains to be done for the subject; but Sir Bernard Burke is doing much by presenting some striking features of it to the world in an easy, agreeable, and eloquent way.

The causes of the decay of families admit of an orderly classification,—as our author from his introduction appears to think. And, what is more, the aristocracies of different nations, however unlike in other respects, go through much the same historical process. The Roman families have all succeeded in Europe by legal and mercantile means, just as the Roman patricians were by the nobles; and a Mirabeau springs from the ruined older stock, just as a Cesar did

it confusedly transcends sense and consciousness, and thereby attempts what they call the Absolute—is spoken of in England, where it cannot thrive, with a certain degree of respect which is not without a reason. Any one who examines the human mind will see that the problems which present themselves are such, that human opinion will never settle itself on, but that basis which is fit to bear superstructure until those same problems have been probed on the most daring suppositions by intellects of the most vigorous character. The reduction of pure being to pure nothing, and all the systems which, as Mr. Mansel says of one of them, postulate ignorance as a starting-point, and make philosophy dependent on assumptions whose only guarantee is that we have no means of verifying them—certainly proceed on suppositions the tenacity of which cannot be surpassed. Hegel, Schelling, &c. will always be recognized as hard-headed thinkers. They have their day and their place. We agree with Mr. Mansel that they clear the field of discussion, bring the great problem of philosophy under definite conditions, eliminate foreign elements, and teach the manner in which metaphysics ought not—that is, peremptorily and finally—to be pursued. We may add, that, save as these systems are, vacuous of trustworthy or even of intelligible conclusion as they may be, it may happen that the comparison of any two of them may have a use which resembles that of the § of the mathematicians. Mr. Mansel gives the philosophy of the Absolute a twofold refutation; from its consequences, and from its premises. To the first we are not inclined to assent: we admit that the philosophy in question must be either atheism or pantheism, and that it leaves no working basis for morality; we therefore cannot help feeling sure that there must be something wrong about it. But we do not acknowledge any refutation except one which shows us what that something is. It is recorded of a bitter theologian that he said he would burn the Bible if it could be shown to contain—or to want, we forget which—a certain doctrine; and the sentiment has always been held rather impious than otherwise; at any rate, it would have been no refutation of the Bible. We look upon it as conceding too much to atheism to declare beforehand that no system can be true which ends in that negation: which is but another way of stating that the consequence is, *a priori*, a refutation of its own premises. For either the question of Deity is to be argued, or it is not: if no, there is no more to be said here, for neither Mr. Mansel nor we ourselves are of that opinion: if yes, then the permission to argue in favour of a conclusion which is to be *per se* its own refutation, is only the old game of—Hear! I win! Talk, you lose. This, we say, is too great a concession: too much like an admission of weakness. Accordingly, we can only hold the philosophy of the Absolute to be refutable by an assault on the argument; and Mr. Mansel's mode of attack appears to us quite sufficient, for it shows that the conclusions contradict their own premises:—

"The primary testimony of Consciousness affirms the distinct existence of an ego and a non-ego related to and limiting each other. I know myself as existing in the midst of certain phenomena, which I did not create [meaning, which I have no consciousness of having created] and can only partially control. Pantheism contradicts the first element of consciousness by denying the real existence of myself. Egoism contradicts the second element, by denying the real existence of anything distinct from myself. But if the testimony of Consciousness on this point [these points] is false, how can I assume that it is true in any

secondary or derived modification! How do I know that the very language of the philosopher of the Absolute means what it appears to mean, or that my conviction of the truth of his system is not [ought not to be] an evidence of its falsehood? Nay, how do I know that there is any philosophy of the Absolute at all, or that the book in which, seeming to be myself, I seem to read it, has any contents, or communicates any knowledge, or is addressed to any reader?"

This is the true way of meeting the Absolute in all its forms. Pure being is pure nothing, to us poor recipients of phenomena: and common sense will always refuse to believe anything about Nothing which contradicts Something.

The second work on the list has both value and curiosity. Bishop Berkeley published, in substance in a newspaper in 1732, and as a book in 1733, a supplement to his theory of vision, in answer to an anonymous correspondent. This tract has been totally neglected by editors, and might be said to have been quite lost, except for a passing notice by Sir James Mackintosh, when Sir William Hamilton reminded the world of its existence. It is now nicely reprinted, with auxiliary notes: and though we could not pretend to describe it without entering at large into Berkeley's theory, we can announce it, and acknowledge the important service rendered by Mr. Cowell. The anonymous opponent of Berkeley seems to us to object rather to his idealism than to his theory of vision: and the reply dwells upon that second theory in a manner which shows that Berkeley must have had some further knowledge of his opponent's mind than could be collected from that opponent's letter—which is given in the appendix.

The third work is by Mr. Macmahon, a translator of Aristotle's Metaphysics, who brings to his subject a load of learning, and enters upon a wide field of historical discussion. The title ought to be, "Revealed Religion in contrast of Metaphysics." The first page of the preface states that [revealed] religion has a capacity for dealing with the speculative difficulties started by the reason; and almost the last page of the book affirms that when the limits of metaphysical inquiry laid down by the author are confirmed by revealed religion, they are to be considered as the [legitimate] limits of thought itself. We have then an attack upon Rationalism, in which revealed religion is the weapon, though rather one of reason than of authority. This is more a process of prevention than of cure; for the confirmed rationalist has been taking antidotes before the reception of the medicine. Mr. Macmahon begins with this same latitudinarian rationalist by assuming, and supposing him to assume, some large postulates of interpretation. He reminds us of the young missionary who, when asked how he would begin with the heathen, answered "Of course from the very beginning, I shall start from justification by faith."

The fourth work is an attack on Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lecture on the limits of religious thought. This lecture, it seems to us, has been strangely misunderstood in various quarters. Dr. Young puts his misunderstanding in such short and clear terms that we can take issue upon it before our readers. He says: "I think I am not wrong in asserting that the Bampton Lecture [that by Mr. Mansel] is the first and only book, in any language, which, maintaining the doctrine of a revelation from Heaven, at the same time denies that the revelation reveals God. That it actually does so [meaning that Mr. Mansel's book does what is said of it], it will be possible to make exceedingly plain. I am not

conscious of anything but an act of perfect fairness and justice, when the lecturer is represented as maintaining that something is revealed in the Scriptures, but it is not God, not God as *He is*; and when it is concluded, that if so, we are shut up to the alternative that it is God as *He is not*; for God, somehow, it certainly is."

We shall not trouble our reader with any extracts from books; for we shall assume that what is found in no book of any language, except Mr. Mansel's, is not common in the sermons which are preached out of the scores of thousands of mouths which open for such utterance every Sunday in the year. Now we ask any reader who is in the habit of hearing from fifty to a hundred of these sermons in each year, whether he does not collect that the teacher, be he Puseyite or Puritan, Athanasian or Unitarian, logical or rhetorical, intends him to receive and to retain two propositions:—First, that the Scriptures declare God as he is; secondly, that the Scriptures do not declare God as he is! That is to say, the Scriptures give some notion of God as he is, but he is capable of taking—true as against all contradicting or lowering conceptions: while they do not give any conception which is an adequate image of the Divine nature and attributes; because such image would require a gift of faculties as well as a presentation of material for conception.

Is this, or is it not, the doctrine of the pulpits? It is Mr. Mansel's doctrine, as evidenced by the quotations which Dr. Young brings against him. These fill five pages, the matter of which is so trite, so much the every-day routine of the country preacher, that if it had all come in one part of one lecture, the looks of Mr. Mansel's audience would have grumbled out: You might really have taken the parish pulpit for granted in a few words, when you were preaching to the University. We never in our lives read such a string of what the logicians call *ignorantia dei*, and what the vulgar call *ignorance of God*, as the wrong butt, as it appears, of Dr. Young's comment upon Mr. Mansel's commonplace parish theology, which does not appear in any book whatever except his. The following quotation from Dr. Young,—in which we insert a few comments,—might have been an extract from the Bampton Lecture itself, nothing therein contained in any wise withstanding:—

"The Redeemer of men was man: we were, therefore, taught to think of the Almighty as man; we are not, on the contrary, inspired from man, through man, by the aid of man, to rise to God! [Yes, to all conception of God which is possible to man; but not to a 'metaphysical exposition' of the nature and attributes.] 'A superhuman humanity was not before the world; a Divine humanity [Dr. Young has well implied that the conception of divine is fashioned on that of superhuman], one in which dwell the fullness of Godhead—just that we might be saved from abiding with the notion of mere human volitions and modes, and might be compelled in thought to ascend to Divine excellences [but the question is about an adequate idea of Divine nature and attributes].' * * Anthropomorphism is harmless when it guides the human to transcend itself, when it lifts it up to the idea of a superhuman perfection. [Mr. Mansel sneers at the common fear of anthropomorphism evinced by rationalists, and contends for it in the sense in which Dr. Young says it is harmless.]"

Dr. Young says that it is "possible to seek a knowledge of God's nature and attributes, without desiring that it be metaphysical." It may be so; it is possible to seek the ratio of the circumference to the diameter, without desiring that it be incommensurable, and even with a strong determination that it shall not be so. But in neither case is it possible to find.

humble friend, Uriah Heep, and the swagger of Boudreyer, he presents himself to the Great Unwashed, and says, "Here, look at me; I am the great Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, and yet only a few years since I was just a dirty and ill-fed and desperate as yourself." He even goes into particulars, and tells them how he had to sell his meagre collection of school-books in order to keep himself from starving. We do not quarrel with Mr. Douglas for tickling his adherents with such feathers as the above; but we regret that he should find it to his interest, and finding it to his interest that he should consent, to whip up his followers with inflammatory harangues against the people of Great Britain. His zeal as the advocate of slavery, and his enthusiasm as the apologist for all the unconstitutional acts of General Jackson, are lukewarm in comparison with his scalding wrath against England:—

"Hence I do not sympathize with that feeling which the senator expressed yesterday, that it was a pity to have a difference with a nation so FRIENDLY TO US AS ENGLAND. Sir, I do not see the evidence of her friendship. It is not in the nature of things that she can be our friend. It is impossible she can love us. I do not blame her for not loving us. Sir, we have wounded her vanity and humbled her pride. She can never forgive us. But for us, she would be the first power on the face of the earth. But for us, she would have the prospect of maintaining that proud position which she held for so long a period. We are in her way. She is jealous of us, and jealousy ferbids the idea of friendship. England does not love us; she can not love us; and we do not love her either. We have some things in the past to remember that are not agreeable to her more in the present to humiliate her that she cannot forgive. I do not wish to administer to the feeling of jealousy and rivalry that exists between us and England. I wish to soften and allay it as much as possible; but why close our eyes to the fact that friendship is impossible? Why do we not? Hence England seizes every island in the sea and rocks upon our coast where she can plant a gun to intimidate us or to annoy our commerce. Her policy has been to seize every military and naval station the world over. Why does she pay such enormous sums to keep her post at Gibraltar, except to hold it in *terrorem* over the commerce of the Mediterranean? Why her enormous expense to maintain a garrison at the Cape of Good Hope, except to command the great passage on the way to the Indies? Why is she at the expense to keep her position on the little barren islands Bermuda and the miserable Bahamas, and all the other islands along our coast, except as sentinels upon our actions? Does England hold Bermuda because of any profit it is to her? Has she any other motive for retaining it? No, she retains it to stimulate hostility to us? Is it not the case with all her possessions along our coast? Why, then, talk about the friendly bearing of England toward us when she is extending that policy every day?"

In the same debate he went on to say:—
"I can not go so far as the senator from South Carolina. I can not recognize England as our mother. If so, she is and ever has been a cruel and unnatural mother. I do not find the evidence of her affection in her watchfulness over our infancy, nor in her joy and pride at our ever-blooming prosperity and swelling power since we assumed an independent position. The proposition is not historically true. Our ancestry were not all of English origin. They were of Scotch, Irish, German, French, and of Norman descent as well as English. In short, we inherited from every branch of the Caucasian race. It has been our aim and policy to profit by their example—to reject their errors and follies—and to retain, imitate, cultivate, perpetuate all that was valuable and desirable. So far as any portion of the world may be due to England and Englishmen—and much of it is—let it be freely awarded and recorded in her ancient archives, which seem to have been long since forgotten by her, and the memory of which her pre-

sent policy toward us is not well calculated to revive. But, that the senator from South Carolina, in view of our present position and of his location in this confederacy, should indulge in glowing and eloquent eulogiums of England for the blessings and benefits she has conferred and is still lavishing upon us, and urge those considerations in palliation of the wrongs she is daily perpetrating, is to me astounding. He speaks in terms of delight and gratitude of the copious and refreshing streams which English literature and science are pouring into our country and diffusing throughout the land. Is he not aware that nearly every English book circulated and read in this country contains lurking and insidious slanders and libels upon the character of our people and the institutions and policy of our government? Does he not know that abolitionism, which has so seriously threatened the peace and safety of this republic, had its origin in England, and has been incorporated into the policy of that government for the purpose of operating upon the peculiar institutions of some of the States of this confederacy, and thus render the Union itself insecure. Does he not keep her ministers perpetually this country, delivering lectures, and scattering broadcast incendiary publications, designed to incite prejudices, hate, and strife between the different sections of this Union? I had supposed that South Carolina and the other seceding States of this confederacy had been sufficiently refreshed and enlightened by a certain species of English literature, designed to stir up treason and insurrection around his own fireside, to have excused the senator from offering up praises and hosannas to our English mother! (Applause in the galleries.) Is not the heart, intellect, and press of England this moment employed in flooding America with this species of 'English literature'? Even the wives and daughters of the nobility and the high officers of government have had the privilege of writing the women of America, and in the name of philanthropy appeal to them to engage in the treasonable plot against the institutions and government of their own choice in their native land, while millions are being expended to distribute Uncle Tom's Cabin throughout the world with the view of combining the fanaticism, ignorance, and hatred of all the nations of the earth in a common crusade against the peculiar institutions of the State and section of this Union represented by the senator from South Carolina; and he unwittingly encourages it by giving vent to his rapturous joy over these copious and refreshing streams with which England is irrigating the American intellect. (Renewed applause in the galleries.)"

It was bad enough to have uttered such atrocious sentiments in the heat of debate; it is absolutely diabolical to reprint them in the hope of currying favour with the more violent and profligate sections of an untaught mob. But, however much we may lament that such a state of things should exist, it is well for the English people to reflect that in the United States there are vast multitudes of people invested with political power who are steeped in ignorance and misled by faction, that they are the obedient tools of any stump-orator who is, at the same time, daring enough and sufficiently devoid of principle to pour on them torrents of poisonous rancour like the above. Such are the American rabble, such their leaders. Of course they are not the nation. We shall be very much surprised, if a man who writes "Down with England" as a majority of Americans to the highest office in their country.

How I won the Victoria Cross. By T. Henry Kavanagh, Esq., Assistant Commissioner in Dublin. (Ward & Lock.)

We shall readily forgive "Lucknow Kavanagh" for being a very indifferent author. The remembrance of that gallant feat of passing

disguised through the enemy's forces, from beleaguered Lucknow to the head-quarters of Sir Colin Campbell, which was accompanied back to the doomed city, in the character of "guide," will allow him to stand excused for all defects of style,—even for some manifestations of bad taste.

Of the feat alluded to, for the accomplishment of which Mr. Kavanagh won the Victoria Cross, the author recounts nothing new; and its simple details are so well known to all Englishmen, that we will not refer to them. They occupy very few pages in a very brief book, the putting together of which seems to have been intrusted to a singularly incompetent editor. Of the general Indian story, too, we need with no additional information to that we already possess; but there is something of interest touching some of those who are recorded as having rendered good service, for which they seem to have been inadequately rewarded. Among these was the gallant Volunteer Bryson, so conspicuous in the defence of Lucknow, where he perished, and whose widow receives 36*l.* a year, as compensation for her loss and his merits! Again, Mr. Greenan, who rescued the records of the office of the Chief Commissioner of Oudh from destruction, and at great risk, received 100*l.* by way of acknowledgment. The faithful Rukht Ali, who carried our despatches, and was promised to be provided for during life, if he carried them safely through the lines of the enemy, was presented, at the end of the war, with 20*l.* and was grudgingly put into a situation at a salary of 10*s.* a week! Of the noble Fulton, who was the real defender of the besieged English in Lucknow against the rebels thirsting for their blood, nothing more was set down by the official report concerning that heroic and skilful soldier (also slain) than that his aid was "most valuable," and he himself "indefatigable." Finally, Mr. Kavanagh highly eulogizes our intrepid and trustworthy native spy, Kunoojee Lal, but he adds, "he was badly rewarded."

But is the author, on his side, always just in his award of praise or censure? The following apology for Mr. Gubbins will be hardly agreeable to that gallant gentleman:—

"I visited Mr. Gubbins's post occasionally, and observed him active with his rifle. The defences of his garrison were erected by himself, and he did some execution during the siege, for he was a good shot. It was the fashion to decry this gentleman before and during the siege, although he was one of the most active in preparing for it, and seemed to have a very correct notion of what would happen. He did as everybody else had the power of doing; but few had his forethought, and did not furnish themselves with as down the line of liberality. When I was sick my wife troubled Mr. Gubbins for some soda-water: her request was twice complied with; and I saw that the sick and wounded were better served in his house than anywhere else. Although I think that he might have been more liberal, he friends a little more. It would be unjust to deny that he could have lived sumptuously but for his liberality to others. The clamour against him was not altogether fair, and it might have been more justly applied to others of the garrison, who gave nothing from their stores."

Even less to our taste is the quasi disparagement of Lord Roberts:

"It is perfectly absurd to mention the engagements of Havelock, up to the Alam Bagh, as picked battles, for the enemy invariably broke ground the moment he seriously threatened them; and that the fighting was not sanguinary, may be inferred from the fact that very few were killed and disabled on either side. With a disposable force there was no need of great skill, nor was much applied to vanquish the disorganized rebels and mutineers, who invariably vanished of their own accord when encountered on the plains. The

passage through the city to the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow was as daring and as hazardous as any enterprise as has been attempted, but much of the credit of its success is due to the subordinate officer and to the common soldier, for it was accomplished by indomitable courage alone. It is far from my wish to detract from the merit of so good an officer as the late Sir Henry Havelock; but, for one, respectfully venture to pronounce against ranking him with the Great Commanders of England. If so little will place a man there AT ANY OTHER TIME, there will be no knowing, by-and-by, which are the Illustrious Chiefs of the country. Had the late General Niall commanded the force, he would have accomplished as much. His death in the Red Gate was sincerely deplored by the troops, who esteemed him highly, for he had shown ability, courage, and decision, of a kind that eminently fitted him for the hard emergency of the time. The public were ungenerous to one, who, more than any other General, merited their applause. The fame of the man of many deeds, who, for his manly and chivalrous bearing, had years ago been styled the Bayard of the Indian Army, was forgotten when England was convulsed with joy at the success of Havelock's exaggerated battles. The greatest achievement was the reinforcement of the garrison of Lucknow, and Sir James Outram was the most forward man in accomplishing it. With rare generosity he accorded the honour to another.

There is one young officer whose services, we are glad to see, are worthily appreciated; namely, Lionel De Costa, an English captain in the Madras army, who obtained leave to quit his post of safety, and take share in that bloody fight at Lucknow, wherein the gallant and handsome soldier lost his life:—

"When the breach was practicable a storming party of Sikhs, under the command of Captain De Costa, of the Indian army, was brought forward, and I accompanied it as a guide. The enemy abandoned the Mauleauve as soon as we mounted the breach, and Captain De Costa pursued them through the large archways of the enclosure, and, driven to the left, continued to run, expelling us by a heavy musketry and random artillery fire, till he reached the fortifications of the Kalsar Bagh Palace, where he was stopped by a deep and broad ditch. He was brave and impetuous to excess, and his fine handsome face was lit up by that noble flame that burns so strong in British officers. His fiery spirit had already carried him too far, and he was ordering his twenty Sikhs to attempt to cross the ditch into the Palace defences, when I ventured to point out that it would be a useless sacrifice of life. He had advanced so fast that the storming party was not together, and the reverse far behind. 'Who are you, sir! to interfere in my duty!' The gallant fellow did not know who I was,—I do not wish to interfere, and am only going to be a guide, willing to obey and follow you. Reflect whether it is worth your life to lead me to get us unsupported into the midst of at least five thousand mutineers. Kavanagh is my name, which you may have heard before,—De Costa seized my hand, and, while warmly protesting, expressed a willingness to be guided by one already renowned as a guide.' We then withdrew to a building known as 'The Printing Press' to fire into a crowd of mutineers who were deserting the fortifications in our rear and on our right. His rushing soul was excited again, and he would have rushed on the multitude of runaways had he not been stopped by a wound in the stomach which killed him during the day! This officer had joined the force as a volunteer, only a few days, and, at its earnest entreaty, he was attached to Drayner's regiment of Sikhs."

It only remains for us to add, that as regards Mr. Kavanagh himself, he is as little satisfied with the acknowledgments made to him for his services, as he is indignant at those received by others. Besides his expedition, in disguise, from Lucknow, there are to be named, his participation in every successive battle, his rescue of human lives, and his saving of the

public treasury, amounting nearly to 300,000*l.* For the first of these he received the Victoria Cross, of which he is justly proud; and the East India Company awarded him 2,000*l.* The Directors, however, refused to back Lord Canning's recommendation of him for the Victoria Cross, alleging that he would have the Lucknow medal in common with the other brave men who had earned it! At this remark, the author is naturally indignant and sarcastic, and there is something mournful in such a passage as the following, concluding the narrative of brilliant service rendered ungrudgingly:—"I left India in May, 1859, and, by the time this little book is in the hands of the reader, I shall probably be on my way back, reluctantly to resume my duty under a Government, that thinks me unworthy of honour, and to labour hard in a climate from which I cannot hope to escape again to Europe. For the civilities received in England and Ireland, I return most hearty thanks. To those persons who have honoured me with their friendship, I can only say that the remembrance of their great names is all I have to take back to solace me in the sunny land of the East."

Let us hope that coming years will prove brighter than the present to the gallant, but sorely chafed Assistant Commissioner in Oudh.

A Man's Heart: a Poem. By Charles Mackay. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Alban: a Narrative Poem. By William Thurston. (Judd & Ghas.)

THE fashion for novels in verse is not a new one. Such things were in the times of the Swan of Lichfield and the Bath-Easton Vase. Persons are still alive who have read through Anna Seward's 'Louisa; or, the Maid of the Haystack.'—When a greater day of English song succeeded, it required all the graphic direction, humorous observation, and terse finish of Crabbe to keep the story of modern life against such a phalanx of romantic poets as numbered Southey, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Moore. With them, for a time, Romance in rhyme may be said to have had its day.—Then came Contemplation, or nature, as represented by Wordsworth and his school of writers; but the reign of daisies, old trees, sermon-stones in the running brooks, and sky-pictures as themes, seems in its turn to have passed. And now, in a time when the world is well nigh astirated with prose fictions of sore hearts, earnest philosophies, and class injustice, come our poets and dealers in verse, apparently endeavouring to make the hackneyed combinations pass under cover of a revived medium. The feat is one less easy than some might think; but its difficulties have been tried by the poet in former pages. It is once again pointed out in the two well-intentioned volumes are compiled above,—the first of whom has gained, not without desert, a certain popularity in other branches of the poet's craft. Here, as there, Dr. Mackay shows himself amiable and facile. He mangles blank verse firmly. His tale is a tale of love and sentiment, the incidents of which we will not foretell, merely offering a passage, indicating the amount of his power; and we think the reader will find evenly diffused over the volume:—

There passed a shadow on the father's face;
His own warm youth and passionate impulses
Pointed his brow before his mind
Berthing in his son, with added fire;
Italian fervour linked with English heart.
"Archer," he said, "we'll all be truly
A year of travel in the balmy South;
To give you health and spirit, which I lack,
And give you the opportunity, long wanted, of
Of study in the paradise of Art.
You'll go to Florence, Milan, Naples, Rome,
And end with Venice, which I love well;
And you will miss, my father," said the son,
Which seldom pulsed over his cheek,
Then passed, and left it rudely as before;

"Next week—ay, or to-morrow if you will—
While or you deem but the best for you.
That also shall be very best for me."
And the smile melted the smile he seldom wore—
The shadow of a smile melted at the door—
And both departed to their several tasks—
The father his old business, and the son
To form sweet harmonies on minor keys,
Breathing a heavenly joy through human pain:—
And a riddle, and a mystery, and a shadow,
That came nigh to his finger-tips,
Each with a meaning, dying in its birth,
A riddle, and a mystery, and a shadow,
The son to work upon his master-piece—
To find the features that he loved,
And fix the well-known heart-leaving charm
Indelible on canvas. All in vain!
The mind that was with him, and the heart,
And gave no guidance to the listless hand.

"I cannot paint! I cannot read! I'll walk
Forth in the sunny air to Liverpool Park
And if I meet her, I'll be well and glad;
I'll sit and dream beneath the beechen tree
Where, three springs ago, I loved her name—
The two initials interwoven with mine.
Happy conjunction! Lo! with many a sigh,
Green as the leaves above, they flourish still!"

Like his predecessors, Dr. Mackay is not afraid of throwing the things of familiar practical life into the midst of those fancies and feelings, and more poetical descriptions, which belong to a sentimental history. We cannot accept the mixture cordially, be it ever so skilfully made. Figures by Hogarth or Wilkie would hardly fit a fairy garden by Claude or Turner.

The above hints at a character describe Mr. Thurston's tale, as truly as they do Dr. Mackay's. A page from the one might be transferred to the other, without ninety-nine out of a hundred readers finding it out. Of the two, possibly, Mr. Thurston commands closer and fresher descriptive power. This, the following passage, selected at a venture,—as was our extract from 'A Man's Heart,'—may we think, substantiate:—

And wandering 'neath Woodthorpe's giant oaks,
And thence to the river, where they met,
A dense and shaded wilderness of trees;
Where nigh a hundred years old trees stood,
Where round the old trees, and little hills;
Where stately pines upward their lofty heads
High or their tops, and now and then
Their furrow'd trunks all grey with lichens old
Or very a road outstretch'd their mighty limbs;
And on the east-side of the river,
Dark clumps of gloomy larch cast deepest shade;
Some early flowers sped their timid blooms
Beneath the shelter of the mother's rocks,
That lifted up their grey heads through the moss;
And as the two friends, with far-straying feet,
New felled one wild path, and now another,
Leading beneath the hawthorn's snowy blooms,
And starting from its rough and spiny roots,
The fapping, wild wood-pigeon,—suddenly,
Alban beheld a long and narrow pool,
Which lay as 't were asleep among the woods;
For tall, green linden trees, with graceful form,
Around its edge watch'd quietly; and beech,
That hung their feathery branches over the stream,
Look'd down with hush upon the sleeping pool,
And shadow'd clear where they saw their likeness;
While oak, with its wide-spreading arms, peer'd out
All curiously between them; and, in the shade
Of its wide-spreading arms, peer'd out
Two dusky water-hen swam softly round,
Mowing the quiet water a dimpled foam,
Unconscious of a human eye.

There is no novelty in 'Alban' to make us discuss the inventive or characterizing power commanded by its author.

NEW NOVELS.

Scarsdale; or, Life on the Levenshire and York-shire Border. Thirty Years. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, or 'Scarsdale' would have been a first-rate novel. There is talent—knowledge—matured thought—insight into the great social problems of our day—most imperiously demanding their solution—an earnestness of purpose that challenges the respect of the reader, who, in spite of all this array of good gifts, will perverely and most ungratefully persist in finding it a novel beyond his power to read. We are very sorry to have to record this conclusion, because we feel that the author really deserves better things; but the fact is too stubborn

nature of things which we are called upon to read, that we must seek a way of escape. And we think we have found it. Dr. Whately has well observed, that in all controverted questions, the error often lies in the point which all the disputants have taken for granted. Thinking on this hint, it occurred to us to move the previous question: Does anything exist at all? All parties have assumed consciousness, ego, ego, ego, &c. &c. Is not the whole thing a delusion altogether? But some one immediately says, then you admit the existence of delusion and something deluded! Not at all, we answer: in denying our own existence, we deny our capacity to admit anything! Then, it is rejected, you are able to drop at last! To this we answer, that if delusion be an existence, then negation is an existence, whence non-existence may be an existence. Having brought it to this, that nothing exists except in so far as non-existence may be said to exist, we have secured a basis on which to bring the reading of metaphysics under the Highgate oath: *Quod erat inveniendum.*

The Fife Coast, from the Queen's Ferry to Fife Ness. By Henry Farnie. (Cupar Fife, Orr.)—This handy book of the Fife coast is one which a traveller should read at the first place of call of its contents before it proceeds northward. The tourists who wander about book in hand do not know a tithe of the enjoyment of those who go on their wayfaring with fair knowledge of the country and its history. These travel rangers will prove the worth of what they have learnt than to learn as they go, often to forget after they have returned. Mr. Farnie's book, too, is not a dry "Guide." It is an amusing, instructive "handy-book," full of all details of interest, and so rich in social history as to be a treasure to the most fastidious place of the book-shelf as well as a position in the travelling bag. We hope to see more volumes devoted to similar purposes, written as carefully and amusingly as the one before us.

Arbroath and its Abbey; or, the Early History of the Town and Abbey of Arbroath, including Notes of Ecclesiastical and other Antiquities in the surrounding District. By David Miller. (Edinburgh, Stevenson).—A local interest chiefly, almost exclusively, attaches itself to this work, which includes a history of the town and its flourishing town of Arbroath, and particularly of its once magnificent monastery. Every page of the volume affords testimony of the care with which Mr. Miller has gathered materials, and the taste and discretion with which he has arranged or applied them. To the general reader, the anecdotal portion of this volume will doubtless be the most attractive; but to antiquaries the light thrown by Mr. Miller on past and obscure history will be the ground on which their eulogy will be founded. Of such praise from men of such pursuits, he will have as much as he can desire; and we know no writer of this class who deserves more.

A Guide to the Isle of Wight. By the Rev. E. Venables and Eminent Local Naturalists. (Stanford.)—Five hundred pages of information on every point connected with the Island, and of interest to every possible class of travellers, make of this book a perfect little encyclopædia. There have been many heads concerned in it; and certainly, in this excellent volume, we have rather an illustration of the wise man that "the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," than of the popular proverb touching the effect of too many cooks in the making of broth.

Literary Reminiscences and Gleanings. By R. W. Proctor. (Manchester, Dunham.)—This is a book of pleasant gossip about the celebrities of Lancashire. To a history of the county itself it is no mean contribution; and to general readers it will afford an honest hour's amusement. Mr. Proctor has collected scattered details touching bygone men and times in the north of England, in which future biographers will find ample materials; the which we hope they will have the grace to acknowledge. These modest books have a recognised worth, and we should only regret if there were half a dozen more of taste and discretion who would employ their leisure occasionally in collecting all they could discover of interest touching the district in which they reside.

Such works, creditably executed, as this is, would form instructive volumes for the people. The latter especially need such instruction; their ignorance of local history and details connected therewith being generally astounding.

The Elements of Mechanism. By Prof. Goodere. (Longman & Co.)—Designed to serve as an Introduction to the work of Prof. Willis. But those who read it will find they have gained a very pretty notion, even though they should not be able to take up Prof. Willis in his turn. The descriptions and plates are very good, and the quantity of mathematics the least possible.

Popular Astronomy. By Dr. O. M. Mitchell. (New York, Putnam & Co.) and the same, *Revised by the Rev. L. Tomlinson.* (London, Routledge & Co.)—Dr. Mitchell is now established as a first class writer on popular astronomy; and accordingly an English edition is printed almost simultaneously with the original. The American edition is in larger type, with the plates in black; the English edition has the plates in blue. The second has passed under another eye: otherwise we prefer the first. The contents are varied, and not spun out. Works on the actual heavens written by really first class men, and dealing with the phenomena, are fast superseding all others.

A Treatise on the Calculus of Finite Differences. By Prof. Boole. (Macmillan).—This is a worthy sequel to the author's "Treatise on Differential Equations," and will be very acceptable to the higher mathematical student; especially as bringing together the recent developments of the calculus of operations. If we were to try to enter further into so deep a work, we and our readers should soon be at infinite differences.

Archæological Collections relating to the History and Antiquities of the County. Published by the Sussex Archaeological Society. Vol. XII. (J. R. Smith).—A more "readable" volume on archaeological subjects we have rarely met with than this twelfth volume of the Sussex Society. The papers include topographical, biographical, genealogical, antiquarian, and cognate details; the interest of each subject being heightened by the method of treatment and the illustrative style of the various learned and zealous writers. We could not but be struck by the fact that there were a number of works like these in the counties to which they especially address themselves. Of the natives of such counties works like those put forth by Archaeological Societies should form a curriculum of education. To county men, local history should be as familiar as general history (ancient and modern) is, or ought to be, to the gentleman. The details in the volume before us are so pleasantly and popularly written, and the subjects are of such interest, that the idler of readers may peruse them with profit and pleasure.

The Dictionary and Geography of Australia, Australia, &c. By Simpson Davidson. (Longman & Co.)—This is one of those books which are placed beyond the region of fair criticism by the personalities in which they indulge. The author has been so far from his home, that he has no share in the merits of having discovered the gold-fields of the Australian continent. In endeavouring to establish his own claim, the author goes a long way out of his legitimate track to show each evidence, but he never written, lectured, or spoken on the gold question. It is a pity, amidst the confused heap of matter abstracted from every available source and commented together by the most uncalled for personal attack, to arrive at any clear view of the author's meaning. We are therefore compelled to dismiss the work to the care of those who, with more leisure than we enjoy, can take pleasure in "digging" amidst this mass of rubbish in the hope of finding a few grains of pure gold.

Germany from 1548 to 1860. By Barth. de Stomer. (Beutley.)—There is one remarkable element the preeminence of which somewhat vitiates that which we may term the literature of Continental patriotism. Each writer believes and affirms his own nationality to be the pivot, the centre, the compensating movement of the world's civilisation organisation. The French Emperor, who also sets up as a patriot, exclaims, "When

France is content, Europe is satisfied." The Polish gentleman assures us, that all progress, all revolution, all liberty, must henceforth take their rise in Poland, which is to be the centre of the world, the earth in fetters. We have been told, times out of number, that no country can be kept in chains after Italy has been emancipated. And now M. de Stomer is perfectly certain that in Hungary lies the last link in the chain of nations, the condition of Hungary in 1848 as compared with its condition in 1860, throwing in an emphatic parenthesis in glorification of recent French policy. The book is written well and reasoned clearly, allowance being made for the author's particular bias. Among other illustrations he employs to win English sympathy is one which, no doubt, will be effective:—"Just fancy a family who, wishing to celebrate the birth of a son or the marriage of a daughter, should invite their friends to a merry meeting; but all at once a grandeur enters, without permission, throws himself down in the first arm-chair, lights his pipe without saying a word, and then takes an insolent survey of all the company, to see if they are doing or plotting anything against the society of the Baron de Stomer, the only member of the company feel that he is the master and they are all slaves." Thirteen years ago, not even a judge could enter a private house without written authority. M. de Stomer's appeal will, no doubt, strengthen the case of the Hungarian people as brought into the courts of English public opinion.

The Turks and Contemporary Turkey—Les Turcs et la Turquie, &c. By B. Nicolaidis. 2 vols. (Burdett & Lovell).—Some years ago the Philhellens of England established an association to promote the revival of Grecian literature, and to foster the education of the living Grecian race. This organization, after a certain number of flourishes, was broken up. Just before the Russian war broke out, another movement of a political character, favourable to the allies, was started, and the association was revived. It ill turned, it was ill conducted, and its efforts were very speedily ashamed of their own enthusiasm. The pamphlet of M. Nicolas, entitled "The Eastern Question," was followed up by several others, in the hope of restoring the Greek cause, and the way of oblivion. The experiment, to all appearance, is being made once more in France, with what object it is not difficult to guess. M. Nicolaidis presents himself as a traveller, and sketches the Turks at home; but, being an officer in the Greek service, he has thought it necessary to put a new coat of red and green upon the old holloghbin, bugbear Saracen's Head, and, accordingly, indulges in anecdotes such as those which used to come to us from the Episcopate of Smyrna. The book contains little more than a good deal of scene-painting, daubed over a coarse impeachment of the Turks as liars and caricatures of humanity.

An edition of Johnson's *Ræselius*, with a life of Johnson, an account of the work, explanation and translation, is now in the press, and will be reviewed by the Rev. J. Hunter, M.A. (Longman).—As in other productions of the same pen, there is a mediocrity of merit and common-place character about it. The etymologies, though correct as far as they go, are incomplete, and the notes tend to give the rest of the only one element of a compound, without any explanation, as is the usual practice in this work. Dr. Collis has published two books of exercises to accompany his "Pontes Classici." They are *Ponticulus Latine, the History of Rome to the Destruction of Carthage*, (written for Translation into Latin, and *Ponticulus Grecus: Short Elementary Exercises from the Greek Testament, Æsop, and Xenophon, arranged for Translation into Greek.* (Longman).—To meet the wishes of some who have found Mr. Monier Williams' *Short Introduction to Hindustani* not short and simple enough, the author has put forth a *Hindustani Primer*, containing a *First Grammar suited to Beginners*, and a *Vocabulary of Common Words on Various Subjects, together with useful Phrases*.—*Edinburgh Journal*.—Somebody will be glad to read Mr. Linwood's *Remarks and Emendations on some Pæones in Thyridides*, (Walton & Maberly) in which

planation, as the name of *Tur-had* is known amongst the Kings of Sennar, and is quite distinct, both phonetically and etymologically, from the title of *Tarku*; but, on the other hand, the intermediate forms of *Tehak* in hieroglyphics, and *Tearchen* in Siles, seem to connect the Hebrew and Coptic form names together, and to indicate the same individual.

The annals of Assur-bani-pal contain many other very interesting notices of Tyre, Arados, Northern Syria, Cilicia, Armenia, Media, the Sæm, Babel, and Susiana, and these afford important aid in illustrating one of the most obscure periods in the history of the East. II. RAWLINSON.

SIR J. EMERSON TENNENT AND DR. BUIST.

London, August 11, 1860.

I have seen in the *Athenæum* of this morning the interesting letter of Dr. Buist, dated Allahabad, June 10, in which exception is taken to a passage in my recently published work on Ceylon, where I have ventured to offer a simpler solution of the phenomenon of the steady supply of fresh water in wells sunk in coral islands, than that heretofore resorted to,—namely, the conjecture that the flow consists of rain water imbibed from the surface, and banked in by the surrounding presence of water from the sea. This theory, which was first broached in Admiral Fitzroy's 'Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle,' and in Darwin's 'Naturalist's Journal,' is thus propounded in the latter, when speaking of the Kooling Islands, in the Indian Ocean, south-west of Sumatra, one of those "atoll" groups, in the islets of which there are wells from which ships obtain water:—"At first sight," says Darwin, "it appears not a little remarkable that the fresh water should regularly ebb and flow with the tides; and it has even been imagined that sand has the power of filtering the salt from the sea-water. * * The compressed sand, or porous coral rock, is permeated like a sponge with the salt water; but the rain which falls on the surface must sink to the level of the sea, and being so wet and so much accumulated there, displacing an equal bulk of the salt water. As the water in the lower part of the great sponge-like mass rises and falls with the tides, so will the water near the surface; and this will keep fresh, if the mass is sufficiently compact to prevent the admixture."—Darwin's 'Natur. Journal,' chap. xx. Dr. Buist's explanation, as contained in his letter to you, corresponds with that of Darwin; but Darwin, as it will be seen, glances at, although he rejects the theory of filtration from the sea; whilst Dr. Buist urges that, "Nothing is more utterly opposed to the first principles of physics than the doctrine that salt held in solution by water should be capable of being separated from it by the mere mechanical process of filtration." Dr. Buist, however, is not aware that the same doctrine is held on behalf of one of the London water-supply companies, and has shown that "water containing considerable quantities of saline matter in solution, may, by percolating through great masses of porous strata during long periods, be gradually deprived of salt, to such an extent as probably to render even salt water fresh." The difficulty which I felt in applying Darwin's ingenious theory to the small coral islands in which fresh water abounds, as well as to wells sunk in the coral formation at the foot of Ceylon, arising from the fact, that in the latter, rain falls with such proverbial frequency as to be inadequate to furnish the supply of fresh water invariably present; whilst in the numerous little coral islands to the west, the area of each is so minute, that their surfaces, even in the most rainy seasons, could not interest enough to replenish the wells. Mr. Fitz's discovery came opportunely to aid, and facts are recorded in other portions of my book (vol. 1, p. 20; vol. 2, p. 538) besides those which alone Dr. Buist appears to have seen, that in my mind establish the fact

that these wells are supplied not by the banking in of rain by the surrounding salt water, but by the slow percolation of water from the sea through the masses of porous coral.

J. EMERSON TENNENT.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Pescaia, August 5, 1860.

Despite the moderate temperature of this year's summer, which is far more akin to a bright British English June than to the burning, breathless days of Italy, all that portion of our city population which has a few *francesconi* to spare, is day by day straying by every rattling railway train out of quiet town gates and battlemented town walls, either hillwards or seawards to snatch a fortnight's watering at the baths of Monte Catini, or a month of sea-bathing and junketing at Leghorn or Viña Reggia. A pretty similar phase of summer migration is going on at this season further north, on either side of the Channel, to bathing-places and spas, but the main business of the tourist and innkeeper, has, in both countries, the other and inner man, has, in many respects, its cockpit of local character, which but few of our country folks ever remain to see, since, for the most part, the first warm day sets them scurrying through Italy in flight towards the Alps to breathe the breath of the desert sirocco were at their heels.

Monte Catini, the Tuscan Cheltenham, of whose waters an eminent Italian M.D. was wont to declare that while such means of cure existed, no *remedy by choice*, need suffer, is a liver complaint in Tuscany, lies nestled under the Pietean hills, about thirty miles from Florence, and some six more from the ancient retired little city from whence I date this letter. The latter half of the railroad from the capital is carried through a wondrously fertile and verdant country, but the line is yet strongly marked, and wavering off into staidness of outline and mystery of light and shade. In the views which open up here and there among the intricate Apennine valleys full of bifid clouds, the *confini* of the *confini* are purple and green, a little beyond Pietean with its venerable ramparts and striped marble Campanile, a long tunnel now passes under that lofty village-crowned height of *Servolaio* (the elap of the valley), which the *retrograde* traveller of but a few years back may have seen from the summit of the *Monte*, a ponderous vehicle with a mountain of luggage on the roof, by three corpulent, comfortable horses, whose prolonged halt at the top of the ascent allowed him to look with admiring eyes from the terrace road to the moldering remnant of a fort into the ever varied foldings of the enchanting landscape below.

The medicinal springs of Monte Catini are all of them at the foot of the double hill, wooded richly to the top, in the dip or saddle of which the old-fashioned *confini* of the same name, where the waters first good lodgings and a luxuriously-scented table, at which, in the full season, above a hundred sit daily down to dinner. There are likewise, under the same roof, the usual time-killing appliances for the use of the *vallettimaniani*; billiard, croquet, and room for the *confini*, another establishment of long-suffering grand place. Somewhat further retired from the *confini* or principal cluster of buildings, which boasts of the important presence of the church, the post-office, and the baker's shop, stands the more exclusive *Casino*, another establishment of the same kind, as its larger and livelier neighbor. Our Tuscan *redes*, it is observed, have this year haunted the *Casino* in greater numbers than usual, owing, it may be conjectured, to the billious melancholy produced by the unsuccessful expenditure of sundry small attempts to produce reactionary movements of late in Florence and Leghorn, such as the war waged against *cimò* no by the priests and their emissaries, which ce ad the maltreatment of several young women in the public streets some weeks ago, and the setting fire

to the dress of a lady, distinguished as a collector for the Sicilian cause, who luckily escaped without serious injury, while the happy perpetrator of the cowardly outrage has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and hard labour for his pains. There is yet another large boarding-house at Monte Catini on the plain of the town, which has received several small *inn* of various rents; but detached houses to let there are none, probably owing to the short time the season lasts there, and the dampness of the site in spring and autumn. This very dampness, however, is a slow reason to the otherwise inexplicable persistency with which the crowd of water-drinkers every evening desert the green shady pleasure-grounds veined with running water a rare treat in Italy for a miserable little gravelled expanse of a few feet broad, skirting the wall of the railway, without a blade of grass to freshen its aridity, where the ladies sit in rows, languidly chatting with their attendant cavaliers, in all the patient monotony of a line of penguins on a shelf of rock, *to see the train come in*; which economy duly accomplished, they retire early to their beds, and the motor, which of the aforesaid much-enduring pianos keep a few pairs of waiters twirling for an hour or two later.

About ten minutes' railway travel brings one from the nineteenth-century civilization and *confini* of Monte Catini to this industrious and primitive little city of Pescaia. A more delicious succession of landscapes than that through which the road sweeps, it would be hard to conceive. The taller hills, with their bold outline and rocky scarp, often further down into masses of luxuriant dark wood and dense foliage, meet into wide reaches of glittering olive and golden green vines; and the valley of the river Pescia, where the railway stops, and where a narrow, sweet-smelling, countifried road runs off to the town, between those deep, dark woods, and those green hills, is a brimful of lavish fertility, massed together as it were in sport, and broken only by a glimpse here and there of some large old rambling villa, with its terraced garden and airy-pillared *loggia*, or of some grey convent on a knoll, with a cluster of tall cypresses, and with a tinkling daisy bell swinging slowly in its open belfry. The great abundance of huge mulberry-trees in the valley tells of Pescaia's chief source of wealth—the numerous busy silk-factories; and, standing on the bridge at the farther end of the town, the *confini* (the *confini* buildings) have, strange to say, a charm of *elior-o-cero* and colouring all their own; for their fronts being three parts unglazed window, the eye plunges into brown depths of shadow, broken by broad bands and coils of shining green raw silk, touched here and there by the prying sun. Pescaia has no lack of tall *cane signorili*, with heavy stone shields over the portals, and richly knighted iron-work round the balconies; and the venerable *palazzo Comunale* has its grey walls inland, after the Tuscan fashion, with a *confini* of *confini* its ancient magistrates, many of them mighty men of valour in the rough old days. Chief among its latter-day glories is that of having been the cherished home, from childhood upwards, of the noble *confini* of *confini*, who, when the *confini* of *confini* in the neighborhood of hills will be for many a year remembered at the village fountains, where his kindly sympathy and gay good humour made him an honoured guest, and where he gathered good tales of those illustrious Tuscan *confini*, who were so dear upon them, for which the *Pietean* hill country is famous, and which give his writings such a *confini* were. The peasants of the *Pietean* are a hardy, handsome, intelligent race, simple and antiquated in their manners; having little schooling, but a fund of their good sense, pure morals, and traditional bravery and sobriety to supply its want. From the queer old villages, or *confini*, as they are still called, each guarded with its ruined wall, which crest every hill-top, a great part of the male population migrate every winter to the grey-walled grounds of *confini* with Monte Catini; and not a few of those plaintive *confini* or popular songs, in which the inner life of this peasantly finds vent, make touching allusions to this yearly pilgrimage, from which not seldom some herdman returns to his home in spring, death-smitten with

the marsh-fever. A strong national feeling has been kept up among the inhabitants of these unsophisticated villages, from the old days when the battles of Republican Independence were bravely fought among the chestnut forests which encircle San Marcello, when the hero Verucchi died bravely fighting on the terrace of the village of Gavina. Every site and detail of the hard contest is familiarly quoted among them to the present day; and many a humble dwelling, with no more savoury food on its table than the sweetest, insipid, dark brown rice or chestnut-ends, bedded on green leaves, which is the daily portion of the hill-folk, possesses over its rude fireplace a trophy of ancient arms (the heirloom of some ancestor who took part in the great fight), for which the Florentine antiquaries would gladly pay down no end of *francesconi*, but which no trial or absolute starvation would induce the owner to sell.

Very different from those woodland haunts of song and legend is the scene presented at this season by Leghorn, with its hotels and lodgings, houses, big and little, full from attic to cellar, with its Ardenza Road every evening thronged with gay carriages, and a dither with little straw hats of every extreme of shape and plumage. Yet even Leghorn has its local stamp as neatly cut as demure old Pavia, and the routine of its *bagneri*, or bathing-places, is as different from that of an English sea-side resort as a *Vespaio* campaign from a new Salem camp. And, first of all, Leghorn has now no beach, whatever it may have had in its undress days; consequently, no machines, no bare-legged bathing-women in blue flannel, no horses, ripes, or windlasses, to assist the bathers in their aqueous gambols. The bathing establishments, of which there are five on the Ardenza Road, are simply mazes of little piers running out on shelves of low rocks into the shallow sea; screened by awnings, connected by small bridges, crossing each other at all angles, and covered with rows of booths or *Archi*, where the bather can sit comfortably fitted up within, and offering to the bather a perfectly screened and shaded space, into which the waves run freely, and from which, by only lifting the canvas curtain at the outer end, she or he, if a practised swimmer, can emerge into the heaving billows and glitter of the open sea. In the central part of the *bagneri* are commodious buildings, where the requisite linen is distributed by the women attached to the baths, where bathing-dresses are dried in limp, ghostly rows, and the bathers' names set down for the *servizio* each selects. There is also, in two of the establishments, a pleasant, small *caffè*, furnished with reasonably good eatables, where ice is in immense demand of an evening, and where many a fastidious Florentine dame may be seen lurching on fresh *bruschet* and Gruyères cheese after her dip, with an appetite quickened by the fresh sea-air. Crowds of children race and gambol about the narrow causeways, up the steps, and over the bridges, angling over the railings for baby crabs; shouting to their playfellows in the water, who pop up at them with steaming hair and red faces from under lifted corners of a wig, and, at the high bathing-time, about eleven A.M., the whole place is in an indescribable hubbub of noise and movement. In the evening lamps are lighted here and there, and gay toilettes of every degree of exaggeration (the Livornese bourgeoisie being pre-eminent in this respect) pronounce and strunge and block up the pathways with heaps of embroidered muslin and steel hoops, and on three evenings of the week a military band plays at the *Bagni Panicali*, and polkas, mazurkas and waltzes, *à l'italiana*, with plenty of Piedmontese uniforms to enliven them, are kept up till ten or eleven o'clock, when the weather is calm. But when, as was the case last week, the coldest *blecco* gets up with the setting sun, every inch of canvas is stripped off the *baracche* in a twinkling, the gay, tri-colored banner comes down with a run, and the white larvas of the Mediterranean blow the dripping sand-drops acrossways, where only some obstinate lover of *la Nature en ruine* is left to battle with the gusts of spray.

Leghorn has had serious thoughts, though, upon her heart, portents, of late, for many of the volun-

teers belonging to the Malenchini battalion, which fought so stoutly and suffered such heavy loss at the late Battle of Milano, were Livornese citizens. Their quota of contribution to the lists of killed and wounded by no means inconsiderably, I myself saw, not many days back, an omnibus passenger offer the conductor a *Pajal* coin, which was instantly given back again, with an expressive grimace, while the conductor scrupulously wiped his hands on his greasy trousers to remove the pollution of its contact. Th. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

Mr. Mayall has put together, in a 'Royal Album,' the series of royal photographic portraits made by him from time to time at Buckingham Palace. These exquisite studies from the real life are fourteen in number: one of the Queen and Prince Consort, one of the Queen and Princess Beatrice, one of the Queen alone, one of the Prince alone, one of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alice, one of the Prince of Wales, one of the Princess Alice, one of Prince Alfred, one of the Princess Helena and Louise, one of the Queen and Princess Helena alone, one of Princess Louise alone, one of Princess Arthur and Leopold, one of Prince Arthur alone, and one of Princess Beatrice: each study reproducing, with a homely truth, far more precious to the historian than any effort of a flatterer court artist, the lineaments of the royal race. The Album reflects the highest credit on Mr. Mayall.

We are authorized to state (in correction of a paragraph in the 'Monthly Notices of the Astronomical Society,' to which we have given circulation) that no appointment has yet been made to the office of First Assistant to the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in contemplation of an expected vacancy in that office caused by the translation of the Rev. R. Main to Oxford.

The literary and artistic gentlemen who have undertaken to collect a fund, by subscriptions and donations, for the relief of the poor and needy of the late Robert B. Brough, are proceeding as vigorously with their task as the present 'out of town' season will admit. The donation account opened at Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s is growing slowly but favorably, and though it only amounts, at present, to about a hundred pounds, it shows many of the best names in literature and journalism. The performances at Drury Lane Theatre—partly amateur, partly professional—on the 25th of last month, yielded a net profit of 119*l*. The literary and artistic amateur performers have been invited to play at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on the 21st inst., and at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on the 22nd, in aid of the fund. These invitations have been accepted, and the burlesque of 'The Forty Thieves' (which was played before the Queen last March, and secured three hundred pounds for the widows of the slain) will be the staple of the performance. The chief characters will be sustained by Mr. F. Talford, Mr. Leicester Buckingham, Mr. H. J. Byron, and Mr. John Hollingshead. Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Benjamin Webster consented to become joint trustees of the fund, which it reaches an amount requiring care in its application; and, in the mean time, it stands in the names of the literary treasures, Messrs. Talford and Hollingshead.

A ton and coffee service, in silver, from the works of Hunt & Russell, together with a purse of two hundred guineas, has been presented to Prof. Robert Hunt, Keeper of Mining Records, by a number of gentlemen connected with the mineral industries of the kingdom, as a record of their appreciation of his energy and ability in originating and conducting the great publication of *Mineral Statistics*.

The publishers of 'The Drawing-Room Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages' have issued a volume for the current half-year. It contains

twenty-six portraits of persons more or less eminent; each portrait an original production, engraved for this series. The frontispiece is an admirable likeness of Prince Alfred. Many of the series, however, are of persons little or not at all generally eminent. In men and women with the 'canonics' of this volume will have been forgotten.

We have only to print the following as we receive it:—

"16, New Bond Street, Aug. 15.

As the wording of a paragraph in the *Athenæum* of last week (which paragraph has been copied into many other papers) may possibly suggest to some readers an erroneous idea as to the price paid by me for Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, I ask leave to state the exact facts of the case. I purchased the picture and copyright, as you say, for 5,500*l*. But the deed of sale makes no division of this sum into so much for the picture and so much for the copyright. The copyright, in all cases when no special understanding to the contrary occurs, goes with the picture. In the present instance, however, I am bound by my deed of sale to have the Finding of the Saviour in the Temple engraved in first-rate style by an engraver to be approved by Mr. Hunt. Yours, &c. E. GAMBART.

We hear strange things from Austria. The pupils of the upper division of one of the higher Colleges of Vienna have been induced to draw a parallel between the (pagan) heroes of the *Iliad* and the (Christian) Ressen of the *Nibelungenlied*. One of the ablest and best behaved pupils, in an erudite and elaborate essay, decided in favour of Achilles and Hector, and, in doing so, the Rector without any other reason, expelled him from the school. The boy's father, a rich Vienna banker, has appealed to the authorities, with what success is not yet known. Such are the consequences of the Concordat. The College, of course, is a Government institution, the Rector a Roman

prelate. Incredible, but true! A German elegiacian, the Rev. I. M. Schild, has edited 'Goethe's finest Poems, improved according to the Demands of our Time,' (Goethe's schönste Gedichte, nach dem Bedürfnissen unserer Zeit verbessert.) Of what kind the improvements of Herr Schild are, we may see by the following sample. The closing lines of the sweet little song, 'Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,'—

Die Wälder schwingen im Walde;
Wärte nur Ruhe
Ruhet das auch—

have been 'improved' by Herr Schild into—

Die Wälder schwingen in Leiden;
Ruhet nur in Götter,
Ruhet das auch.

—We have seen in England attempts to improve 'Paradise Lost' into rhyme.

If Italy and Sicily in general owe a new life to Garibaldi, and Sicily in particular may thank him for the abolition of a college life which was anything but agreeable. The following description has been gathered from the authentic government receipts, orders, and decrees of the High School at Palermo. The student for law or medicine had to reside at the Jesuit College of the town, which exerted itself to the utmost in behalf of the spiritual welfare of the pupil. Yet this was nothing compared to the care which was bestowed on his soul after having been received at the High School. Each pupil had a particular professor (*maestro di spirito*) assigned to him, and each was placed under the surveillance of a prefect, who again was assisted in his labours by the rector of the High School, and by the professors in general. The student was not permitted to write down or make notes of the professor's discourse; instead of that, he had to write every Saturday to one of the professors what he had learnt during the week. Every Sunday he had to appear in the oratory to hear Mass, and to be catechized. At his exit from church, he received a certificate of his presence in the oratory, which

when they are introduced to us in town as Gymnocarpha, Phegopteris, Polypodium, and Gonopteris. If, however, any reader wishes to know all the learned names of our fern friends, Mr. Moore is appointed Master of the Ceremonies, and will introduce all purchasers of 'The Octavo Nature-Printed British Ferns.' His works are standard ones in this department of science. The most generally pleasing feature of these volumes is the nature-printing. This is so elegant and so accurate that not only the veins and the nature of the surface, but the hairs, and other minutiae of superficial structure are accurately exhibited, irrespective of the details of fructification. Nature-printing sets forth correctly the first-sight appearance which a plant bears,—and by thus familiarizing the eye with its external features, enables the mere beginner to recognize the prototype when it comes before him. This process is appropriately named, in more senses than the artificial one, for it is a transference to the tablet of the volume, exactly corresponding to the transcript of the object itself in the mind. Mr. Bradbury has done his work admirably. The ferns seen to grow upon these pages, or they form a *hortus siccius* of Pteridology in themselves.

The rarest ferns are not often the most beautiful, and it is a beneficent provision that the commonest are not unfrequently the most stately in form. A case in point is the *Asplenium Germanicum*. It is one of the rarest of British species, known in but few stations, and in those few but sparsely. It probably reaches in North Wales an elevation of 1,000 feet; and when we have obtained it how poor in form does it appear as compared with the spreading ferns of the wayside!

Then again there is the royal *Osmunda*, which lifts itself to the height of ten or twelve feet, as if conscious of its vegetable sovereignty, and worthy of the admiration it elicits from Sir Walter Scott when at the Lakes of Killarney.

Sometimes we have met with it by the margin of lakes and slow streams, or on the borders of sedge bogs, where certain peasantry gather it under the name of the "bog-onion," and deem it good for bruises, sprains and wounds. This most royal of ferns is common throughout Europe, and is no stranger in Asia, Africa, and North America—so that in this case there is no connexion between royalty and rarity.

So also the common, but elegant, *Pteris aquilina* is the most abundant of our wild ferns, growing in almost all woods, thickets, heaths, and waste places, and ranging from the coast-level to an elevation of nearly two thousand feet in the Highlands of Scotland. Though harsh-looking when exposed to mountain blasts, yet in sheltered lanes and woods it is extremely beautiful, with its expansive fronds, of from eight to sometimes ten feet in height, gracefully arching above brackenwood and briars, and screening with its fan-like foliage the rough and waste places of the vegetable world. But abundant gracefulness is not all. It has its uses, and affords its services to man. As we speak of uses, many a remote one is recalled to our view; and who that has wandered far does not himself remember this fern and its utility to the poor peasantry? Here is a retrospect:—It is evening, and the long line of golden yellow light that fringes the sombre curtains of the leaden sky grows thinner and fainter in hue. Soon the golden line becomes dim and pale, and the bats wheel swiftly around it. Here we are, fishing-rod in hand, trout-less and tired. So, too, is yonder aged peasant, as he looms through the shades with his burden of bracken on his back and his bill-hook in his hand. He has been cutting ferns, grievously ignorant

of their high-sounding names, but well knowing that they will make excellent fodder for cattle. Down go bundle and bill-hook at his cottage-door. The old man tells us the uses and applications of bracken. That cattle-slasher youifer is thatched with them, and if such thatch does not harbour insects or hold moisture. If you can get such out plenty of stalks, no thatch is more durable, and no better bedding and litter for cattle can be had hereabouts. The farmer over at that farm on the hill-side employs our wayfarer here to cut the fronds when green for manure for his land. The squire's gardener buys them as a covering material for the preservation of plants from injury by frost, and a man comes down here from the town to get ferns for the packing and storing of fruit, because, as he says, they never become musty, and mouldy. Then the young pigs that run around the cot have a taste for the roots, or underground stems, and grant most porcine approbation at such a banquet. There lives, too, an old crane, three miles across the moor, who prepares "doctors' stuff" from ferns; and they do say that he cures worms with it, and the rickets in children by making them sleep on a bed of the green plants. This reminds us of that sundry other applications of ferns, and that these plants possess very setringent properties;—a true to Economic Pteridology.

For people who wish to be scientific, the three books at the head of this article will surely suffice. Mr. Seeman's 'One View' will lead to a desire for other views, which will be abundantly gratified by Mr. Moore. Mrs. Lankester's little book is not only "plain and easy," but also elegantly illustrated, whilst those who wish to fernize on foot will be aided by Mr. Ravenshaw, who collected ferns when a curate, writes about them when a rector, and bids fair, we prophesy, upon the next vacancy, to become Bishop of Ferns!

MEDICAL BOOKS.

Practical Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Scintia. By H. C. Rood, M.D. (Churchill.)—This is a general commentary on cases which have been observed by the author, and presents nothing novel, either in the skill with which they are reported or in which they were treated. Records of cases and practical observations, unless made with a scientific object in view, are of no use to the medical reader, and are only intended to catch the eyes of the unwary sufferer. Surely, Dr. Rood could produce something more worthy the eyes of his medical brethren than these Practical Observations.

A Manual of Operative Surgery on the Dead Body. By Thomas Smith. (Longman & Co.)—We should think that this will be found a very useful Manual in the hands of those who intend to attempt to operate on the living body, to get their hands in upon the dead one. Strange as it may sound, this is not generally the case, and the majority of our young surgeons are sent forth from the College in Lincoln's Inn Fields without giving any proof of their ability to perform the simplest operations of surgery. Of course, no conscientious young man confines his education to the requirements of our examining boards, and those who are anxious to perfect themselves in surgery seek the anatomical schools of the Continent, where operative surgery is regularly performed, and operations demonstrated upon the dead body. There is always, however, a certain number to whom the study of this subject will be more convenient at home, and such students will find Mr. Smith's book an excellent guide.

The Diseases of the Ear: their Nature, Diagnosis, and Treatment. By Joseph Toynbee. (Churchill.)—Mr. Toynbee has been distinguished for many years by his laborious investigations into the structure of the ear and the nature of its diseases. His dissections of the ear have cost an immense

amount of labour, and his museum is one of the most extensive that has ever been collected in illustration of the structure and diseases of a single organ. With his numerous papers, essays, and lectures, the profession is well acquainted; and every one interested in aural practice will be glad to receive from his hands a complete work on diseases of the ear. The work is entirely devoted to the description of the morbid states of the ear, and their treatment, and the functions of the ear are only so far alluded to as is necessary to elucidate the pathology of particular diseases. The work is illustrated with a large number of well-executed woodcuts, which serve greatly to render the description of the morbid states of the ear plain to the reader.

On Consumption: its True Nature and Successful Treatment. By Godwin Timms, M.D. (Churchill.)—This is one of a class of medical books which every well-educated practitioner, by a little study and thought, is capable of producing. The author has made no new discoveries, nor has he recorded any previously unobserved facts. He holds opinions which are probably his own, but they are not such as to command the attention of the public or the medical profession. His treatment of consumption is, in many respects, identical with the system adopted by the present day by the great majority of medical practitioners; and on those points in which he differs from his brethren, as in the administration of emetics and the use of occasional blood-letting, he has brought forward no satisfactory evidence of their benefits. Unfortunately, phthisis is a disease that carries its victim to the tomb with an unequal though certain step. The causes of its inequalities are imperfectly known, and the young practitioner often attributes its lingering paces to his remedies, and mistakes its natural laws for absolute cure.

Contributions to the Hygenic Treatment of Paralysis. By M. Roth, M.D. (Groombridge.)—The author informs us, in his Preface, that the greater part of this work is a reprint of a paper written for the *British Journal of Homoeopathy*. He is not, however, accurate upon the subject of the medical treatment of paralysis; but we rather, from his incidentally recommending "small doses" of sulphur and nux vomica, with ignatia, cocculus, rhus, and arnica, that he is a disciple of the school of Hahnemann. That a judicious system of exercise may be beneficial in certain forms of paralysis, is, we believe, admitted by most practitioners; and it is, perhaps, not so often recommended as it would be, for the want of persons with sufficient intelligence, and without quackish tendencies, to carry it out. However excellent Dr. Roth's system of gymnastics may be, his exaggerated view of its importance would repel many medical men from consulting with him on the subject.

The Anatomy of the Human Lung. By A. F. Houghton Watson. (Churchill.)—This essay obtained the Fothergillian Gold Medal of the Medical Society of London for 1859. The subject is one which it would scarcely be thought at the present day could furnish much scope for novelty of observation or inference. Nevertheless, the physiological student will be aware, that with regard to the distribution of the vessels that carry the blood to the lungs for aeration, and convey it back to the heart for circulation, there is considerable difficulty of opinion. This has arisen from the great difficulty of dissecting the minute tubes and blood-vessels of which the lung is composed. At the same time, in order to understand the nature of diseases of the lung, it is of the first importance that their true structure should be ascertained. It was with this object in view, that the Council of the Medical Society of London offered the Fothergillian Gold Medal for the best essay on this subject. It is too much to say that Mr. Watson's essay is a worthy companion of the many excellent essays that have been rewarded by this medal. He has not only given an account of the views held by previous anatomists on this subject, but, by a large amount of original investigation, has attempted to solve the difficulties involved in the anatomy of the lungs. This essay is the best account we have seen of the anatomy of the human lung, and we

recommended it to the study of the physiological and medical student.

The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion. By Arthur Leared, M.B. (Churhill).—With all our popular knowledge of physiology and improved sanitary management, the stomach will get out of order, and, as a result, arrange the blood and put the whole body wrong. As science advances, the nature of digestion and the nature of food become better known, and every new essay on digestion and dietetics shows an advance in medical knowledge on those subjects. Dr. Leared's unpretentious little volume on imperfect digestion may be studied with advantage, both by the medical student and the habitual dyspeptic.

Practical Observations on the Prevention of Consumption. By John Hogg, M.D. (Hardwicke).—From books on the cure of consumption, we turn with immense relief to one on its prevention. This disease, so terrible when it has once set in, commences in conditions of the system which can be absolutely controlled. Dr. Hogg has pointed out with great good sense in this work the causes that lead to it, and the means to produce consumption. He also indicates the best way of removing these causes; and although we do not agree with him on all points, we regard his book as an effort in the right direction. We feel assured that a vast amount of life may be saved by encouraging the prevention of consumption; whilst little can be done for the cure when once it has been fairly established in the system.

FINE ARTS

NATIONAL GALLERY.

A very interesting Return relating to the National Gallery has just appeared (ordered to be printed July 26th, 1860). This, as we gave a summary of a former one, which it completes, we shall condense for the benefit of our readers. It is styled, "A Return of all Pictures purchased for the National Gallery from the commencement to the present time, distinguishing the pictures presented to the appointment of Sir C. Eastlake as Keeper (Nov. 1843) from those subsequently purchased." The date of each purchase is given, the painter, the former proprietor, the price, and the authority under which the purchase was made. There are also Extracts from the Treasury and the House of Parliament in which the duties and authority of the Director and Trustees respectively are defined. The paper concludes with "A Return of all Pictures presented to the National Gallery: giving the date of presentation; the donor, whether by gift or bequest; the painter; the subject; the total amount expended in the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery; and the cost of the establishment for each year." Ordered to be printed, on the motion of Mr. Thomas Harney.

The Anglo-Irish Collection of thirty-eight pictures was purchased, April 2, 1824, for £7,000. For convenience of reference, we shall re-arrange them in progressive order of the Numbers of the pictures in the Catalogue. The pictures omitted along to the Anglo-Irish Collection were the mural in below 122. Other omissions are insignificant works; a, signifies bequeathed; b, presented; purchases have the prices given.

No. 4, Holy Family, Titian, a, Rev. H. Carr—6, Landscape, David in the Cave of Adulam, Claude, Carr—8, Dream of St. Martin, after M. Angelo, Carr—9, Christ appearing to Peter, An. Carracci, 9,000*l.*, together with 35 and 62—10, Mercury instructing Cupid, Correggio, 11,500*l.*, together with 15—11, St. George, Guido, a, Carr—13, Holy Family, Murillo, 7,500*l.*—15, Ecco Homo, Correggio, purchased with 19, for 11,500*l.*—16, St. George and the Dragon, Tintoretto, a, Carr—17, Holy Family, A. del Sarto, a, Carr—18, Christ and Flaccius, L. da Vinci, a, Carr—19, Landscape, Narcissus and Echo, Claude, b, Sir G. Beaumont—20, Ippolito de Medici, after M. Angelo, Carr—21, St. George, Guido, a, Carr—22, Dead Christ, Guercino, a, Carr—23, Holy Family, Correggio, 3,500*l.*—24, Giulia Gonzaga, S. del Piombo, a, Carr—26, Consecration of St. Nicholas, P. Veronese, b, the British Institution—29, La Madonna del Gallo, Barocci, a, Carr—33, Vision of St. Jerome, Parmigiano, b, the British Institution—35, Bacchus and Ariadne, Titian, 9,000*l.*, with 9 and 62—39, Nursing of Bacchus, N. Poussin, a, G. J. Chalmers, Esq., Carr—41, Landscape, with Phœbus, b, Sir G. Beaumont—41, Death of Pistoia Marquis, Giordano, Carr—43, The Crucifixion, Rembrandt, b, Sir G. Beaumont—44, Charity, G. Romano, a, Carr—46, Peace and War, Rubens, b, Marquis of Stafford—48, Tobias and the Angel, Domenichino, a, Carr—51, A Jew Merchant, Rembrandt, b, Sir G. Beaumont—53, Woman Bathing, Rembrandt, b, Carr—55, Landscape, with Death of Procrio, Claude, b, Sir G. Beaumont—56, Landscape, a Lake Scene, An. Carracci, a, Carr—57, St. Hylon, Rubens, a, Carr—58, Landscape, with Grate, Claude, b, Sir G. Beaumont—59, The Brass Serpent, Rubens, 7,500*l.*—60, The Tower of Babel, L. Sassano, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—61, Landscape, The Annunciation, Claude, b, Sir G. Beaumont—62, Raebanah Dance, N. Poussin, 9,000*l.*, with 9 and 55—63, Landscape, Sir George Beaumont, a, Carr—64, The Return of the Ark, S. Bourdon, b, Sir G. Beaumont—65, Cephalus and Aurora, N. Poussin, a, G. J. Chalmers, Esq., Carr—66, Landscape, with the Château de Stein, b, Sir G. Beaumont—68, View near Albano, G. Poussin, a, Carr—69, St. John Preaching, P. Mola, a, Carr—70, Cornelia with her Children, Paduanino, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—71, Landscape, Morning, Both, b, Sir G. Beaumont—72, Tobias and the Angel, Rembrandt, a, Carr—73, Conversion of St. Paul, Ercole da Ferrara, a, Carr—74, Spanish Boy at Window, Murillo, Carr—75, Zachary, Esq.—75, Landscape, St. George and the Dragon, Domenichino, a, Carr—77, Stealing of St. Stephen, Domenichino, a, Carr—78, Holy Family, Reynolds, b, the British Institution—79, The Fall of Man, J. M. W. Turner, Esq., Carr—80, Hymen, a, Lord Blessington—81, The Market Cart, Gainborough, b, the British Institution—81, Vision of St. Augustine, Garofalo, a, Carr—82, Holy Family with St. Francis, Mazzolini, a, Carr—83, Phineas and his Followers, N. Poussin, b, Carr—84, Mercurius, J. M. W. Turner, Esq., Carr—85, St. Jerome, Domenichino, a, Carr—86, The Entombment, L. Carracci, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—87, Perseus and Andromeda, Guido, b, King William IV.—88, Venus giving Cupid, Carr—89, Lord P. Carr—91, Sleeping Venus and Satyrus, N. Poussin, a, Carr—92, Cupid and Psyche, Aless. Veronese, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—93, Silenus gathering Grapes, A. Carracci, a, Carr—95, Landscape, with Dido and Æneas, G. Poussin, a, Carr—96, Ecco Homo, L. Carracci, a, Carr—97, Rape of Europe, P. Veronese, a, Carr—98, View of L'Arcia, G. Poussin, a, Carr—99, The Blind Fiddler, Wilkie, b, Sir G. Beaumont—100, The Death of Chatham, Copley, b, Lord Liverpool—101, 102, 103, 104, Industry, Youth, and Modesty, Ag. Carracci, b, Carr—105, Landscape, Sir G. Beaumont—106, Man's Head, Reynolds, b, Sir G. Beaumont—107, The Banished Lord, Reynolds, b, the Rev. W. Long—108, Madonna's Villa, Wilson, b, Sir G. Beaumont—109, The Virgin and Child, Gainborough, b, Sir G. Beaumont—110, Landscape, with Nicolo, &c., Wilson, b, Sir G. Beaumont—119, Landscape, with Jacques and the Stag, Sir G. Beaumont, b, Lady Beaumont—120, Portrait of Nollekens, Sir W. Beechey, b, the Rev. H. Kerrick—123, Landscape, Moonlight, E. Williams, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—124, Portrait of the Rev. W. H. Carr, Jackson, a, G. J. Chalmers, Esq.—127, View of the Grand Canal, Venice, Canaletti, b, Sir G. Beaumont—128, Portrait of W. Wyndham, Reynolds, a, G. J. Chalmers, Esq.—129, Portrait of J. J. Anguelstein, Sir T. Lawrence, b, King William IV.—130, The Cornfield, Constable, b, bought by subscription—134, Landscape, with Buildings, Dekker, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—135, Ruins and Figures, Canaletti, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—136, Head of a Lady, Lawrence, E. Williams, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—137, Landscape, Van Goyen, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—138, Ruins and Figures, Pannini, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—140, Portrait of a Lady, Vanderheydt, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—141, The Palace of Dido,

Steinwyck, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—142, J. Kemble, as Hamlet, Lawrence, b, King William IV.—143, Lord Ligonier on Horseback, Reynolds, b, King William IV.—144, Portrait of B. West, P. R. A., Lawrence, b, King William IV.—145, A Man's Portrait, Vanderheydt, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—146, View of Rotterdam, Stork, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—147, Cephalus and Aurora, and 148, Galatea, Ag. Carracci, cartons, a, the Earl of Elinmore—149, A Calm at Sea, Lord Farnborough—150, A Gale at Sea, W. Van de Velde, a, Lord Farnborough—151, Leda, P. F. Mola, a, Lord Farnborough—152, Landscape, Evening, Vanderheydt, a, Lord Farnborough—153, The Cradle, Maas, a, Lord Farnborough—154, Music Party, Teniers, a, Lord Farnborough—155, Music Changes, Teniers, a, Lord Farnborough—156, Study of Horace, Vanduyck, a, Lord Farnborough—157, Landscape, Sunset, Rubens, a, Lord Farnborough—158, Boon Regaling, Teniers, a, Lord Farnborough—159, Dutch Housewife, Maas, a, Lord Farnborough—160, Ripon, Fight into Egypt, P. F. Mola, a, Lord Farnborough—161, Italian Landscape, Mountain Scenery, G. Poussin, a, Lord Farnborough—162, The Infant Samuel, Reynolds, a, Lord Farnborough—163, View in Venice, Canaletti, a, Lord Farnborough—164, The Holy Family, Jordans—165, Plague at Ashdod, N. Poussin—166, A Capuchin Friar, Rembrandt, b, the Duke of Northumberland—167, Adoration of the Kings, B. Peruzzi, b, Lord Vernon—168, St. Catherine, Raphael, 7,500*l.*, with the two following—169, The Holy Family, with St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Mazzolini—170, The Holy Family, Canaletti—171, Portrait of Sir J. Soane, Jackson, b, the British Institution—172, Christ at Emmaus, Caravaggio, a, Lord Vernon—173, A Man's Portrait, J. Bassano, b, H. G. Knight, Esq.—174, Portrait of Cardinal Serri, C. Maratti, b, H. G. Knight, Esq.—175, Portrait of a Man, J. M. W. Turner, Esq., Carr—176, St. John and the Lamb, Murillo, 2,100*l.*—177, The Magdalen, Guido, 450*l.*, 10*l.*—178, Serena rescued by Sir Calpeino, Hilton, b, bought by subscription—179, Virgin and Child enthroned, with Saints and Angels, A. Carracci, a, Carr—180, The Holy Family, P. Perugino, 800*l.*—182, Study of Heads, Reynolds, b, Lady W. Gordon—183, Portrait of Wilkie, Phillips, b, the painter—184, Portrait of Jeanne D'Arche, A. More, 200*l.*—185, Portrait of Sir W. Hamilton, Reynolds, purchased by subscription—186, Portrait of a Girl, 186, Portraits of the Painter and his Wife, J. Van Eyck, 650*l.*—187, Apotheosis of William the Taciturn, Rubens, 800*l.*—188, Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, Lawrence, b, Mrs. Fitzgibbon—189, The Dags, Lorrain, G. Bellin, 650*l.*—190, A Jewish Rabbi, Rembrandt, 478*l.*, 1*l.*—191, Confessing Christ and St. John, Guido, 400*l.*, 10*l.*—192, Gerard Dow, by himself, 131*l.*, 5*l.*—193, Lord and his Daughters, Guido, 1,650*l.*, 14*l.*—194, The Judgment of Paris, Rubens, 4,200*l.*—195, A Man's Portrait, Canaletti, b, Lord Vernon—196, Susanna and the Elders, Guido, 1,200*l.*—197, Philip IV., of Spain, Hunting the Wild Boar, Velasquez, 2,200*l.*—198, Temptation of St. Anthony, An. Carracci, 757*l.*, 10*l.*—199, Lesbia weighing Jewels against her Spouse, M. Angelo, Carr—200, Portrait of a Girl, Reynolds, b, Lord Vernon—201, Head of a Girl, George—202, The Idle Servant, Maas—203, Landscape, The Finding of Moses, Brengber—209, Landscape, The Judgment of Paris, Both and Feolengber—210, View in Venice, Guardi—211, The Virgin, Huettenberg—212, Merchant and Clerk, De Keyser—213, The Vision of a Knight, Raphael, 1,050*l.*, 214, Coronation of the Virgin, Guido, a, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf—215, Various Saints; and 216, The Name, Taddeo Gaddi, b, Mr. Cunningham—218, Adoration of the Magi, B. Peruzzi, b, Mr. Hastings—219, Dead Christ, Ag. Carracci, a, Carr—220, St. W. Trevelyan—221, His own Portrait, Rembrandt, 430*l.*—222, A Man's Portrait, J. Van Eyck, 865*l.*—223, A Gale at Sea, Bachuyken, a, C. L. Bredel, Esq.—224, The Tribute Money, Titian, 2,500*l.*

Steinwyck, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—142, J. Kemble, as Hamlet, Lawrence, b, King William IV.—143, Lord Ligonier on Horseback, Reynolds, b, King William IV.—144, Portrait of B. West, P. R. A., Lawrence, b, King William IV.—145, A Man's Portrait, Vanderheydt, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—146, View of Rotterdam, Stork, a, Lieut. Col. Olney—147, Cephalus and Aurora, and 148, Galatea, Ag. Carracci, cartons, a, the Earl of Elinmore—149, A Calm at Sea, Lord Farnborough—150, A Gale at Sea, W. Van de Velde, a, Lord Farnborough—151, Leda, P. F. Mola, a, Lord Farnborough—152, Landscape, Evening, Vanderheydt, a, Lord Farnborough—153, The Cradle, Maas, a, Lord Farnborough—154, Music Party, Teniers, a, Lord Farnborough—155, Music Changes, Teniers, a, Lord Farnborough—156, Study of Horace, Vanduyck, a, Lord Farnborough—157, Landscape, Sunset, Rubens, a, Lord Farnborough—158, Boon Regaling, Teniers, a, Lord Farnborough—159, Dutch Housewife, Maas, a, Lord Farnborough—160, Ripon, Fight into Egypt, P. F. Mola, a, Lord Farnborough—161, Italian Landscape, Mountain Scenery, G. Poussin, a, Lord Farnborough—162, The Infant Samuel, Reynolds, a, Lord Farnborough—163, View in Venice, Canaletti, a, Lord Farnborough—164, The Holy Family, Jordans—165, Plague at Ashdod, N. Poussin—166, A Capuchin Friar, Rembrandt, b, the Duke of Northumberland—167, Adoration of the Kings, B. Peruzzi, b, Lord Vernon—168, St. Catherine, Raphael, 7,500*l.*, with the two following—169, The Holy Family, with St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Mazzolini—170, The Holy Family, Canaletti—171, Portrait of Sir J. Soane, Jackson, b, the British Institution—172, Christ at Emmaus, Caravaggio, a, Lord Vernon—173, A Man's Portrait, J. Bassano, b, H. G. Knight, Esq.—174, Portrait of Cardinal Serri, C. Maratti, b, H. G. Knight, Esq.—175, Portrait of a Man, J. M. W. Turner, Esq., Carr—176, St. John and the Lamb, Murillo, 2,100*l.*—177, The Magdalen, Guido, 450*l.*, 10*l.*—178, Serena rescued by Sir Calpeino, Hilton, b, bought by subscription—179, Virgin and Child enthroned, with Saints and Angels, A. Carracci, a, Carr—180, The Holy Family, P. Perugino, 800*l.*—182, Study of Heads, Reynolds, b, Lady W. Gordon—183, Portrait of Wilkie, Phillips, b, the painter—184, Portrait of Jeanne D'Arche, A. More, 200*l.*—185, Portrait of Sir W. Hamilton, Reynolds, purchased by subscription—186, Portrait of a Girl, 186, Portraits of the Painter and his Wife, J. Van Eyck, 650*l.*—187, Apotheosis of William the Taciturn, Rubens, 800*l.*—188, Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, Lawrence, b, Mrs. Fitzgibbon—189, The Dags, Lorrain, G. Bellin, 650*l.*—190, A Jewish Rabbi, Rembrandt, 478*l.*, 1*l.*—191, Confessing Christ and St. John, Guido, 400*l.*, 10*l.*—192, Gerard Dow, by himself, 131*l.*, 5*l.*—193, Lord and his Daughters, Guido, 1,650*l.*, 14*l.*—194, The Judgment of Paris, Rubens, 4,200*l.*—195, A Man's Portrait, Canaletti, b, Lord Vernon—196, Susanna and the Elders, Guido, 1,200*l.*—197, Philip IV., of Spain, Hunting the Wild Boar, Velasquez, 2,200*l.*—198, Temptation of St. Anthony, An. Carracci, 757*l.*, 10*l.*—199, Lesbia weighing Jewels against her Spouse, M. Angelo, Carr—200, Portrait of a Girl, Reynolds, b, Lord Vernon—201, Head of a Girl, George—202, The Idle Servant, Maas—203, Landscape, The Finding of Moses, Brengber—209, Landscape, The Judgment of Paris, Both and Feolengber—210, View in Venice, Guardi—211, The Virgin, Huettenberg—212, Merchant and Clerk, De Keyser—213, The Vision of a Knight, Raphael, 1,050*l.*, 214, Coronation of the Virgin, Guido, a, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf—215, Various Saints; and 216, The Name, Taddeo Gaddi, b, Mr. Cunningham—218, Adoration of the Magi, B. Peruzzi, b, Mr. Hastings—219, Dead Christ, Ag. Carracci, a, Carr—220, St. W. Trevelyan—221, His own Portrait, Rembrandt, 430*l.*—222, A Man's Portrait, J. Van Eyck, 865*l.*—223, A Gale at Sea, Bachuyken, a, C. L. Bredel, Esq.—224, The Tribute Money, Titian, 2,500*l.*

225, Assumption of the Magdalen, G. Romano, 5. Lord Overton—226, The Virgin and Child, with Angels, Botticelli, 1531. 13s.—227, St. Jerome, with Saints, Cosimo Rosselli, 1144. 17s.—228, Christ driving the Money-changers from the Temple, F. Bassano, 1. P. L. Hinde, Esq.—230, A Franciscan Monk, Zerianni, 2551.—231, Portrait of P. David, R. Wilson, 2411. 10s.—232, The Adoration of the Shepherds, Velasquez, 2,050.—234, A Warrior adoring the Infant Christ, School of Bellini, 2251.—235, Dead Christ, Spagnoletto, 42. D. Barclay, Esq.—236, Castle of St. Angelo, Rome, C. J. Verelst, Esq.—237, St. Joseph, J. Verelst, Esq.—238, St. Joseph, J. Verelst, Esq.—239, Portrait of a Girl, Rembrandt—240, Dead Game and Dog, Weenix—239, Landscape, Moonlight, Vanderveer—240, Crossing the Ford, Berghem—241, The Village Bells, Wilkie—242, Players at Tric-Trac, Teniers—243, A Man's Portrait, Rembrandt—244, A Shepherd, Spagnoletto—245, The Madonna and Child, Pachiarotto, 82s. 8d.—246, Marriage of St. Catherine of Siena, L. di San Severino, 3932. 15s.—247, The Vision of St. Bernard, Fra F. Lippi, 4007.—248, The Ecce Homo, N. Alunno, 554. 13s.—249, A Man's Portrait, Rembrandt—254, A Shepherd, The Kruger Collection of sixty-four pictures was purchased for 2,800l.: seventeen were hung in the Gallery; ten sent to Dublin; the remaining thirty-seven, sold at Messrs. Christie's, in February, 1857, and realized 2494. 8s. the auctioneer's commission (2509. 14s.), paid into the Exchequer, together with 1309. 9s. realized by the sale of two of the Galvagnas pictures referred to below. The following are the seventeen hung in the National Gallery:—250, 251, 252, 253, by the Master Van Werden—Four Saints, The Same, Conversion of St. Hubert, Master of St. Hubert—From 254 to 261, by the Master Van Lieben—Three Saints—The Same, The Annunciation, the Presentation in the Temple, The Adoration of the Kings, Three Saints, The Same—262, The Crucifixion, School of the Master Van Lieben—263, Coronation of the Virgin, the younger Master of Lieben—264, Virgin and Child, Ledger, van Ruyck—265, A Penitent and Saint, Vandermeere—266, A Fiery L. Lombard—267, Landscape, R. Wilson, a. Richard and Miss C. J. Garroon—268, Adoration of the Magi, P. Veronese, 1,977.—269, A Knight Armour, Giorgione, with the two following bequested by Samuel Rogers, Noli me tangere, Titian—271, Ecce Homo, Guido—272, An Apostle, Perdomoni, a. Cav. Vallati—274, The Virgin and Child enthroned, Andrea Mantegna, 1,125. 12s.—275, The Virgin and Child, Botticelli, 1531. 11s. 6d.—276, Two Apostles, Gioiolo, 78s. 15s.—277, The Good Samaritan, F. Bassano, 2411. 10s.—278, The Triumph of Julius Cæsar, Rubens, 1,102. 10s.—279, The Horrors of War, Rubens, 2104.—280, 285, 286, purchased of the Baron Galvagna, with seven others, for 2,694. 16s. 10d.—280, Madonna and Child, G. Bellini—281, The Same, Giraldino dal Libero—282, Madonna and Child enthroned, F. de Tacchini. Five of these were deposited in the National Gallery, Dublin, and the remaining two sold at Christie's as above—281, St. Jerome, Reading, M. Bassati, 43s. 13s. 1d.—282, The Glorification of the Virgin, Lo Spagnola, 6511.—283, The Virgin and Child enthroned, with Saints, Benozzo Gozzoli, 137. 16s. 8d.—284, The Virgin and Child, St. Paul and St. Jerome, R. Vivarini, 971.—287, Portrait of L. Martinego, B. Veneziano, 48s. 10s.—288, The Virgin adoring the Infant Christ, the Archangels Michael and Raphael, with Tobias, P. Perugino, 5,711. 7s. 8d.—289, The Amsterdam Museum—290, A Man's Portrait, J. Van Eyck, 1894. 11s.—291, Portrait of a Lady, L. Cranach, 50s. 8s.—292, Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, Pollaiuolo, 3,152. 4s. 6d.—293, The Virgin and Child, with Saints, Filippino Lippi, 6271. 8s.—294, Family of Darius, a. Leonardo—295, A. Veronese, 13,650.—295, Salvator Mundi, and the Virgin Mary, two in one frame, Quintin Matsys, 137. 12s. 6d.—296, Virgin adoring the Infant Christ, D. Ghirlandajo, 4531. 10s. 8d.—297, Nativity, with Saints, Rubens, 894.—298, The Marriage of the Two Saints Catherine, A. Borgognone, 4901.—299, Portrait of an Italian

Nobleman, Moretto, 3604.—300, Infant Christ standing on the Knees of the Virgin, Cima da Conegliano, 3891. 6s. 6d.

From 301 to 457 constitute the Vernon gift. From 458 to 502 constitute the Turner bequest. 503, Jerusalem, T. Seddon, a. an association of gentlemen. The following collection of 181 pictures, from 504 to 594, was purchased from the Lombardi-Baldi Gallery, Florence, for 7,085. 564, Virgin and Child, with Scenes from the Lives of the Saints, Margaritone of Arezzo—365, Madonna and Child, Angela asforing, Cimabue—366, Madonna and Child, St. Joseph, Cimabue—367, Christ on the Cross, R. Duccio da Siena—367, Christ on the Cross, R. di Buonaventura—368, Coronation of the Virgin, School of Giotto—369 to 378 by Andrea Orcagna, Coronation of the Virgin, with Angels and Saints—379, The Trinity—371, Angela asforing—372, The Same—373, The Nativity—374, The Adoration of the Kings—375, The Resurrection of Christ—376, The Three Marys at the Sepulchre—377, The Ascension of Christ—378, Descent of the Holy Spirit—379, Baptism of Christ, and Birth and Death of St. John the Baptist, T. Gaddi—380, St. John the Evangelist lifted up to Heaven, J. da Pesellino—381, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, and St. James the Greater, by Sigisfondo Aretino—382, Adoration of the Kings, Fra Angelico—383, Battle of St. Egidio, P. Uccello—384, Various Saints, School of A. del Castagno—385, Portrait of Isotta da Rimini, F. della Francesca—386, by Fra F. Lippi—386, Madonna and Child, with Saints—387, St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist—388, St. Mark and St. Augustine—389, Virgin and Angel presenting the Child—390, Christ placed in the Tomb, Cosmo Tura—391, The Rape of Helen, Benozzo Gozzoli—392, Adoration of the Magi, F. Lippi—393, The Virgin and Child, L. di Oredi—394, 8s. Cosmas and Damianus, Emmeus—395, Portrait of a Lady, B. Zelotti, 2144. 18s.—396, Deposition in the Tomb, M. Palmerano, 5871. 4s. 7d.—397, St. Dominic, M. Zoppo, with 598, St. Francis, L. Lippi, 2221. 16s.—398, St. Francis, L. Lippi, 2221. 16s.—399, The Lap of the Virgin, M. Bassati, 6411. 9s. 4d.—400, The Blind Beggar, Dyckman, a. Miss J. Clarke—401, Geraldine, E. Botal, Esq.—A. R. A., J. Kenyon, Esq.—402, Fiery Dead Christ, with Angels, C. Crivelli, 3038.—403, Sleeping Rinaldo, Sir E. Landseer—404, 6511. 10s.—405, The Blind Beggar, Sir E. Landseer—406, Defeat of Constantine, Sir E. Landseer (not yet received)—407, Rhinoceros, Sir E. Landseer—408, Highland Dogs, Sir E. Landseer—409, Alexander and Diogenes, Sir E. Landseer—410, The Maid and the Magpie, Sir E. Landseer (not yet received)—411, Rhinoceros and Pups, C. Landseer, Esq.—412, Pillaging a Jew's House, C. Landseer, Esq.—413, Uncle Toby and the Widow, Leslie—414, The Bathers, Ely—415, The Horse Fair, Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur (not yet received)—416, James I. E. M. Ward, Esq.—417, Biddiscombe, W. Douglas—418, The Foundling, G. R. O'Neill, Esq.—419, Evening in the Meadows, R. R. Lee, Esq., and the same, C. Cooper, Esq.—420, River Scene, by the same—421, Derby Day, J. R. Frith, Esq. (not yet received). Of the pictures above given as not yet received, Nos. 609, 615, 621, were understood to be bequested subject to an agreement with Mr. E. Gambart. No. 608 is yet in the hands of the artist. 623, Madonna and Child enthroned, G. da Treviso, 4721. 10s.—624, Infancy of Jupiter, G. Romano, 9201.—625, St. Bernardino and other Saints, Moretto, 3711. 10s.—626, Head of Masaccio, by himself, 1081. 8s.—627, Landscape, with Waterfall, Ruysdael, 1,187. 15s. 6d., and 628, Landscape, with Waterfall, the same, 1,099. 15s. 3d.—629, Madonna and Child enthroned, L. Costa, 8801.

The bequest of 100 pictures was purchased for 9,200. 15s. 1d.; thirty-one of these were placed in the Gallery. 630, Madonna and Child enthroned with Saints, Schiavone—631, Portrait of a Lady, F. Risoldo—632, Saint, Reading, and 633, Saint, with Standard, G. da Santa Croce—634, Madonna and Child, G. da Santa Croce—635, Madonna and Child, St. John and St. Catherine, and 636, Portrait of Ariosto, by Titian

—637, Daphnis and Chloe, P. Bordone—638, Virgin and Child, with two Saints, Fra Bartolomeo—639, Christ and the Magdalen in the Garden, F. Mantegna—640, Adoration of the Magi, Dosso Dossi—641, Woman taken in Adultery, Mantegna—642, Christ's Agony in the Garden, Gardner—643, The Infant Christ, of Carthagen, and The Continence of Scipio, by the same frame, G. Romano—644, The Rape of the Sabine, and The Reconciliation of the Sabine and Romans, two in one frame, G. Romano—645, The Virgin and Child, Albertinelli—646, St. Catherine, R. Catherini—647, Urenia, the same—648, The Virgin and Child, by the same—649, Portrait of a Boy, J. da Fontana—650, Portrait of a Lady, A. Bronzino—651, Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time, an Allegory, A. Bronzino—652, Charity, F. de Salviati—653, Portraits of Himself and Wife, Roger Van der Weyden the younger—654, The Magdalen, reading, the same—655, The Magdalen, reading, B. Van Orley—656, A Man's Portrait, Jan de Mahue—657, Portraits of a Man and his Wife, with St. Peter and Paul, two in one frame, J. Cornelissen—658, Death of the Virgin, Martin Schoon—659, Punishment of T. Romanus, by the same—660, A Man's Portrait, F. Cloot. In addition to these six pictures from this Collection went to the National Gallery, Dublin, one to the National Gallery, Edinburgh—661, The Madonna di San Sisto, after Raphael, G. Moser, Colnaghi, Keott & Co.—and a tracing made by J. Schlessinger in 1822.

The following summaries are given:—Total cost of 273 pictures, 184,607. 7s. 8d.; deduct portion of 39 pictures, sold in Feb., 1857, 3611. 3s.; nett total, 184,505. 4s. 8d. Total pictures presented, 239; total pictures bequested, 210. Of the Turner bequest, 108 pictures and 97 frames of drawings are now temporarily exhibited at South Kensington, until accommodation be provided in the main building of the National Gallery, in accordance with the intentions of the testator. Besides the 204 frames of drawings enumerated in the Catalogue, 100 pictures and 97 frames of drawings are exhibited—there are also 400 framed drawings, and 1,200 mounted sketches, deposited in the National Gallery, but which, through want of space, are not at present publicly exhibited.

FIRST-ART GOSPEL.—By the courtesy of the Secretary of the Royal Academy, we have received copies of the Report of the Council to the general body—an abstract of which we laid before our readers some weeks ago—and of the new issue of the Rules and Constitution of the Academy. Our readers will be glad to hear that the Venetian system of secrecy and silence has come to an end—has come to an end naturally, and in the course of events. With discussion on one side, silence on the other is an absolute impossibility in the face of universal publicity like these, when even irresponsible members of the Academy are compelled to address themselves to the state of public thought through "My dear Perisgini" or the partakers of a Bavarian banquet. With publicity must come reform: in this case, we are pleased to think, a wise disposition towards reform inspires and accompanies the act of publicity. Already our readers know the general contents of the Report; but now that the document is officially placed in our hands by the representatives of the Royal Academy, we shall consider it our duty to discuss it more in detail—always, we need not say, with a sincere desire to this great assembly what we hear, that in the future, by more friendly relations one with the other.

The private view of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts' next Exhibition will be held on Saturday next week, the 25th inst. Report speaks well of the prospects of this Exhibition. We hear, that in London, the pictures are secured by Mr. Solomon and Mr. O'Neill, there are arrivals in Liverpool of "Harvest Scene," by Mr. Witherington, R.A.; "The Murder of Thomas à Becket," by Mr. Cross; "Mr. Hurstone's Margaret of Anjou and the Robbery;" "The Death of Gustavus Adolphus" by G. Goodall; "The Death of Mr. Northey," and many landscape and genre pictures by English and Continental artists, including Messrs. Fyne, Arncliffe,

still to be noticed. *Garibaldi: a Waltz*, by E. Rejfohl, the *Opera Waltz*, on airs from Weber's Operas, by Mr. Wilson.—The Music Publishing Company's *March of the 18th Hussars*, by Mrs. Graetz (Hodell & Co.).—*Marianna: a Set of Valse*, by F. F. Buffen (Imhof & Co.).—*The Banquet Polka*, and the *Victor Bonnet*, by J. Rivelli.—and the *Amazon Polka*, by G. Rivelli (Addison & Co.).—*The Midnight Waltz*, by W. Chaten.—*The Adelaide Victoria Valse* (Cocks & Co.).

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Dr. Rimbaud's volume on the Pianoforte, just published, is a work so permanently rich in fact and suggestion, that a notice of it must be deferred for a moment, when so many arrears have, of necessity, to be made up, in a general (and not exclusively musical) journal.

The success of Mozart's *Opere* at the Crystal Palace, this day week, has led to its being announced for a second performance three to-day.

Considering the time of year, when "everybody" (as the jargon goes) has left, or is leaving town, Mr. Mellon's Concerts, in the Floral Hall, have been satisfactory not merely in their quality (that they were sure to be under his presidency) but also in their results.

Mr. Wallace, who has made a flying visit to America, has returned. Mlle. Patti, mentioned as a possible comer to London, at his instance, is said, for the present, to decline the adventure.

Among other announcements is that of Signor Vandi's "Macbeth," about to be produced at Birmingham, under the auspices of Signor Operti, with a celebrated Italian *prima donna*, whose name is entirely strange to us.

A Correspondent "returns to the charge" as under:—"Agreeable indeed, because the round of the journals inform the English public, who have paid liberally, that the new fresco in our new Palace of Legislation are already beginning to perish. Another case, if so it be, of English music spent on midwives! The votes of this year's session for Art and Architecture have been sufficiently promulgated—liberal votes; whether wisely liberal or not is beside the question.—How long in Music, as an art, to be without its utility—seeing that every twelvemonth exhibits the unfairness of Government oversight, as it claims, in some lights, even more glaring than that of the foregoing year!"

There is to be a monument to Cherubini at Florence.

The honour for public concert music is assuredly growing in France and on its boundaries. There is to be a competition-meeting of part-singers and brass-band players at Besancon on the 23rd of September, open to players (and singers!) of all countries. There was a congregation of Orpheonists, the other day.

From Baden comes news of the success of M. Gounod's last musical work,—"*Colombe*" founded on Boccaccio's tale of the Falcon,—in which Madame Milan-Carvalho and M. Roger are said to have distinguished themselves.—There is chance of the same composer's "*Faust*" being presented in English, at one or other of the rival operas in London, this autumn.—The great concert of the season at Baden, (this by way of warning to travellers,) is fixed for the 27th of this month.

A new dramatic work, M. Ponsard in five acts, so far as we can understand, a curious *alla modes* in different styles, has been produced at the Théâtre Vaudeville. The title is "*Ce petit jeune homme*."

The Marchioness sisters have not, it seems, been able to establish the French version of "*Semiramide*" in Paris at the Grand Opéra, but the decorations over so superb. The *aprons* are advertised as about to appear in "Guillaume Tell," the *contralto* in "*Le Trouvère*." When divided, it is not hard to predicate what level the two may find, nor to fancy that they will spare content amateurs who recollect the long line of really great Italian vocalists who sang the music of Signor Rossini. Voices are still in plenty, but what was become of the school? It is said that Mr. Lumley has apprehended to himself one of the noblest Italian *aprons* voices ever heard.

MISCELLANEA

Kee Gardens.—The Flowers (almost endless in form, size, variety, and colour) in the great park or Italian Garden on the terrace in front of the Palm House and Lake, and those on the borders of the Grand Promenade, are now in their greatest beauty and perfection, and will remain so for several weeks to come. The Conservatory, designed by J. Rivieri, and the *Amazon Polka*, by G. Rivelli (Addison & Co.),—the *Midnight Waltz*, by W. Chaten.—*The Adelaide Victoria Valse* (Cocks & Co.).

Cuttings Duties on Books and Paper.—We quote from the *Publishers' Circular* the following passage à propos of Mr. Gladstone's recent changes in the Customs duties upon books and paper:—"While looking into the question, we have found some amusement in comparing the tariffs of the past with the new arrangements. An old copy of Langham's '*Nat. Duties on Books and Paper*' is very remarkable just now for the exquisite beauty and variety of foliage, and the gorgeous splendour, artistic combination, and skillful contrast of colour, of the curious and costly plants now in blossom—garlanding, festooning, and adorning the crystal walls and centre of this unique and beautiful little '*Temple of Flora*.' Several tropical botanical rarities are also in flower in the old and new Aquariums or Water Gardens."

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EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

REPORT of the Directors for the Year ending 30th June, 1860.

THE Directors have again the pleasure to make their Annual Report to the Proprietors—the Fifty-third since the commencement of the Company's operations, and the Third since the last Quinquennial Distribution of Surplus.

The Income and Outgoings of the Year ending on the 30th June last, will appear in the following Abstract from the Surplus Fund Account, as shown by the Company's Books:—

SURPLUS FUND ACCOUNT.

INCOME OF THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1860.					CHARGE OF THE YEAR.				
	£.	s.	d.			£.	s.	d.	
Balance of Account, June 30, 1859	£550,013	17	9	Dividend to Proprietors	£230,552	12	7	10,243 0 6	
Ditto, a small Assurance Company	30,264	0	10	Claims on Decrees of Lives Assured	81,167	18	6		
			695,277 18 0	Additions to those under Participating Policies	9,235	7	5		
Premiums on New Assurances	19,308	17	6	Policies Surrendered	1,836	6	3		
Ditto on Renewed ditto	267,290	19	11	Re-insurance, New	30,174	6	3		
				Ditto Old	30,146	10	11		
Interest from Investments	302,639	17	5	Commission	16,729	14	1		
	81,293	1	11	Medical Fees	1,071	16	3		
			384,043 19 4	Income Tax	3,663	3	1		
				Expenses of Management	11,044	4	10		
								327,858 9 9	
				Balance of Account, June 30, 1860				744,118 19 4	
	£1,002,320	17	4					£1,002,320 17 4	

Examined and found to be correct, (Signed)

THOMAS ALLEN,

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, Jun. } Auditors.

The Proprietors will observe that another small Assurance Company has merged into the Eagle during the year, and that it has contributed about 39,000*l.* to the Surplus Fund.

The Premiums on new Assurances amount to 19,588*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and the total Income from Premiums and Interest to 384,042*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* This is short about 6,000*l.* of the actual Income, in consequence of the junction above mentioned not taking place at the commencement of the financial year.

Deducting the sums immediately payable, the realized Assets of the Company on the 30th June, 1859, were, in round numbers, 1,789,900*l.*; and, since the interest received during the year amounts, as above shown, to 81,303*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*, it follows that the Company's Funds of that date, productive and unproductive, have been accumulating in the interval at rather more than the average rate of 4½ per cent.

The Claims on Decree of Lives Assured and the general Expenses are, as it is reasonable to expect they would be, somewhat more than they were the previous Year. It will be observed that the total Expenses, including Commissions, but excluding Income-Tax, are not quite 6 per cent. of the Income.

The Company's Liabilities and Assets on the 30th June last, stated with as much accuracy as they can be in the absence of a revaluation, will be seen in the following Balance Sheet:—

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.					
	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.		
Interest due to Proprietors, not claimed	6,555	12	9	Amount invested in Fixed Mortgages	1,195,403	16	3		
Claims on Decrees of Lives Assured and Additions thereto unpaid	88,004	7	4	Claims on Decrees of Mortgages	151,723	16	3		
Cash Bonus due to Policyholders	12,011	10	4	Ditto ditto Reversions	77,946	1	11		
Surplus Accounts	14,541	7	10	Ditto ditto Funded Securities	257,708	2	1		
Value (1857) of Sums Assured, Annuities, &c.	4,267,586	2	11	Ditto ditto Temporary Securities	61,409	14	10		
Proprietors' Fund	£203,745	10	3	Current Interest on the above Investments	96,636	3	11		
Surplus Fund, as before	744,118	19	4	Cash and Bills	53,073	17	3		
			947,862	9	11	Advanced on Security of the Company's Policies, &c.	89,794	7	11
				Agents' Salaries	36,965	14	1		
				Bondary Accounts	12,193	8	6		
				Value (1857) of Assurance Premiums	5,518,573	15	1		
	£5,445,091	6	1				£5,445,091	6	1

Examined and found to be correct, (Signed)

THOMAS ALLEN,

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From this it appears that the realized Assets amount to 1,937,317*l.* 11*s.*, and that those to be realized are estimated at 3,518,373*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* (about 1½ years' purchase), the two together being not far from Five Millions and a Half in amount.

The Surplus Fund has increased during the year from 659,013*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* to 744,118*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*, the increase being 85,105*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Proprietors will thus observe that the Income of the Company still exceeds the Outgoings, and that its Funds are still on the Increase from Year to Year. But it may be well to point out that, although this state of things may yet continue for some years, a time must arrive when it will be reversed, and when the Outgoings will first be equal to, and then for some years exceed the Income, as is the case with many of the older Companies at the present day.

This course is one which must be followed by all Life Assurance Institutions, without exception, and has nothing in it indicative, as persons not conversant with their nature are apt to suppose, of loss or disadvantage; on the contrary, it not unfrequently happens that Societies of this description become relatively more wealthy, or accumulate a larger divisible Surplus, as their Funds decrease.

In a well-regulated Company, however, the Surplus Fund should always be maintained in its due proportion, let the fluctuations in the General Fund be what they may, and it will be for the Directors to see that, as regards the Eagle, this principle is carefully carried out, and that every participating Policyholder has his full and proper share of the divisible Surplus accruing throughout the period of his connexion with the Company, whether the particular phase under which it may then present itself be increasing, decreasing, or stationary.

The Proprietors' Fund, and the Income arising from it, are, of course, exempt from the fluctuations here spoken of.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1866.

LITERATURE

Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia; being observations principally on the Animal and Vegetable Productions of New South Wales, New Zealand, and some of the Austral Islands. By George Bennett, M.D. (Van Voorst.)

WHATEVER Australia may prove to the adventurous emigrant, to the naturalist it is a Paradise. If he delight in marine productions, then those are the coasts for him, whence Prof. Harvey collected 600 species of Algae, and where he estimates the different species at nearly a thousand, of which 800 are already known. There, too, innumerable attractive and as yet imperfectly-described forms of animal life present themselves,—in proof of which Dr. Bennett laid before the Zoological Society in June last drawings of thirty-six species of Nudibranchiate mollusks, consisting of Doris, Tritonia, Eolis, &c., the whole of which are new in specific characters, and two of which will, no doubt, prove generically distinct. All of these were collected by Mr. Angus from Port Jackson and the neighbouring bays.

In Port Jackson was caught, in 1858, a highly interesting and enormous specimen of a shark (*Carcharias leucon*), the length of which was twelve feet four inches. When first struck with a harpoon, the huge fish immediately ran out a great length of line,—but becoming fatigued, and finding himself fast and wounded, he rushed back again and attacked the boat, leaving several of his teeth broken in the wood. Off he ran again to some distance; but discovering the hopelessness of his case, a second time he renewed his attack on the boat, and was only disabled by repeated and violent blows upon his head and snout. His voracity may be conceived from the curious miscellany found in his capacious stomach, of which this is the inventory:—half a ham, several legs of mutton, hind-quarter of a pig, head and fore-legs of a bull-dog, with a rope round its neck, a quantity of horse-flesh, a piece of sucking, and a ship's scraper. No wonder that twelve gallons of oil were obtained from his liver! Another shark, harpooned the same year, had two rows of teeth in his lower jaw, inclined backward and movable; and besides these five or more rows of teeth, fully formed and well serrated, lying down under the loose thick skin or gum inside the mouth, ready to supply the place of the front rows when damaged or broken. The largest tooth in the upper jaw measured 1½ inch in length, and was of a triangular form. From this we may infer the voracity and the capacity of the fossil *Carcharodon*, the teeth of which astute geologists. Two of these teeth now lie before us, each 3½ inches long, and they have been rolled and partly diminished. A jaw filled with such teeth must have done fearful execution in the ancient seas once rolling over our own island.

Suffolk farmers may learn from the fossil teeth of the *Carcharodon*, exhumed from the Suffolk crag, what atrocious marine murders were once committed there agricultural walking and talking now alone find favour.

The two Port Jackson shark, at present only found within the heads of that harbour, is well known to naturalists as the *Cetorhinus Phlippini*, and is interesting to geologists as the living species possessing the peculiar bony spines which are found fossil in our own strata. A detailed description of this spine, and its action in the living *Cetorhinus*, would have been very acceptable, and would have confirmed

Buckland's explanation of our ichthyodol-rillites.

A complete skeleton of a *Sperm Whale* is rare in museums, yet such a skeleton there is in the Australian Museum. The story of the recovery of its disjecta members by the Curator is truly amusing, but too lengthy for quotation. The gist, however, is as follows:—The fate seemed to be dead against the entireness of the dead whale. Its head went one way, and its tail another. Dr. Bennett was in a boat on the day when the putrefying head had been condemned to the deep sea, and saw it exposed upon the rocks ready for towing away. Rushing, or rather rushing, to the rescue, he had it lashed to a rock in one of the bays in the harbour by an obedient coxswain, who affirmed that "he had left two blue sharks helping to dissect it beautifully." This duty the sharks did, leaving the huge jaw lying out of water, which now attracted the attention of some small boys, who laboured hard to extract the teeth from the lower jaw. The boys, however, being beaten off, the head was secured for the anxious Curator, who had all this time been off far away after some missing bones of the tail. Men destitute of olfactory niceness were employed four days in cleaning the vast bones of the skeleton; but the viscera, being on their way to open seas, were found to contain two separate bones,—which being recovered must needs be exposed on one of the small islands in the harbour for two months, and treated with lime until they were properly bleached and humanly bearable. Still one fin was missing, and was found to have been removed for the oil by the crew of a coasting vessel while wind-blown in the bay; but a fair wind springing up, it was out adrift and at last fortunately obtained. Still one having at length been recovered, the skeleton was articulated in a masterly manner. After all, however, two little, loose, pelvic bones were deficient, but the Curator was not to be thwarted. He heard of a whale stranded on an open sandy beach, and despite of advanced decomposition, and rolling seas dashing over the fish, he succeeded in getting into its carcass and in searching for the pelvic bones. Unluckily he was washed out of the animal several times by the heavy surf. In again he crept, and at last secured the desired bones (which were found suspended in the soft parts), and in fitting them into the other now perfected skeleton. This in length extends thirty-three feet, and well may the once distracted and disconcerted Curator glory in his complete specimen of the *Cetodon Australis*. By its tail hangs a tale indeed!

From huge sharks and whales to the Pearly Nautilus is a great marine transition,—yet the zealous naturalist is equally interested in the bulk of the one and the beauty of the other. Dr. Bennett is proud of having obtained the solitary living specimen of the inhabitant of this shell first observed by scientific eyes, at least in modern times. When Prof. Owen received this consignment from his friend he went to Paris to consult the best authorities, and saw Cuvier. When the latter was asked if he had ever seen the inhabitant of the shell of the Pearly Nautilus, he simply replied—"No, Sir, I have not seen it, and I never shall see it." Unconsciously his expression was prophetic, for when Owen had completed his well-known monograph on this animal, and had sealed up a copy to his friend and master, the news arrived that Cuvier was no more.

After the lapse of nearly a century, the animal of the Pearly Nautilus was recovered to science by our author in August, 1829, on a calm evening, when he observed an object floating on

the water resembling a dead tortoiseshell cat. When approached by a boat the creature was sinking, but the shell being broken by blows with the boat-hook, its escape was prevented. "How vividly," said our author, "was the first moment secure to my remembrance when this long-sought-for prize was quivering within my grasp!" I extracted the animal (after making a sketch of its relative position) in a perfect state, and found it firmly attached to each side of the upper cavity of the shell, which was unfortunately shattered to pieces. We had fine weather a day or two previous to its capture, and it doubtless availed itself of such an opportunity to rise from the depths of the sea and enjoy the pure light of day.

Precious and rare as this creature is to men of science, the natives of the Fiji Islands esteem it only as an agreeable viand, and capture it in buckets something like our crab-pots. Even curried Nautilus was not unknown. When a certain naturalist was at the Fiji, he was very anxious to procure this animal, and inquired of the natives concerning it. One of them readily understood his description and drawings, and coolly said "he had just eaten one."—"The ignorant brute!" exclaimed the defeated naturalist, and could hardly refrain from cutting up the native to get at the nautilus. He declared that he was only restrained by reflecting, that even if thus recovered the animal would be useless!

From sea to land, and from land to sea, our naturalist shifts about without much method, but always with much interest. Of all animals he is most diffuse upon that singular little creature, the Water-Mole, or *Amphymecurus paradoxus*. To its habits and anatomy he allots fifty-four pages, all of which are readable, and some most instructive. He was the first European to dig out a living specimen from its winding burrow of twenty feet; but though safe for some time in his keeping, it ultimately escaped. Others were shot and dissected; but at last, after much persevering search, a burrow of these rarities was delved into, and the little water-moles secured alive. The captor nursed and fed these odd-looking pets, and watched over them with almost parental tenderness. He describes them as at one time "a curious-looking creature, one lying on its back with outstretched paws, another on its side, and the third coiled or rolled up like a hedgehog. They shift themselves from one position to another, as they may feel fatigued by lying long in the first; but the favourite posture of the young animals appears to be—coiled up like a ball. This is effected by the fore-paws being placed under the back, with the head and mandibles bent down towards the tail, the hind-paws crossed over the mandibles, and the tail turned up, thus completing the rotundity." Again, "One evening both the little pets came out about dusk, went as usual and ate food from the saucer, and then commenced playing like two puppies, attacking each other with their mandibles, raising their fore-paws, and tumbling over one another. In the struggle one would get thrown down, and at the moment when the spectator would expect it to rise again and renew the combat, it would commence scratching itself, its antagonist looking on and waiting for the sport to be renewed. They were clumsy, also, by a very curious kind of action, by means of which they contrived to reach the summit of a bookcase, or any other elevated piece of furniture. "This was at last discovered to be effected by the animal supporting its back against the wall, fixing its feet against the bookcase, and then, by means of the strong extensor muscles of the back,

and the claws of the feet, contriving to reach the top very expeditiously." The dearest pets are, alas! mortal, and these two little creatures expired after five weeks' captivity, thus defeating the author's expectation of conveying them alive to England. Hints, however, are given for choicer feeding, and hopes thereupon built of the future transmission of young specimens alive and in safety from Sydney to England.

As to the feathered tribes, Mr. Gould's magnificent work, *The Birds of Australia*, would seem to render other additional ornithological researches in the same country superfluous. Yet Dr. Bennett has noted not a little on birds, and not a little of a pleasing character. Of that rare, and generally unknown bird, the New Holland Jabiru, or Gigantic Crane of the colonists (*Mycteria Australia*), our naturalist purchased a fine living specimen in 1858, and this he believes was the first specimen brought alive to Sydney; the author having seen in twenty-two years only four skins of this bird. This was a young male; it became quite domesticated, made no attempt to fly, nor showed any inclination to leave its domicile. Its attitudes and bearing, whether in a state of repose, walking rapidly, or stalking gently over a lawn or yard, with its measured, noiseless steps, have a combination of grace and elegance. On a close acquaintance, its manner wins upon you, and a feeling of attachment arises towards it as it keeps its large and brilliant eyes fixed upon you, and placidly proceeds, so as to display its elegance of form, graceful carriage, and beautiful metallic brilliancy of plumage, especially over the head and neck.

This particular specimen was sold for five shillings' worth of tobacco. The first evening of its domiciliation, it walked into the hall of the author's house, gazed at the gas-lamp, which had just been lighted, and then walked upstairs, seeking for a roosting-place. But not liking the ascent, it quietly came down again, returned into the yard, and afterwards went to roost in the coach-house between the carriages. It was always afterwards to be discovered in that part of the yard where the sun was shining, and invariably with its face towards it. It was, however, rather a costly pet, as it consumed a pound and a half of meat daily, and would eat none but good and fresh meat. It stood for its portrait, which forms a frontispiece to this volume. Sad to say, however, that its digestion becoming impaired, it sickened and died; but its bones are somewhere in the British Museum.

Many of our readers must have seen caged in English houses a very delicate and beautiful little parrot, known commonly among the colonists as the Warbling Grass Parakeet or Love-bird. The first living specimen of this bird in England was brought by Mr. Gould in 1840. Since that date as many as a thousand pairs have been sometimes landed in England as a single venture from Australia. If we send them too many boots, our Australian friends repay us by sending too many birds—and, in fact, they could be purchased in 1859 at a cheaper rate in London than in Australia.

The Moorak or Cassowary is a striking object, but not so harmless and inoffensive a house-companion as the Jabiru. Dr. Bennett purchased two, who soon made themselves at home; but, like spilt peas, were too often in the way. One or both of them would walk into the kitchen, and while one was dodging under the tables and chairs, the other would leap up on the table, keeping the cook in an uncomfortable state of excitement. Or, perhaps, they would be heard in the hall or in the library in search of food or information. Some-

times they would walk up-stairs, and then quickly descend again, making their peculiar chirping, whistling noise. Whenever a door was open, in they stalked, and so kept the poor servants constantly on the alert and the alarm. If a servant opened a door, on turning round the found—not a sweetheart—but a Moorak behind her. If after having gained admission, any attempt was made to turn them out by force, they would dart rapidly round the room, dodging about under the tables, chairs and sofas, and end by squatting under a sofa or in a corner. The only method of ejection was carrying them away, and in process of carriage they would kick and struggle so as to compel release, and then suddenly walk out of their own accord.

We are glad to find Dr. Bennett emphatically condemning the destructive propensities of certain colonists in relation to particular birds and animals, some of which are even now nearly exterminated, and others of which will soon become so, to the ultimate loss of the country. "Unless," says our author, "the hand of man be stayed from their destruction, the Ornithorynchus and the Echidna, the Emu and the Megapodius, like the Dodo, Moa, and Notornis, will shortly exist only in the pages of the naturalist."

Such are a few of the more interesting incidents culled from this entertaining and instructive volume. Any reader of intelligence may peruse it entirely; while naturalists will find it replete with facts valuable to them. The style is simple and unpretending; and the author commends himself to us as an experienced and able naturalist, although not appearing to have any fancy or faculty for the geology and mineralogy of the vast continent of which he writes. Every student of Zoology will be particularly pleased with these pages. The mere general reader may infer, from the facts and narratives which we have selected and compressed, that the author is no mere recorder of technicalities, but also an informing and agreeable companion. Doubtless he has his faults; and one is forgetfulness of an index or detailed analysis, which is peculiarly necessary for such a volume as the one under review. In 450 pages, full of facts which are but lightly connected, who is to retrace his readings, and re-discover his points of interest? We have tried again and again to recover some which are irretrievably lost; but the attempts have proved vain to join the author in digging down through even a fifty-foot burrow for a fugitive Ornithorynchus!

Englishwomen and the Age. By Mrs. Horace Roscoe St. John. (Kent & Co.)
The English Woman's Journal. (Sams & Isibers.)

If nation, a class, or individuals be continually and unrelentingly oppressed—illegally—defrauded of their due share of human benevolence and worldly comfort, there always exists some cause for it—often quite patent, and easy to be discerned. Neither nations nor individuals can be unfortunate long, unless there be some defect in themselves which invites and entertains misfortune. We may sympathize with negroes, with oppressed nationalities, and with distressed needle-women; we may lament the oppression and injustice to the condition of women in general. In *The Song of the Shirt*, and dawdle over *Woman and her Master*; but no amount of philanthropic feeling can alter the fact, that there exists no state of permanent depression and misfortune for those who deserve success. The individuals who are invariably

unfortunate, are people whom it is impossible to help, because they have not the faculty of turning to account any help that is given them.

The world is not peopled by ogres. If an individual fall down by the way, some kindly hand is always stretched out to pick him up and set him on his legs; but he cannot be carried for the rest of his journey through life. Acts of kindness, of sympathy, of help, on human being, needing them and deserving them, is certain to obtain from another; but if those do not suffice to set him going again, neighbours and friends have not the strength or the means to go on helping him. By all the laws of Nature, he must go to the wall. In every sense,—

—To be weak, is to be miserable;

and no amount of philanthropy can alter that primordial fact.

The charity and philanthropy of which there is so much mention made in the present day, results in little beyond doing the duties that others have left undone; or, as we once heard it phrased, "wiping up spilled water." We appeal to every reader's personal experience,—has any creature ever profited from the efforts in his behalf, unless the principle of energy and self-help were in himself? Help, Philanthropy, Benevolence, are lovely terms, and are forms of Christian antiy—the "good will toward men" which ought to exist in every human heart; but they cannot supply the backbone, without which no human mortal can either stand or go.

The condition of women seems at present to take the lead of all other questions of philanthropy. Journals are devoted to it. Committees are sitting on it. Pamphlet, song, and prayer are being offered to it. Last phrase of all, Mrs. St. John gives us a pamphlet on *Englishwomen and the Age*,—written with an earnest, declamatory eloquence.

Some of her illustrations are sensible, and contrast pleasantly with the vague diffuseness of her special pleading. She says, sagaciously, "Development of the powers of observation and judgment, and cultivation of simple tastes, are the surest means of rendering a woman useful in any vocation, whether public or private." She says, too, what is quite true, that "General expansion of the intelligence will do more to form a thrifty housewife and an efficient mother than perpetual dedication to drudgery." But, after making the above sensible observations, she declines at a great rate, and with considerable vagueness, against "devotees of every-day conventionality," who "do Berlin-work and make bugle collars, which reduces them to an utter absence of curiosity and inquiry with respect to all subjects of public, social, or literary interest, with a corresponding incapacity for rational conversation." The original fault lies, we should say, as well in men, and not in the work, which, for the rest, is innocent enough. The general expansion and cultivation of the intelligence inculcated above, would change all that. It is only by getting sense and understanding that men or women can concentrate their energy to any purpose whatever. In the present day, whatever may be its other sins, there is nothing and nobody who throws the smallest impediment in the way of any woman becoming as wise and as well instructed as her nature will admit. No woman need perjure herself for lack of knowledge; nor have women any reason to complain that they are cramped "by old traditions and rules of conventionality." Mrs. St. John quotes foolish maxims about men and matrimony, which have lost their conjuring virtues now, if they ever possessed any. No one now entrusted with the education or the care of young

women would risk the argument against "writing books" or "becoming accomplished," that "gentlemen do not like so and so." In Dr. Gregory's 'Legacy to his Daughters,' and Fordyce's 'Sermons to Young Women,' such ideas may be found; but they are not forms of exhortation now in use. In the remarks on female education, Mrs. St. John appeals to a long bygone state of things; she anatomizes school-books of the last generation,—Hort's Pantheon, 'Mangnall's Questions,' and other abridgments; she laments "the total ignorance in which women are kept of the classic languages." We venture to give it as our opinion, that there is a growing desire to give girls a good solid education, to teach them thoroughly whatever they learn, and to let them have as free access as boys to any high-class works of information on any subject whatever. There is no restriction laid on them from without, the limitation lies with themselves. Also we would deprecate, for the sake of the recollections of our own school-days, Mrs. St. John's contemptuous mention of 'Mangnall's Questions'; it is awfully compendious, but a young boy or girl well up in Mangnall will find it a great help when they are promoted to a higher class: our own recollection of Mangnall is grateful—we wonder whether anybody learns those questions now!

Mrs. St. John inveighs against the "kaleidoscopic codes made up of old prejudices and new clichés, irrational dogmas and superstitious fancies;" but we repeat what we have often said before, that it is not men who say hard things of women, but the women who say cruel things to and of each other. Women's hardships and hindrances come mainly, if not entirely, from themselves. Men may and do express dislike for the dogmatism, the disagreeableness, the bad taste in dress, the defiant tone of "strong-minded," "emancipated females." "Men," as Mrs. Ellis somewhere tells her readers, "have the peculiarity of only believing in what they see before their eyes;" now "emancipated" or "self-sustained" women, as they call themselves, are disagreeable; men naturally speak as they find them; the fault does not lie in the increased good sense of women, but in the glaring deficiency of it. "The invaluable happiness of liberty consists," as Goethe says, "not in doing what one pleases and what circumstances may invite to, but in being able, without hindrance or restraint, to do in the direct way what one regards as right and proper." Women cannot say that they do not in the present day enjoy this freedom to its fullest extent; what they have need to pray for is not freedom, but grace and good sense to put freedom to its best and highest use. In the end, people generally obtain as much as they deserve: there may be individual cases of hardship and ill-requit, but we believe that the average-stem in which each human being is held by his fellows, is earned by the qualities he brings to bear upon his position and relationships in life. Mrs. St. John is pathetic about the miseries of governesses. She begins by admitting "that the majority of governesses are unqualified to accomplish what they undertake." She then proceeds to bewail "the infinitely distressed condition of the majority among them." She draws an ideal picture of a highly cultured, refined and noble-minded girl, far superior to the rich tradesman's wife who is, *perhaps*, her mistress, or to any of the society to be met with at the mercer's private establishment." She inquires "what is the treatment she receives!" She proceeds to answer her own question, declaring that the "highly cultured" governess is degraded into a hard-working nursery-maid,

after which she is expected to appear in the drawing-room, to be stared at by some "brazen and brazen-faced Malvolio,"—or if she is governess in higher circles, we are told "perhaps My Lord bestows his attention for a time, which is cut short on learning that the young lady is only the governess." Again she speaks of "the young patrician who insults her governess," who is a lady, which "mammas" never was or will be, "for wearing the same silk dress eternally," never dreaming that "papa" was hurrying to Basinghall Street, or that she herself had been taught heathenism instead of Christianity.

Now all such sweeping sentimental abuse of the families who employ a governess is unjust. There are polite "patricians" (to alliterate after Mrs. St. John's fashion)—all tradesmen's wives are not vulgar—and we have known silk-mercers of humane character and cultivated taste. On behalf of the mistresses who have souls to be saved as well as their governesses, we venture to assert that in no condition of life does true quality of character, sterling intelligence, and adequate information tell more certainly to its full value than in the position of governess. But a governess, in a responsible position, and efficiency is indispensable to the comfort and reverence with which all would wish the condition of instructress to be hedged round. Mrs. St. John owns that the majority of governesses are incompetent,—“all the queen's horses and all the queen's men” might sooner “set Humpty Dumpty up again” than make incompetent persons happy or comfortable in the situations they may have assumed. Competency in knowledge and accomplishments may be marred by want of agreeable manner, or by the absence of the faculty of living sympathetically with other people,—or the high principle, which can alone give worth to talents and acquirements may be lacking,—or the judgment, which gives grace to goodness may be at fault,—or the faculty of imparting knowledge, may be absent. The combination of excellences needful to a thoroughly good governess would fit a Prime Minister for his post; but where they exist, even though it be partially or in small degree, such qualities command their price and ensure good treatment by all the laws of cause and effect. Water does not more inevitably find its own level, than quality of character asserts itself and makes for itself the position it deserves. The post of governess is arduous, and the chances are greatly against its being a state of felicity. All places of subordination, whether in a family, or in the Army, Navy, Church, or Civil Service, have mortifications to the self-love and self-complacency of those who are placed in them; and plentiful and grievous those who hold them must lay in their account to meet mortifications with a greatness of soul which shall not be wounded by petty slights. Those who are "sick of self-love" will find much sorrow that was never written against them in the Book of Fate,—it is "to taste with a disordered appetite;" but "to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts which you deem cannon-bullets." Such is the course we would give to sensitive governesses as armour to their souls.

Mrs. St. John is eloquent in her strictures on extravagance and love of dress. Miss Austen declares that "women are fine for their own satisfaction alone." Our note on that text is, that when women dress themselves well, it pleases the eye and plagues the heart of all male beholders,—a result which the gentlest maiden contemplates with serene composure, if not absolute complacency. It is vain to

preach against the vanities of apparel. A woman lacks some womanly virtue who dresses ill, or who is indifferent to dress: it argues a defect in her organization. The secret of men's prejudice against "strong-minded women" is, that they are supposed to wear clumsy boots, short petticoats, and to have thick ankles. Let not women rashly give ear to exhortations which would go to prove dear a vanity and waste of time. A woman who would be well dressed *must* take time and give consideration; it cannot be achieved without. Let no woman despise dress.

Mrs. St. John inveighs against "sturdy Britons" behind counters, handling yard-measures, and "discussing tints and tresses." She asks, "Why not increase the number of female assistants?" and answers her own question by a sneer at "the ladies, whose ambition it is to kill time," and who carry on "a species of flirtation with the smart, officious heroes of lubberdashery." The reason assigned for the preference of men behind the counter is, that they are more obliging and more patient than women. To be a good salesman or saleswoman is a talent brought to perfection by practice; the mere standing behind a counter and handling across the articles inquired for, does not constitute a good salesman or saleswoman. In those establishments where the women employed are pleasant, obliging, and understand their business, they have the preference from customers in the exact proportion to their tact and ability. If the female assistants *know how to sell*, the customers take pleasure in buying; but if the women are sullen, indifferent, and feel no interest in their customers' business, customers will not come in. A skilful saleswoman will always command her salary. In this, as in all other cases, it is a false expedient,—and one that very soon fails,—to call on people to accept from motives of charity ineffectual service for good service. Whatever women do well and effectually, they are well paid for doing, and *vice versa*. Mrs. St. John is justly indignant at the polite forms of speech used in commenting on women's work—the "allowances" which are always supposed to be required and made; but women have the remedy for all that in their own hands. Female work has till lately been a graceful inefficiency,—women are now beginning honestly to challenge their "right to labour." Like all other rights, it must be redeemed. Men complain that every avenue to fame and labour is thronged and narrow, the competition enormous. It is only natural they should feel jealous at an increased number of competitors; but the principle is conceded, that women may turn to their own account their own hands. The pioneers in this noble career find difficulties, and encounter disagreeable speeches and unjust opposition; they carry no privilege with them; they must carry the same weight in the race that the strongest rival runs with; but the "right to labour" is the noblest franchise that women have yet conquered. We speak of the right to labour on their own account as human beings, not to drudge as "nurses and slaves." This is the true key to the "franchise-men"; all the "privileges" will follow in their proper places—in their due season. It will be a great social revolution when women accept the fact, that when they earn their own living they rise, as Mrs. St. John justly says, "from virtual pauperism to actual participation in the substantial benefits of society." The faults, born of idleness, *cuncti* and unemployed activity, will disappear. Labour, hitherto, has been great but unlovely in its aspects: women will

develop in it a grace and beauty not yet seen. We look forward with hope and confidence to the progress of this social movement for organizing Female Labour. It must grow and mature like all other human things. We believe it marks a new and happier social era than women have yet seen; but there must be patience—"without hasting, without resting."

A Guide to the Country Lodgings in the Neighbourhood of Leicester, Loughborough, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch; including Charnwood Forest. By Frederick T. Mott. (Leicester, Allen & Son.)

Black's Tourist's Guide through the Counties of Hereford and Monmouth. (Edinburgh, A. & C. Black.)

Black's Handbook for Kent and Sussex. (Same Publishers.)

Notes and Collections relating to Brewood, Staffordshire. (Wolverhampton, Parke, for private use only.)

The Official Railway Handbook to Bray, Kingston, the Coast, and the County of Wicklow. By G. R. Powell. (Dublin, McGlathlan & Gill; London, Simpkin & Co.)

Oban to the Isle of Skye, Gairloch, Loch Maree, &c., to Inverness. By William Keddie. (Glasgow, MacLure & Macdonald.)

It is undeniable that poets who have seldom issued from metropolitan chambers have, by force of imagination, contrived to pass themselves off as individuals on very intimate terms with the beauties and secrets of Nature. But they have not effected this by force of imagination alone. They have had to fall back on the experiences of prose-writers, turning their graphic pictures into rhyme. From such poets we get but trasky art-imitations of Nature and her brilliant company; and even they who now look upon her, ere they limn her, are apt to discover that their earlier observant brethren have exhausted every effect, and that to speak of the russet mantle of the morn, the rose fingers of the early dawn, or the rosy-bosomed flowers, is only to repeat what was first said centuries ago, and what has been plagiarized a thousand times since.

Our modern poets, however, enjoy facilities not possessed by their predecessors, and they are enabled to procure from any bookseller introductions to localities where Nature is to be seen at her best. The works named above, which are only samples of an over-flowing measure of similar productions, take the form of these introductions, and that to the most picturesque parts of the three kingdoms. That such publications continue to appear annually, is a proof of the existence of a wide exorcismal, Nature-loving, town-dread, brain-wearyed, and indefatigable people. A breath from the sea, a roll in the grass, a ramble among the rocks, revives them. What is the meaning of the old giant who was refreshed by the touch of his mother earth? Simply this, that, when oppressed by eleven months of hearty but deadly application to business, a month's run in new and native fields and pastures made a man of him again.

Mr. Mott is especially concerned for his Leicester friends in this respect. Many of them find their central position in England too far removed from the sea to enable them to visit the latter frequently. Accordingly, the philanthropic author has compiled a list of all the health-giving places in the county, where "lodgings" may be easily procured. Among others is Charnwood Forest, which, if it be not seen now, was standing there once, and perhaps the place is redolent thereof even at the present time. Will not this account tempt either a reader of

"sermons in stones" or our used-up friend previously mentioned?

"The beauty and the freshness of the hills of Charnwood are indeed already even to be appreciated at their full value. In that far-off geological age, when the broad ocean filled the valley of the Soar, the slaty ridges of Charnwood appeared above the surface as a rugged sea-girt island; in dimensions about nine miles by six, with a magnificent harbour on the north-west, running up three miles among the hills, and of capacity sufficient to shelter any pre-Adamic fleet which may have ranged the tranquil seas of the latest new red sandstone epoch. Since that period, the whole of Great Britain has been swept over by icebergs and ocean currents, but no important disturbance from below has altered the contour of Leicestershire; and, from the summit of Bardons, Charnwood Forest still has the appearance of an island, although the waves of the ocean are changed into green meadows and slumberous woodlands, fading off upon the distant plain, far as the eye can reach, into a not work of fields and hedgerows. To this island character may doubtless be attributed, in part, the great salubrity of our Forest. The winds from every quarter have full play among its ridges; nor are its valleys so deep, or its passes so intricate, as to allow of the accumulation of stagnant air. And as to moisture, the soil of the hill sides is nowhere deep enough to hold water for any length of time; the hard rock will not absorb it; and the marshy hollows are not drained for the growing of corn,—to the infinite discomfort of botanists and others who delight in the curiosities of nature. There are no rivers, breeding dangerous mists after the heat of a summer's day; but multitudes of brooks, babbling among great stones, and overhung with oaks and alders, bring down the water from perpetual springs which bubble out among the recesses of the hills. Certainly there is not in the Midland Counties, perhaps not all England, a more health-giving spot, than these ancient hills of Charnwood; nor one more thoroughly adapted for the enjoyment of children."

This is tempting; and the adjacent district is attractive to the botanist, the geologist, and the antiquary. The latter, especially, will find his time well occupied with trips to the British camping-ground on Beacon Hill; to druidical idols, altars, and hanging stones; to the trail of the Danes in the Valley of the Wreake; to the "sacred" ruins at Ulvercroft, Gracedieu, and Leicester Abbey; to the fine old remains of feudalism, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Kirby Muxton, Groby, and Leicester Castle; and to old mansions like Bradgate—eloquent with its legends of Lady Jane Grey, who lived there, and of a fast young Countess of Suffolk, who burned nearly the whole edifice down, that she might escape from living there any longer.

Mr. Mott's book ought to make summer and autumn tourists "look up" Leicestershire. Are they otherwise minded, here are the Messieurs Black ready to guide them over four counties. The Handbooks accomplishing this duty for them are convenient in size, copious in information, and, unlike *hasty cicerones*, are almost too diffident in making assertions. Why, for instance, should they remark that Lavinia Fenton (Duchess of Bolton) who lies buried in Greenwich Old Churchyard, near General Wolfe, is "said to be the first Polly Peachum of Gay's celebrated 'Beggars' Opera'?" Nothing is more certain than that she was so, and that 132 years ago she and Walter, the original Macbeth, made the pleasant theatre of Lincoln's Inn Fields joyous and ecstatic with their snatches of song. We may point out that these "Guides" take particular and praiseworthy care of persons' reputations. Blackheath is not passed over without a word of apology, or rather of defence, for that much-maligned "Captain Mend-all," doughty Jack Cade. The allusion to him should send every

one to his history; and thence, perhaps, will arise once more a revival of popular judgments. In more than one respect of this sort, these books render capital service; for to the smallest village that boasts of a worthy old dame honour is paid. Some little villages have two; but not many are, even then, so especially favoured as Westerham, which is proud of a brace of heroes,—admirable constables in their peculiar way,—namely, Wolfe and Bishop Hoedley.

Black's Guides, then, conduct travellers over nooks that is well-trodden ground, and also into marsh and corners unpenetrated by the common crowd of excursionists. But, for opening localities little known except to those dwelling in the vicinity, commend us to the 'Notes and Collections relating to Brewood, Staffordshire.' The intimation in the Preface, that two friends have been collecting these Notes during full twenty years, added to the announcement on the title-page, that they are printed only for "private use," may be said to involve a contradiction, or at all events to evince a strange desire of keeping Brewood beauties secret, and a stranger method of seeking that end, by printing a list of them. The note-makers have done their work so well, that travellers, and especially antiquarian travellers, into whose hands this book may fall, are sure to wend their way to where stood the old British Pennock, where the Roman cross was raised to denote it a military station, under the name of Pennvercinia, where King John had a "Chamber," and where every lane has its legend. The note-makers have wisely looked into the church and parish books for reflections of the times. Some of these are curious. Thus, among the baptismal entries we notice, "Grace, a poor little child, March 16, 1591," and "A certain child named Yevan, which was born in the house of Thomas Floyd, baptized 19th of October, 1617, whose father and mother we know not." With these sad baptisms corresponds a mournful wedding:—"William Hugues and Joane Alport, of Tettenhall parish, married in Brewood, the 4th day of June, 1599, at the request of Sir Thomas Corbet, being sick and dying the same day." Then in the burials, among records of aristocratic mortality, we find, unceremoniously registered, "Jacke of Chillingham, March 1, 1599"; "Three poor folks, 1599"; and in 1618, "Yevan, a poor wandering boy," and "Margaret, a poor wandering wench, dying in the Croose."

Subsequent to entries such as significant and suggestive, we come to the year 1683, on which occasion the Rector, with his own hand, thought proper to register the demise of His Sacred Majesty the Second Charles; and the worthy gentleman, who probably knew less about orthography than "punch-mixing," thus performed the task:—"King Charles ye Seconde died the 6 day of February a boute a Leven of the Clocke in ye foure noone, in ye year 1683."

Long the pride of the district were the two nurseries of "White Ladies" and "Black Ladies"; in the chapel of the latter, mass was celebrated as lately as 1840. The dissolution did not altogether destroy these old foundations, which generously helped to save a monastic when the walls knew no longer an inhabitant. "The noble woods which surround the Nunnery,—fragments of the Royal Forest,—enabled John Giffard, about 1580, to build a house for the concealment of the ministers of a banished faith in its dim recesses; and this place achieved a just and brilliant fame as *Barboul*."

We have referred to the church books—the compilers have also had recourse to the old parish accounts, in order to furnish some idea

rule and regulation of political life. It is very humiliating, but nevertheless true, that these principles, however perfect in ethics, are practically weak in influencing the lives of men. What is true of our own foreign relations, what is true of our own political life, is true also of the American "institution":—abstract justice and practical expediency have clashed; and the former has been shelved for the sake of the latter. Had Jefferson's proposal been adopted, the United States would have been freed long ago from this blot, this incubance of slavery. Unfortunately, evil counsels prevailed; and the children are suffering now for the sins of their fathers. The country has lost the only opportunity that presented itself of getting rid of its incubus with safety, dignity, and wisdom. Since then wild schemes have been propounded and wilder plans attempted, the whole question has become embittered, and a life-and-death feud has sprung up where the sole chance lay in friendly and unpassioned relations; steady-going minds have flung themselves with heat and ardour into the fray; gentlemen have become ruffians while discussing the best mode of dealing with it; Christians have developed into savages; while the few calm men, at least, on the pro-slavery side, who can really hold their own in times of tumult, have withdrawn from the contest altogether, seeing no chance for rational philosophy to be heard in a company of madmen hacking at each other's throats. Thanks to certain indiscreet partisans, Abolition, as a feasible and practical good, has been delayed yet another generation, to the grief of all honest men and the confusion of all wise ones.

Mr. Edge is not one of these passionate partisans, but he is positive instead. He sees too clearly the next move on the political chess-board; and italicizes what *must* be the result of the forthcoming November election, with a precision we should be sorry to indorse on any human subject. "An audacious extension of President, the annihilation of Southern terrorism, the Repud of the Fugitive Slave Act, the confining of slavery within its present limits, and the destruction of Filibusterism, Annexatizing, and the secret carrying-on of the Slave-trade," stand forth in his programme as what must inevitably be after the next November election. That a crash will come sooner or later, and that length of time and heat of passion will only make the shock all the more terrible when it does come, no man who reads the signs of the times can doubt; but the settling of the when lies rather beyond our power. If the Northern States can carry their point of the non-extension of slavery,—if all future territory acquired by the Union shall be declared free, and slavery kept only where it now exists, it will eventually die out of itself, without bloodshed or bankruptcy. These are the real questions pending between the North and South, as late proposals; not the extreme views of sudden and entire abolition. This, indeed, would be to inflict more evil than to ensure good; for one of the most fatal consequences of sin is, that you cannot destroy it suddenly without destroying that which is innocent as well: you cannot pluck out the tares without uprooting the wheat.

Mr. Edge disposes of one of the arguments in favour of slavery in the South, by asserting, "That, in no portion of the United States is the weather too hot for white men to labour in the open air," and that the cultivation of cotton is one of the least laborious in agriculture; so little so, that "our West Indian planters are opposed to its introduction into Jamaica and other islands, knowing that it will draw off their hands from the cultivation of sugar." It

is well to know this; for, in the crisis which Mr. Edge says is at hand, when the cotton-market will be closed, and our American trade destroyed, it may be that certain Indian and African districts will be made subservient to this great end, and that we may have to depend on hired labour, and, perhaps, white labour, for the result. In the various tables of statistics which Mr. Edge gives, it is curious to see how the figures run on the side of the North. The number of acres under cultivation, the amount of produce, the difference in the value of land, the number of miles of railroads, the number of banks, of schools, colleges, and other places of instruction,—all, in fact, that goes to make up prosperity in a nation lies in singular excess on the free side. These data are the most powerful arguments of the whole,—those which never fail to find converts and disciples. Let the Americans be once thoroughly convinced that slavery is a losing concern, and the question will not be long in the settlement. The votaries of the Almighty Dollar are the most earnest men in the world, and need only to be convinced of their interest to become fanatics to a faith.

An Emigrant's Five Years in the Free States of America. By William Hancock. (Newby.)

As a general rule the ephemeral writers who supply circulating libraries with descriptions of foreign travel are to be remarked upon for the rapidity with which they become intimately acquainted with the natural features, political institutions, social peculiarities, and moral characteristics of the countries they visit. A week spent in a Petersburg hotel has, ere this, enabled an observer of human life and manners to detect every secret of Muscovite diplomacy, and inspect every spot of interest to be found throughout the domains of the Emperor of the Russians. Three days at Constantinople have accumulated stores of information on the commerce, taxation, and internal resources of the Ottoman Empire, that have staggered financial statisticians, and imposed on the scepticism of critics. We have even known a bull-fight at Madrid supply a spectator with materials for two volumes octavo on the position and destiny of Spain. Six months of martial experience as a supernumerary in the Commissariat can convert a civilian into a profound military critic. And we could point to a gentleman who became an authority on Oriental affairs by simply paying for a passage from England to the East. To such writers Mr. Hancock stands out in striking contrast. They know everything at the end of five days: he knows just nothing at the end of five years. "I traversed the Free States," he says, "not as a Tourist, with either leisure or means for the indulgence in the pleasures of Transatlantic capitals, or the luxuries and dissipations of Newport and Saxebo, but as an Emigrant; and it is out of the interest in and sympathy for that class of my fellow countrymen who—helping to work out, each in his own way, however humble, the glorious mission of the Anglo-Saxon race—would seek a home in the New World, which my own career engendered, that the desire has arisen to set forth, to the best of my ability, the results of my own experience and observation." After this exordium Mr. Hancock makes various astonishing revelations. An ill-built sailing vessel has "an inveterate tendency to roll, as it is called, or tumble from side to side in its progress through turbulent waves." "Fried bacon is apt to prove objectionable in a heavy sea." New York has "two vast hotels, each accommodating a thousand guests, and yielding a yearly profit

of ten thousand pounds a-piece." In the same capital "there are no cabs, and Hansoms are unknown;" "the omnibuses are painted white, and have no conductor;" "oysters are plentiful, of immense size and excellent quality;" and "Ethiopian minstrels and serenaders flourish in full vigour." "Mut julep," "brandy-smash," and "gin-cocktail" are expensive beverages, and emigrants are warned not to succumb to their insidious attractions. "All railway carriages are called 'cars' in America," adds Mr. Hancock with a burst of confidence, opening the inmost recesses of his affectionate heart, "can I make up my mind to call them anything else here, because the name is pleasantly associated with something far more agreeable, comfortable, and inexpensive than an English railway-carriage." "A prairie is about as capable of description as a lofty mountain, or the broad ocean, or anything else which must be felt to be enjoyed." In the year 1857 "family affairs" called Mr. Hancock to England. On reaching London he had "a cab-drive through some silent streets at midnight." Such are the results of Mr. Hancock's "experience and observation." The reader will see that they are worthy of being given to the world; but, notwithstanding the sensations of surprise and delight which such original views and unexpected intelligence necessarily create, it may be questioned whether they are calculated either to be of service to emigrants, or to further "the glorious mission of the Anglo-Saxon race."

Academic Reform and University Representation. By James Heywood. (Whitfield.)

This volume contains a mass of information relative to the Universities, the examination system now running its course, and the various suggestions for improvement of the Universities which are about. Mr. Heywood has long been a zealous University reformer; and though we do not enter into all his views, we are aware of the value of his services, especially at the time when the attraction of attention towards the question is the great point and the great difficulty.

Mr. Heywood has his head full of admiration of the system of cramming for examination papers, which the mania of the day has settled to be the true test of good mental training. As is but natural, he looks upon a wide range of subjects as a valuable part of this system; and he considers the Classics as an "antiquated branch of education." As we cannot undertake to meet all that we object to in the pages before us, we shall content ourselves with some comment on one case: Mr. Heywood's remarks on the Fellowship Examinations at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Trinity College, as is well known, has kept alive the light of classical literature in Cambridge. There is no English college in which a wider field of education is offered to the student. The Fellowship Examination is a severe trial in Greek and Roman literature, pure and applied mathematics, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. To this Mr. Heywood takes objection, as follows:—

First, that there is no examination in modern literature. As Mr. Heywood is comparing Trinity College with other seminaries, he ought to have asked—and we shall see that his plan requires the question—Is the Trinity man behind other Englishmen in a knowledge of modern literature? He knows very well that the answer is decidedly in the negative. We must not expect him to think about literature for the sake of its effects upon the mind and habits,—about the superiority of ancient over modern literature as the means of founding

the literary character,—about the necessity of restricting the range of subjects in order to prevent the examination from degenerating into a stimulus for *cræm*,—and about the magnitude and sufficiency of the inducements which the higher classical education offers for the comparison of ancient and modern literature. We venture to affirm that candidates for Trinity Fellowships, one with another, are led to such juxtaposition of ancient and modern languages and writers as, be it worth much or little—and we think it worth much,—far exceeds in value anything which would be gained by a set examination in French or German. Mr. Heywood would have the Legislature enforce examination in modern literature; we believe Parliament will be too wise to adopt any such scheme.

Secondly, Mr. Heywood objects to the demand for Greek and Latin composition; which, he says, excludes all candidates from any reasonable chance of success who have not acquired the art of transferring both the poetry and prose of English writers into the languages of Greece and Rome. The *grammatica* seems to be that the Greek and Latin are no longer spoken. But it ought to be remembered that these languages are alive, and always have been alive, for every purpose except speaking; *ex. gr.* for the purpose of benefiting the modern languages, the chief intellectual value of which they created. Mr. Heywood seems to think that communication with Plato or Tacitus is of no value. We differ from him; but this is not the chief point. The question is,—assuming, as we shall assume, that the ancient languages are to be studied,—what is the value of the exercise of mind involved in learning to turn thought from English into Greek or Latin? As to the *prose*, we have no doubt what the answer ought to be: as to *verse*, we are aware that scholars differ in opinion; and we shall say nothing as to a point on which Mr. Heywood is supported by many who come nearer to us than he does in our views of the end and processes of liberal education.

Further, we deny Mr. Heywood's assertion, that no candidates have a reasonable chance of success who have not attended to Greek and Latin composition. Does he mean that *all* the Fellows of Trinity are well practised in this art? Surely he knows that the experience of every year points to some who make up by strength in one branch of the examination for weakness in another. All that can be said with accuracy is, that he whose chief reliance is on classical attainments is at a great disadvantage if he cannot write the classical languages. So it ought to be.

Mr. Heywood goes on to show that the Trinity Fellowship Examination does not suit "the purposes of modern life in the nineteenth century." And how does he do this? Does he take the leading men of the College, and compare them with the leading men of other places? or the second-rate men with the second-rate men? He chooses an Examination for the *Indian Civil Service*, and he rests upon the fact that only *three out of forty*—only 7½ per cent.—came from Trinity College. What proportion did he expect? The competition was open to all British subjects: does Trinity educate fifteen men out of every 200? Again, how many Trinity men competed? What proportion of them gained their end, as compared with the proportions out of other colleges? Last, but not least, Mr. Heywood has special reference to the Trinity Fellowships. No it may be strongly suspected that few of those who might expect a Trinity Fellowship would betake themselves to the Indian Civil Service

at any time, but especially since the emoluments have been regulated by the Crown. Mr. Heywood's instance is not to the purpose, and his numerical conclusion wants date, and, so far as it can be relied on, is against him. If, says he, preparation for such an important public examination had been specially regarded in the College, the number of successful candidates would probably have been larger. Very likely; but Trinity College, probably, has another idea of its duties. Mr. Heywood himself insinuates, apparently by way of warning, for the sentence follows close upon what we last referred to,—that "new seminaries are rising up in different parts of the country to prepare young men for the various departments of Government Competitive Examinations." He instances one from which four cadets were elected to Woolwich Military Academy. This is quite as it should be; if these competitive examinations—excellent things they would be, if properly managed—are to continue to be no more than the tests of successful *cræm*, a race of crammers will spring up, without any necessity for the college of Newton and Bacon stooping to such work. For ourselves, though sensible that the Universities, and Cambridge especially, have more of the disease than we could wish, it is to these institutions we look for the remedy. The exaggeration of their own defects, which is beginning to prevail throughout the country, will, we expect, provoke an internal reaction. The harder the new hobby is ridden, the sooner will this reaction arrive: and we hope Mr. Heywood's book will not be lost upon Oxford and Cambridge. The proper way of meeting the recommendation to convert themselves into preparatory seminaries for Indian and Woolwich Examinations, as now conducted—the severest sarcasm that ever was passed upon their defects—will be to withdraw such adhesion to the unsound view of education as they now give, and to become in all respects the trusty guardians of truly liberal training.

Supplementary Despatches and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G. Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington. Vols. III, IV, and VI. (Murray.)

It seems impossible to study the Wellington literature and not to place "Field Marshal Arthur," in respect of every quality that constitutes a great general, on a par with the first Napoleon. The bird's-eye capacity exhibited becomes the more astonishing as we read the minor despatches, the more minute orders, the familiar correspondence. Some one asked about a famous order, "When did he find time to live?" Wellington found time—and labour—for everything. His effigy, as historically sculptured, is that of a callous, self-absorbed, essentially muscular-minded disciplinarian. And yet these letters show how he could soften as a friend, and relent as a commander. Amid the turbulence of routine duties, of deciding between green and dry timber for gun-carriages, of specifying the necessary alterations of wood-work at head-quarters, of perambulating regions for the march of critticing the sentences of courts-martial, of sending his "love to Mrs. Pole and the girls," he could make leisure for writing the most manly, kindly, wise condensations of advice to an insubordinate subaltern, with whom he would not be harsh, and with whom he could not be lenient. The date to which the correspondence has now been brought down, is December, 1810. The Third and Fourth Volumes are occupied with Indian affairs, and the Sixth with those of Denmark, Mexico, and the Spanish Peninsula. A large proportion of the Indian documents originated

at Seringapatam, where Wellington was vigilant over the entire surface, not of the British possessions only, but also of the territories adjoining to enemies and allies. In connection with all,—with men and with events,—he is for ever the same clear, cool, decisive man of intellect, not disdainful of a jest or indifferent to a claim of affection, but invariably succumbing to the rule and religion of duty. It was part of his character never to extenuate a fault, but often to accept an apology as equivalent to an atonement. We are sure that austere and monotonous as his nature has been represented, his confidential correspondence must have on every judicious mind an impression highly favourable to his sympathies as a generous, lofty-minded, considerate man. Nor did he confine himself, as biographers are fond of alleging, to exclusively military speculations. We all know that he was a very ardent and a very bad politician at home; that he regarded constitutions as battalions, and would have preferred a drum-head parliament to the tumultuous independence of constitutional representatives. But in the East, one of his grand ambitions, possibly derived from a predecessor in the Irish Secretariat, was to make potatoes flourish in the Mysore. He only wanted, he said, "plenty of seed." Moreover, he packed baskets of cabbage and celery plants for the ladies of his acquaintance, and busied himself with every conceivable difficulty, from the weight of a key to the pasture of a bullock.

Simultaneously he was vehemently engaged in denouncing the immorality and violence of Europeans in Asia, and in asserting the right of the natives to protection against the insolent absolutism of their white masters. In one letter he recommends that the *ryots* shall be set to work ploughing the ground, and in the next enters into every detail of instructions for erecting barracks of mud, palm-leaf wood, leaves and grass. This amazing versatility and conscientious labour characterize the volumes throughout, but especially the long series of *Supplementary Despatches* drawn from Seringapatam in 1802, when he was engaged in constant communications with the central Government, the Marhatta chiefs on the frontier, and the Rajas and polygars throughout the country, in the Persian, Marhatta, Canarese, Malabar, and Moorish languages. It was the epoch at which the Peace of Amiens was the universal topic in both hemispheres, and especially wherever the circumference of the English dominion reached. Relating to it, and some remarkable remarks on the use of by Wellington, it establishes," he wrote, "the French power over Europe; and when we shall have disarmed, we shall have no security except in our own abjectness." In India, he thought the forces ought to be increased rather than diminished, although "we have long ceased to fear an attack from the French." Meanwhile, he would be obliged to Colonel Dallas, pending a new war with France, to send him a new set of billiard-balls, "smaller than the last." Traces appear in the more familiar writings of the confidential relations between Arthur Wellesley and his officers, to some of whom he lent money, repayable by instalments, allowing them, when pressed, to suspend payment. "It appears," he wrote to one, "that it will now be inconvenient to you to pay the sum monthly which you have paid hitherto. I shall be sorry to put you to any inconvenience, and I beg that you will discontinue to pay it. If, after having discharged the sum for your bill, you have a reconvening the payment of it will not inconvenience to yourself, I conclude that you will do so." Confronted with this is the in-

flexible severity exhibited towards all who, in any manner, disgraced themselves and the army. And yet he discriminated, with his habitual penetrating common sense, between matters which must be investigated and matters which might more judiciously be left in the dark. Thus:—"A drunken quarrel is very dark, and is always to be lamented; but probably the less it is inquired into the better." Again, referring to a passage of arms between two testy officers, he says:—"I have to observe that nothing tends so much to these disputes as the habit of writing up all occasions." And, "For my part, I cannot admire that readiness in officers to submit their conduct to the trial of that awful tribunal—a General Court-Martial—rather than do what is their duty, viz. explain what is required from them as long as explanation can be asked for." These are wise hints, and worthy of remembrance in the upper ranks of the army, as well as among all sorts and descriptions of gentlemen. We will cite one letter entire, as illustrating the paternal quality of friendship and advice accorded by Wellington to the juniors who looked up to him for aid. The name of his correspondent is suppressed:—

"Dear Sir,—Since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, I have made inquiries respecting you with a view to obtaining your appointment to a corps; and I am concerned to find that the commanding officer of Chingleput has thought it necessary again to report that you are unfit for the service, although he has very lately reported a number of gentlemen to be fit for it who have not been so long at Chingleput as you have. I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with Capt. Bose, but he is well spoken of in the army; and it is not to be supposed, and never will be believed, that a person who could be capable of doing a gentleman the injustice to keep him at Chingleput under instruction, and from the service, for no reason whatever, would have been appointed by the Commander-in-Chief to the command of the place. It is much more consistent with probability that he detains you at that place, and does not make a report in your favour, because you do not deserve it; and under these circumstances I shall take the liberty of writing you a few lines by way of advice. I will impute it to my respect for your father and your relations, and for the recommendation of my brother, and my sincere desire to render you service. By coming to India as a cadet you have entered into a profession in which obedience to your superiors is essentially necessary. I am not acquainted with the system of education for the military profession adopted at Chingleput, but as I observe that gentlemen are reported to be qualified for the service in a very short time after their arrival in India, it must be confined to learning the common duties of a soldier, and the principles of subordination and obedience: these are not very difficult, and every gentleman who goes to Chingleput soon learns them, excepting yourself. Surely there must be some cause for your backwardness besides your inexperience, which I observe must operate nearly in an equal proportion against every gentleman who goes there. I must earnestly entreat you to abstain from any offence, however you, attentive to the instructions which he will give you, and to conciliate him by the regularity of your conduct. Consider the impression which will be made of your character and capacity on those who are not acquainted with you, and of your want of diligence and attention on your father and those who know you, when they hear that you alone of so many have been twice reported unfit for military service in this country, from having been incapable of learning even its rudiments at Chingleput, of which all others have easily attained a competent knowledge. I have taken measures to have you recommended to Capt. Bose, and I hope soon to hear an account of you far different from any that have yet reached me."

This is perfect, in spirit and in form. The reproach is toned down admirably; but there is

no injustice to Capt. Bose, whose censure is recommended to the cadet as a kindness. Turning from this, we are tripped up by a letter most unlike Arthur Wellesley, written in Persian to the Nizam at Hyderabad. The author begins with a plenitude of compliments to "the unsullied Kabob of exalted titles, whose turrets are the heavens, and whose origin is celestial (may his dignified shade be extended);" and proceeds to state that a present of medicinal bark had been sent to His Highness, and that another parcel would follow, to pass "under the noble inspection." Delays had occurred "in obeying the orders of the unsullied Presence," but—

"I hope that the medicine which is transmitted, having attained the longest of application, may be beneficial in its effects on the constitution, replete with purity. The desire of my heart, the seat of constancy, is that the exalted attendant will consistently regard and esteem the aforesaid bark as a memorable instance of the loyalty of the well-wisher, and as a testimony of the anxiety of British officers to effect all arrangements which may be desired by, or beneficial to, the noble Presence. May the God of his slaves grant that the orb of your Prosperity may shine and glitter from the eternal horizon, like the sun in the zenith!"

—Such was the style in which British commanders addressed, in those days, the native Princes of India.

Towards the close of 1802, Wellington was preparing to invade the Malabarra country, with many illustrations of his foresight and thorough knowledge of the country occur in these "Supplementary Despatches." He was now approaching another summit in his endless range of fame. He welded together, and, so to speak, polished up his army, arranged everything for its provisions, the sick, the wounded, prisoners, prize-money, and garrisons; for the mighty Battle of Assaye was about to be fought, and the successor of Timour was about to put himself under the protection of General Brisk. Concerning Assaye there are many interesting memoranda. To Major Malcolme Wellington wrote, three days after the victory:—

"Col. Close will have informed you of our victory on the 23rd. Our loss has been very severe; but we have got more than 90 guns, 70 of which are the finest brass ordnance I have ever seen. The enemy, in great consternation, are gone down the Ghauts; Stevenson follows them to-morrow. I am obliged to halt, to move my materials to Dwulstah. It is reported that Jadon Rao is missing. They say that Scindiah and Ragojee are stupefied by their defeat. They don't know what to do, and reproach each other. Their baggage was plundered by their own people, and many of their guns were shot off. The last horse was shot under me, and Diamond was piked, so that I am not now sufficiently mounted. Will you let me have the grey Arab? I must also request you to get for me two good saddles and bridles."

On the 30th October, to Lieut-Col. Collins:—
"I attacked the united army of Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar on that day, and gained a complete victory, having taken ninety-eight pieces of cannon, all their ammunition, &c. &c. My division alone was engaged. The battle was the most severe that, I believe, ever was fought in India, and my loss was very great. Scindiah's infantry behaved well: they were driven from their guns only by the bayonet."

There are elaborate documentary records of the negotiations which concluded the Malabarra war, all important to the historian of British India.

In February, 1805, after colossal labours, military and political, in the East, he prepared to embark for England, and a good bit of character comes out concerning the ship:—"I cannot tell you any particular anecdote of accommodation, and I would take any rather than lose my opportunity, if circumstances should permit my

departure; and I don't care a great deal about the price. I should prefer, however, either cabin a round house or the starboard side of a great cabin; and I do not much care who the captain is, or what the ship."

It is a pity the name is suppressed in the following passage, written at St. Helena:—

"I hope that ——— will be in office when you will go to Europe. He is the best of ———, and the greatest of quizzers. I really believe that a man of his despatch, with such a wig and coat, has not appeared in the world for two centuries. The race has been extinct, I believe; and how it came to be revived in his person is incomprehensible. His family are very good people indeed."

A still greater pity:—

"You will have heard with astonishment of ———'s attack upon Lord Wellesley. The impudence of this act, in setting himself up for Westminster has afforded an opportunity of unravelling him to the public, and his character is now well known. Only think of that fellow standing for Westminster, and having been not far from carrying his election!"

The Danish correspondence is of no great interest. It took place in 1807, and chiefly relates to the siege of Copenhagen. In November of the previous year, Wellington was called upon to pronounce whether an attack on New Spain might be connected with one upon Manila, and his opinion was hostile to the project. The plans for these projected expeditions, as drawn up by Wellington, are of peculiar interest; evincing a thorough knowledge, rapidly acquired, of a region which was supposed to be inviolate. The Peninsula despatches, in the Sixth Volume, extend from June 1806 to December 1810—a period which embraced the enthronement of Joseph Bonaparte, the defence of Saragossa by Palafox, the battle of Vimeiro, the Convention of Cintra, the surrender of the Russian fleet in the Tagus, the retreat of Sir John Moore, the passage of the Douro, the battles of Corunna, Talavera and Bussaco, and the retirement upon Torres Vedras. It may be conceived, therefore, what importance must attach to this amplification of the great general Wellington's correspondence. Talavera, of course, gave him his claim to a peerage, and he was rather perplexed, at Badajoz, what title to choose. He would have liked to be Lord Wellesley, but there was one Lord Wellesley already, and he thought of being Lord Talavera. From Badajoz, also, he dated his reflections on the Canning and Castlereagh duel, which he described in a letter to his brother, as "the most extraordinary event that ever occurred":—

"I conclude that that which first occasioned the breach between Canning and Castlereagh was the desire of the former that you should fill the situation of the latter; and I understand that Castlereagh was not acquainted with any of the arrangements which had been in discussion with a view to that object till the moment at which the expedition returned from Zealand, when Canning claimed the performance of the engagement which had been made to him. The immediate cause of the duel I don't know. But it appears that the Duke of Portland resigned his situation at the moment the Cabinet were in the difficulty respecting Castlereagh's situation, and that Canning immediately laid in his claim to be First Minister, and resigned his office because his colleagues declined to acquiesce in it. Whether the duel arose out of the discussions upon this claim and resignation, or out of the discussions on Lord Castlereagh's unsuitability for the office of Secretary of the War Department, I cannot tell. I think your situation is difficult in all this, principally, however, because the motives and even the actions of a man like you are never either truly represented or fairly appreciated by people in England in transactions of this description. Canning has claims upon your friendship, because he will do nothing to succeed in his own situation in order to bring you into power; but it is a question deserving your consideration whether you

alone of all his friends and colleagues are to support his pretensions to be the *First Minister*, and are bound to sacrifice victory to attain that object."

Referring to certain disastrous skirmishes, he wrote, "I know I shall be laughed at there. And 'the enemy is woefully strong.' Moreover, to Col. Torrens:—

"I have received your letter announcing the appointment of —, —, and — to this army. The first I have generally understood to be a madman; I believe it is your own opinion that the second is not very wise, the third is a clever but an unuseful man. But I should be glad to get rid of a few of the same description with — and —; and there are some in this army whom it is irreparable and quite unsafe to keep. Colonel — whose memorial I enclose, who was sent away from — for incapacity, and whom I was very glad to get rid of from hence last year, has lately come out again. I have been obliged to appoint him on the Staff because he is senior to others; and I wished to keep him away, and prevent him from destroying a good regiment by joining it; and he remains at a distance till further orders, as perpetual President of General Confrontation. Then there is —, whose conduct is really scandalous. I am not able to bring him before a court-martial as I should wish, but he is a disgrace to the army which can have such a man as a Major-General. Really when I reflect upon the characters and attainments of some of the General officers of this army, and consider that these are the persons on whom I am to rely to lead columns against the French Generals, and who are to carry my instructions into execution. I tremble; and, as Lord Chesterfield said of the Generals of his day, 'I only hope that when the enemy reads the list of their names he trembles as I do.' — and — will be a very nice addition to this list! However, I pray God and the Horse Guards to deliver me from General — and Colonel —."

How long was it before, notwithstanding these misadventures in the British army, Massena was in full retreat, with all his exultant host, from the Lines of Torres Vedras!

NEW NOVELS.

Bond and Free. By the Author of 'Castle.' 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—'Castle' was a first novel of good promise; the present one, if it does not fully redeem that promise, at least keeps it open. 'Bond and Free' is by no means a perfect novel; but it bears evidence of care and pains-taking. There is an evident design and purpose in its method of construction. The author has had an ideal, after which she has worked, and this in itself is an excellent point in an author. 'Bond and Free' is intended to typify those who are led by their own inclinations and impulses, who are in bondage to their own selfishness, and who with those who have rule over themselves, and who take heed to do the thing that is right, instead of following every passing emotion. The different characters are too much like the personification of abstract principles. If such characters are not compounded of simple elements, Eleanor Nanpeth, who is intended to represent a passionate-souled woman, is not true to any human nature we ever met with. She is made both unhappy and repulsive. The author, it seems to us, treats her with injustice. All characters endowed with positive qualities are more likely to be wrong than those who are more negative; they have more capabilities for good, but their chances of evil are increased in proportion. Felicia, the model heroine, is a safe negative, and she combines with all the prejudices and sympathies of the author, and is well treated accordingly. Wilfred, the hero, is a weak, wayward, self-conscious individual. He is a literary man, with a mystery at the root of his life, which has made his youth miserable, and nearly ruined the growth of his character in adulthood. The conditions under which he has been educated and brought up are cruel and unnatural. No mother could, or ever would, pursue such a plan; she would sooner have sent her child to the Foundling Hospital than consign him to the care of a man

whom she had so grievously wronged. The mockery of the letter, which was to be given to him on leaving his guardian, and which was to reveal the mystery that overclouded him, gives the reader a sensation of disgust and indignation at the weak selfish cruelty of the mother who could prepare so much gratuitous suffering for her child. The mother is so detestable that the reader comforts himself with the reflection that the author has failed to make her the likeness of human nature. Wilfred's subsequent reformation and moral redemption from his morbid self-consciousness do not call the sympathy of the reader. There is good writing in the book; and, in spite of faults of construction, the story is interesting and readable; but it is not satisfactory. The only moral that we can gather from it is, perhaps, not the one the author intended, but we give it as a true one nevertheless; viz., that human beings cannot avoid the consequences of their actions; to bear them patiently is the only true or rational way of meeting them; and all attempts to be better and wiser than Providence, by saying others from the effects of their own conduct, is sure to bring worse suffering in the stead of that which it is sought to escape. We look forward to a better and pleasanter book, at some future time, from the author than this.

'Cic O'Donnell: an Irish Peasant's Progress.' By D. Holland. (Dulbin, Mullany; London, Dolman).—'Cic O'Donnell' is a somewhat romantic, but very pretty story; the tone is healthy and rational, but it is not a serious story in the least; there are good Catholics in it, and equally good Protestants; and they neither quarrel with each other, nor try to convert each other—it would be hard to say to which side the author belongs; he minds his book like a good boy, and the book is all the better and more interesting for it. The good chance, though the story do not talk a word about religion, though it is easy to see they are all good Christians. There are bad men and murderers, who are impartially selected from both sides; their religion being slightly considered as not owning the blame of their evil. We are very sorry to see a change, slight, pleasant, little tale. When the Celt and the Saxon, the Catholic and the Protestant, begin to live peacefully together in story-books, we may fairly hope that there must be some foundation in real life for their entire cordials, and we rejoice accordingly.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Practical Time-Teller: Monthly Official Red Book of Continental Rates. By an Englishman Abroad. (Longman & Co.).—*Practical Blue Guide: France, Belgium, Holland, Germany.—Practical Guide for Italy; France, Switzerland, Savoy, Italy.—Practical Paris Guide.* (Same author and publishers).—*A Guide to the Coast of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk.* By M. F. C. Salcott. (Stanford).—*A Guide to the North Wales Coast.* By the same. (The Ordnance Map).—*By William Cathart.* 'With a Notice of the Geology of the Country.' By A. C. Ramsay. (Stanford).—*Nelson's Handbook to Scotland.* By the Rev. J. M. Wilson. (Nelson & Sons).—Few things are so indicative of a moving population as the number of guide-books which are put forth to direct the movement to useful and pleasant ends. In spite of the many excellent guides of last and preceding years, this spring brought forth many the summer still more; and autumn promises to be as prolific as if there was a market only for new guides to old localities. The practical red-books which head the above list are rather high priced pamphlets, which are compiled, however, on the very good principle of helping the traveller to see all that ought to be seen in a day of the week. The first is a very serious information to a traveller, whose means, of time or purse, are perhaps limited. Then there are curious phrases applied to historical characters. Vincennes is described as the birthplace of 'Fai-

staff's Henry the Fifth," as if the latter were famous for nothing but the companionship, which did not exist, between himself and an individual who had no real existence beyond that given him by Shakespeare. As with persons, so with places. The dull, dusty, sandy, desolate (saving the presence of old people, nursery-maids, and children) Gardens of the Luxembourg are spoken of as "beautiful, and constantly thronged." In all these practical guides, we find the list of hotels very unsatisfactory and incomplete, with puffing notices of tradespeople which are unpleasantly suggestive. Thus, in the 'Guide for Italy,' we are informed *a propos* to "ladies' bonnets," that a certain Madame L— and another such effusion, "the name which its own world-wide cultism" (of which we were not before aware, nor are at present persuaded). Excepting blots of this sort, the practical guides possess many very good points. They are portable, and with some revision may be rendered valuable.

—Mr. Walcott's book on the Eastern Counties,—"descriptive of scenery, historical, legendary, and archaeological," is carefully compiled. There is nothing of the advertising element about it, and it contains much useful information, with less of the pretentiousness than is to be found in some of the works of the kind. It is a very useful volume which we have thought that Black's 'Guide-Book to North Wales' would have rendered unnecessary a new conductor through that portion of the Principality. The former is fuller, and is essentially a "picture-book guide"; but there are many points in Mr. Walcott's volume which will attract particular classes of travellers. The index, however, requires revising.—Finally, we have to commend Mr. Wilson's Scottish Handbook; of these, too, we should have thought there were more than travellers required. We suppose this is not the case, or that there are no more prepared for particular notice. Mr. Wilson's volume is seriously written, but the information is complete, and the letter-press is pleasantly illustrated. It is worthy of ranking with Andersen, or, indeed, with the best of its predecessors in the series, the *Scottish Handbook* (Berger).—We have reviewed Lieut. Morrison before (Nos. 1551, 1616); and he places us at the head of those who have given favourable notices of his work. If the reader will look back, he will see what the notice was, and will be able to give notice. As to the present outshout, on cracking it we found that the motion of the stars called precession is only a motion of the sun. We greatly admire this notion: here is another favourable notice for the next collection of extracts from the press.

The Philosophy of the Human Mind. (Darton & Co.). This is a funny book, full of scraps of physiology and many other things. The author is so much mistaken in things which he might have known, that we are not frightened by his dictum on matters on which we are sure to know anything. Thus, he says that the old *Margaria Philosophica* contains a skull divided and marked very similar to Galfr's. As like as this—Six portions of brain are marked as belonging to the interior of the common, the phantasia, the imaginative, the estimative, the cogitative, and the memorial; the last three being over or behind the ear. He tells us that "not more than one in twenty, or five per cent., of the human race are dexters." For this there is a reference to "Dr. Dicke," but where he has said it, or how he knows, we are not told. If the reader will look for more, he will find more.

Morality and the State. By Simeon Nash. (Ohio, Columbus; London, Low & Co.).—We are told by the Preface, that this book was produced "because the author was so much struck by the fact, that there is no corresponding necessity which will hinder any large portion of the public to read it. The earlier chapters are of a description which 'nature's kind sense' (who is sometimes a little tyrannical) will hardly permit her to allow so long a time to be spent in the study of the work, so that many will fall away in the first 100 pages,—of the survivors, some will drop off before they reach the halfway house; but those who get to that point will pursue the remainder of their course

than to say I refer to what is called "slaty cleavage," which, passing through vast masses of rocks, which are spread over large areas, has split up the rocks into laminae as fine almost as the imaginary frictional increments of the mathematician, and also to the vast number of "faults" by which the strata forming the crust of the earth are broken up, and to the undulations of the strata in nearly parallel folds over large areas. Every geometerian must see that this is precisely such a result as might be expected under the supposition of a change in the position of the poles, with a corresponding change in the form of the earth. To take a simple illustration: if we hold a thick surface between the hands, and imagine the surface formed by the edges of the leaves to represent the surface of a homogeneous mass of rock, such as that out of which slates are formed, and then we depress one side of the book so as to make the surface slightly inclined to its original position, it will be seen that an almost infinitesimally sliding movement is given to each leaf, and that this represents what must take place under the hypothesis of a homogeneous rock, and the production of "slaty cleavage." If, again, we place a number of books side by side on the ground, and then push them on one side, it will be observed that each book will slide, to a certain extent, over the one beneath it, and that this displacement will represent the "faults" which occur through any compound series of strata, such as the coal measures, and it will be observed that the displacement is down the inclined plane, as is always observed in the "faults." The strata in each case are supposed to have been originally horizontal.

In the 66th Proposition of the 1st Section of the Principia, Theorem 2d, Corollary 2d, Newton says:—"But let there be added anywhere between the pole and the equator a heap of new matter like a mountain, and this by its perpetual endeavour to rise from the centre of the motion will disturb the motion of the globe, and cause its pole to wander about its superficies, describing circles about themselves and their opposite points."—*Motte's Translation*, 1729.

There is no evidence that within the historic period there has been an elevation of any mountain mass of such a magnitude as could produce an appreciable change in the position of the poles or the equator, and no records of astronomical observations could therefore show any such changes as have been advanced to. But we have undoubted evidence that in former periods of the earth's history great mountain ranges, such as the Andes, the Himalayas, and the Rocky Mountains, have been thrown up, in well-defined successive geological epochs; and knowing how vastly greater these mountain masses must originally have been from the great degradation to which in the lapse of ages they have been subjected, and before the degraded matter was spread out to fill up the inequalities of the surface of the earth, we can see a probable cause for a commencement of what Newton calls the "oscillations of the poles," and also the cause of a change in their position being again and again produced, until even the Arctic Regions may have been brought from a tropical position to their present position. We can see also how under the hypothesis there would be a gradual progress of a peculiar climate, arctic, or temperate, or tropical, over the surface of the earth, giving facilities to the spreading of a similar Flora or Fauna under the necessary conditions of light and heat for their development. I have not entered into any details of the evidence of the changes of climates in all parts of the earth, or any details of the evidence of the successive upheavals of great mountain masses, because the facts adverted to are familiar to every geologist. It would require an elaborate essay fully to elucidate these views; but I content myself with such an outline of them as will, I trust, enable men of science to understand them.

The solution of the difficult problem under consideration obviously turns upon the question of whether the geologist can show that in former periods of the earth's history as would produce an "evagation" of the poles. I think we can;

and that the changes of climate, the spreading of similar Floras and Faunas, and the undulations and dislocations of the strata composing the crust of the earth, are the necessary corollaries. A great number of other secondary minor forces, such as the eruption of igneous matter in different parts of the earth, are well known to be in operation to produce local changes; but the evagation of the poles is, as I think, the only cause of those great, wide-spread changes which have been adverted to.

HENRY JAMES, Col. R.E.

SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records, has devoted a good deal of space in his pamphlet, entitled "A Review of the Present State of the Shakespeare Controversy," to the refutation of arguments adduced by myself in the *Edinburgh Review* in favour of the genuineness of the famous "Corrections." If he had confined himself to attempting to confute me, I should hardly have entered again on a subject of which the public has had enough, while it is cruel to have without sufficient reason, and which would have been far better left to slumber until something conclusive, or at least really novel, could be produced on one side or the other. But unluckily he has taken the wiser course, and has resorted to pompous and pretentious sciolism,—"egregious errors," "tortuous misrepresentations," and so forth; amenities familiar in this controversy, but which inevitably provoke a rejoinder.

I will spare you all comment on Mr. Hardy's critical opinions respecting the value of the corrections. Any Shakespearean reader will have no difficulty in estimating them justly. I am really anxious to keep the quarrel on that issue which may be tried by evidence—that of their antiquity; the rest may be safely left to time, and to the temporary judgment of a later generation than the mass of those who have hitherto conducted the controversy. They may be genuine in point of date, and yet perfectly worthless in respect of authority; may be a page of ill-humoured discards would be saved, the writers could only have been "wise" in this distinction; while Mr. Hardy does not. This question of genuineness must be settled, partly by "paleographical" knowledge, partly by internal evidence.

On the first head, the "Assistant-Keeper of Records" of course speaks with authority. And he treats with the lofty contempt of an "expert," very humble suggestions; as he has a right to do. I am not, myself, a "paleographer"; and I have carefully abstained, in writing on this subject, from any attempt at dictation. But though no paleographer, I have so much of practice in the study of old handwriting as to be able, in the first place, to form some opinions of my own; in the next place, to assign no more than a just value to the assertions of men of skill in that line, because I know how fallible their judgments are, and that the temper of their own century (as they are in others) they are to be found in opposition to each other. I must, therefore, with all respect, decline altogether to accept Mr. Hardy's opinion, and confine myself to the reasons he gives for it.

There are very much the same reasons advanced by Mr. Hamilton; where new they seem to me to weaken his case materially. He is satisfied that the corrections in ink are in a modern hand, by reason of their external appearance, the signs of laborious imitation, and so forth, but above all by reason of their "ostensible" age. And this seems to be the point on which he lays the greatest stress. If genuine, they must in all probability have been made (he agrees with me and Mr. Collier) about the middle of the seventeenth century, say 1650. And they are (he says) "ostensibly" an older hand—"of Queen Elizabeth, or the earlier period of James the First." Therefore, not genuine. This I must take leave to say is mere paleographical pedantry, of which the slightest attention to the real conditions of the problem would have suggested the question, "What is the Records' age recognised—or fancy they recognise—distinct styles of handwriting for the reign of Elizabeth, the early part of James the First,"

the Civil Wars, and so forth. But the application of any such test must be evidently subject to one cause of extreme uncertainty; that arising from the shortness of the period of time covered by all these dates. A man born in 1600 would have formed his handwriting before the end of James the First's reign; and yet he would have been only sixty at the Restoration. Assuming, therefore, that the Corrector is apparently of the age asserted by Mr. Hardy (others have thought differently), the fact is really immaterial.

Neither is the supposed anomaly, derived from the supposed anomalies of the handwriting, the mixture of styles, the comparatively modern look of portions, and so forth, really applicable here. It may be a little hard on Mr. Hardy and his fellows, that the delicate tests which they are proud of using are here thrown away, but so it is. I myself hold Mr. Hardy's estimate of these peculiarities to be much exaggerated, and that the general character of the writing is rather remarkable for its comparatively uniform appearance under the peculiar circumstances of the case. But what are those circumstances? Mr. Hardy admits that the supporters of the Corrector to point out any document in which similar anomalies of handwriting occur. The question is obviously beside the point altogether. Anomalies of handwriting in a deed or ledger are surprising; in a book of mere trifling annotations of handwriting in a long series of many thousand corrections, made at different times—the work, Mr. Hardy himself believes, of several years—done with various inks,—and in the margin of a printed book, where we all of us inevitably write in a forced and queer feigned hand, let anyone try the experiment for himself, is not suspicious at all. Nay, it is an indication of genuineness. It is not too much to say, that if the ink corrections in the margin of the Folio had really presented the appearance which Mr. Hardy thinks they ought to have presented,—being made with lithographic uniformity of style,—they would certainly have been fakes.

The same very obvious remarks seem to dispose of Mr. Hardy's criticism about the mixture of Gothic with cursive writing; and the subject of I would not dispute (and I think I have said so) the question were it not that Mr. Hardy has thought fit to characterize my remarks on it as exhibiting "all the pomp and pretentiousness of sciolism." I am afraid I must charge him, in reply, with using his superior knowledge in such a manner as to darken a very plain question. When he appears to say (at page 6) that the cursive was first used in the reign of James the First, I must charge him, certainly not with committing so gross a blunder as this would be, but with a careless way of writing which must mislead the ordinary reader. The case is this, as Mr. Hardy well knows. Not only in formal documents, but even in ordinary letters, it was common, throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and I believe long afterwards, to employ the Gothic form for the bulk of the writing, but to intersperse it with cursive in the headings, and so forth, for the sake of distinction in the cursive or Italian. The same practice, therefore, habitually employed both. Now the use which I make of this most familiar fact is simply the following:—I say that to find a writer of the First style of hand (if Mr. Hardy will have it so) using the other generally, but the cursive occasionally, as the Corrector does, is in no degree suspicious, but the reverse. It is an indication (*valent quantum*) of authenticity. A forger was not likely to venture on it. But if Mr. Hardy objects, not that the Corrector uses a cursive, but that the cursive which he uses (in ink) is clearly modern, then, sciolist though I may be, I differ from him entirely, and refer to the judgment of any experienced and impartial eye.

I have detained you somewhat long over the ink corrections; but before passing to the pencilling, I must direct your attention to two admissions made by Mr. Hardy (after reading my article), which to my mind are of great importance in the controversy. I called particular attention to the exacting and striking—indeed, many passages in many places, and gave my reasons for thinking it a proof of antiquity. Mr. Hardy now admits the fact. "The over-

whimsical probability seems to be, that the passages in question were not struck out by the person who wrote the notes and emendations, but were expunged at a much earlier period, and that solely for theatrical, not critical purposes; the ink in which the corrections are made being evidently different from that in which these deletions or elisions occur. This fact, too, seems the more clear, as these several passages are accompanied by exactly the same sort of amended readings in the margin as the rest of the book.

Now, does Mr. Hardy really mean that, when the Folio fell into the hands of the forger, it presented a number of cancellations already executed, and no other ink marks whatever, neither glosses, stage-directions, punctuations, nor corrections of misprints?—that the leaves striking out certain passages are old, and the leaves striking out without exception, new? The "overwhelming" and absurd improbability of such a supposition needs no comment. Yet Mr. Hardy does seem to mean this. He says that the ink of the deletions, or elisions, is "evidently" different from that of the corrections. I take issue with him here, as directly as possible, not only on the antecedent probability of such a supposition, but on the fact itself. While a large number of the corrections are in a different ink from the cancellations (as pointed out in the *Review*), a large number appear distinctly to be in the same ink, some made at the same time, it is possible, that the different appearance of these inks constitutes one of the puzzles of the case; that, at first sight, one is tempted to believe the corrections made by different hands, possibly part old and part new; but that increasing familiarity with the book weakens this supposition, the hands running so directly and nearly into each other. And I again confidently appeal to casual inspection, as the only test in the case.

The other admission which Mr. Hardy makes is, that "No one who has carefully examined the volume can come to any other conclusion than that this Folio was corrected in the hands of the person who printed it. Why that intention was abandoned, it is not for us to surmise." And yet Mr. Hardy believes that the whole of the alterations are in a modern handwriting, most elaborately, though unsuccessfully, disguised as one of the reign of James the First. Now, if we would enquire to know what motive, or combination of motives, Mr. Hardy attributes to the stranger being who took, at one and the same time, the pains of correcting an entire folio of Shakespeare for the press, and correcting it with "pigment" for ink, and in a hand of elaborately-disguised antiquity. When the deep and awful Mr. Gannam got drunk for the only time in his life, we are informed that his mind wandered forth into a labyrinth of schemes, until at length he appeared to be conscious that he was, in some inexplicable way, taking himself in; at which point his wit broke him. The Corrector must have reached a similar sublime of imposture.

There remains the question of the pencillings; on which Mr. Hardy says little new, and I have nothing new to say. When he expresses his wonder at my having made such "admissions" respecting them, I can only reply that the reason (which I can afford to do, not as a private individual, but as a public man) is, that I was struck by the desire of justice and truth. I do regard them as perplexing, and hitherto unexplained. But I consider them as affording the only argument of any weight in favour of that theory of forgery, otherwise a most improbable one; and I am very far indeed from accepting that argument as decisive. The real question, when we have got rid of false issues, seems to be this:—Among the much-deleted pencillings, there are words and letters (relies, that is, or shadowy traces of them) which wear a modern appearance. Is that appearance so clear as to be conclusive? I think it is. And my scepticism is certainly strengthened by the strange exaggerations in which Mr. Collier's opponents indulge. When Mr. Hardy says (page 7) that the curvier hand of the seventeenth century is utterly unlike that of the eighteenth, the positiveness of the assertion may stagger a conscious "sceptic."

But when Mr. Hardy goes on to affirm that "the curvier hand of these instruments" (the old deeds,

etc., of which I have spoken) "is of the most perfect and graceful kind," we are enabled to measure the real value of his positiveness. So general an assertion is utterly unwarranted. There are old "Gothic" documents of that age in which the occasional curvier is as perfect as he describes. There are others in vast number in which it is irregular, ungraceful and careless; and often so nearly approaching the modern, that I cannot, for my own part, imagine any skill required to secure a certain degree between them, on the evidence of a faint pencil-mark only.

I will refer only very briefly to Mr. Hardy's critical objections to the antiquity of the corrections, as distinguished from the palaeographical. In truth, he adds nothing to the controversy on this subject; mixing up, as he does throughout, the question of their age with that of their value, which are essentially distinct. He persists in repeating the old assertion, that a great many of the corrections only coincide with editorial conjectures, as if any one doubted it; as if Mr. Collier had been the first to point it out, and as if he had really any bearing on the controversy. He seems still to be involved in that old confusion of ideas which regards a conjectural criticism, not as a guess at truth,—which may be correct, which may occur to more than one,—but as some exercise of genius, in which the guesser, by "inspiration," the exclusion of "placitarians." The only real question is this:—Do the corrections show evidences of this kind too singular and too numerous to be accounted for on the fair doctrine of probabilities? My own persuasion is that they do not, and that the really singular coincidences are few. Let every good judge for himself; but let him carefully observe the results of such lists of these coincidences as Mr. Hardy has made out (pages 13 to 25). Had the Corrector's alteration of—

Unhated the rule eye of rebellion
into—

Untried the road-way of rebellion
been really identical with Theobald's (as represented at p. 21, of this pamphlet) the *first* would have been altered. But the alteration of "rule" into "road" is not made by Theobald at all, and the passages do not coincide. So, again, if the Corrector's change from—

I see that men make ropes in such a scarce,
to—

I see that men make ropes in such a sort
had been identical with a conjecture of Rowe's, as represented at p. 29, it would have been curious at least. But it is not so. Rowe's line is—

I see that men make ropes in such efforts,

which is a very different matter. I speak under reserve, being in the country, and not having Rowe or Theobald to refer to; but my authority is Malone, and, if correct, what are we to say to these instances of Mr. Hardy's accuracy, which, if his assertions have made one of serious personal change, and in which the common duty of accuracy is more especially incumbent on them? I have not verified the list, and should be sorry to judge it by these specimens; but the instances which seem to be thus incorrectly cited have, unhappily, to be the most telling of all.

Mr. Hardy does me the honour to adopt my view, that the corrections are partly critical, with a view to amendment of the text; partly theatrical, with a view to the stage; and the last (the theatrical changes) he considers as especially abounding in bad taste. I quite agree with him. Dryden's "tag," or rhyming couplet, which the Corrector has so profusely introduced, very shocking. So do I. But his conclusion, that they are therefore new, is precisely the reverse of mine. I see in them changes exactly in that bad taste which was prevalent in the time of Dryden and his associates. Mr. Hardy fancies them modern; but he gives no reason whatever for the fancy, except that he thinks the words "Rebellion never thrives" (on which I had remarked in the *Review*) were borrowed from the old epigram (which he does not quote) "Upon a new proverb." But in truth, this proverbial phrase about rebellion never "thriving," though good English enough at any time, happened

to be particularly popular in the seventeenth century. Dryden, to wit—

Experienced a deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal coast.

The only novelty in Mr. Hardy's arguments on this head is, however, that he finds the manuscript stage-directions "much too abundant to be genuine," and that they seem to imply the use of movable scenery, which was generally not used, even at the Restoration. A very slender thread to support so weighty a conclusion, inasmuch as the early copies of some of Shakespeare's plays have rather abundant stage-directions, and inasmuch as movable scenes were certainly in use, though not general, long before Dryden employed them in his opera in 1666. But, if admitted to the fullest extent, what would it prove? Nothing but this: that those directions were probably inserted by some one anxious to adapt his folio to the new scenic and dramatic taste of the middle of the century; being precisely the conclusion to which many other circumstances invite us.

The remainder of Mr. Hardy's pamphlet—consisting only of a repetition, in the usual bitter style, of those personal charges against Mr. Collier with which the public is so familiar—I will not now examine. One point only touches myself. I said, describing the Public Record Office, "The records of the Second Office, or the Rolls, that they are under the same head; but" that each department has its own staff of superior and subordinate officers, and its own distinct class of archives." In this Mr. Hardy accuses me of "egregious error," and refers me to his book, with which I am unfortunately too familiar—"The Royal Kalendar"—for proof that the departments are "not distinct." "The Assistant-Keepers located at the Public Record Office," he says, "are equally Assistant-Keepers of the branch at the State Paper Office, and vice versa. Ever more than this, the two offices have not their distinct archives. Both contain State Papers." I am sorry to be obliged, in reply, to repeat, in the most distinct manner, the statement at which Mr. Hardy cavils as erroneous. The departments are, no doubt, formally amalgamated, and their establishments therefore appear as one; but not their distinct archives. Practically, therefore, as, as I said, distinct branches under one head. Until 1854 the State Paper Office was altogether separate from the Rolls Record Office, and was under the Secretaries of State. In that year it was placed under the Master of the Rolls, together with the latter. But the old establishments, and old contents, remained. Mr. Leachmere and Mr. Lemon, the former officers of the State Paper Office, are now the "Deputy Assistant-Keepers of Records," who act there; Mr. Hardy has been nothing further to the effect of the Rolls Office. And in the written conditions of that amalgamation it was specially provided that a particular class of papers should remain at the State Paper Office. Your readers are aware of the bearing of those otherwise unimportant details on the history of that unfortunate transaction, the "Plays" Rolls certificate of the forgery of the "Plays" Position. I say, not as Mr. Hardy is pleased to quote me, that the officers of the State Paper Office were "excluded" from that official inquiry, for I do not know whether they were excluded or not,—but that not one of them was present at it; and I believe that I said the truth.

As regards Mr. Collier I have commented, perhaps, too freely on what I think weak points in his treatment of his own case. I have said that I cannot myself receive as genuine some documents

which he upholds. I am not his advocate, charged with the duty of defending all he does. But I have my own personal reason (independent of the common reasons) for disbelieving his forgery of those corrections; and I will mention it, though I ought to ask his apology for using it in his defence as though he were a criminal at the bar. Some years ago, taking for the first time an interest in this question, I solicited, through a friend, the permission of Mr. Collier, to borrow the MS. of the uncorrected, to inspect the volume. Mr. Collier granted the permission, and added that he was coming to town, and would be glad to look over it with me. He did so. We made another appointment, and a second time examined it with some care together. It occurred to me to turn to the well-known passage in Macbeth, printed in the Folios—"Who dares no more is none," and to see whether the received emendation, "do" for "no," had occurred to the Corrector. I found the emendation made; and I pointed it out to Mr. Collier, who assured me he had not noticed it before (it is in a very faint ink). I have never since seen or corresponded with Mr. Collier. But when he subsequently published his Seven Lectures, I found the circumstance thus (with strict accuracy) recorded:—"It is in the MS. of Mr. Collier, that escaped my observation until I looked at the book with the assistance of a friend; that 'no' is amended to 'do' in my Folio 1632," &c. Preface, p. lxxxi.

Now, this little narrative may seem at first trivial to persons not concerned; on me, a person concerned, it unavoidably produces the following effect. In order to agree with Mr. Collier's assistants, I have to believe the following propositions:—that Mr. Collier forged the corrections,—that, having forged them, he was bold enough to send me, of his own volition, a volume which might have been an accomplished literary detective for aught he could tell, to examine them carefully in company with him,—that he pretended to me to receive, as a new discovery, the imitation of a particular correction which he himself forged,—and, finally, that, without any earthly punishment, he went out of the way to record, in a later publication, this pretended discovery and his pretended surprise at it.

I must frankly confess I cannot believe these propositions. I reject them on ordinary grounds of moral evidence. They involve much too far-fetched, improbable, and unnecessary an amount of guilt. I do not expect others to share fully in the impression which this detail makes on myself; but I would, nevertheless, entreat an impartial reader (if there be any such) seriously to weigh and consider it.

AN EDINBURGH REVIEWER.

THE ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO SPAIN.

London, August 23, 1860.

As the astronomers who went to Spain to observe the Eclipse have returned to England,—and as our drawings and photographs are all complete,—and as some of us have been able to compare notes of our different observations,—it is now possible to state, at least generally, some of the results of our recent expedition.

The expedition was organised by the Astronomer Royal, who took every opportunity, at successive meetings of the Royal Astronomical Society, and by correspondence, to promote a complete series of observations of the eclipse. By pointing out the several phenomena it was desirable to observe, and by throwing out suggestions as to the means he considered to be best calculated for observing those phenomena with accuracy, he induced several gentlemen to join the expedition who one time did not propose to do so. As the result of the several discussions which were raised, the requisite observations became fairly taken up; moreover, as the astronomers who had charged themselves with them distributed themselves over a considerable extent of country, every point of essential success was provided for. For the most part, the expedition was favoured with good weather on the day of the eclipse, and results were obtained which tend to throw considerable light upon, and possibly at once to set at rest, the question whether

the luminous prominences and corona visible on the occasion of a total eclipse belong to the sun, or whether they are occasioned by the deflection and diffraction of the light of the sun's photosphere.

As the most interest attaches to the few minutes of totality, I shall confine myself to the phenomena observed at and near this epoch.

Some minutes before the totality I distinctly saw, away from the sun, a dark disc, and a luminous prominence on the east of the zenith. This was quite visible, while the sun's image was reflected by a glass surface fixed at an angle of 45°, in the eyepiece, and the intensity of its light consequently much diminished. The upper surface of the glass diagonal reflector I used, however, silvered to the extent of one-half, and, as I brought into action the silvered half just previous to totality, I perceived a large host of prominences on the east. A little to the east of the zenith a brilliant cloud, quite detached from the sun, and at some distance from the moon, came into view. This detached cloud did not escape the notice of other astronomers; the Astronomer Royal, and I believe others also, observed the cloud and prominences before the complete obscuration of the sun. As Mr. W. W. Adams, Mr. M. Struve, and Mr. O. von Struve, was at Pöls with the Astronomer Royal, saw them some minutes after the totality. The brilliancy of these prominences was wonderfully great, and far exceeded that of the corona. They were not uniform in tint, and, to my eye, they did not in general present a red or rose tint; two, however, had a decided but faint rose tint; much detail was visible in the protuberances both of light, shade, colour and configuration. The side towards the sun was not brighter than the opposite side; but in some cases the more distant portions of the protuberances were brighter than near portions; it is not improbable, therefore, that they consist of gaseous matter in an intense state of incandescence.

The surface of some of the eastern luminous prominences nearest to the moon was, when first seen, very irregular, and far more so than was attributable to mountains as seen in profile on the moon's edge. This irregular outline may, however, be explained by supposing these prominences to have been first seen floating like clouds in a transparent atmosphere at some little distance from the sun's surface, and consequently from the moon's edge—a supposition which is supported by the fact, that one such prominence or luminous cloud was seen distinctly detached, and at some distance from the dark moon.

As the moon glided over the sun's disc, the inner outline of the prominences in the eastern hemisphere became less and less indented, and at last they were bounded by the nearly even outline of the moon's limb. As the eastern prominences became gradually covered, a mountain-like peak, seen at first as a small point in the north-west quadrant, gradually grew in dimensions, then presented several points, and at last resembled somewhat a columnal spire in full sail; and, extending from this through an arc of 60°, there came into view in the north-west quadrant a long streak of luminous prominences, varying in breadth, and with a few points projecting outwards. This streak became very jagged in its inner outline as the moon glided off from it just previous to the sun's re-appearance, those luminous prominences presenting the same phenomena as those on the eastern edge,—that is, appearing like clouds floating in a transparent atmosphere a little distance from the sun. This observation was also made by Prof. G. Romker.

As the prominences which we saw beyond the sun's limb on the occasion of a total eclipse are merely such as are, from their situation, seen in profile, it is fair to presume that such prominences must exist pretty generally diffused all over the sun's photosphere, and that they must be at all times visible either as light or as dark markings on the sun's disc. Whether they are the bright portions or facule, or the darker portions (not the spots) of the sun's mottled disc, or whether they may not in some cases appear more bright, and in others less bright, than the general brilliancy of the sun's disc, must still be a matter of conjecture. It is an

interesting fact, however, that on the 19th and 20th a large mass of facule surrounding a group of small spots came round into view by the sun's rotation, which must have occurred very nearly the position of the brightest portion of a large streak of prominences on the south-eastern quadrant. The prominences in some cases did not project beyond the moon's limb to a greater extent than the thinnest line, but in others the prominence reached a distance of 7". The detached cloud before mentioned, when first seen, was about half a minute (14,000 miles) beyond the position occupied by the moon's dark limb. It presented a double curvature on its northern side, both curvatures being convex towards the north. It inclined in a curved direction at about an angle of 60° from a radius towards the east, and was a minute and a half (42,000 miles) long. As the moon glided onwards in her course she approached it gradually, and at last touched the extreme point of this floating cloud, which glowed with all the brilliancy of one of our own terrestrial clouds at sunset. It presented a decided rose tint.

At 72" from the north a protuberance, in shape reminding one of a boomerang, imprinted itself on a collodion-plate, although it was not visible to me the day of the eclipse. It was about half a minute (36,000 miles); the point was bent towards the north, inclining downwards over towards the extremity of the detached cloud. It is a very curious circumstance that this protuberance imprinted itself distinctly, although it did not attract direct eye directed especially to the locality. This may be accounted for on the supposition that it emitted a feeble purple light.

My own observations, and those of others, furnish an additional proof that the luminous prominences belong to the sun, and not to the moon; and this is placed beyond all doubt by the photosphere obtained, by means of the Kew Photo-heliograph, at two different periods during the totality. They show that the prominences retained a fixed position in regard to the sun, and that successive portions of the moon successively registered. These will not change either their form or appearance, except in so far that the moon, by passing over them, shut off one portion after another towards the east, while more was visible of those protuberances on the west; and fresh protuberances came into view, and were depicted on the photosphere. A more important inference, leading to the same physical conclusion, is, that the moon's disc distinctly slid between the upper and the lower prominences, by a quantity measurable on the photosphere. This is confirmed by the Astronomer Royal's measures of angular position of the prominences.

Just before and after the eclipse sun-pictures were made; and during the progress of the eclipse thirty-one photographs were obtained, the times of which are carefully registered. These will serve hereafter to determine the path of the moon across the sun's disc and other data with considerable accuracy. The serrated edge of the moon is perfectly depicted in all the photographs, and in some of them one cup of the sun may be seen behind the projections of a lunar mountain, while the other remains perfectly sharp. The indentations of the concave side of the luminous prominences, as seen in the photographs at the period of totality, are far greater than the well-marked profiles of the lunar mountains seen in the photographs at other places of the eclipse. The surface of the sun just bordering the moon's dark disc is brighter for a short distance than the other portions; a phenomenon deserving of attention.

With the Kew Photo-heliograph, the moon does not give the slightest trace of pictures with an exposure of one minute; the pictures of the luminous prominences, which were procured in the same time, are over-exposed, and the corona has clearly depicted itself on both the plates; the light of the corona is therefore more brilliant than that of the moon. When the collodion plate was placed in the telescope, the wind rose, and shook the observatory and telescope violently, and some of the brighter prominences have depicted themselves three times on the second plate; this showing how short a time was really requisite to produce an image.

Indeed, had it been possible for me to have known beforehand how intense the light of the prominences really was, there would have been no difficulty in obtaining the photographs in less than half the time; and I do not doubt that four might have been procured with an exposure of from twenty to thirty seconds each.

When the sun was reduced to a small crescent, the shadows of all objects were depicted with great sharpness and blackness, reminding one of the effects of illumination by the electric light; the sky at this period assumed an indigo tint, and the landscape was tinged with a bronze hue. At the moment of totality the darkness was not so intense but that I could proceed with my drawings without the aid of a lamp I had at hand in case of necessity. The light of the corona was silvery white, very bright close to the sun, and to my eye extending about $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the moon's diameter beyond her limb. The sky near the moon was of a deep indigo colour; it passed through a sepia tint into red, and a brilliant orange near the horizon. These hues have been registered with great precision by Mr. Bonomi, who had prepared himself by delineating the patterns of the corona during the eclipse. Mr. Joseph Beck, who had undertaken the examination of the corona, has ascertained that its light gave strong evidence of polarization. It is fair to assume from this observation that the corona is due, to a great extent, to the illumination of an atmosphere surrounding the sun. I did not attempt any exact observation of the corona, but Mr. Oom, Prof. Grant, and other astronomers, have obtained good measurements of it.

Mr. Oom, who was stationed on the Alto d'Urbana, near Poles, found, by accurate measurements made by means of a micrometer, a glass micrometer plate was fixed, that the corona consisted of a bright ring 2' wide, then a fainter ring 3' wide; beyond this there was a great number of small rays, whose mean distance from the faint ring was 2'; the whole three rings extending, therefore, 7' beyond the moon's edge. Besides the three rings there were five rays, remarkable for their great length. The first was situated at the position angle (reckoned from north towards east) 30°, its length being 9'; the second, at 90°, was 14' long. It consisted of several beams, and had the appearance of the point of a star, as usually drawn. The third beam was a very remarkable one; it had somewhat the form of a sabre, the point bending over towards the east. It extended 13' in a straight line from the position angle 155°, and then, in a curved direction, 15' further; the point bending over to position angle 135°. The fourth ray reached 24' from the moon's limb; it being situated at position angle 227°. The fifth ray, situated at 290°, was 10' long. Mr. Oom saw the moon distinctly between five and six minutes after the totality. Baily's beads were not seen.

The results of the Himalaya Expedition will be communicated to Mr. Henry E. Hoyle, to be published under his superintendence; and when the volume appears there is every reason to believe that it will contain a most complete and valuable series of observations.

Before concluding, I wish to state that my party consisted, besides myself, of Mr. R. Beckley, the mechanical assistant of Kew; Mr. J. D. Downes, Mr. E. Beck, and Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Clarke, who, at Mr. Vigorin's suggestion, had acted as my interpreter, also volunteered his services, which proved most valuable during the eclipse. The Himalaya Expedition has already expressed its thanks collectively to Mr. Vigorin; but the means taken to insure the success, comfort, and health of my own party deserve especial acknowledgment on my part, both to himself and to Mr. Bennisson, Mr. Preston, and Don Simon, gentlemen of his staff. To Mr. Bartlett, of the firm of Messrs. Brassey & Co., the great contractors, I am indebted for the conveyance of my thirty packages of apparatus and portable observatory, weighing about two tons, from Bilbao to my station, seventy miles distant, in two days.

WARREN DE LA RUE.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

OUR notice of the Saronarola Bible has brought us the gratifying intelligence that an English gentleman, resident at Florence during the earlier part of this year, took the opportunity of employing, at his own expense, an Italian copyist of great skill to make a transcript of all the writings of Saronarola contained in the Bible to which our notice referred—that printed at Basil, in 1491, and preserved in the Magliabecchian Library. The copy thus made of these writings occupies 253 pages in small folio; it is most distinctly and beautifully written, with all the abbreviations expressed in full, so that the work may be read with the greatest ease. The owner of this transcript, we understand, intends giving it to one of our Universities, or to some other public body, in order that, under their sanction, the whole, or part of it, may be published, either in the Latin language, in which it is written, or in an English translation. In either case, we dare say the Italians will speedily translate it into their own tongue; for they are naturally very anxious just now to become possessed of the views of their Great Reformers.

The literary gentlemen who have been performing at Liverpool and Manchester, for the benefit of the Brough Fund, have met with a gratifying success in both places. The nett receipts of the Liverpool performance is 150*l.*, the very handsome addition of 400*l.* to the fund.

Mr. Bonomi writes on the subject of Sir Henry Rawlinson's discoveries in Egyptian history—

"64, Portland Road, Maida Hill, W., Aug. 21.

"The students of Egyptian History are much obliged to Sir H. Rawlinson for making known through your columns (August 18) his recent and important discovery in the Cuneiform Annals of Assur-bani-pal. In the last edition of Sharpe's 'History of Egypt,' the chronological table (p. 230) exhibits a blank space between Tirhakah and Necho, denoting an interval of about fifty years. Another remarkable circumstance is pointed out precisely at the period to which the Assyrian documents refer, and hence the list of names and notices of important places furnished by these cuneiform inscriptions deciphered by Sir Henry, will be of the greatest value in completing that period of Egyptian History for which neither the Bible nor the monuments afford aid."

"I am, &c. JOSEPH BONOMI."

One of the divisions of the South Kensington Museum which greatly attracts the notice of the working-classes, is that relating to the animal materials and productions used for food, which was organized by Dr. Lyon Playfair before he went to occupy the Chair of Chemistry in Edinburgh. This is owing, in great measure, to the instructive and explanatory labels which he produced. Our attention has recently been called to a set of large plates prepared for the use of schools, which have been copied from the diagrams and labels in the Museum, and are given to see that the public at a distance, who cannot visit the Museum, may still derive some advantages from it. At the same time, we think that Messrs. Dutton & Co., who have produced these sheets, might as well have stated the authority for them, and the source from which they obtained them.

The principal objects now on loan exhibited in the Art-Collections at South Kensington are—North rooms: Collection of about 500 antique and other engraved gems, cameos, &c., lent by the Duke of Devonshire;—Rock crystal, vases, &c., lent by the Duke of Devonshire;—The French and Japanese of Salisbury;—Collection of Chinese and Japanese specimens of art and manufacture, lent by the Earl of Elgin;—Painting of the Virgin and Child, by Sandro Botticelli, lent by Lord Elgin;—Painting by Moretto of Brescia, lent by Sir F. E. Scott, Bart.;—Painting by Piero della Francesca, lent by the Duke of Devonshire;—The Virgin and Child, by Sandro Botticelli, lent by Lord Elgin;—Collection of enamels, bronzes, miniatures, Palissy ware, &c., lent by H. Magnie, Esq.;—Collection of majolica, bronzes, crystal, &c., lent by A. Barker, Esq.;—Collection of mediæval metal work, majolica, bronzes, enamels, &c., lent by H. Morland, Esq.;—Collection of Oriental arms and

armour, lent by Gen. Malcolm;—Collection of metal work, carvings, enamels, &c., lent by G. Field, Esq.;—Specimens of majolica, bronzes, &c., lent by C. D. E. Fortnum, Esq.;—Specimens of mediæval metal work, lent by Capt. Lewis Pendergast;—The Shipwreck of the *Arcturion*;—Paintings by Landseer, Frith, Cooke, and Collins, lent by James Bell, Esq.

Last week, Mr. Durham's magnificent statue of Frank Crompton, Esq., of Halifax, was uncovered in Crompton Park, near that enterprising Yorkshire town. The work has been seen in London, and has more than once been the subject of remark in this journal. It is one of the finest statues of the English school of sculpture, reminding the beholder (though not unpleasantly, and not too much) of Michael Angelo's great figure of Moses. Halifax may be proud of such a monument, not more for its moral meaning than for the artistic beauties. A statue raised to a living man is rare, and ought to be rare. But in this case, the neighbours of Mr. Crompton seem to have felt that public honours were deserved. He has given them a park; they have given him a statue.

The Archaeological Society will hold its General Meeting this year at Colchester on the 27th of September. We are informed that the Museum, which is in process of formation in the Castle, will be first opened to the public on that occasion, and that some valuable papers are in preparation by men of archaeological eminence. Every effort, we are assured, will be used to make a really interesting meeting; and, no doubt, many of our readers will embrace so excellent an opportunity of inspecting the many interesting remains of the old city of Colonia Cæmularum.

Two pictures, by the well-known German painter, Herr Oskar Reiss, are making a sort of sensation at Frankfurt. They belong to the family Rothschild, and have for subject the historical origin of the Rothschild's great wealth. One of them brings before the eye of the spectator that modest house in the Frankfurt Judengasse, which has become the scene of the enormous accumulation of wealth. The other picture shows the ancient, neatly-furnished hall of Maier Rothschild, the grandfather of the present Baron Rothschild. The portly Frankfurt merchant goes to meet respectfully the elector of Hesse, who is followed by several servants carrying boxes and coffers of gold and silver. In the foreground stands the plain housewife, to whom a little daughter clings timidly. The Elector, with full confidence, gives to the Jew his treasures in keeping; for he has been driven away by the enemy, and has, perhaps for ever, to leave behind his throne and his country. The look of the Jew inspires us with the conviction that the Elector's unconditional trust will not be deceived,—that, let the events be what they may, the Jew's honesty will stand as firm as his faith in the Old Testament. The second picture leads us into the socially more refined atmosphere of the present day. The French tyranny has been shaken off, the Elector has been reinstated in his country, amidst the cheers of his people, who at that time still looked up to him hopefully and confidently. He comes to Frankfurt in order to take back his property. The faithful keeper is dead. His five sons, whose exterior is in accordance with the claims of modern times, prove themselves by expression and action the heirs of their old upright father. With neither too much pride nor too much humility, they stand before the grateful Elector, returning his property, which, during all this time, has patiently increased. It is known that from the great dates the rise of the Rothschild family; so far the pictures claim an historical interest.

The City of Copenhagen has resolved to erect a monument in memory of Adam Oehlenschläger, the eminent Danish poet.

In the 9th last the distribution of prizes to the students took place at the Palais National, Paris. The prize for poetry, which had given rise to a demonstration, was not given. The Minister Rouland presided at the ceremony, opening it with a speech, which contained, among other remarkable passages, the following:—"Adieu à l'école d'Argil and Toulon, but do not forget that poetry never

murmured (murmured) finer verses than those of Racine, and that the human mind never expressed itself with more depth and eloquence than in the works of Pascal and Bossuet.

It is now stated that these papers, who most energetically protested against the fact of writing a prize poem in praise of the late Prince Jerome have been expelled. To no purpose, we are inclined to think; for the compositions of the plant minority are, if possible, even more hostile to the Second of December than the decided refusal of the expelled ones.

The following fragment of one of the prize poems signals, in a characteristic way, the spirit of the present youth of France—

Vous ne comprenez pas qu'il est d'être plus sage
De laigner et repousser ce qu'on ne croit pas.
Vous tombez que prenant cette vie au passager,
La venue de l'histoire y porte son flambeau!

Vous ne comprenez pas que nos vœux immittes
Ont de chacun de nous fait un prophète,
Que nous aspirons mais nos fers, que nos poètes
Ce sont les Jureurs, les Hugos, les Léciaux.

Où, nous attendons le cœur plein d'espérance,
L'homme à débaucher et à le venir,
L'heure du grand réveil, l'heure sainte où la France
Ouvre au pays de vœux et de serments.

Vous ne comprenez pas que pour les jours prospères
Nous réservons nos chants vers un sol jaloux;
Qu'il en soit permis nous peut être des poètes
Formés au sein de vos écoles.

Tout à propos d'un tel effondré qu'il s'éveille,
D'un d'être surmonté qui tombe au sein de l'eau,
A propos d'un air d'être de la folie,
Il faut parler de vous, O morts de Waterloo!

Il faut parler de vous parce qu'un vieux fantôme
Vivant à peine here, pourrit, s'insulte et seuil;
Il faut troubler l'âme d'un homme
La paix de votre gloire et de votre linceul!

O morts de Waterloo! dormez dans la poussière!
Hélas ne voyez pas vos jours inassés,
Et si rien de constant entre vous sans aller,
De vieillir l'âme, O grands vaillants, dormez!

Vous semez un lys, l'histoire en lira le comble;
Mais à la mort, joyeux, vous courrez à grande pas;
Et moi, j'attends le jour, marchant vers la bête,
A vous souter vous nous insulterons pas!

Puis aux cadavres! puis aux tombeaux! pour nos laïques,
Pour les églises, les fontaines et les fontaines,
Préparer à l'avenir, sans peur et sans faiblesse,
Le fanfaronnement de notre liberté!

Et l'on fait un vieux roi qui dort aux Invalides,
Et l'on fait un vieux roi qui dort aux Invalides,
Quelques vers bleus, quelques hymnes splendides,
Nous en laissons la gloire à nosseurs l'écouler!

On the great annual meeting of the five classes of the Institut at Paris, which took place on the 14th inst., the first and principal discourse, which generally forms the substance and chief attraction of this literary solemnity, was claimed exceptionally by the Academy of the Political and Moral Sciences, whereas, by right, it is a privilege appertaining to the most prominent and popular name of the Académie Française. The public, therefore, were not without its apprehensions, which, however, were soon dispersed and changed into most pleasant excitement. The Academy of Political and Moral Sciences had sent for its representative

Prof. Wolowski, who performed his duty ably and to general satisfaction. Wolowski's Discourse was on "The Great Project of Henry the Fourth."

Henry the Fourth, in company with his celebrated minister Sully, is universally held to be the forerunner of the Abbé St. Pierre, and to him the project of "eternal peace" is attributed. Prof. Wolowski is of opinion that Henry the Fourth had too much good sense to believe, 250 years ago, in the practicability of a project which, still to this day, is but a beautiful dream. But, apart from this, the "great project" remains, which consisted in a better division of Europe, in a more rational regulation of the European balance of power, in an international organization of Europe and an interior organization of the States, which, by being made adequate to the demands and tendencies of the nations, would insure the interior and international peace of Europe. This reorganization, it is well known, the "bon roi" meant to bring about with the co-operation of England, and he looked on the destruction of Austria as an indispensable condition of success.

The English, while the "great project" offers with the present policy of France, were too evident not to have been grasped immediately by the auditory. The learned public, as well as that of the Faubourg St. Germain, which

crowded the building of the Institut, repeatedly interrupted the discourse of Prof. Wolowski by acclamations.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S Picture of "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," commenced in January, 1857, and is now at the NEW GALLERY, 100, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1s.

MILKE, ROSA BONHEUR'S Picture of SCENE IN SCOTLAND, SPAIN, AND FRANCE, are NOW ON VIEW at the NEW GALLERY, 100, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1s.

FINE ARTS EXHIBITION, 1860. PAUL MALL—THE SEVENTH DAY OF CREATION. Pictures of the Seven Days of Creation, by Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, including Hieronymus Bosch, Pieter Bruegel, and others. The exhibition is at the NEW GALLERY, 100, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1s.

NEW OPEN, the ITALIAN GALLERY, at the UPPER ROOMS, 100, PAUL MALL—A VERY ANTIQUE PAINTING OF THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN MARY, by a Flemish Artist, 17th century. The picture is at the NEW GALLERY, 100, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1s.

WASHINGTON FRIEND'S Room in CANADA and the UNITED STATES, with his Saga, and Melrose, now named by the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, including the Falls of Niagara, River Lawrence, Tadoussac, Saguenay, and others. The pictures are at the NEW GALLERY, 100, New Bond Street, from Nine till Five.—Admission, 1s.

SCIENCE

Eth and Flow. The Curiousities and Marvels of the Sea-Shore. A Book for Young People. Edited by R. W. Fraser, M.A. (Houlston & Wright).—We are always predisposed to say a favourable word for books of this class, for there are not as yet too many of them. It is hardly to such compilation as copying—sometimes copying, but often uncopy—fused. The pages from 33 to 42 are extracted from MacCulloch, from 61 to 78 is a wholesale extract from Lyell, which is instantly succeeded (from page 78 to 110) by a wholesale extract from Mr. C. D. Walcott, Marine Biologist. Thus we have some sixty early pages out of a book of 251 pages of acknowledged extract, and yet only acknowledged by single inverted commas, without particular references to pages of the original. We have taken the trouble to trace out portions in Lyell's "Principles of Geology," and we believe that we should find, if we were to do so, that we could disintegrate a large proportion of the writer's book, and refer the several parts to their originals in works well known to naturalists. Other pages, as from 209 to 225, are, again, confessed extracts, and so are some additional pages. Of the illustrations, which are said

"to enhance the beauty and interest of the work," some are plainly attributed to Milner's "Gallery of Nature," and inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Chambers. One of "The Rockies in the North of England," comes in to illustrate a description of the Shetland and Orkney Isles! Another, of the Ice Fields, is inserted in an account of the "Fish of our Sea-Shores"; while a woodcut of an Annular Eclipse of the Sun is introduced between two pages upon shells and shell-fish. Very few of the illustrations appear to "enhance the accuracy of the work," to say the least. The "Group of Fish" looks more like a group of frogs and toads. The "Sea Gull" intimates that all are gulls who believe in his portraiture; and the first illustration of the "Fish of our Sea-Shores" consists of three men in a boat!

We thought we had done with the Cornish net called the *ecine*, when, some time ago, we showed that it was not a *ecine*, though some good Christian had so baptized it. But, in Mr. Fraser's book it turns up again as the *ecine*, and falls to the bottom, where the waves that swell like mountains are scarcely seen to curl on the surface, and the roar of an ocean a thousand leagues broad, appears softer than the mur-

mur of a brook." The only statement for which Mr. Fraser can claim originality, seems to us to be the height of the rocks of St. Kilda. "What," says he, "should we expect of a precipice three-quarters of a mile in height! And yet the rocks of St. Kilda are still higher!" Indeed! How much higher! Say, they are a mile high,—the author must mean that, at least,—then they must be, according to Mr. Fraser, 8,240 feet high, far higher than Snowdon, which is 3,571 feet above sea-level; higher than Ben Nevis, which is 4,358 feet; higher than what is now invariably accepted as the highest British summit,—viz. Ben Mhulidhu, in Aberdeenshire,—which is 4,418 feet. Mr. Fraser has made a marvellous discovery of an enormously high precipice, not a mountain, but a precipice, sheer and awful!—of some 5,000 feet or more, perhaps, in height. In Mr. Fraser M.A. of St. Kilda! It ought to confer the highest honour upon him, since he has conferred the highest honour upon us,—and, perhaps, both would be equally well deserved. He ought to know that MacCulloch measured the summit-ridge with the mountain-barometer, and found it to be 1,380 feet in height.

Observations on the Genus *Uro*, together with Descriptions of New Species, their Soft Parts, and External Form. By Isaac Lea, L.L.D. (Philadelphia, Lea.) Dr. Lea is uncasing in his labours upon the families of Mollusca, to which he has already devoted so much attention. In the present work he describes thirty-eight species belonging to the family Unionidae, many of which are new. In his descriptions he has gone more into the structure of the soft parts of the animals than in any of his previous papers. He has also described the nature of the ova, and the embryonic forms of many of the species. Zoology is deeply indebted to him, for he has been the first to describe the external forms of the freshwater Mollusca of America; but he will lay that science under still deeper obligations if he continue to describe accurately the anatomical structure and embryonic development of these creatures.

The History of Botany, in Six Lessons. By Anna J. Buckland. (Hall & Virtue).—This is a very unsatisfactory attempt at teaching the elements of botany. It is very short, but it has that unhappy concomitant of brevity—obscurity. What is the use of teaching a class that "a name is a long which without a definition explains what it is, or that "an umbel is a head which has the florets on the pedicels, like the parsley and hemlock," when perhaps they do not know these plants when they see them! The book might perhaps be made useful in the hands of a teacher well acquainted with botany.

Illustrations to "How to Work with the Microscope." By Lionel Beale, M.B. (Churchill).—Dr. Beale, when he published his work, "How to Work with the Microscope," forgot to supply any illustrations. This was a very conspicuous omission, especially to beginners, and many undoubtedly throw aside the book as of more trouble than service. He has at last made ample amends; and, for a small additional sum, now offers to the purchasers of his "How to Work" twenty-eight new and valuable plates. These who possess the work cannot do better than supply themselves at once with these plates; whilst those who have not purchased it will find now that its value as a guide to microscopic labours is much enhanced by the addition of these illustrations.

British Butterflies. By W. S. Coleman. (Routledge & Co.).—This is a very useful little book, and its price places it in the hands of all who are desirous of studying Natural History. We have always been anxious to see printed a series of cheap volumes, descriptive of the various forms of British animals and plants. The greatest incentive to the study of Natural History is the naming correctly the animals and plants that may be collected in excursions or walks in the country. This little book is a step in the right direction. Here we have all the British butterflies described and figured for a shilling. Any one who catches a butterfly may now take this book and name it. The only other systematic work of this kind that we know of, is Mr. Moore's "British Ferns," published also by

may the Royal Academy, "in consenting to this measure, make it a stipulation with the Government, that, on a part of the site of the old Palace, apartments should be constructed for the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and Society of Antiquaries. The plans for the new apartments were, by His Majesty's command, submitted to the President and Council of the Royal Academy, and approved by them." On the completion of the new building, the Academy was placed in possession of the apartments, and continued to occupy them until the removal to Trafalgar Square took place, which was done under the understanding before stated.

We have stated our opinion (*Athen.* No. 1648), that the right of tenure by the Royal Academy to rooms at the public charge rested upon their performance of the duty of maintaining the schools and exhibitions of pictures, as provided by the original Warrant, and that their claim to hold these premises as a gift of the Crown, which constituted them a private body, responsible only to the Sovereign, was utterly fallacious. Our readers will observe that a Council of State was then imported into the question by the above-quoted assertion in the Report before us, to the effect that the King actually reserved the right to make the appropriation of the portion of the new Somerset House to the Royal Academy when he gave up to the nation the old palace on the same day.

The compilers of the Report state that "it has always been understood" that this reservation was actually made, and we are to infer it to have been one of the conditions of the exchange. Undoubtedly His Majesty, and the right to make this reservation, if it was so made; but it seems strange that those who have benefited so largely by it have no better authority to produce than the statement that they themselves always understood such to be the case. Our query as to the status held by the school societies on this point may produce a further explanation from one of them, which may elucidate this matter. Apparently, the House of Commons was not aware of this peculiarity in the Academy's claim; for it was expressly reported by their Select Committee, in 1836, "that the Academy may be considered as occupying the National Gallery, and the picture gallery which are held by the same tenure as those held in Somerset House" "whenever public convenience requires their removal." If the House was ignorant of this claim of right, we can only suppose the Government to have been equally ill informed; for we do not find it recognised in any of the correspondence produced in the present Report, wherein leading members of successive Governments assure the Academy that they will hold their new apartments by the title of the old ones. The first stated grounds of claim, — i. e., maintenance of schools and exhibitions, — are, by implication at least, admitted; but the latter does not seem to have been understood. Indeed, so lately as 1858, we find Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, writing thus to Sir C. Eastlake: —

"My dear Sir Charles, — I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of yesterday, and of the accompanying statement. The subject to which it refers will receive the most careful consideration on my part, and on that of my colleagues, during the approaching session; but I think I may say, on my part and on my own, that we concur in the general principle, which, as it appears to me, you lay down on behalf of the Royal Academy, that, while they have no legal claim to any particular locality for their Exhibition, they have a moral claim, should the public service require, to be provided with, by their present locality, to have provided for them, by the public, equally convenient accommodation elsewhere."

If this asserted reservation of the King's had been stated to the House and the Ministers, it must have been thought worthless, as the last title of proof. Otherwise, why should the former report that the Academy might be turned adrift at pleasure; or the last speak only of the moral claim? They had established by the statement to which we are referring, — substantially the same, we presume, as that now before us! If the King reserved the right to dispose of the apartments as he saw fit, there can be little question but that the Academy

hold their apartments by a legal right, and may continue to do so during Royal pleasure. The Academy itself does not claim the legal right; so we understand, at least, the fact of their quoting the above letter of Lord Derby's as a strengthening of their moral claim.

The Academy's claim seems to be the strongest claim that can be put forward for the institution, and this is strong enough in all conscience. Many people may think it too late now to question the right of the King to dispose of the apartments. Such a feeling as this has undoubtedly actuated the late Government, which, — when from time to time they have actually removed — offered indemnification (as Lord J. Russell did in 1850, proposing a grant of 40,000*l.* for a new building, or new apartments, to be erected at the public cost, as has since been done. It seems strange that the Royal Academy is able to give no better authority for this important contention of their claim than their own traditional "understanding." Surely, the transfer of a splendid fragment of the hereditary property of the Crown to the Academy, which has been recorded somewhere, and its conditions be yet obtainable. It seems ridiculous to suppose that the Academy advisers have failed to search the Records of the Crown for this alleged foundation of their right. Failing their production of it, we are not to treat the whole thing as a traditional signment, handed down from Council to Council, and by each more devoutly believed as each felt the importance of its establishment more strongly!

The other claims for public consideration put forward by the Council are, — first, the establishment of schools; and, secondly, that of maintaining the Exhibition. The rules, laws, and regulations with regard to the schools and the students, we recently reprinted from the authorised edition presented by the institution to its pupils. We reprinted, also, the present, together with the General Laws, comparing the copy of the latter which has recently been sent to us, as of the last edition, with that of an earlier date, from which we also reprinted largely (*Athen.* No. 1640, *et seq.*). This we shall do in an early number. Our own copy of the present, which is limited in quantity, of the means of education furnished by the Royal Academy is, that their benefits have been very considerable indeed. How they are estimated by the profession at large is best shown by the fact that they contain far more pupils than any metropolitan Academy, in spite of the constant annual venation to which they have been subjected for many years past. The system of drawing from the antique to the neglect of the life has been greatly relaxed of late years, and the old, blinding tyranny therein, to which the pupils were subjected, is no longer in force; — the miserable infatuation which led the managers to insist upon every student passing through an ordeal, such as must inevitably keep him from the Life School for several years, has for some time been exploded. The Academy, as the present, the last, and former schools maintained a system but little less severe might have been offered. The Academy do not profess to interfere, so says the Report, with the individual bent of the student. He may learn as much or as little as he chooses. The instruction given, why we think, is limited in quantity, and the grade of the teachers is, to say the least, quite equal to that afforded by any other institution. No particular dogmas of education are insisted upon; and a man may study in Trafalgar Square as well as he may, if a student of modern masters at Cambridge, — indeed, he has far more freedom, and as many opportunities of improving himself in those schools as in any College in England.

The maintenance of these schools is, of course, dependent upon the receipts at the sale of the Exhibition. What those are is stated in the Report. From this we condense: — Total sums received from the Annual Exhibition, from 1769 to 1850 (inclusive), less the expenses attending the same, 267,888*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* — sums received by dividends on stocks, &c., 91,567*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.* — sums received from His Majesty's Privy Purse, from 1769 to 1780, 51,161*l.* 2*s.* — Turner bequest, 29,000*l.* — sums

expended by the Royal Academy, from the commencement of the institution to the gratuitous instruction of the students, general management, &c., 218,494*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* — paid in pensions to distressed and superannuated members and their widows, from 1802 to 1850, 28,739*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.* — donations to distressed and superannuated artists and their widows, from 1769 to 1850, 32,772*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* We may state, that we never met with a finer example of the truth of the old adage, that "charity begins at home" than this statement. The Royal Academy has taken care of its own, for the former period is shorter by thirty years than the latter; yet the sum distributed at home is but some 3,000*l.* less than that given to the innumerable more numerous body. Yet we find Sir Joshua Reynolds regretting that the institution could not insure the building it gratuitously occupied, because so doing would deprive the poor and needy of their mile. A system of professional, and not Academic charity, was one of the most frequently advanced claims to public support made by the early Royal Academicians. This statement does not look as if it had been carefully considered. To resume: — The balance in favour of the Academy is 104,494*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

The remainder of their Report is occupied with three heads of statements: — First, the relations of the Royal Academy to the Crown. This contains the whole that is as yet known of the history of the history of the foundation of the institution and its continued connexion with the Crown. On the advantages of the latter matter the Council states the following: — "In considering the advantages which the Academy enjoys from the Royal favour, we should be especially reminded, that the Members, it should be borne in mind that rewards of merit are not benefits for those only on whom they are conferred, but for all those to whom they are offered. In all professions the attainment of excellence is promoted as the result of the struggle for success, which affects many, that by the success itself, which affects one. The advantage of the Royal favour and patronage graciously conferred on the Academy is, therefore, an advantage to the Professors of Art generally. That thousands are deficient of attainment in the exhibition comes from all directions that worthily excite competition. The Members of the Academy, from its origin until now, have all contended with rivals in the race, and have all experienced the difficulty of winning the prize. The privileges of the Academy as an institution can only be privileges so long as it comprehends the majority of the first professors of Art in the country. Not even the Royal favour extended to inferior artists could render their works universally attractive. With reference to the Academy, therefore, the Royal favour to be regarded as it always should be regarded, as a stimulus to all for the attainment of excellence, inasmuch as it is the honourable result of public approbation."

The second section deals with the relation of the Academy to the public. This states, in the first case, that the Academy is supported, owing so far as the value of its appointments go, and that in the application of its funds it differs from other Societies, similarly supported, in so much as their surplus funds, as the Members may think proper. How the Academy surpluses are expended is already stated. We admit that the remuneration to the officers is still inadequate, and we conceive there can be no objection in so wealthy a body paying their officers at least decently. The importance of keeping the schools open throughout the year is insisted upon. Indeed, here is one of the real shortcomings of the institution, for it is preposterous that the schools should be closed nearly half the year — "improved local conditions" may enable the Academy to extend this period, we are informed, and may surely trust this will be one of the first objects of the Academy, in obtaining a new building. Supported, as the Academy is, by the money taken at the door, we need not enter into the question hinted at, of a possible future "rejection of those receipts," by creating a free Exhibition, we presume.

The third section contains the relations of the Royal Academy to Professors of Art. The popular idea that the Academy arrogates to itself the position

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The Country Waltz: Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin. By Mrs. Tom Taylor, late Laura W. Barker. (Weasel & Co.)—A Sonata is a rarity in these days, when that which is sickly or sentimental monopolizes too much of the attention of persons having the creative faculty in music. It is noticeable that this Sonata to be noticed contains a number of passages which are inoffensive and graceful might, without special knowledge, have been naturally expected,—one of the two instruments engaged being the violin. Mrs. Tom Taylor, however (as our readers must have known), has no reserves of vivacity in the exercise of her art or her fancy. She attempts that which is solid, vigorous, and real, by preference. That she has not always succeeded in the full expression of her ambition is no less true. The fact, as an illustration, may be a singular one; but it has come out by numerous examples. As a child, Madame Hensel (Mendelssohn's sister) divided expectation with her young brother; so remarkable was her precocity in music, both as a performer and as a writer. Nor in after years were her enthusiasm and her pure and noble ideas; and it is not to be observed that in all her efforts (and many at composition were strenuously made) a clear shortcoming is apparent, which holds them back from acceptance among works of Art as distinguished from exercises.—There is no want of originality in Mrs. Tom Taylor's ideas; and in this Sonata there is more of steady coherence than we have found in other works by her on a similar scale. The title enjoins what is picturesque and pastoral in character. The four movements are well contrasted. On the whole, it would not be far from naming a modern Sonata, from an English hand, so good as hers.

Two Concertant pour deux Pianos. Composé par Charles Edward Stephens, de Londres. Op. 4. (Schott.)—This is a work of even greater pretension than the one just left. It can hardly be said to belong to the world of the chamber music, unless that be confined to the chambers of such noble houses as Chatsworth, and Clumber, and Bodelinton, where pianos, like pianettos, abound in any required plurality. If we are not in error, it has been played in public without success, and has been very strikingly impugned. In the absence of a full score, it becomes difficult to pronounce on the nature of its effects. Some conclusion, however, may be arrived at in regard to its ideas. Those of Mr. Stephens are generally elegant, if not always vigorous—a character applying to the present Sonata. There is something, too, claiming recognition, in the devotion of time and labour for the sake of good art, irrespective of profit or frequent performance, which must have gone to the construction and completion of a structure so elaborate.

There are wholesale idolaters who will hold that the pillory is too gentle a sentence for any one hardly enough to perpetrate such a phrase as "*Among Beethoven's vulgarities*," &c. Yet such things exist; held among them number one close of the second *Andante* to "*Fidelio*," and among them is the whole plan and some of the details of his *Battle Symphony*, Op. 91, a republication of which, as arranged by Beethoven (Londale), is here. In this Symphony he crossed the rift which separates what may be called, from what cannot be forgiven, in descriptive music and can take a little higher rank as an artist than belongs to a Steinbeil when writing a clasp—"Storm" Concerto, or a Kotzwara, whose "*Battle of Prague*" was so long the dread delight of vulgar souls. The *Allegro*, in *F*, which winds up the composition, based on the three notes (the storm) of the noble passage from "*God save the King*," may be pleaded in mitigation, as showing the giant of instrumental music victorious, not the nodding.

Sonata for the Organ. By W. T. Best. Op. 38. (Novello.)—Though as a composer Mr. Best cannot be rated so highly as he may be ranked as a performer, his writings for his own instrument have a certain value—if only as making a variety. In this Sonata the first movements, a *large* and an *allegro* are the best. The steps to be employed in

them are not specified. This always should be done, where tone and judicious admixture are so important to effect, as in organ compositions. The *Andante* is a *Jeune*, beginning on a poor phrase. The *Andante* *Andante* in the first bar is more disturbing than effective,—dislocated music not being the strong point of Mr. Best's instrument.—While on the subject of organ music, we may announce a re-issue of the six *Concertos of Handel* (Londale), described as a revised edition. Yet it is merely a further print of old plates, with an occasional thorough bass figure. The *Concertos* themselves, written for an instrument without pedals (the Vauxhall organ, whose player was "struck into stone" by Rou-billiac) and written to be accompanied by a band, have been always a puzzle to profound German organ players. There is no old-fashioned *passage-work* in them; but there is in them, besides, that pompous beauty of phrase which defies immediate fashion, or later time, and which may carry them above the chances of obsolescence. They may appeal to Mr. Best's arrangements of these works for organ solo in proof. We may appeal, too, to Herr Pauer's magnificent playing of his piano-forte transcript of Handel's *Second Organ Concerto*.—Lastly, while in the organ loft, we cannot do better than recommend the *Choral and instrumental Fugues of J. Haydn's* *Organ Book*, * * * arranged from his *Masses, Litany, Oratorio, and Exercises*, &c., by H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. (same publishers).—a good work done by a capable man. Dr. Gauntlett is well acquainted with his author, and with the handling of Bach's instrument.

Mozart's Twelfth Mass, arranged for the Piano-forte, by Henry Smart. (Boosey & Sons.)—Here is another arrangement, altogether superfluous. Such acceptance as Mozart's Twelfth Mass has gained (the acceptance, it may be owned, has been largely dependent on its exhibition of the principal singers. The one sacred page in it is the "*E. Incarnatus*" (for in Mozart's slightest and most incoherent works there will be always found, somewhere, a Mozart touch). The other numbers of the Service were hardly worth arranging, save on the strength of its reputation; the value of which ought to have been appraised by so thoroughly skilled a church musician as Mr. H. Smart. Neither author, nor publisher, nor practitioner, is served by a mistake like this.

ST. JAMES'S.—On Monday, Mr. Barry Sullivan, who has lately returned from a successful trip to America, re-appeared at this house, before an English audience, in the character of Hamlet, the part in which, it will be recollected, he originally had been largely dependent on its exhibition of the principal singers. Mr. Sullivan is decidedly one of our best Hamlets; looks the Prince well, acts it better, and delivers himself of the text gracefully. We had, nevertheless, hoped that experience would have taught him of some of his juvenile errors; which, in his "salad days," was excessive; intimating the possession of intelligence, however erroneously directed. But still the old love for new readings besets him; and he must assume the function of the commentator, when to accept the text as it stands compels the whole of his duty. Besides, Mr. Sullivan has no authority but his own for his alterations. Thus, when he says, "When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heron. Pshaw!"—his interference with the text is merely arbitrary. When he so extends the bout on the scene with Ophelia that the King and Polonius cross and recross the stage behind, in order that Hamlet may show the audience that he sees them before he directs his cutting reproaches to his wounding mistress, a gross and matter-of-fact intrusion on the whole outline of the play, of that shadowy outline which the poet desired to suggest to the imagination of the spectator. It is still worse, when he would put a new meaning into a line for the mere purpose of making a theatrical point. This is sometimes done with considerable trouble. Thus, where Hamlet exclaims to Laertes—

"I'll Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew,—the dog will have his day,"

Mr. Sullivan makes the latter hemistich to refer to the King; who is, accordingly, without any obvious motive, made to move towards the footlights, and range with a line of characters, that he may be suddenly stopped by Hamlet's gesture, and the intentional, but accidental, insult. What can be more absurd! Hamlet is then thinking of nothing but Laertes and poor Ophelia, and the insulted King has no purpose of his own in removing from his place, and thus becoming the butt of the Prince's satire. Sometimes, in full consciousness, Mr. Sullivan is bent on improving Shakespeare. Thus,—"I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds!" is not good enough for him. He must substitute,—"for all the coin in Denmark." Thinking well of Mr. Sullivan's general talent as an actor, we would counsel him to get rid of these fooleries—excusable enough, as we have said, in a young man, but intolerable from an experienced mind. Mr. Sullivan makes quite enough points, without adding these from illegitimate sources. There is, in fact, a rational basis to all point-making on the stage. The fully disciplined and most cultivated actor will leave the proper points to make themselves, knowing that, with a judicious elocution, they will all come out naturally and without effort. One of the most effective pieces of acting we recollect was one where the actor, now one of the most eminent in the profession, by way of experimenting or testing the principle, avoided purposely all point-making and crossing the stage, the peculiar vice of English acting; for Continental performers avoid it on rule. We allude to Mr. Phelps's *Martinez*—the character his excellent performance of which laid the foundation of his now well-established reputation. Mr. Sullivan has increased his physical strength by his Transatlantic voyage, and can now deliver himself with sufficient force for the most effective American practice has placed in him a sermonizing style of delivery, which, now that he has returned, he had better discard as soon as possible. Let him observe Hamlet's own instructions, and speak his speeches as trippingly on the tongue, and not "mouth them as" others "players do."

STANDARD.—On Saturday Mr. Knowles's pleasing drama of "*The Wife*" was performed for the first time for nearly a decade of years. The revival proved, as it well deserves, perfectly successful. It might, however, have been better acted. Miss Marriott was the purviewed and singularly interesting heroine; and Mr. Rickards sustained the part of *St. Pierre* with much force—too much, in fact. Both afterwards appeared in the opera of "*Guy Rannering*"; a heavy night's work, to which, however, their physical energies are quite equal.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Madame Novello is announced for two farewell performances at the Crystal Palace; one of "*The Messiah*," the other of "*The Creation*," to be given during the last week in September. It may be presumed, however, that this means only her farewell to Sydenham, and not to the Strand. The conclusions of amateurs willing to join in the chorus are requested by advertisement. This fashion of fitting up choruses cheaply—when the speculation is a private one—is, as we said when Madame Novello's farewell concert was first in England—the question, on which grade on every feeling of nice taste and reciprocal obligation. What will the speculators do for the amateurs in return? This time, however, those who have organized these Sydenham concerts, and not the lady, are the speculators. Mr. Benedetti is to be the conductor.

Church music seems both at a premium and at a discount in the great shire of York. The Dean of the County Minster, we see, has just been giving 2,000*l.* towards the improvement of the choral services. The leading personage at Ripon has been denouncing, or condemning, the introduction of professional salaries to churches on state occasions—so far as they serve by way of an advertisement. We might be disposed to go along with him, were church-clergy men not also advertised; and what are half the singers in the choir of all

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

LITERATURE

A Search into the History of the Publication of Pope's Letters.

Eighty years since Dr. Johnson observed that "one of the passages of Pope's life which seems to deserve some inquiry was a publication of letters between him and many of his friends." We propose to open that inquiry with a view to the forthcoming Life of Pope.

"The Letters of Mr. Pope and several Eminent Persons" were first published in 1735. There had been prior publications of Pope's Letters, — of 'Familiar Letters' to Mr. Cromwell, and 'Letters of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope.' But these may be considered as exceptional, for one of them was avowedly without the consent of the parties, and the other in vindication of the memory of Mr. Wycherley. The publication, however, of 1735 was of a far more comprehensive and more questionable character: it included not only the letters of Pope, but those of many distinguished contemporaries.

The publication of friendly and familiar letters at that time, if not altogether unprecedented, had been of very rare occurrence, and great doubts were entertained as to the delicacy and propriety of such a proceeding. "Pope knew this, and he denounced the publication as surreptitious and the publishers as men guilty of "the highest offence against society."

"To open letters," he said, — "is esteemed the greatest breach of honour; even to look into them already opened, or accidentally dropped, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral, act. What, then, can be thought of the procuring them merely by fraud, and the printing them merely for Lucre?"

—And he concludes that a law must be found or made "to prevent so great and growing an evil."

Notwithstanding this emphatic denunciation, there has been, from 1735 to the present time, an impression that Pope himself was in some way concerned in or connected with that publication. Mr. Roscoe, however, the last editor of a complete edition of Pope's Works, is emphatic in his denial of Pope's complicity; and he enters into a long and elaborate discussion on the subject, concluding briefly that the cause of the several publications of Pope's letters was: — 1. The treachery of a woman [Mrs. Thomas]; 2. The rapacity of a bookseller [Curll], and the imbecility of a friend [Dean Swift]. We propose, therefore, to examine into the circumstances — to trace out, so far as possible, a history of the several publications. That is to say, of —

First, The Letters to Cromwell.

Second, The Letters to and from Wycherley.

Third, The Letters of Mr. Pope in 1735.

Fourth, The Swift and Pope Letters of 1741.

I. POPE'S LETTERS TO CROMWELL.

The history of this publication is simple; all accounts — Cromwell's, Pope's, and Curll's — substantially agree. Cromwell gave the letters to Mrs. Thomas; she sold them to Curll for ten guineas; he sold and published them. The originals were in Curll's possession in 1735 (as Curll admitted before the House of Lords), and are now among the Rawlinson Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Warton tells us that, "on comparison" with the originals, "it appears that Curll omitted some, mutilated others, and blended two together." This account has been in substance repeated by subsequent biographers; yet it is not only not true, but is the reverse of the truth.

Curll printed the letters with singular accuracy. We can only suppose that Warton compared the manuscripts with the edition of 1735, which, on the authority of Pope, he assumed to have been published by Curll, and, so far as the Cromwell letters were concerned, to have been a literal reprint of the first publication. His description would in that case have been sufficiently accurate. There were mutilations, omissions and accessions in the edition of 1735: one-third of the letters from Pope to Cromwell, and the whole of the letters from Cromwell to Pope, being first published in that edition. Further change is found in the quarto; so that we have no manuscript authority, no proof of authenticity, for one-half of the letters therein and since published. Cromwell had died in the interval.

All accounts also agree in giving or suggesting 1737 as the date of the first publication, — the 'True Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published' says so, — the note in 'The Dunciad' says so, — the Catalogue of Surreptitious Editions, prefixed to Warburton, and copied into all succeeding editions of Pope's works, says so. Yet all these accounts are wrong by a year. Mrs. Thomas's letter to Cromwell is dated the 27th of June, 1727 — Cromwell's letters to Pope, the 6th of July and the 1st of August, 1727. "No sooner," says Mr. Roscoe, "was Pope apprised of this surreptitious publication of his letters, than he applied to Mr. Cromwell to know by what means it had been accomplished." When Pope applied to Cromwell he is not positively known; but all other assertions about the date of publication are erroneous, for it is certain that the work was published before the 20th of October, 1726. Thomson, in a letter of that date to A. Hill, speaks not only of its being published, but of his having read it; and in a letter from Pope to Caryll of the 5th of December, 1726, the publication is given as the apology for recalling his letters.

The following advertisement, indeed, would carry us back to August, 1726: —

Daily Post, Friday, August 12, 1726. — "This day is published," &c. "Mr. Pope's familiar Letters on Wit and Humour, Love and Gallantry, Poetry and Criticism, written to Henry Cromwell, Esq. between the year 1707 and 1712, with original poems by Mr. Pope, Mr. Cromwell, and Sappho," &c.

It is reasonably certain that Fenton must refer to the letters to Cromwell in the following passage from a letter to Broome of the 7th of September, 1726: —

"I have the collection of letters you mentioned, and was delighted with nothing more than the air of sincerity, those professions of esteem and respect, and the deference paid to his friend's judgment in poetry, which I have sometimes seen expressed to others, and I doubt not with the same cordial affection. If they are read in that light they will be very entertaining and useful to the present age; but in the next Cicero, Pliny, and Voltaire may regain their reputation."

When this letter was written angry differences existed between Fenton, Broome, and Pope.

There can be no doubt that the work was published in the summer or autumn of 1726; and Pope, so far from acting with energy, as Roscoe asserts, appears to have remained passive. He might in a moment have put a stop to the circulation of the volume, even on the first issue of the advertisement, by moving for an injunction; he did not, and it may be inferred that he rather rejoiced at the publication; for he soon after found, or made, an apology, such as it was, for publishing the Wycherley Letters. Pope, however, who loved

to talk of his wrongs, asserted that the letters had been stolen. On this, Mrs. Thomas wrote to Cromwell to beseech him to do her so much justice as to acknowledge that he had made her "a free gift of them." Cromwell told the messenger that he "should not write anything, but believed it might be so as she writ in her letter." On this, Curll published a new advertisement: —

"This day is republished, in two neat pocket volumes, price 5s., 1. Mr. Pope's familiar Letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq. (given by him to a gentleman, but not stolen, as Mr. Pope has had the assurance lately to assert), &c.

This republication, as it is here called, was probably a mere re-issue with a new title-page and the date of 1727.

II. LETTERS TO AND FROM WYCHERLEY.

These Letters were first published by Pope in 1729, fourteen years after Wycherley's death. Pope had been accused of commanding himself and his poetry under the names of others; and, in 1732, Walsley embodied this charge in rhyme: —

*Forget the self applauding strain shall be;
Though own'd by Walsh or palm'd of Wycherley.*

—And Pope was now, or professed himself to be, so anxious to put the accuracy of this publication beyond question, that he asked leave of Lord Oxford (14th of Sept. and 6th of Oct., 1729) to be allowed to deposit the original letters in his Lordship's Library.

Pope's avowed object in such publication was to do honour to the memory of Wycherley — "to show the world his better judgment, and that it was his last resolution to suppress those poems" which "a mercenary had published under the title of his Posthumous Works." The letters did not show that Wycherley had intended to suppress those poems; the only effect of the publication was to prove the vast superiority of the precocious boy-critic, and that the best things in the posthumous Poems had been contributed by Pope.

It has been shown in this journal [No. 1393], and will be but too manifest when the new edition of Pope is published, that Pope took liberties wholly unjustifiable with the correspondence published in 1735; and the Letters to Lord Oxford will show that he was not so scrupulous with regard to the perfect accuracy of the published Letters of Wycherley as might be inferred from his wish to deposit the originals in Lord Oxford's Library; for he (6th of October, 1729) avowed his intention of publishing them, "with proper guard and caution to reserve what should not be published." To what extent such reserve might affect the letters as evidence, must, of course, depend on the integrity of the individual exercising the power of suppression. Pope, unfortunately, had no scruples in such matters; and, even in respect to the publication of these Wycherley Letters, the story told to his friends and the public had so much of "reserve," or whatever else Pope might please to call it, that it was positively false.

Pope's request to Lord Oxford was to be allowed to deposit the Wycherley Letters in his Library, and to give leave that it may be said "the originals are in your Library," Lord Oxford was at Wimpole, and Pope had to repeat this request. In the second letter he further develops his plan. "I would not," he writes, "appear myself as publisher of 'em; but any man else may, or even the bookseller, be supposed to have procured copies of 'em formerly or now." On the 9th of October, 1729, Lord Oxford replied: "If you please to have those papers put in a box and left with my porter [at his house in Dover Street], he had

orders to put the box into the library, and whatever mention you make of that library I shall be pleased with."

Pope immediately (16th of October, 1729) wrote to thank his Lordship for the kind permission to refer to his Library, "and to mention it in what manner I pleased," and he informs his Lordship that he has "perhaps" exceeded his commission; for in the Preface he has made the publishers say, "that your Lordship permitted them a copy of some of the papers from the Library, where the originals remain as testimonies of the truth." Thus, his Lordship was not only made the unauthorized publisher of these private letters, but a guarantee for the perfect accuracy of that which he had never seen—of the perfect accuracy of what had avowedly been made public with the "reserve" of another man; and of a publication which Pope himself described, when he forwarded a copy to his Lordship (29th of October, 1729), as "strange, jumbled, things as they have printed them of my sort." Strange as it may appear, Pope ventured to tell the same story to Swift (28th of November, 1729): "I speak of old Wycherley, some letters of whom (by the bye) and of mine the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours. I don't much approve of it, though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not myself."

It is doubtful whether Pope did deposit the originals, or only what professed to be copies of his correspondence.

We are also told in the quarto that the "next year" after the copy of Pope's correspondence was deposited in his friend Lord Oxford's Library, the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley were published,—thus leading the reader to infer that the letters were deposited in 1727, for the Posthumous Works were published in 1728. We now see that leave so to deposit them was not asked for before the 15th of September, and was not given before the publication of the Letters. In the 'Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published' (1735), the public were led to believe that they had been surreptitiously copied by one or other of the amanuenses employed in copying the Wycherley Letters,—an amanuensis or two was employed by Mr. Pope when the books were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford when they were in town. This story of the employment of an amanuensis by the Earl of Oxford is consistent with what Pope acknowledges he had, without authority, made the booksellers say in their Preface to the edition of 1729—that "his Lordship had permitted them a copy." This story is also consistent with, and confirmed by, the letter of P. T. to Curll of the 14th of May, 1735, who therein says, "the old gentleman . . . is no man of quality, but conversant with many; and happening to be concerned with a noble lord in lending to the press his Letters to Wycherley, he got some copies over and above." We now know that this is absolutely false, as proved by Pope's own letters.

Under these circumstances, and considering how familiar Pope was with the press, we cannot believe that the strange jumbling in the published letters was altogether accidental.

It is a significant fact, that no copy of this edition of 1729 has been found. That it was printed and published, or intended for publication, is beyond question. That a copy was presented by Pope to Lord Oxford, appears by Pope's letter to Lord Oxford, 29th of October, 1729, and that it was received may

be inferred from the following item in the 'Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ':—

"1391. Wycherley's Posthumous Works. 2 vols. 1728."

The date was, we presume, copied from the title-page of the first volume, and, however, be observed that the "Posthumous Works" were announced in the title-page as published "in two parts," and the second part, although without a separate title-page, is called "Vol. 2." Pope also wrote to Swift, announcing the publication, and the very day after, the following advertisement appeared in the Country Journal (29th November, 1729):—

"This day is published, the Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq. In Prose and Verse. The Second Volume. Containing—1. Letters of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope, on several subjects (the former at 70 years of age, the latter at 17).—2. Poems not inserted in the first volume, and others more correct, from original manuscripts in the Harley Library, &c. Printed for J. Roberts."

Curll certainly once possessed a copy, which he gave to R. S. to show to P. T. (See Narrative, with Curll's Note, p. 2.)

Was the edition suppressed, in consequence of the objections of Lord Oxford? Curll, we suspect, was not very wide of the truth when, in reference to the edition of 1736, he thus wrote:—

"The plot is now discovered. Lawton Gilliver has declared that you bought of him the remainder of the impression of Wycherley's Letters, which he printed by your direction in 1728 (1729), and have printed six hundred of the additional letters, with those to Mr. Cromwell, to make up the volume."

Curll's statement, taken generally, amounts to this:—that the edition of 1729 had been suppressed, and that some of the copies had been used in the volume, just published (1735), of 'Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence.'

The story would seem incredible, considering how loudly Pope denounced the parties who had stolen copies of his letters and published them; for, if true, they must also have stolen the printed sheets of the Wycherley Letters. Yet, there are circumstances which seem to confirm Curll's statement. The notes in the first issue of the P. T. edition of 1735 refer more than once to an accompanying edition of Wycherley's Posthumous Works. Thus, in reference to Wycherley's paper 'On Dryden,' corrected by Pope, a note informs us that it was—

"The same which was printed in the year 1717, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintona, and in the present edition of the 'Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley.' (P. 15.)

Again, on the question of "Wit," with which Wycherley's poem, as published in the first volume of his Posthumous Works, concludes, the note says:—

"This is totally omitted in the present edition." (P. 26.)

—Edition of what? No edition of Wycherley's Posthumous Poems was contained in the edition of 'Mr. Pope's Correspondence,' published in 1735.

A careful examination of some copies of the volume of 1735,—both of that printed for the booksellers and the one for Roberts,—led us to the belief that they contained important evidence in themselves; evidence that the Wycherley Letters were printed on a different paper, and had been printed so long before publication in 1735 that the paper had become discoloured. Unwilling to hazard an opinion on such a subject, a volume was submitted by us to an experienced stationer,—not hinting an opinion, but simply inquiring whether he could discover any difference between the paper used for the Wycherley and the other

letters. The answer was conclusive:—he had no doubt the Wycherley Letters were printed on a different and inferior paper, and that the printing preceded that of the rest of the volume.

The curious story of the Collection of 1735 we shall examine another day. The Swift Letters will come afterwards.

The Glaciers of the Alps: being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall. (Murray.)

SOME few years ago a mania seized on silly people to throw themselves from the top of the Monument, so that access to that perilous pillar was for a time forbidden. At present, the mania is reversed, and impels to ascents in place of descents; and certainly this reversal is attended with great advantage to the individual, though not perhaps to the community. Nature's monuments are Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, and for climbing to the summit of these the contagious madness now prevails. It is true that as, according to the old maxim of Horace,

Non curis homini costisq; adire Corinthon,—
so we may affirm in these latter days, that

Non curis homini costisq; ascendere cælim.
Nevertheless, there are men who are wild enough to scale Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, and others decidedly mad who attempt this without due physical ability or proper training. Even a much less arduous exploit has recently cost three lives, literally thrown away on the Col du Géant.

If there were anything to see on the summit of Mont Blanc, or time and opportunity for seeing it, no one could object to the ascent. But the summit is an elongated ridge which has been compared to the back of an ass,—a comparison which naturally suggests an extension of the simile similar to those who stand upon this ridge. For guides, who live by and half upon the mountain, the undertaking is tolerable enough; but for sedentary men fresh from the Inner Temple or Jernyn Street, it is very questionable. Better, we say, march out to Richmond, and bask away at the Sheen butts.

Prof. Tyndall accomplished two ascents of Mont Blanc: of which he presents us with particulars in this volume. His first, in 1857, was daring enough, but somewhat mistaken in its route.

He himself was ice-educated; but Prof. Huxley, who joined him, brought only his "London limbs." Any one who knows the two men will be prepared for the issue. The exhausting journey over the boulders and debris in the earlier part of the ascent was too much for the Jernyn Street legs, and "Huxley sat down upon the ice with an expression of fatigue stamped upon his countenance; the spirit and the muscles were evidently at war, and the resolute will mingled itself strangely with the sense of peril and the feeling of exhaustion. He had been only two days with us, and, though his strength is great, he had no opportunity of hardening himself by previous exercise upon the ice for the task which he had undertaken." They reach the cabin of the Grands Mulets together. Here, after an hour's profound sleep, Huxley rose refreshed and well, but still he thought it wise not to attempt the ascent further. Horace has hit off the case of the two men precisely, if only we might substitute *magnis* for *parvis*.—

Sed, qui tentavit, se non accedens: esto.
Quid? qui pervenit, festine vitilliter!—
—*Ille cœni horret,*
Ille montis, et non accedens: esto.
Ille montis, et perit. Aut virtus non inano est,
Aut decus et pretium rectis petit experire vir.

Mr. Tyndall does some hard work, however, before he stands upon the summit. He heaves sixty steps in as many minutes. He takes the lead, for his guide declares "*Il faut le remonter.*" He sleeps prostrate upon the snow until his friend arouses him, exclaiming "You quite frighten me; I have listened for some minutes, and not heard you breathe once." Yet he had been taking deep draughts of the mountain air, but so silently as not to be heard. After great exertions they stand upon the top and clasp hands. There the clouds are grand and beautiful. The eye ranges over broad shoulders of vast but inferior mountains, over ice-hills and valleys, plateaux and far-stretching slopes of snow,—the conception of magnitude growing upon the successful climbers and impressing them more and more. They can see nothing more, and they can say nothing less.

Downward they come; gravity in their favour, but little else. Nothing to eat and nothing to drink but liquefied snow. "I crammed the snow into my mouth; but the process of melting was slow and tantalizing to a parched throat, while the chill was painfully keen on the bottom of the slope. All further dangers, however, were soon past, and we went at a headlong speed to the base of the Grande Mule; the sound of our batons against the rocks calling Huxley forth. A position more desolate than his can hardly be imagined. For seventeen hours we had been there. He had expected us at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The hours came and passed, and still 7 in the evening he had looked for us. 'To the end of my life,' said he, 'I shall never forget the sound of those batons.' It was now his turn to nurse me, which he did, repaying my previous care of him with high interest."

The result personally was hardly agreeable enough to be worth the trouble; for "Hirst was almost blind this (the next) morning; and our guide's eyes also were greatly inflamed"; and as to the author, he shall describe his own plight—"My coat was torn, holes were kicked through my boots, and I was altogether ragged and shabby." We ourselves had been relieved on an equally inglorious plight upon a British mountain; and it is quite possible to get as well scratched and scrubbed, and jaded and jagged, at home as abroad.

Upon the author's second ascent of this mountain, in 1858, a lady accompanied him on horseback to the point where the path to the Grande Mule deviates from that to the Plan des Aiguilles. Here she turned to the left, and here he proceeded slowly upwards, through woods of pine, hung with fantastic lichens. Up he wended his dim and perilous way, across one wide crevasse and another; across a ladder placed from ledge to cornice, both of its ends being supported by snow; watching changes of the atmosphere, clouds forming and melting and massing themselves together, and then tearing themselves asunder like wool in the air. There is a wildness of anger in the sky. At length the sun sinks below the mountains; but for some time after carmine clouds swing themselves on high, and throw their ruddy hues upon the mountain snows. Dusky and colder waxes the west, chillier and sharper the evening wind, and at length the foreboded

storm comes on. Billows of air roll over the traveller in ever-increasing succession, with a long and surging sound. To those fearful gusts link themselves, and make wild walls among the crags. Grand is the advance and grand the departure of the storm. At half-past one, upon a moonless night, the climbers issue from their storm-assailed cabin.

The heavens are crowded with glistening stars, though angry masses of cloud still hang overhead. In front shines a curious nodule of misty light, with a pale train attached to it. The telescope is produced, and shows a comet. Its ominous light gleams behind the adventurers as they advance; while high up in the heaven, to their left, the planet Jupiter burns like a lump of intense brightness. But the accumulation of frozen debris upon the Petit Plateau is enormous, as it forms a reservoir for the avalanches of the Dôme du Gouté. The light of the dim lanterns which the men have brought up falls upon nothing but ice-blocks. The guide Balnat commands silence, and then orders speedy procedure. Now the sky begins to lighten towards dawn, with deep and calm beauty. Heerily they break the steep slope up to the Grand Plateau. On this they pause and take breath, digging their feet deeply into the snow. Thence they wind up to the Corridor, but by a totally different route from that taken in the first ascent. The eastern sky brightens and lights up the heights most gloriously, throwing light upon the pure snow; while the distant fissures of the ice, across which the vision ranges obliquely, emit that magical luminous gleam, which the travellers, as they gaze, with the snow, was inexpressibly lovely." Grand castles of ice,—some erect, some overturned, with clear-cut sides, striped by the annual snows,—are all around; and so continues and varies the scenery far upward.

Formidable difficulties are encountered and successfully surmounted. A guide meets with a confronting steep, on the face of which he gradually gets footing, mounts by *couvert*, and on reaching a sufficient height cuts the snow across in which his feet may rest securely. Here he lies on his breast against the sloping wall, and another person is sent forward, who draws himself up by the rope which was attached to the leader. Thus all pass, each in turn bearing the strain of his successor upon the rope. But this is their last difficulty, and they afterwards slowly plod through the snow of the Corridor towards the base of the Mur de Côte. (Climbing zigzag, they soon reach the summit of the Mur, and immediately afterwards find themselves enveloped in cold, drifting clouds, which obscure everything. For a moment these dissolve and reveal the sunny Valley of Chamouni; but they soon sweep down again and cover all. They whirl round with the wind, which, catching up the fine snow, spits it sharply in the faces of the mountaineers. As they approach the summit, the air thickens more and more, and the cold intensifies. On the top the new snow is piled up sharply, and the summit itself is no longer like the back of an ass, as on the previous ascent. Philosophical experiments are made with a boiling-water apparatus; but it is found that this is no place for experiments. Men's beards and whiskers are a mass of clotted ice. The clouds whirl past wildly, the little snow granules hit spitefully, the temperature is 20° Fahrenheit below freezing-point, fingers lose sensation, heels become painful and unserviceable, and the guide's hands are reported *gelées*; while the porters present such an aspect of suffering that they look like worn old men, with blue, withered and anxious countenances, and hair and clothing white with snow.

What use in staying here to starve and icy? The tent is struck, the descent commenced; but poor Balnat, the guide, suddenly pauses and thrusts his hands into the snow and commences rubbing them vigorously. He continues to beat and rub his hands and to plunge them into snow at quick intervals. He becomes exhausted, staggers like a drunken man, and falls upon the snow. The two Englishmen rub and beat at his hands most actively. They fear they overdo it, but Balnat exclaims "Fear not; beat on, beat strongly." But one of the beaters is beaten by his beating. A porter succeeds him, and Balnat bites and pinches his own fingers to test their condition. He dreads to be handless; but at length returning sensation in one hand is attended by excruciating pain. "I suffer!" cries out the man of usually iron endurance. But pain is better than death. Down he goes, and forcibly he rubs his hands with snow and brandy. They reach the bottom; and at Chamouni poor Balnat has skilful medical advice, keeps his hands, and escapes with the loss of six of his nails.

Such is the best and briefest sketch we can make of this second ascent of Mont Blanc. If it tempts any reader to a trial, may fortune and the weather favour him! Perhaps Balnat's nails have grown again. The most prominent feature of all these higher and more difficult ascents is the fidelity and endurance of the best guides; and any tourist who puts up with inferior and untried ones deserves his disasters. Another valuable guide is Bennet for the Finsteraarhorn. An hotel proprietor wound up his tourist in this man by the assurance, that if Prof. Tyndall were killed in Bennet's company there would be two lives lost, for that the guide would assuredly sacrifice himself in his efforts to save his *Herr*. This same man did ascend the said mountain with our author, and behaved well and vigorously.

Our tourist made two ascents of Monte Rosa, the second in 1858. The account of the latter reads more like that of a descent than of a waking and walking deed. When first he announced it was, we remember, received with some incredulity, which is natural enough still, when an Englishman fresh from Albemarle Street tells us that he started for this arduous ascent without coat and neckcloth, with a small glass bottle of tea and a ham sandwich,—that he trusted entirely to four ounces of bread and ham for his day's feeding,—dashed off, or rather up,—outstripped his guide, terrified him, and discharged him,—made fire the top alpine,—overtook an ascendant porter, borrowed a handkerchief for his bare throat,—passed upward, and sometimes downward, by cliffs, round ledges, through fissures, along edges of rock, over the last deep and rugged indentation, and up the rocks at its opposite side to the summit, where he stood the first of men (as he thinks) who had planted his foot alone on this wild peak. Here, while taking the cork from a bottle deposited on the top to contain the names of the climbers of the mountain, his axe slips from his hand, and slides some thirty feet away from him. The thought of losing it makes his flesh creep, for without it descent would be impossible. But he regains it, and looks upon it with the affection which might be bestowed on a living thing. Down he comes, swinging himself from crag to crag, and from ledge to ledge, with a velocity which surprised himself. Here and there he anchors his axe in the snow, so as to enable it at times to bear nearly the whole weight of his body. Anon he deliberately heaves steps, causing them to dip inward, so as to afford a purchase for the heel of his boot, never forsaking one till the next

was ready, and never wielding his hatchet until his balance was secured. Now he came upon the party he passed, and with them he parleyed; but for this delay he would have completed the expedition to the summit and back in little better than nine hours! Such is Prof. Tyndall's account, abridged, of an exploit equally hard of belief and performance. His former ascent, as he himself records, "occupied about seven hours" from the Riffel Hotel. How, then, could the second ascent and descent occupy only nine hours if the adventurer had not been delayed? As, however, the Professor was sole writer and sole witness of his own walking, all doubters, if such there be, must be referred to himself. All we can say is, that when we conversed with an Alpine brother, who had made this ascent, with a view to joining him in a second, he spoke of some fifteen or eighteen hours of time as indispensable.

The Second Part of this volume, which is wisely divided from the first, consists of scientific notices arising out of the personal expeditions detailed in the former part, and of meditations connected with them. They are so written as to interest persons who may not possess any special scientific culture, and they are highly interesting and informing. All that is necessary previous to their perusal is the desire for, and a warm interest in, studies of this character. There are many persons to whom the Glacier Theory suggests nothing but an ice-cream; and, of course, such persons will feel no interest in the laws of motion, rates of progression, pressure and tension of glaciers. To them the interesting process of regelation will suggest nothing but the restoration of uncast ice to the confectioner's cellar. But there is a select number of natural philosophers and geologists who have taken and continue to take a deep interest in all the inquiries connected with the Glacier philosophy. To them our author is well known, and to them his observations will be very acceptable. On a former occasion, when noticing Prof. Forbes's "Occasional Papers" on Glaciers, we adverted to the chief features of the rival theories, and we may return to them at some future opportunity. It is right to add, that Prof. Tyndall is as vigorous a writer as he is a walker.

The Hunting Grounds of the Old World. By "The Old Shikari," H. A. L. First Series. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

No sooner has the clang of war ceased in India, than the oaten pipes of the Pannis and Sylva have begun to make a jocund melody almost as loud as the sounds which preceded it. On all sides we have descriptions of Rural Life in India, and reminiscences of Hunters and Hunting Grounds, sufficient to satisfy the most eager appetite of lovers of the chase. The volume before us—a goodly octavo, extending to upwards of 500 pages—bears on its front the words "First Series," suggestive of a deluge of recollections yet to follow. We give the "Old Shikari" credit for an exhaustless store of startling incidents that have befallen him in the wild wood and on the mountain side; but not even his facile flow of words and piquant description can bribe us to forget the virtue of compression. We pray our author to remember, that if all Old Shikaris are to pour forth their recollections as profusely as himself, the whole earth would become a Valambrosa of leaves, none, indeed, still fresh and green like his own, but the most part withered and dry.

To say the truth, the volume bears a little too much the stamp of a portfolio; and our Old Shikari, who, under the signature H. A. L., appears to be an officer of the Madras Army,

not only leads us through the great forests of the south of India, and into the plains of the Dakhan, but presents us also with other multiform experiences—wandering now into the mountains of Cissiana, and now to the African plains, where Jules Gerard built up his fame. Indeed, the most interesting part of the book is, perhaps, the chapters dedicated to Cissiana.

The volume opens with some exciting bog-hunts in the Dakhan, particularly one which occurred near the celebrated tombs of Golkonda. Here, amongst the monuments of princes and beautifully carved arches, intermingled with verses from the sacred book of the Muslims, the English hunters held their rendezvous, and here they caroused after the chase was done. We will not ask what the natives thought of this desecration. We are sure that the carousers cared little for their opinion. One of these jovial sportsmen coolly recounts how he obliged the wife of a native servant to turn foster-mother to a litter of hounds; and neither he nor the author seems to see anything revolting in the act.

We come to the slaughter of a noble elephant, whose "statelike proportions and magnificent tusks" drew forth the hunter's admiration. We, on our part, are in doubt which to admire most, the courage with which the author risked his life to destroy so grand an animal, harmless in such a locality to man, or the gusto with which he dilates on the agonies of his victim:—

"I examined the ground carefully, so as to be prepared in case I had to make a run of it, and then taking off my leathern gaiters and extraneous clothing, so as to have my limbs as free as possible, I crept noiselessly on my hands and knees behind him, and placing the muzzle of my gun almost close to the centre of the hind-foot which was raised, I pulled both triggers almost simultaneously, and sprang out of the way. A shrill shriek of agony followed the double report, and I just escaped a few feet before I was aimed at me with his trunk, being fortunately, out of reach. I ran round to the back of the rock before I ventured to look over my shoulder, when finding he was not on me, I reloaded as quickly as possible; this done I felt secure, and again approached the scene of action. I found my plan had proved completely successful, for my antagonist was entirely disabled. My gun (which was a double two-ounce smooth-bore, by Westley Richards) had been heavily loaded, having about six drachms of powder in each barrel; and the bones of the foot were so completely shattered by the double shot, he could not put it to the ground, and every time he attempted to make a step forward he fell heavily. He must have suffered intense agony, for he uttered most piteous cries between his bursts of rage. As I approached, he strove to charge, with a shriek of despair, but he fell heavily to the ground, and as he was rising to his knees, I sprang up and discharged both barrels into the hollow over the trunk, the contents of which penetrating the brain, he fell never to rise again."

The tone observable in the extract just given pervades the book; and though the volume is full of exciting incident and perilous hair-breadth 'scapes, the general impression left on the mind is not pleasing. To wrestle chest to chest with a wounded bear, and victoriously plunge the fatal knife into its heart: to track the man-eater to his lair, and shoot him with unflinching eye in the very act of springing, demand the thence and courage of a hero of romance; but strength and indifference to life cannot alone excite our interest. We give, therefore, but one more specimen of this sort of entertainment, in which our author finds how much less pleasant it is to be hunted than to hunt:—

"On he charged, with a fiendish shriek of revenge; I let him come to within fifteen paces, when I let drive, aiming between his eyes (my

favourite shot); but whether it was that I was unsteady, or whether I mistook my run, or that my rifle, which weighed sixteen pounds, was too heavy, I know not; but my left arm dropped the moment I pulled the trigger (not from nervousness, for I was perfectly cool and never lost my presence of mind for a moment), and my shot took effect four inches below the entrance into the part of the root of the trunk instead of penetrating the brain. It failed to stop him, and before I could get out of the way the huge brute was on me; I saw something dark pass over me, felt a severe blow, and found myself whirling through the air; then all was oblivion. When I came to, I found myself lying on my face, in a pool of blood which came from my nose, mouth, and ears. Although nearly choked with clotted gore, a sense of my perilous situation flashed across my mind, and I strove to rise and look after my antagonist; but he was nowhere to be seen. I picked myself up, and although fearfully bruised and shaken, found that no bones were broken. I was lying on the top of the bank, although quite unable to account to myself how I got there. In the dry bed of the nullah I saw my rifle, and after much painful exertion managed to crawl down and get it. The muzzle was filled with smoke, and it was as well as I could; and then, sitting by the edge of the stream, began to wash away the blood and bathe my face and head. Whilst so employed I heard a piercing shriek, and saw Goolgoolo rushing toward me, closely followed by the infuriated elephant, who was almost near from the pain of his wounds. Luckily a hanging branch was in his way, and with the agility of a monkey he caught hold of it, and swung himself up the steep bank, where he was safe. The elephant, startled of his victim, rushed wildly backwards and forwards two or three times, as if searching for him, and then, with a hoarse snarl, he dismounted, and came tearing down the bed of the nullah. I was directly in his path, and powerless to get out of the way. A moment more and I saw that I was perceived, for down he charged on me with a fiendish roar of vengeance. With difficulty I raised my rifle, and, taking a steady aim, fired; and my enemy, who I thought was my only chance. When the smoke cleared away, I perceived a mighty man lying close to me. At last I had conquered. Soon after this I must have sunk into a swoon, for I hardly remember anything until I found myself lying in my hut, and I—

It must be confessed, however, that the "Old Shikari" has many strange things to tell us which have no smack of the shambles in them. In one of his forest rambles he encountered specimens of the wild races who live in trees deep in the recesses of the mighty Indian jungles, and who seem to have nothing human but the name of man. The Dryads of Old Greece would scarcely claim relationship with such as these:

"To hang my rifle on a broken branch and whip out my shoker knife was the work of a moment, and then I went to the tree, and the animal by the hair, and shouted to M— and the rest to come up; when the thing I was holding began to moan and struggle, and shortly a curious kind of paws, with huge claws, emerged from below and fastened on my hand, and it was only by a violent blow that I could get my hand free, and I could prevent them from tearing the flesh. At that moment I was not sure whether I had not got hold of some kind of chimpanzee or orang-outang, and I shouted out lustily for help. M—, the shekarries, and coolies soon got up into the tree; and with their assistance I dragged up, found a hollow in the trunk of the tree, and an extraordinary creature in human shape. One was old and wrinkled, the other quite a child, and both belonged to the weaker sex, but whether of the genus 'man' or 'monkey' I was not at all sure. They were of a dark olive colour, and the tallest was looking like a four feet high. She just was a beauty, without a stitch of clothing, except a piece of creper tied round her hair to keep it out of her eyes, which were small, and very piercing when she opened them, but she kept them shut, just taking a peep now and again like a frightened ape. She grunted

very hard, and I saw a couple of tears rolling down her weather-beaten and wrinkled cheeks as she gazed out her by the leg to the roof of the tree, to prevent her running away. The child hung close to the mother, keeping its face hid in her lap, and I had a dog-chain passed round its ancles, fastened with a padlock to a root also. We looked at them for a long time before we were quite sure whether they were human. I fancied at first that they were some kind of hybrid, for I never beheld such strange objects. The nose was nearly flat, the mouth most capacious, and full of large yellow teeth. The eyes were large, unshaded, and winced; and may I have done me from such nails as were attached to the extremities of the digits, which resembled more the claws of a huge vulture, both in colour and form, than anything else. M— said that the existence of these wild people of the forest had been often questioned, but that he had always believed that there were such tribes, having come across their traces in the dense forests to the south of the Nelgherri Mountains."

After a life of adventure in the far East, it is no wonder that our author sought in the Crimea a renewal of excitement. When pale peace again made its unwelcome appearance, he betook himself once more to hunting-grounds; and, wandering into Circassia, adventured the ascent of the giant mountain, Al-burg. To us this seems the most interesting part of his travels, and we gladly extract a passage by which, we think, this opinion is fully justified:—

"The only interruption to the solemn silence that reigned in that high altitude was the continual rumbling and roaring of avalanches, from which at times our route became extremely dangerous. Once I thought it would be all up with us, as the entire side of the mountain seemed to be giving way, and a tremendous mass of ice and snow, with earth and rock, came tearing past us with a roar far exceeding that of the artillery at Sevastopol, increasing in velocity, and overwhelming everything in its course. It was a moment pregnant with peril, none especially as, immediately afterwards, the huge boulders of rock and debris, hurled away and came spinning down the slope as if the invisible gigantic beings who are said to reside in these regions were playing at bowls. However, my companions were Mussulmen and fatalists, and—if my long residence in the East had not imbued me with the same feelings—I was reckless and irresponsible to fear, for as soon as the storm had passed we continued our route. Another long and tedious day, and we had attained our object, for we stood upon the 'lower bluff' of the summit of the El-Eruz, being most likely the first of the human race who had ever set foot upon it. I mounted a heap of rocks that lay piled in confusion along a craggy ridge jutting out of the snow, as it appeared to be the highest point, and surveyed at leisure the wonderful scene before me. The higher summit seemed towered like a mass of sparkling glaucous ice some three thousand feet above the crest upon which I was standing; but even had the day not been so far advanced I could not have made any attempt to reach it, as a scarped precipice over six hundred feet in depth, an inaccessible glacier, and a ridge of bluff peaks divided us, although it looked almost within the range of my rifle. Could I even have descended and made a circuit of the lower summit, the glacier was an obstacle that would have been insurmountable, as in it were stupendous icebergs and were upon wave of precipitous ridges with steep scarped sides, apparently inaccessible to the foot of man, and were the ice the ice of numerous rocky islands in a tempestuous ocean suddenly frozen. In the valleys and undulations between were innumerable blue and violet streaks, which, with the aid of my glass, I made out to be deep fissures and yawning chasms no wide as to appear perfectly impassable, although the snow crested over with natural bridges of ice. Here and there, scattered over the surface, dark masses of rock and fantastically grouped aiguilles and pinacles appeared like the domes, spires, and minarets

of far distant Eastern cities, whilst the massive ridges of ice forcibly reminded me of lines of defence and fortifications on the largest scale, the effect of which was somewhat heightened by the continual cracking and breaking of the ice, which often resembled a well-kept up fire-works, varied by the rolling volleys of musketry, whilst at intervals the roaring of avalanches sounded like salvos of heavy artillery. Those who have not witnessed, cannot conceive the solemn grandeur of the scene then before us, and description can convey but a very faint idea of it. The firmament was of that intensely-deep blue peculiar to the waves of the Mediterranean at certain times, and contrasted strangely with the dazzling whiteness of the eternal snow, which lay spread out like the vast winding-sheet of a dead world. The sun, too, shone with a peculiarly strange unearthly light, more like that of the moon, as if his rays were not sufficiently powerful to penetrate the atmosphere. For some time I was too much bewildered and overpowered by emotion to fix my mind attentively on the grand panorama stretched before me; but after a time I distinguished, in the south-east, the lofty peaks of Mount Kasles, towering high above ranges of mountains, rising one behind another, and diversified with the richest colouring. To the westward, overlooking the ranges of mountains we had passed, lay the blue expanse of the Euxine, glistening in the light of the sun like a sheet of burnished silver; and far away, in a north-easterly direction, over fields of eternal snow, vast glaciers, and a sea of mountain-ranges, intersected by deep, dark, densely wooded ravines, were the plains of the Kulan, veiled by shining rivers. To the south-east, on the verge of the horizon, was a dense mist, which, notwithstanding the distance, I have no doubt hung over the Caspian. It was a glorious sight; and I remained gazing as long as I could endure the biting cold, notwithstanding that I felt half blinded by the strange reflection of the sun from the snow, intensely deep as my breath may have been in keeping out the glare; and we were each obliged to fasten a strip of my silk handkerchief across our eyes, in order to enable us to see the way. Having refastened the ropes, we commenced the descent; and had made our way a considerable distance down the first ridge, by foot and by hand, when suddenly I heard a cry of alarm behind, and simultaneously felt the cord jerk. I turned, and saw Hooman supporting the Nabian, who was stretched senseless on the snow. At first I thought he was in a fit, and rubbed his forehead with snow, but on further examination I found of freezing suspended, the pulse and heart-still, and I knew all was over. I always carried a knife in which there was a lancet, so I opened the veins in his arms and temples, but could hardly squeeze out a drop of blood. He was dead, and I knew the cause to have been an affection of the heart."

The author speaks often of the fluency with which he conversed with the natives of India in their own language. We observe, however, some curious slips, which are perfectly inexplicable in one possessing any linguistic knowledge. Thus, at page 425, so common a sentence as that which expresses the creed of the Musulins is turned into utter nonsense.

Algeria supplies our author with little to recount. His courage had not there the need of success it deserved. But by this time the reader will have had enough of wild boasts, and will pass with satisfaction to a very sensible chapter on breech-loaders and rifle practice, with which the work concludes. On such a subject the authority of such a writer is great; and we are glad to have our own opinion confirmed as to the superiority of the new weapons, and the breech-loading improvement generally. For the rest, the volunteer may glean some useful hints from a writer who speaks of Hythe with more than Hythe experience.

Salmon-Fishing in Canada. By a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander. (Longman & Co.)

You may get there for six pounds sterling! When it is remembered that the best salmon rivers in Scotland (if there be any left deserving the superlative adjective) cannot be reached for less money, anglers weary of resorting every year to the same spot may, perhaps, be induced to cross the Atlantic, and fling their line across new waters. Of course, the voyage thither, at the price indicated, is not one of luxury, nor marked by superfluity of comfort; but ardent fishers of salmon will either bear such a condition of things with manful resignation, or they will purchase the abundance they want or the ease they lack, by the outlay of a few more pounds. Once located near the clear waters of the rivers which flow into the Bay of Chaleur, they will find living much cheaper than in England or in Scotland; and the balance properly struck, on reaching home, will show that their pleasure and experience have been bought at as cheap a rate as if they had tarried by the Severn, and at a much lower cost than if they had cast their lines into the depths of the Scottish Tay.

To use an enterprising wayfarer this book will be a useful guide. If Dunlop is astonished that Anglo-Saxon gentlemen do not resort to the Himalayas in pursuit of game—a sporting-field fitted to their wants, their merit, and their pluck—we may express a similar measure of surprise that English amateurs of salmon—of catching as well as eating them—have not hitherto compensated for disappointments at home, by resorting to the salmon-grounds on the lower St. Lawrence. If they stand in need of a director and a companion, here they have one, competent and amusing. By means of this volume they are informed, not only of the fact that there is capital sport of this sort in Canada, but how they may reach the rivers, and what flies are best suited for drawing the glittering captive from the waters. Other sports are lightly touched upon, and a plentiful showering of anecdotes of various quality, with some clever pictorial illustrations, accompany the letter-press; but the staple of the book is "salmon," and a reader, though he be but a layman in respect of angling, can hardly close the volume without a strong inclination to procure an official outfit, and vent his way towards streams from which no birding is likely to warn him off. He need not be fearful that he is about to sojourn in a bare wilderness, or to become a dweller amid desolation. Even the interior of Canada is as near civilization as Richmond Bridge is; and the truest and darkest features of the country can only put him with everything, from the commonest creature comforts up to piscatorial elegance, who hang up their rods once a week, and preach to brethren of the rod, beneath the green tracery of the Cathedral of Immensities, from the 3rd verse of the 21st chapter of St. John: "I go a fishing."

Thus assured on all points, let him start forward. What he may further expect, is thus richly indicated:

"Out of about thirty-five magnificent streams which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from its northern shore, in all of which salmon are known to abound, only nine or ten of them have ever had a fly thrown upon their unexplored waters, and so it would not be easy to declare what fishes they catch, or what the result. Think of this! You anglers who have been all your life pacing the margin of some over-fished river in England!—think of this, you persevering labourers on the well-beaten waters of the Tweed, the Tay, the Eek, the Don, the Spey, the Neve, and the Beely!—think of this, ye

tired thrashers of the well-netted streams of Erno, Moy, and Shannon!—think that within less than a fortnight's steaming from your hall doors, there are as yet twenty-five virgin rivers in one small portion of Canada, and that of the ten which have been tried, they have all, with one single exception, been found not only to abound in salmon, but to afford ample facilities for taking that noble fish with the rod and the fly. I do not mean to say that none of them present difficulties to the fisherman, they would not be pleasant rivers to fish in they did not. They have the usual rapids, their heavy falls, their impassable barriers, their sunken rocks: in many of them it will be impossible, until civilisation smoothes the paths, to approach near enough to the very best casts to fish them; in others, the rough nature of the volcanic rocks which hang over their pools, and the impracticable state of the forests on their borders, throw obstacles in the way of conveying rods or canoes to the best stands, which are all but insurmountable. In many of them a bright gravelly-bottomed pool, with a lively stream rippling through its centre, in which the fish perpetually disport themselves, is terminated by a rocky and a narrow gorge, through which the water rushes roaring, raving, and lashing for miles, into which every salmon you hook will use all his energies to throw himself, and if he succeeds you may depend upon it he will not stop till he reaches the bank of Newfoundland.

Having better luck yourself, and landing your salmon, there is one process which you must not follow, nor allow to be practised:—

"There are few things about which fishermen ought to be more careful, than allowing their servants to clean the fish they have killed in the stream, or to throw their offal into it, for it is a fact well known, that the slightest trace of blood, or the smallest portion of intestine, will alarm a whole shoal of salmon, and send them running back in terror to the sea. The servants of the Hudson's Bay Company are well aware of this, and at all their fishing stations you will find that the place at which they clean the fish is at some distance from the river, and that they invariably dig a hole in which they deposit scrupulously all the offal."

As a sample of the stories told by river side, or under the roof-tree after sun-down, the following may be cited; it will remind the reader of Schiller's "Polycrates":—

"On the 6th of August, 1834, I was on a visit, with Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Drew, at a lodge which they occupied near Doonane, on the banks of the Shannon, and on the morning of that day went salmon-fishing with the Hon. William Massey, the brother of Mrs. Drew, who was anxious to get a fish for Mrs. Cuffe Kelly, with whom we were to dine, to meet a party given in honour of Miss Frobie, of Ballybeg Castle, in the county of Cork, to whom the said William Massey was about to be married. Well, we fished and we fished, we changed our flies, and in every direction we thrashed the river, but not a single rise did we get, not a single fish did we meet, not a fish did we see; and about four o'clock, getting perfectly disgusted, were giving up in despair, when we saw Frank Drew and Major Massey walking towards us hastily. They came to know what we had done, and to inform us upon our efforts depended the character of Mrs. Kelly's dinner, for that by some most unfortunate mistake the fishmonger had neglected to send the turbot she had ordered from Dublin, and that, therefore, unless we could produce a salmon, all was lost. Upon this I handed my rod to Frank Drew, and William Massey gave him to his brother, the Major; we pushed the cot across the stream, and they fished Lacka, the most beautiful of pools, in vain; and then we all resolved to give up. The river is broad at this place, and we had to cross it; Drew having returned me my rod, I let out a long line, trailing it after the cot. When we were just at shore, and I was winding up, I felt a feeble pull, and upon bending my rod found I had hooked a fish, which showed itself sport, and was soon reared to the surface, proving to be a ten pound fish, lank, and in poor condition. Bad as the fish was, we were glad to

get him for the peace of poor Mrs. Kelly's mind, and sent him forthwith to her cook, while we went to dress. I should have mentioned before, that some two or three years previous to this occurrence, William Massey's wife, in crossing the Shannon, near the spot where I hooked this salmon, in a fog, was lost, with her footman and two boatmen. Seven o'clock came, and William Massey, having handed his bride elect to table, sat at the head of the hospitable board, around which were assembled twenty people, and proceeded to carve the salmon which we had so recently killed. Upon placing the fish-knife near the gills to take off the first cut of the head, it grated upon some unyielding substance, which prevented his making the proper incision in the fish, whereupon he took a fork, and drew out from a bed, which it had formed for itself beneath the gills, a solid gold finger-ring, with the word 'pure' stamped upon the inside of it. It was handed about as a curiosity, and it was whispered at the table that it was one of the rings of the former Mrs. Massey; but this her husband denied aloud; and eventually his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Drew, took possession of it, and I do not say, has it safe at Drewsborough at this present moment."

This pleasant volume has a valuable appendix, and is enriched by some simple Canadian melodies, which young ladies, and the few young gentlemen who sing, might turn to good account. It is thus a volume for statisticians and general readers, as well as, and especially, for anglers—the only public cared for by the author, who might sing with quaint old Irish—

As toward here breeds outward talk,
The bound none praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use none but a misanthropic sort.
But these delight I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

A Register of the Presidents, Fellows, Demies, Instructors in Grammar and in Music, Chaplains, Clerks, Chorists, and other Members of Saint Mary Magdalen College in the University of Oxford, from the Foundation of the College to the Present Time. By John Rose Bloxam, D.D., Fellow and Librarian. Vols. I. and II. (Oxford, J. H. Parker.)

THE history of a college is biography of the grandest sort. The life of a corporate body comprises the lives of all its members throughout all the periods of its existence, and it so embraces them that while it leaves the personality of the individuals distinct and unimpaired, it unites their various forces into one power, and out of their diverse actions forms one harmonious career. A very old man is interesting by reason of his prolonged years, if for nothing else. However feeble in intellect, humble in circumstances, and obscure in action, he was a witness of the past, and though he may be no adequate reflection of the scenes in which his earlier days were spent, he still remains to the student a centre of historic associations. In the annals of a College we have a drama extending over distant generations, the subject being nothing less than the intellectual life of centuries—a story of the most important facts of the past, told by the best possible narrator, an intelligent, observant, and highly-educated eye-witness of the events described. Such are the reflections caused by a survey of the Magdalen College Register, the first two volumes of which are of such unusual value and interest, that we cordially hope the undertaking of which they are only an instalment will be completely carried out. In criticizing Dr. Bloxam's service to history, we are obliged to decide which deserves the highest commendation—his industry, his learning, or his modesty. Ambitious of giving the world a history of the venerable body to which he belongs, the Doctor rightly judged that the

best means of achieving his object would be to keep himself in the background, and to enable the College to be its own historian. Unrolling, therefore, the dusty archives of the Magdalen library, he displays their contents in chronological order, introducing each volume with a well-written Preface, and illustrating the pages with a liberal supply of explanatory and biographic notes, the unostentatious but laborious functions of editor being discharged with singular fidelity and grace.

William of Waynflete, the pious Bishop of Winchester, and founder of Magdalen College in the University of Oxford, expired on the 11th of August, 1462, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral; the quaint custom of sending the bellman round the University to proclaim his death, being continued till the time of Elizabeth, when the celebration of his fame was left to the appointed commemorations of college benefactors, and the enduring testimony of his goodness to be found on the banks of the pleasant Cherwell. Amongst other provisions "for the exaltation of the Christian faith, the advancement of the Church, the increase of divine worship, and the liberal arts, sciences and faculties," the pious founder ordained that there should be four chaplains, eight clerks and sixteen chorists, in daily attendance in his college chapel. The first volume of Dr. Bloxam's Register relates to "the Chorists," and the second is devoted to "the Chaplains, Clerks, and Organists." Waynflete's anxiety for the good discipline of his house and the decorous behaviour of all who claimed membership with it, expresses itself after a somewhat drudgish fashion in a statute forbidding the collegians to loiter in hall after dinner, "except when, from reverence towards God, or His Mother, or some other saint, a fire, which we would have of his charnel, is made in the hall for the Fellows; for then the Fellows and Scholars are to be allowed to stay after dinner or supper time, and to amuse themselves in a becoming way with songs and other reputable pastimes, and sedately to discuss poems, the chronicles of the realm, the wonders of this world, and other such matters as lend a grace to the profession of clergymen." The laudable intentions and wishes of the founder were, however, little respected by some of those who benefited by his munificence. In 1506, when the good Bishop Fox, himself formerly a member of the College, visited Magdalen officially, he found Waynflete's statutes already fallen into contempt. Chaplains and clerks had to be reprov'd for frequently absenting themselves from the chapel services, and for coming in to them late when they did attend. Of the dissolute manners and debaucheries of clerks and chaplains at a comparatively recent date, the editor gives some startling evidence. The Register of Clerks contains the following entry:—"Matthews, William, reg. 1791. Matr. 26 March, 1781, *De Civ. Oxon. Sartor*. Elected Yeoman Bedel in Law, 25 May, 1782. Elected Bedel in Divinity. Obiit 25 Nov. 1791." Good alike at a bottle and in a choir, this worthy gentleman was for many years famous as the principal bass-singer and one of the deepest drinkers in Oxford. He was one of the vocal performers at the Commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, and kept a much-frequented music-shop in the High Street, Oxford. Of his drinking propensities, Dr. Bloxam observes, in a note—"The late President, Dr. Routh, informed me, that, on one convivial occasion, he and his fellow-bedels were reported to have filled a coffin full of punch, or some other beverage, and emptied it before they separated." The abuses prevalent

in Magdalen during the seventeenth century, —for his endeavours to correct which Dr. Pierce, the President, obtained much undeserved obloquy, as well as merited praise,— may be seen by the lampoon written in the Doctor's cause by John Dobson, and entitled 'Dr. Pierce his Preaching confuted by his Practice. Sent in a Letter by N. G. to a Friend in London' (1663):—

Near to the door, e'er which an ass
Or an ox at least did pass,
And where the once blest Magdalen
A Sinner is posess'd of again,
The man that sets up Innovation
To do Frontisier's case of Reformation;
And preach'd down Pope's too in hope
To be in time himself a Pope,
Makes new Religious modes we know,
Which from the beginning were nothing so.

Demysse and Fellows too, they say,
Are in the Chapel brought to pray,
As often as the organs blow:
But from the beginning it was not so.

The Founder's laws are so set up,
That scholars, when they dine and sup,
Must bandy Latin to and fro,
But from the beginning it was not so.

The tree which wulms forth did shoot,
To rot and downy branch and root,
And where bowls ran, there turnips grow,
But from the beginning it was not so.

Demysings, which woe brought and sold,
Canst now be had for gold;
And things call'd meritis curant goe:
But from the beginning it was not so.

Yellowside the sea nothing worth,
Which eight-score Pious did bring forth,
And a gratuity too, I trow;
But from the beginning it was not so.

A bolly now for a feast must suffice,
Whilst by an abatement of plum-broth and pies
Men are taught to be temperate: but yet we know
That from the beginning it was not so.

Depraved manners now must be
Reformed by Easter servitude,
Whence some must his sinner know:
But from the beginning it was not so.

In time of Term 'tis lately said,
That weekly Freshers must be made,
Whether the Freshers will or no,
But from the beginning it was not so.

Gold is now wrested from the fists
Of all the late sup-royalties,
Sent prisoners to the Tower, as though
From the beginning it had been so.

The Grammar School hath also laws
To say new Lords do make new laws;
Though Bury's followers needs must know,
That from the beginning it was not so.

Amongst the other modern fashions,
All men are brought to disputation,
Both great and small, from top to toe,
But from the beginning it was not so.

If a good Fellow be Mandrin drunk,
Speak verba frigida or
He straight must out of commona goe:
But from the beginning it was not so.

If thereupon he make appeals
For having tasted all the meals,
He never must have commona more:
But from the beginning it was not so.

In all probability, if the Registers of Magdalen were put side by side with those of any other college in the University of the same size and antiquity, they would be found to contain no excess of celebrated names; but the eminent divines marshalled together, and displayed with natural pride by Dr. Bloxam as "Magdalen men," have an imposing effect, and induce the reader to form a false conclusion as to the biographic splendour of Waynflete's foundation:—

"Here it must not be forgotten, that, from the Foundation of the College to the Accession of Edward the Sixth, there were resident within its walls, as students or teachers, men whose influence in retarding or hastening on these religious changes can scarcely be overrated. Some, it is true, trimmed their sails, and turned about as persecution threatened them; while others left their College, or preferments, encountered the miseries of exile, or gave their bodies to be burned, for the principles they upheld. Readers of Ecclesiastical History will easily recognise as familiar to them the following names. On the one side the two Cardinals

Pole and Wolsey, Bishops Fox, Longland, Stokesley, Atwater, Veysey, Oglethorpe, and Tiedley, President, Claymoun, Hyden, Morwent, Silthurst, Cole, and Kailly: other Members of the College, as Brynknell, Roper, Sothorn, Carter, Drumm, Cope, Bourchier, Brockley, and Dr. Richard Smith. Whilst on the other hand were arrayed Archbishop, Bishops Parkhurst, Beadon, Herley, Beathams, Bickley, Dornham, Godwin, and Cooper, Dean Cole, Archdeacon Molyns, Dr. Robertson, Bull, Crowley, Spencer, Foxe, Eden, Turner, Partridge, Henniger, Munson, Tyndale, Palmer, George Lilye, Sir Thomas Chaloner, Sir Thomas Knollys, Sir Thomas Bodley, and Dr. Lawrence Humphrey."

We cannot enumerate, much less have we space to criticise, the memoirs, scattered through both volumes, of the remarkable men who contributed to the dignity of the College from the time of its foundation till the commencement of the seventeenth century, when it was known as "the very nursery of Puritans," and from that period downwards. The curious must look for themselves, and they may do so with full confidence that they will find spoil well worth the trouble of the search. Thomas Williams, one of the most zealous of the Protestant party in the College, temp. Edward the Sixth, is mentioned, with an extract from Wood's 'Annals':—

"One Thomas Williams," says Wood, "a Bachelor of Arts, pulled a Priest from the altar after he had said the Gospel, and flung away his book, breaking thereby the Statutes, and running himself into wilful perjury. Furthermore also he with other young people, not contenting themselves with these zealous insolencies, did borrow hatchets, and went into the choir and chopped in pieces such books as were not bought for forty pound."

Close on the notice of Williams follows that of Julius Palmer, the marryer, whose story is to be found in the Acts and Monuments of John Foxe (Fellow of Magdalen, 1538-1546). The memoir of Cromwell's domestic chaplain, John Howe, is drawn from the sketches of that worthy by Calamy, Rogers, Dunn, Urwick, and Hewlett, and is written with the care and spirit such a subject deserved. Some amusing anecdotes, taken from Henry Best's 'Personal and Literary Memorials,' are told of the simple and eccentric Thomas West:—

"One of the monks, as Gibbon calls them, of St. Mary Magdalen College in Oxford, was Thomas West, B.D. With affectionate gratitude, and reverence to the memory of the pious Founder, he declared that he had eaten the bread of William Patten for three quarters of a century. He died a short time before I became a member of the College; 'uno arde, non defuit alter.' He was spoken of as a good-natured, harmless man. His simplicity and ignorance of common affairs were almost beyond credibility. In the course of his colloquy, —*decurus honorum*, as Cicero phrases it, he became Bursar or Treasurer of the College. 'Pay' said the Bursar, 'do you think Magdalen College is to be under an obligation to such an one as you?' When Dr. Doid was hanged for forgery, one observed to Dr. West, 'Ah! Doctor, this is a sad disgrace on the Doctorate!' The Doctor suggested in reply the topic of consolation: 'Egad, he was only a Doctor of Laws though.' An attempt to go as far as London, defeated by getting into the same coach again at the half-way house, which coach according to the awkward arrangement of that time returned to Oxford, while a different one conveyed the passengers to Town, — this attempt, these records of other workings of similar life and conversation, was really made by Dr. West, as well as the very natural remark on

repassing the bridge that commands a view of the walls where Addison once mused, — 'Well, if I did not know that I was going to Oxford, I could almost swear that that was Magdalen Tower.'"

To Daniel Purcell, the eminent musical composer and notorious punster, the following puns are attributed, on the high authority of Joe Miller:—

"Dr. Sewall, and two or three more Gentlemen, walking towards Hamptonstead on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punster, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither. 'The Doctor merrily answered him, 'To make lay.' 'Very well,' replied the other, 'you'll be there at a very convenient season, the country wants ropes.' The same gentleman calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained they were too short. The drawer said they had no other, and those were but just come in. 'Ay,' said Daniel, 'I see your master has not bought them very long.' The same Gentleman, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night in company to make a pun extempore. 'Upon what subject?' said Daniel. 'The King,' answered the other. 'O, Sir,' said he, 'the King is no subject.'"

This last mal has been taken from its originator by more than one imitator of Joe Miller, and placed in the lips of Sheridan, who is represented as making the joke in his memorable contest with George the Fourth, when the royal humourist is said to have accented a man carrying a hare with 'My friend, is that your own hair, or a wig?' It is only justice to the King's memory to say, that there is good evidence of this superlatively bad pun being of a date long prior to his bloom.

We trust that Dr. Bloxam's labours will incite others to do likewise. A complete edition of the Registers of all the colleges in our Universities would be a valuable contribution to biographical and historical literature. Indeed, we would gladly see the work widely extended, so as to comprise the registers of every parish and the court-rolls of every manor in the kingdom. The publication of such documents, now neglected as the monuments of defunct parochial interest, would bring to light many facts valuable to the antiquary, starting to the genealogist, and important to the historian. The work, too, might be managed so that it should prove remunerative as well as instructive. Curiosity about pedigree and family history is so far from being confined to the wealthy and noble, that a public would be found in every class of the educated, both at home and in our colonies, ready to purchase such new materials of investigation, if they were offered for sale at a moderate price. If some of the gentlemen, to be found in every English county, fixed down on cures that yield them much leisure and little pay, would take this suggestion to heart, and act upon it, they would certainly find a useful and entertaining occupation, and might possibly, at the same time, make an acceptable addition to their means.

Lectures on the Mountains; or, the Highlands and Highlanders as they were and as they are. First and Second Series. (Saunders, Olley & Co.)

THEIR talk, plenty to do, prosperity, and matter-of-fact, are playing destruction with old local legends and traditions, ancient prejudices, antiquated measures, and time-honoured ghosts. In this general scattering, the spirits are the best off. They have found a refuge in a few liberal modern drawing-rooms, where they may be heard, though not seen, through the *media* who, at a guinea for the *soirée*, hold converse with them, and interpret as well as invent their messages. Where the impostors have not taken

the shadow-world in hand, the simpletons have. Silly enthusiasts, deceiving themselves with alacrity, unlock the manna by God, and bid the inmates come and answer the queries put to them by members of that ancient family, the Stalts; while others, who exhibit small faith in the miracles hourly accomplished before them, yield credulity to all they are told, and choking at gnats gulp greedily the camels. They retire to rest perfectly convinced that they are on speaking terms with the spirits.

There is not half such warm welcome for old local stories and legends as for the dead heroes of them. We are all the more ready to commend those dwellers on the spot, who gather all these masters into books, before in the roar of a busy world they are swept into dust. The author of these little volumes has assumed a task of this nature, and has honestly, if not brilliantly, accomplished it. His districts are those of the "Gordon Richmond Bandshire," and the "Strathpey and Badenoch Highlands and Highlanders," and what those districts afforded he has industriously brought together.

For our own parts, we care less for the long old legends than for lively reminiscences of bygone men and manners. Among the latter is an account of the methods and results of recruiting in the Highlands towards the end of the last century:

"Alexander Duke of Gordon, 'The Cock of the North,' at this time proprietor of boundless Highland territories, stretching from the German to the Atlantic Ocean, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, and a kind, considerate and liberal landlord, ranked first in respect of territorial power and influence. Next to him stood Sir James Grant, of Grant, proprietor of the far-famed county of Strathpey, and the beautiful estate of Glen-Urquhart, both small in point of extent as compared to the duke's extensive domains. But Sir James's personal acquaintance with his king and people, and as Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, was great, that in little more than one year, he, on the declaration of war with France, raised the Strathpey Fencibles, numbering 600 men almost all from his own estates, and the 97th regiment of the line, of 1,000 men, all in 1793 and 1794, a feat unparalleled on the part of any other proprietor. In the same year the Duke of Gordon raised the Gordon Fencibles, 300 from his Highland properties in Strathavon and Badenoch, and the rest from his Lowland estates. In the raising of these armaments, both families were much aided by the exercise of female influence and bounty; which will always bear sway over the hearts and affections of gallant Highlanders, as was strikingly exemplified in the raising of the 92d Regiment in 1794, when the young and popular Marquis of Huntley, a captain in the Guards, received letters of service to raise a regiment, in which he was backed by his noble mother and fair sisters. In a crowded market at Tomintoul, the centre of the Gordon Highland estates—dressed in Highland bonnets and feathers, tartan scarfs, short tartan petticoats, and pantaloons—in a circle formed by their attendants, appeared some of these young, gay, and lovely ladies, afterwards the comets of social coronets, and danced with any young man willing to wear a cockade, to the music of the bagpipes—and, at the end of each reel handed to each of their partners a guinea and a cockade in the name of King George and the Hanoverian. Candidates for the honour of dance crowded around, emulous for the next vacancy, and, in spite of the remonstrances and lamentations of female friends, they bounded in rapid succession into the enchanting circle, going in as civilians and coming out as soldiers. At the end of the day, the noble marquis and his fair assistants had reason to be satisfied with the day's sport—scores of young men, the finest in the Fair, having become strikers (*Deans*), proud, no doubt, of some what might, they had been partners for once with 'Nighan Duchd Gordon' (the Duke of Gordon's daughter)."

Here is the interior of a Highland school-

house in those days, and a picture of a Dominie who loved, not wisely, but too well, the all-seductive whisky:

"Protestant and Catholics then harmoniously mingled together, for in those days sectarian feelings and prejudices held no place in this community, where Protestants and Papists intermarried, their children becoming adherents of either persuasion, and accompanying father or mother to the church or chapel, as they inclined, without any of those doctrinal jarings which now-a-days distinguish more enlightened communities. On entering the large hall, under the guidance of our guardian, we beheld long rows of girls and boys, and what might be called men, seeking knowledge under difficulties, who all turned a scrutinizing look on us and our mountain coat. At the desk near the fireplace sat a figure, who it appeared was the great man who ruled over this noisy community; and our readers will excuse us for giving a short sketch of the person and history of this knight of the ferula who, the reader must understand, was not the parochial schoolmaster principal, who was then attending the Divinity Class at Aberdeen College, but a substitute for the time being; and on his coming forward to receive our conductor, we were not a little surprised to find the governor, dressed out like a Glangery Highlander, in the Highland costume, not of the most elegant description, being very ordinary fustian that had seen a good deal of service; but Mr. Donald Mackenzie's address and conversation soon showed that if he was 'soldier clad' he was 'major minded.' His brow, now shaded with silver hairs, bore the stamp of expressive intelligence, while his language, polished and polite, portrayed the scholar and the gentleman. From other sources we soon learned that Mackenzie was a shining diamond in his day—a poet, and an orator, and certainly his reading of pieces in Scott's collection, one of our school books, has never been forgotten by us—a teacher of youth, and as aspirant to holy orders, giving great promise of an eloquent and powerful preacher. Unfortunately the *spies* factor that too often crosses the path of genius, eclipsed his rising sun and stopped his way to ecclesiastical preferments, fame and honour, reducing the poor fellow to the long coat and pantaloons to the sea-frost and kiln, for the dull and significant language of our informant, 'his tail stopped his mouth,' and having too much of Burns' temperament in his composition, he could not resist being one of two or three merry lads at any time. An eminent instance of this occurred when a roving warrior, who had done duty as drill sergeant and adjutant to a militia regiment, in the course of a cruise to Tomintoul in search of strong drink, laid his evil hands on poor Donald Mackenzie, who, for twenty-four hours, joined the warrior in a deep carouse, ending as usual in such cases in a Highland fight, which put one of the combatants to sleep mourning, and the other placed our governor, who was generally a rigid disciplinarian, in that predicament, which often shows the contrast between precept and example. It was amusing, although not gratifying to his pupils to see the poor governor, two days after the fight, sitting demurely at his desk with a bandage and band over the wounded eye, interfering much with his perceptions in proving the questions which had been on the scholars' slates for two days, waiting his approval or condemnation."

The following sanitary process must have been a good excuse for a Dominie himself, who had been subjected to it, getting drunk:—

"On the morning of New Year's day it was the practice, now in accordance with old habits and long held as a belief in the efficacy of the prescriptions, to subject all the inmates of a Highland mansion in Strathavon to a double course of treatment, far from being pleasant or palatable to the parties concerned. On New Year's even, lots of juniper were arranged round the fire to dry till they were perfectly careful, some careful persons were dispatched to a 'dead and living ford' (that is, a ford passed by people and funerals), who drew a picher of water, observing all the time the most profound silence, great care being taken that the vessel containing the water did not touch the ground, other-

wise it would lose all its virtues. The first course, consisting of the spiritual, or water, drawn from the dead and living ford, by its sacred virtues preserved the Highlander, until the next anniversary, from all those direful calamities proceeding from the agency of infernal spirits, witchcraft, evil eyes, and the like. The second course, consisting of the fumes of juniper, not only removed whatever disease might affect the human frame at the time, but fortified the constitution against their future attacks. These courses of medicine were administered in the following manner. Light and fire being kindled, and the necessary arrangements having been effected, the high-priest of the ceremonies for the day, and his assistants, proceeded with the hallowed water to the several beds in the house, and by means of a large brush, sprinkled upon their occupants a profuse shower of the precious preservative, notwithstanding its salutary properties, they sometimes receive with jarring ingratitude. The first course being thus served, the second is about to be administered, preliminary to which it is necessary to stuff all the crevices and windows in the house, even to the keyhole. This done, piles of juniper are kindled into a conflagration in the different apartments of the house, and in a few minutes the fumes of the blazing juniper spread along the roof, and gradually condense themselves into an opaque cloud, filling the apartment with an odorous fumigation altogether overpowering. Penetrating into the inmost recesses of the patient's system (for patients may well be called, it brings on an incessant shower of hiccupping, sneezing, wheezing, and coughing, highly demonstrative of its expectorating qualities. But it is not unfrequently happened, that young and thoughtless urachins, not relishing such physis, and unmindful of the important benefits they reap from this discipline, have failed to call forth from the more reflecting part of the family, if able to speak, a very severe reproof. Well knowing, however, that the more intense the 'smuchdens,' the more propitious are its effects, the high priest, with dripping eyes and distorted mouth, continuing to puff the pipe, regardless of the feelings of his flock, until he considers the dose fully sufficient, upon which he opens the vault and the other crevices to admit the genial fluid, to recover the spirits of the exhausted patients. He then proceeds to gratify the horses, cattle, and other beasts of the town with the same entertainment in their turn."

These are samples of the heather and honey to be found in the first series. The author goes more into details of local family history in his second series, and has rendered excellent service by the course he has taken, and the way by which he has accomplished it. Such histories are too often overlooked by careless, or neglected by incompetent writers, as matters of local interest, but, nevertheless, essential. The fault, however, is on the right side. From the second series we take these pictures of Scottish Bailies of the olden time. They were not such very douce bodies after all!—

"In the parish of Abernethy, once lived Robert Grant, commonly called the Bailie Mure, a bailie of regality previous to the abolition of heritable jurisdictions. It is said, too, to have been a justice for disabbling him. He seldom called justice: he hanged two brothers on a tree within a thousand yards of the manse of Abernethy, and buried both in one grave on the road-side. The grave and stones above it are still visible. Another, named James Grant, commonly called the Bailie Terry, who lived long in this parish, was the man of the name of Stewart, and after hanging him, set a jury on him, and found him guilty. The bailie had many reasons for being in such a hurry. The man was, unluckily for him, wealthy, and abounded in cattle, horses, sheep, and goats, all of which were instantly driven to the burn near the manse of the children, and his wife became dejected in her mind, and was afterwards drowned in a river. It is not very long since (*a.g.* before 1794). This same Bailie Roy, on another occasion hanged two notorious thieves, paroled their

hands, and set them up on sticks afterwards. At another time, he drowned two men in sacks, at the bridge of Billinton, within a few hundred yards of the manse of Abernethy, and disavowed to a crowd a man from Glenalmond, the barony of Kinchardine, to assist him and the executioners he had with him in the business; which the man refusing to do, the balls said to him, 'If you was within my regality, I would teach you better manners than to disobey my commands.' This ballie bought a good estate. There was another of them, called of Bullie Bain, in this country, who became so odious that the country people drowned him in the Spey, near the church of Inverallan, about a mile from the manse of Abernethy. They took off his boots and gloves, left them on the bank, and drove his horse through a rugged place of large stones. The trail in the sand, boots, &c., discovered what had become of him; and when a search was made for him down the river, a man met the party near the church of Cromdale, who asked them 'what they were searching for?' They answered 'For the ballie's body' upon which he said, 'Turn back, turn back, perhaps he has gone up against the river, for he was always acting against nature.' As their power was great and generally abused, so many of them enriched themselves. They had many ways of making money for themselves; such as, 1st, the Ballie's Park, as it was called, or a day's labour in the year from every tenant on the estate. 2nd, Confiscations, as they generally seized on all goods and effects of such as suffered capriciously. 3rd, All fines for killing game, black fish, or cutting green wood, were led on by themselves, and went into their own pockets. These fines amounted to what they pleased almost. 4th, Another very lucrative perquisite they had, was what was called the Morial horse, which was the best horse, cow, ox, or other article, which any tenant on the estate possessed at the time of his death. This was taken from the widow and children, and sold by the ballie at the time they had most need of assistance. This amounted to a great deal on a large estate. The practice was abolished by the late Sir Ludovick Grant in this country, in the year 1738.

Pleasant people those tippling, thriving, man-hanging, family-ruining ballies! Pleasant times, too, in which they lived and mislived! They who love to compare the present with the past, as far as it concerns Scotland, will find interesting and amusing matter in these books.

The Gallery. A Sketch of the History of Parliamentary Reporting and Reporters. By Charles J. Gratton. (Pittman.)

THE "winged words" of the parliamentary divinities assembled on Olympus would have been long lost in air had it not been for those primitive reporters, the poets. These gave play to their luxuriant fancy; and, by conjecturing what the deities were likely to have said, under particular circumstances, they put into the mouths of irresponsible beauty, and toned more harmonious than could have been heard on the sacred mountain itself, they have preserved the records of the old assemblies there, and made of them a glorious inheritance and possession, for ever.

As with the poets, so with perhaps as fanciful a class of writers, the early historians. They have registered not merely the doings but the sayings also of many a hero; and, for the sake of the eloquence, we care not to question the genuineness or authenticity of the oration. Who cares now whether the long and spirit-stirring speeches in Thucydides or Livy were fell or not from human lips? We know that those writers have put the opinions and the deeds of their heroes into words. Modern reporters very frequently imitate this example, and we occasionally have to read,—not what a foolish legislator said, but what he thought, or what a wise one ought to have conceived or uttered.

The last class of whom we have spoken,

includes several grades,—the aristocracy of which have their seats in our great Parliament, and kindly render legislative wisdom comprehensible and "tolerable" to mankind. From the time of Sir Simon D'Ewes—"who with the aid of shorthand, took notes of the debates in Queen Elizabeth's reign"—down to the present time, those stenographers have held a dignified and responsible position. The early reporters, however, were rather amateurs than professionals. Members furnished notes, and writers made readable stuff out of them. This, however, was mostly for private uses only. Then came summaries of Parliamentary proceedings, made public by Parliamentary sanction. But when, in 1641, unauthorized reports of speeches began to be circulated, the Parliament pronounced such course illegal, and Members were instructed that to furnish the reporters with notes was a proceeding which could no longer be tolerated. The curiosity of man, and the profit to be made by gratifying it, were, of course, stronger than law; and the House and the offenders were soon at loggerheads on this matter. In 1642, Sir Edward Dering's Collection of Speeches, &c. was burnt by the hangman, and the compiler was sent to the Tower. It was of no avail. The contest was not over, but the reporters prevailed. Shaftesbury furnished Locke with notes for his 'Letters from a Person of Quality to his Friend in the Country,' and the burning of that production only warmed the people into a desire for knowing more still of what their governors had resolved should not be published. Members began to write diary letters to their country constituents. Then scraps of individual speeches began to creep into the papers, "news-writers" were audacious enough to notice the proceedings of the Members, and the House brought such offenders on their knees, where they regretfully acknowledged their "great presumption." Sometimes they got cudgelled, as Lord Mohn cudgelled Dyer. Through the greater portion of the last century, this reluctance, on one side, to be brought before the world, and this persistence, on the other, to drag parliamentary orators before a wide-world audience, continued.

Under fictitious names, often more ridiculous than imposing, the speakers were made to harangue in papers and magazines, and the more people began to be assured that there was much more worthy of being heard than what was in such way reported, the more they were determined that such healthy appetite for knowledge which nearly concerned their interests should be gratified. Right prevailed over Might at last. Under the reign of George the Third, reporters began meekly, and ended boldly. They crept in, and were not ejected. Being footed, the House provided no accommodation for them, but pretended to know nothing of their presence; and, at this very time, the *corps* continues its important labours under a similar prevailing fiction, and furnishes, during the parliamentary season, those interminable columns of speeches which in "winged words" indeed, fly forth to the furthestmost ends of the world,—often to weary a universe of readers.

The history of the struggle and the men is told in brief outline by Mr. Gratton, whose book may be recommended as a summary, useful to those who wish to be acquainted with such history without having the trouble of searching widely apart for the details. One or two extracts will show the matter and the manner of the compiler. Here is an illustration of the dangers of reporting a century ago:—

"At the time we are speaking of, to mention any peer's name in connection with parliamentary proceedings was a breach of privilege punishable

with a fine of a hundred pounds. Lord Marchmont, Alison tells us, was in the habit of 'examining the newspapers every day with the arbor that a hawk or two might be seen upon them; he found any Lord's name printed in any paper he immediately made a motion in the House of Peers against the printer for a breach of privilege.' In November, 1759, the printer of the *Gazette* published in his paper a paragraph stating that the thanks of the House of Commons were given glowingly to Sir Edward Hawke for his victory. He was brought to the bar for such a high offence, and obliged to make an apology on his knees."

The following extract illustrates men of the time when note-books dare not be produced by strangers:—

"At that time note-books were only used by stealth or sub rosa, for when perceived by the attendants in the gallery, they were forthwith seized as contraband of war. Consequently reporters were obliged to have pretty good memories, as it was principally through merely listening to the speeches that they could make out their reports. Sometimes, however, they were fortunate enough to have the assistance of a few notes from some member who happened to be present, and to be present, and favoured the reporters. One of the most celebrated of these 'memory' reporters was William Radcliffe, the husband of the eminent novelist of that name. It is said that this gentleman would carry the substance of the debates in his head straight to the composition-room, and without referring to any notes, or committing any portion of his materials to paper, would there dictate to them two distinct articles embracing the principal points of what he had heard. Another of these 'memorable' gentlemen was William Woodfall—not Junius Woodfall, but his brother—who had so quick and retentive a memory that it obtained for him the name of 'Memory Woodfall'; and his renown was so great and so widely spread, that when strangers came up from the country to hear the debates, they asked in a breath, 'Which is the Speaker, and which Mr. Woodfall?' He would sit all the while for the Sergeant-at-Arms should see him, and march him off for such an infraction of the rules of the House against strangers. An anecdote is told of these hard-boiled egos. Some of his fellow-reporters, who had a turn for practical joking, and from whom Woodfall always kept at a respectful distance, one evening took them out of his coat-pocket, and replaced them with unbolted ones; so doubt to the admiration and satisfaction of 'Mr. Memory.'"

Here, too, is an addition to the Macaulay-ana:—

"Macaulay, when in the Lower House, was the terror of the reporters, as he had a most rapid delivery, and rarely stammered or hesitated for an apt mode of expression, for he generally prepared his orations beforehand. In the year 1856 he delivered a most brilliant oration at an anti-slavery meeting. At the close of the evening Mr. Harward told Mr. Justice Therry told Mr. Macaulay that from his rapid mode of speaking, and from so much of the merit of the speech being dependent on the accurate collocation of the words in which his many metaphors and figures were expressed, it would be only an act of justice to himself to furnish a report of the speech. At first he hesitated, and expressed some doubts whether he could furnish sufficiently ample notes for the purpose. However, on Mr. Therry telling him due attention should be made to any notes he thought proper to furnish, if he forwarded them to the *Morning Chronicle* office by eight o'clock the evening he agreed to do so. On going to the office of that Journal at the above hour Mr. Therry found a large packet, containing a verbatim report of the speech as spoken,—the brilliant passages marked in pencil, and the whole manuscript well thumbed over, furnishing manifest denotement that no speech in Enfield's 'Speaker'

was more laboriously and faithfully committed to memory, than that delivered by the great historian of the age."

Mr. Grafton does not invariably display good taste, nor is he invariably correct; but taken altogether, 'The Gallery' will be found a useful "hand-book" for visitors to the "House," or to inquirers touching its history.

NEW NOVELS.

Married, or not Married: that is the Question; a Novel. By Augusta Huntington. 3 vols. (Newby).—We thought that the goddesses of the Minerva Press had for ever left the realms of foolscap; but in the pages before us we see that the beings who made our hearts thrill in "The Mysterious Marriage," 'Fatherless Fanny,' 'The Beauty of the British Alps,' and their descendants in these days.

'Married, or not Married,' is written in the fashion of these long-ago romances, but how weak and degenerate is the heroine! Emily is not to be named on the same page with the Malvins, the Clarnes, the "sainted mothers," and "persecuted angels" of the days of our youth. If a mysterious baby ever befell any of these old heroines, they never married it, but brought it up in an ardent love of virtue; and the pious father came back a nobleman, and rescued them from distress, and fell on his knees before the forsaken angel, the mother, he embraced his child with pride, and bestowed on her a pedigree, and the tale ended as it should do. But in this novel, which is called 'Married, or not Married,' the heroine is remarkably unfortunate for such a very virtuous young woman; it would perplex the oracle of Doctors' Commons to decide whether her marriage would need Sir C. Crosswell to break it. However, she has a daughter whom she brings up to be more than ten years old, at which period the father, whom adverse stars have married to an heiress and widowed in the interval, reappears, makes his peace with the woman whom he had abandoned under circumstances which were not extenuating, but makes it a condition that his own child shall be banished, sent away to a French boarding-school. The degenerate heroine consents, becomes a marchioness, and figures in fashionable life, assuming her conscience with a few Magdalen tears and a little graceful melancholy sense of bereavement; but neither author nor heroine seem to have an idea of the cool matter-of-fact wickedness of the transaction. We cannot introduce the heroine of 'Married, or not Married' to the shades of the departed dearly loved heroines of the romances of our youth; she is not fit company for them, to say nothing of the novel in which she figures, which is vapid in style and long-winded in composition. We cannot put it beside 'The Children of the Abbey,' and 'Guilty or Not Guilty.' The skill to write novels like these is departed, or, it may be, that it is we who are changed; but, at any rate, 'Married, or not Married' is rubbish.

Scenes from the Life of Agnes Home. (Saunders & Otley).—Agnes Home makes a strange uncomfortable story. There are gleams of cleverness from time to time, which make us think that the author could do something better, but either he has had no practice, or else he lacks the skill to construct a tale. The story of 'Agnes Home' reads like a bad dream, and is a prevailing tone of vulgarity, which is repulsive. The narrative breaks abruptly in the middle, and the end is patched on to it. The subject of the story is so unpleasant, and is handled so coarsely, that in spite of its occasional cleverness, we shall require to see further proofs of the author's ability before we can certify our faith that he will write a more agreeable work.

Wedded and Winned: or, the Trials of Mary Gascoigne: a Tale for the Divorce Court. By Marabel May. (J. Blackwood).—This story is dedicated to Marabel P. Tupper, the provincial philosopher. The Preface announces the author's aim as being to show "how every action is the result of its predecessor,—that baneful passions are their own chastisement,—that debased habits irremediably harden and render the character obdurate,

—that, as vice cannot imitate virtue, so neither will virtue lower its standard,—and that insipience affords no shelter from responsibility." The reader who feels anxious for a didactic story may here surely meet his heart's desire. For our own share, the moral looks too much like the shadow flung by a magic lantern, and too little like real life to be of much use. Bad husbands and uncomfortable wives are to be found in sorrowful plenty everywhere; but we would hope that the trials of Mary Gascoigne are not a sample of the lot appointed to all living women, and we also trust that Capt. Loftus is not an average specimen of his sex. Those who love to read of the troubled possibilities of married life will find them here. The style is vulgar; and the incidents remind us of the serious "business" in a romantic Surrey Theatre melodrama: but for those who like them, there they are.

Apelles and his Contemporaries: a Novel. By the Author of "Ernest Carroll" (Barnham).—Of course the ancients were men and women like ourselves,—they ate, drank, loved, hated, were married and given in marriage; still it is difficult to bring them down to the type of human life as we see it to-day. The ancients are not so good as we are, nor with such a goodly train of human beings. We cannot follow the thoughts they did conceive; they lived under such different conditions from ourselves. Their very language is dead,—their good substantial goods of wood and stone stand in our museums as curiosities or works of Art,—their great men are ancient history. All connected with the old Greek world has drifted so far away from our every-day life, that it would require the touch of Prometheus to revive it for us, or to awaken our sympathy for what happened so long ago. We are so made, that events which occur a long way off or a long time ago are as new to us as if they were in America. We attempt to write a familiar colloquial classical story on the fragmentary traditions which have come down to us about the great painter. Campaspe, the beautiful slave, whom Alexander loved, and relinquished to the artist, Aristide, Praxiteles, Phryne, and many other great names—Olympias herself—appear on the pages, and speak the author's words. Modern colloquial phrases startle the classic superstition of the reader. For the rest, the author is not strong enough to furnish his great names with adequate ideas.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Existence of the Deity—Evidenced by Power and Unity in Creation; from the Results of Modern Science. By Thomas Woods, M.D. (Bentley).—Mr. Ruskin, in his recently-published volume, moans at the kind of evidence which Dr. Woods values. "We should be surprised," exclaims the author of 'Modern Painters,' "to see an intelligent child standing at its garden-gate, crying out to the passer-by, 'I believe in my father, because he built this house,' as logical people proclaim that they believe in God, because He must have made the world." Nevertheless, Lardner, Paley, and Chalmers, and the Evidential logicians, will always have their disciples; and in the present day the disciples may advance beyond their masters, although in the same direction. Chalmers, for instance, observes, "It is not brute matter in tumult, and unspoken, manifest that indicates a Deity." But it does, as Dr. Woods conceives and shows:—"Its molecular constitution, more than any figure it might possess, or any appearance of design it might be given, answers this purpose." This idea is well carried out in a few pages, after which the philosopher graduates into the divine. The little book is thoughtful, suggestive, and reverent; but its title is greatly too large for it. Such a title would suit a Bridgewater Treatise. It is as if Lord Rome should direct his huge telescope to one secondary star, and then declare he had included the whole stellar firmament. Yet Dr. Woods might, with assistance, give the public a book adequate to his present title, and there is a large class of readers who would not disregard it. What he has done, we have read with satisfaction.

Geological Gossip; or, Stray Chapters on Earth

and Ocean. By D. T. Ansted. (Routledge & Co.)

Appropriately entitled; for we have here the merest gossip of geology, without even the liveliness, point, and small originality of gossip in general. Probably there are many readers who prefer the perusal of "stray chapters" of this kind to the study of a subject and an orderly and well-compacted book. Such readers may pass a couple of hours, according to their tastes, and spare themselves trouble and consecutive thought; and, doubtless, they are the patrons and purchasers of the numerous slight and incoherent little volumes on Natural Science with which the press now seems to teem. Certainly, gossip about geology is better than gossip about persons and persons, and our various recollections of the careful perusal of one good book is far preferable, and this alone can be permanently advantageous. Besides, if we can only endure gossip, let us have some ground in it. A clever and quick-witted geologist, for example, can put forth a good deal of science in picturesque guise and in a pleasant way, and thus win a willing audience; but the mere gathering together of a number of scraps and fragments, without seasoning or salt, and with little novelty or originality, is not the kind of work which will add to the writer's reputation with the public, or procure him the respect of his fellow-philosophers. On some few points we should doubt the propriety of this present 'Gossip.' For instance, we should hardly have thought this author would have affirmed so positively of the Bible, with reference to scientific information, that nothing beyond the current ideas and languages of the day is in any place vouchsafed with reference to those points of investigation for which human inquiry is sufficient. Astronomy is not corrected there. *Geology is not alluded to*, &c. Many men, at least as able as Mr. Ansted, have thought very differently of the value of evidence, even in science or Geology, as such, is beyond the scope of Inspiration, yet such men as Dr. Buckland, Dr. P. Smith, Hugh Miller, Dr. Hitchcock of America, and Dr. Dawson of Canada, not to enumerate others, have devoted years to the elucidation of the Scriptural cosmogony, and, as most readers will find, have not been disappointed.

"Geology not alluded to!" Is this a mere play upon the word! We recommend Dr. Dawson's work, entitled 'Archæa,' to Mr. Ansted's consideration, as we have recently introduced it to our readers' attention. To our mind, it is neither philosophical nor reverent to evade the difficulties arising from Scriptural chronology on the question of man's antiquity, by simply saying, "The history of the human race, as given in that book, is far too slightly sketched, and the truths contained in it are too independent of such matters, to justify any alarm." The only thing that justifies any alarm is this kind of language from professed geologists. The most thoughtful and reliable men do not suffer themselves to beg the whole question in this way. To affirm that the history of the human race is far too slightly sketched in the Bible to render it of value in scientific investigations, may pass for gossip, and, as we well know, is, in fact, the gossip of certain companies; but it is little less than ridiculous to assert, as a sober dictum of science, that the only authentic account we have of the earliest history of the human race is "too slight and too independent to be our guide." I venture that no unprejudiced information have we! Are we to go by 'Geological Gossip' alone and apart!

Is it Peace, Jehu! or, Bonapartism. By an Ex-Cabinet Minister. (Newby).—We cannot accept this seriously, although it is offered to us as the effusion of "an ex-Cabinet Minister." The speculations are so random and eccentric that we must, at any rate, rejoice that the prefix "ex" heralds in the title of a "Cabinet Minister." The Minister's style of dealing with public questions, and especially with political maps, is decidedly more voluminous than good.

The Cook's Easyway Book, adapted for all Classes. (Bentley).—Many times has it been maintained that only men or women of a distinct and peculiar genius should be suffered to write cookery books. All such works from inferior

claim it. Sicily was flourishing more than two thousand years ago; why should she not again be! Even under conquerors and kings, under the Carthaginians, under the Greeks, under Hiero and Gelo, she flourished. There were not such creatures as the Bourbons. Syracuse, in their reign, was more populous than Paris in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the most magnificent and prosperous of French monarchs. Agrigentum and Messina, and several other cities, contained men and wealth enough for numerous and formidable armies. The island, throughout, was highly cultivated; her inhabitants were no fewer than seven or eight millions. She exported to Rome alone corn sufficient for the supply of that enormous city. What are your imports and exports now? Little more, if I am rightly informed, than is furnished by a single house in Manchester or Liverpool, through the industry of the one city and the enterprise of the other. More merchant vessels and into and from Liverpool in the year, than into and from all the ports of Sicily, if you deduct the small craft carrying provisions into Malta, and belonging to that island. The vigilance of Great Britain is suspected by those who could not form an idea of government, or of a country. England would not grasp Sicily, and could not hold it; there may attempt both, unless you speedily fortify the coast, arming 30,000 volunteers, subsidiary to 20,000 regulars. Eleven years ago every people of Italy would have been free, if left to establish their own form of government. When Rome fell (and you know by whom she fell) all sank together.

I do not dissemble my vexation at the slight of hand under the table, the transfer by which I lost my country, and that humble tenement in which I first opened my eyes to those above them. But may Italy be benefited by the barrier. She has not forfeited her honour; she has broken no promise; she has deceived no hope. One lesson she has now learnt, and never will forget; namely, that it is safer to place her trust in the jealousy of her neighbours than in their sympathy. She will be secure so long as she abstains from alliances,—from a preference of one Power to another.

Barons and Senators! you are about to convolve the people of town and country, and to unroll before them what the generality never dreamt of, or never desired. It is the system of universal suffrage. Will you not hereby deposit power in more hands than can use it properly? Will the necessitous and indolent be contented? Will the affluent be secure against the claims of co-partnership? None are so restless as the idle.

It seems to me who am, and always have been, a Republican, that universal suffrage can only be beneficial where the people is both industrious and instructed. The ignorant will either elect their leaders from men somewhat like themselves, or from those who have the means of feasting and debauching them. The clown will attract clown; the soldier will attract soldiers. Schools are the best garrisons of a State. Instruct your children and you may defy your enemies. In two hours of the twenty-four much may be learnt. On every saint's day, supposing the number not to exceed ten or twelve, there should be an examination and a prize. Perhaps, some of you here present may think I am discouraging on matters out of my sphere. Let them look towards America and read the answer. In that country, or in Holland, or in Switzerland, or in any district of Germany, they will find sedulous care taken to train the young shoot in due season. The people of Switzerland bent over the book before they bent over the plough. The Republican form of government suited both equally. Agriculture and commerce thrive best under it, and there were the roots of Republicanism in each of these countries. When I was a Tribune, I would exempt the whole Roman system. The memory of past glory roused the Roman people, and I saw instances of valour and self-devotion such as were found but rarely in their earlier days. There came forth more than one Cincinnatus, more than one Corvulus, the murmurers Gracchi left machine-does not know them shall they receive their long alienated inheritance, in despite of the two renegades sent from the same quarter, for different purposes. One of them

would represent me as an enemy to religion, another as ambitious of a crown. Barons and Senators of Sicily! I have been a Tribune, I am now a Dictator,—I shall never condescend to be a King! Whenever you elect one, let it be from among young men. Let the office be hereditary, the power limited. Let it be established as a primary law, that none of the princes, none of the princesses, intermarry with royal families. I offer you this advice before I resign my office, which will be on the day when you have nominated the first constitutional King of Sicily.

THE SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

Public Record Office, Aug. 28.

I observe that "An Edinburgh Reviewer" has written a long letter, on the subject of my recent Review of the Present State of the Shakespeare Controversy, not to confute my arguments,—for in them he professes to find nothing novel or conclusive,—but to complain of the manner in which I have spoken of him and his disquisitions upon the subject. I have accused him of "pomposus protestations, of soliloquies, of aggrovations, and of tortuous misrepresentations." Expressions which, he says, inevitably provoke a rejoinder; and he has, accordingly, occupied six columns of type in his reply.

I might perhaps, without any loss of self-respect, pass over his charge, and return me of becoming courtesy towards him in stating that some of his remarks exhibit "all the pomp and pretentiousness of soliloquy." I am sorry that the phrase has wounded his sensibility; and, if he will supply me with any other conveying the same meaning, I will cancel the page, and substitute the offensive words occur, and substitute in their stead his amended reading. Nevertheless, I must say that I was not aware that I had committed any breach of courtesy towards the "Edinburgh Reviewer" in applying to himself an epithet which he reserves for the vilest sort of quackery, or who have interested themselves in this inquiry, and have come to different conclusions from himself. He speaks freely of "the onslaught" made upon the "Old Corroctor" by intemperate sciolists. However, as I have said, I am sorry the expression has wounded his sensibility. It only proves that, even when following the steps of a corroctor of public opinion, it is quite possible for one to err.

I appear to have committed another offence, in the opinion of the "Edinburgh Reviewer," in having asserted that he had committed "an egregious error" in reference to the constitution of the Public Record Office; and I beg leave to apologise to him for the expression. Nevertheless, I must still maintain that what I have written on the subject is correct; and that, notwithstanding his "unfortunate familiarity with the Royal Calendar," the "Edinburgh Reviewer" has added to his error, by stating that Mr. Lechmere and Mr. Lemon are "Deputy Assistant Keepers" at the State Paper Office. Indeed, I very much doubt whether they will be pleased with the new title thus conferred upon them.

The "Edinburgh Reviewer" appears also to be very much disturbed because I have ventured to dissent from his dicta in relation to the handwriting of the "Notes and Emendations" in the Devanahire Folio. His strictures on my remarks have certainly not strengthened his case, nor have they thrown any light on the subject. To me, his main object appears to be to distract the reader's attention from the real point at issue; and, in reality, he has done no more than repeat his argument in the *Edinburgh* on the subject of Gothic and curvish handwriting. But this is not a question of curvish handwriting in general, but of the curvish in which the *Devanahire Folio* is written. I challenge him to produce a single example belonging to any period, at which such curvish and Gothic were put together as are combined in that volume.

It is right that the public should know that one of the questions at issue in this inquiry, is the age of the pencil corrections in the *Devanahire Folio*; for, if it can be proved that they were written before the corrections were made in ink, then the

case is at an end, so far as the genuineness of the "Old Corroctor's" emendations is concerned; and the opinion of the "Edinburgh Reviewer" is so very much to the purpose on this point, that I make no apology for repeating it. He has most emphatically asserted that "in many places before the most accurate eye, there is no doubt that the mode of correction was, as alleged for the present, by pencil first and ink afterwards" (the italics are my own); "and in others, where no pencilling can be read, there is an appearance as if it had been rubbed out. Are these pencils the marks of a modern hand? That, after all, is the real issue of this complicated and arduous case which we must leave to better eyes and more experienced judges, whenever this unfortunate volume shall be honestly examined." (The italics are the Reviewer's.) I do not profess to have better eyes than the "Edinburgh Reviewer," but I think that, after a practice of two-and-forty years, I may claim, without impeachment of arrogance, to be somewhat of an experienced judge in matters of paleography. Be this, however, as it may, I can conscientiously affirm that I have already examined this unfortunate volume; and my opinion (upon which I am quite willing to stake my professional reputation) is, that the corrections were not written at the time that, by the supporters of the Old Corroctor, they are alleged to have been; but that they were, at all events in every case that I examined, written in pencil first, in the curvish handwriting of the nineteenth century, and in ink afterwards, in imitation of the Gothic of the seventeenth century. With equal honesty, I have had no hesitation in openly supporting this opinion, by subscribing my name to it; and I think that the least "the Edinburgh Reviewer," or any other defender of the *Devanahire Folio*, can do, is to give his name to the public, as some guarantee that his special pursuits qualify him to speak with weight on this all-essential point. If this were done, I have little doubt that this painful controversy would be materially helped towards a final settlement.

The "Edinburgh Reviewer" calls in question my statement respecting a copy of the Edition of 1632 (still in my possession), in which long passages are scored out solely for theatrical, and not for critical purposes. The point, taken by itself, is not one of much moment, though it is a link in the chain of evidence. I have a right to draw my inference from the fact as much as he has; both our opinions are before the world, and the public must decide. Ocular inspection, I admit, is the only proper test. If the "Edinburgh Reviewer" would like to examine the Folio I speak of, the opportunity shall be afforded him at any moment that he may think desirable.

With respect to the Reviewer's charge against me of inaccuracy in citing the line from "King John," I admit that I should have written—

Instead of the *road way*, as Theobald's amendment of the old reading,—and also that I have wrongly printed in "Alla Well that Ende Well" the word *reit* in Italics, instead of leaving it as the "Old Corroctor's" alteration. But such mistakes as these may well be excused, and are little short of unavoidable, where constant reference to numerous books for various readings of a single word is absolutely necessary; for, to satisfy myself of the value and originality of the "Old Corroctor's" emendations, I have had the laborious, indeed the irksome, task of comparing upwards of 2,000 folio emendations with the various editions of Shakespeare, for the purpose both of ascertaining which were originals, and which Mr. Collier has inserted or omitted in his various publications since 1852. These, together with those still remaining unnoticed in the *Devanahire Folio*, I purpose to publish, and obtain the sanction of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire to do so, that the literary world in general may have a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the exact state and value of the "Old Corroctor's" emendations.

The two simple errors which the "Edinburgh Reviewer" has pointed out, do not rest in the slightest degree on the matter at issue between us; but the exaggerated importance he attaches to them

shows how eager has been the scrutiny with which he has honoured my pamphlet, and I can almost sympathize with his disappointment in gaining no adequate reward for so large an outlay of pains and labour.

With respect to the "Edinburgh Reviewer's" "personal reason" for disbelieving the fact that these corrections are forgeries; if it is based upon no more than the circumstances mentioned by him as to the conduct of his letter, I can only say that he is evidently more easily satisfied in the matter of credibility than I have yet learnt to be.

In conclusion, I unequivocally deny that any portion of my pamphlet consists "of a repetition, in the usual stilted style, of personal charges against Mr. Collier," for I have never uttered strong expressions when a mild one would convey my meaning, and I have obtained in every instance where I found it possible, from even mentioning Mr. Collier by name.

T. DUFFUS HANDE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Belgian Exhibition of Pictures.

Brussels, August 26, 1860.

THE *Athenæum* may claim such credit as belongs to the earliest mention of the modern school of Belgian Art in England, at a time when "young Germany" was "all in the air," and travelling connoisseurs. Thus, some notes on the Exhibition at Brussels of 1850 form but part of a series, irregular it may be, yet never wholly broken. They must be taken, however, as notes in the strictest sense of the word, since an examination of this large collection is rendered singularly difficult by the arrangements adopted. The collection is exhibited in some five-and-twenty rooms, of every size. The pictures are not hung numerically—the Catalogue is without an index,—so that the visitor attracted by a given master, who desires to study him in all the four works he is permitted to exhibit, has no alternative except to go through the entire 1,111 matters exhibited. A more tantalizing disposition of affairs could hardly have been contrived.

The great men of the modern Belgian school are absent; one or two of them figure honourably in their pupils, whom they have taught to imitate but to paint,—a rare sign of good *professeur*—up to all those who suffer under what are called school-pictures. There is no want of huge historical canvases,—but these are usual, or rather more than usual. M. Slinguey exhibits a martyr-youth sleeping at the moment when his cell-door is opened by a prison slave to introduce him into the amphitheatre, where frightful death awaits him. If the picture strike (and it does strike), it is by a bold and clever trick of chiar-oscuro,—the gleam of brilliant day which crosses the recumbent figure through the crevice made by opening the door. There is repose in the recumbent figure, but the colouring is not pleasant, marred by that foxiness in the flesh-tints which, I fancy, must belong to the Belgian eye for colour, so perpetually does it meet one.—A sprawling *Lucretia*, left alone and grasping her weapon of self-destruction, by M. Starck, must be commended for its boldness; give her some name entirely opposed in nature to the heroine presented and the picture would have been truer, though not less unpleasant. An *Eastern Woman*, by the same painter, in a striped drapery of white and blue, is better. In such a subject the national humour for yellow carnations, bells; and pictures, too, is fairly palpable. *A Joss of fire at the Steps of Paris*, breaking the charmed sword of St. Catherine de Fierbois, in horror at the origin of the soldiers, by M. Van Lerius, is "not to be forgotten," say the notes in my Catalogue, "for its outrageous audacity." The Maid is little more modestly than the tubery postery painted off on the walls; the sutor: the other actors and actresses in the scene no less stupendous and melodramatic.

The Brussels Exhibition is happily spared any of those religious pictures in which painters of to-day, with small future before them, are too fond of measuring themselves against the masters of all time. There are no *Nativities*, *Madonnas*, *Crucifixions*—a welcome indication of the growth of modesty. Here, however, are many church pictures on Catholic legends and monastic subjects. The

Burial of a Trappist, by M. Meunier, is a striking, solemn work, tempting those who assume themselves to be realists to remark that "The artist of Rest," by Mr. Millin, and (how far apart in style) *Her Lesson's grim and solemn 'Snow Bird'* at Cologne. But the corpse-bearers here have a grandeur not reached by either English or German artists, recalling certain Florentine figures by Ghirlandajo. It is a pity that the colour is exaggerated in the lurid and grey lighting. A curious church picture running into the opposite extreme of saintly fiction, in M. Lagye's *Burial of Marguerite of Louvain*, from a Middle-Age legend, to which I can make no reference. The holy woman is lying quietly in water among antique buildings, and seen from Heaven come angling with huge wings,—this to scatter roses over her, but with a shroud's lantern to invest the sainted head with its aureole, a third bearing a portable organ for her Requiem,—each, in short, having something to do with the ceremony. Flying angels so heavily dived out in jewelled velvet, capes, coronas, chausses, stiff with caligariers and all the pomp of Papal military forces, were never, surely, seen before. Yet the picture has some merit with all its absurdity. Many times, too, has the familiar but rarely unpleasant subject of coming to and going out of church been treated: sometimes originally, as by M. Minguet, a peep of M. Wappers in no respect adorning or spicing his clever master's manner). His "skilling" (to use the Scotch word) of the church at Herenthals has a certain formality which sets off the meditative calmness of the goers homeward not unpleasantly. There is truth, there is Sabbath in the scene; and the matter-of-fact details of the building and its surroundings add to the quaint reality of the picture. But M. Minguet might, in one respect, have copied M. Wappers to advantage. His colour is cold and earthy. Am I right in fancying this to be a fault ingrained among the Low Country artists of the day?

Those well-known and favourite artists, MM. Maion and Brakelcer, exhibit this year. The former gives us the old story of the Young Lord of the Village entering the house of a retainer who is a daughter. There are pretty heads here, careful drawing, and nice colour; but the story is not clearly told,—the occupation in which the Flower of the Village and her companions are not being sufficiently obvious.—M. Brakelcer tries for broad humour in his *Chase of a Bat*, which occupies a whole farmer's household. As much discouragement and upstaging are caused by the evolutions of the farmer, as were so ridiculously shown in Rowlandson's caricature of 'Company shocked at a Lady getting up to ring a Bell'; but almost all the faces "miss fire," so far as whimsical confusion and disorder are concerned,—one excepted, that of the servant maid, who looks in at the door.—Among what may be called domestic pictures, *Shipwrecked Mariners*, by M. Rommens, may be commended; though it is not equal in pathos to works of the class by our own Mr. O'Neill, nor to that by Mr. Barwell, at our past for the same subject, but it has a certain touching picture.—M. Dillens is versatile: besides a spirited presentation of sack and siege,—the *Defeat of the Troops of the Duke d'Alençon by the Burgers of Antwerp in 1583*, full of stir, and motion—a touch or two of extravagance pardoned as permissible,—he offers a jolly lark scene on the ice, in which a most comical, somewhat heavily-built Dutch youth, and a buxom young woman made to match, are skating arm-in-arm, their laughing faces perilously close to one other. Jolly the picture is, and bright, without the least coarseness. Lastly, among subjects of this class, may be mentioned a very small cabinet picture by M. Seghers, of a widow selling diamonds to a Jew, very neatly touched—a girl at her toilet, by our estimable townswoman, hitherto mostly known by his faithful likenesses of artists—M. Baugnet;—and a *wow* blocked up at her own door by a huge monster, and released by a crowd of men, some fresh from school and full of mischief, who climb up an alley to enjoy her rage and discomfort.

No foreign Exhibition, it may be feared, could open without its scenes from 'Faust,' and M.

Koller, underlaid by the achievements of Retzsch and Schaeffer, shows the well-known four in the garden. Faust is the poet of the four,—Margaret a doll dressed in fine clothes. M. Tissot, of Paris, falls into the opposite extreme. Attempting Margaret in church, recalls attention to Margaret's coming maternity with Pro-Raphaelite intercomeliness. She is here a burgher woman of forty (aged, be it chastically suggested, by grief and shame), huddled up in abundance of heavy garments, and with a starched head-tie.

That the good men and true of Holland have not lost the old trick of the De Hooghes and Van der Heydens of elder times, some marvellously bright town views by Myndert Eisenbrecht sufficiently show. Myndert van Meer has gone further a field for his subjects: two are from Venice, two from a less hackneyed city, Spalatro in Dalmatia; all four excellent, of their kind,—first class. A first-class view of its kind, to the truth of which a stranger may swear, is the Roman bridge over the Guadalquivir at Cordova, by M. Bonnet; in the fantastic richness of its architecture, the picturesque grouping of the building, bridge and water, and the tempered glow of the South suffusing the scene, reminding the gazer of the city of every one's affections—Palermo. After this, there is no coming northward to damp green polders, and dim woods, and sheltered farm-yards, and homesteads, and Hobbinia drew, and marine storms and calms. Here is no lack of such subjects, meritoriously treated and minutely observed by Belgian, Dutch, and French exhibitors. A conventional way of treating foliage may be observed as common to all the three schools, but accuracy has been ever so much tried for: such a thing as a tree crisply touched, would be hard to find in these rooms.

As a last word, to close these imperfect notes, it may be said that our countrymen, Messrs. Ward, Egg, and Taylor, represent us favourably. Sir Edwin Landseer's *Hogback of Flanders*, too, being seen among the more solidly painted pictures to small disadvantage. It is said that large purchases have been made out of this room (principally of cattle, landscape, and domestic subjects) for America.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

A fine bronze medal, commemorative of the visit to Canada and the inauguration of the Victoria Bridge by the Prince of Wales, has been struck from the dies of Mr. Joseph Wynn. The portrait of the young Prince is very good; as a likeness perfect, as a work of Art, full of firmness, character, and beauty. It returns high credit to the medallist. Mr. R. M. Wyatt has supplied a design for the reverse, consisting of the Prince of Wales's plume of feathers, with the crown and motto, enveloped in a triumphal arch of scrolls and flowers. The work is thoroughly well done.

A fine portrait of Hobbes of Malmesbury has been recently added to the National Portrait Gallery, together with a portrait of Dunning, Lord Ashburton, by Reynolds,—the latter presented by Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P. The Gallery will be again open for admittance during the month of September, and will re-open to the public on Wednesday, October 3.

Some rare poetry of the Elizabethan period has been sold during the past week by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The following pieces are noticed among others of curious and rarity:—David's (J. of Hereford) *Scourge of Folly*, having printed on page 76 an Epigram to our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shake-speare, with the rare title by Cecil, 7f. 7s. —Crompton's Poems, being a Fardle of Fancies, 1657, 2s. 10s. —Witt's Recreations, refined for H. B. 1645, 2s. 16s. —A Poem by W. W. with both titles, but having copy of the portrait, 2s. 15s. —Taylor's Motto: at Hubeo, et Curo, et Curo, 3f. 3s. —Brathwaite's Nature's Embrace, 1621, 4f. 4s. —Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1609, 4f. 4s. —Chalkhill's Theatrum and Clearchus, 2f. 7s. —Watts of George Withier, 2f. 7s. —A Poem by W. W. with both titles, but having copy of the portrait, 2s. 15s. —Taylor's Motto: at Hubeo, et Curo, et Curo, 3f. 3s. —Brathwaite's Nature's Embrace, 1621, 4f. 4s. —Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1609, 4f. 4s. —Chalkhill's Theatrum and Clearchus, 2f. 7s. —Watts of George Withier, 2f. 7s. —A Poem by W. W. with both titles, but having copy of the portrait, 2s. 15s. —Loveless's Lucrecia, 2f. 10s. —Brathwaite's Honest Ghost, and an Ago for Apes, 4f. 6s. —A Strappado for the Devil, and Love's Labyrinth,

41. 146.—Herbert of Chertbury's Occasional Poems, 5s. 6s.—The Wit, a Poem, by Stevenson, 5s. 6s.—Fish's Supper-party, for the Beggar, 3s. 15s.—Suckling's Fragments, Aves, 2s. 5s.—Spenser's Colin Clout's come Home again, 6s. 5s.—Spencer's Complaints, 12s.—Heywood's Spider and the Fly, 12s. 15s.—Peacham's Minerva Britannia, 5s. 12s. 6d.—Greene's Quippe for an Upstart Courtier, 3s. 10s.—Davies's The Red Roofs, 5s.—Churchyard's True Discourse Historical of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands, 3s. 3s.—Seneca, his Tenne Tragedies in English Verse, 3s. 4s.—Davies's Noce Teipsun, 2s. 4s.—Davies's The Mines Turned, 2s. 4s.—(Niccolò's) (R.) Sir Thomas Overbury's Verse, 3s. 10s.—Storer's Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal, 4s. 14s.—Greene's Greatsword of Wit, 5s. 5s.—Spanish Masquerade, by the same, 4s. 7s.—Copley's (A.) A Fig for Fortune, 6s. 5s. 6d.—The Silk-worms and their Filles, by T. M., 3s. 5s.—Earl of Westmorland's Odis Sacra, 5s. 6s.—James L., The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poetrie, 4s. 10s.—Daniel's Poetical Essayes, 3s.—Lindsay's Dialogue between Experience and a Courtier, 5s.—Nash's Pierce Penilens his Supplication, 7s.—Benlow's Theophilus, or Love's Sacrifice, 10s.—At a sale under the hammer of the same auctioneers occurred six rare records by Thomas Norton, and a curious collection of early pieces on the actions of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, which produced 87l. They had been picked up in the country at a few shillings, the vendor being ignorant of their extreme rarity and bibliographical interest.

In our notice, last week, of that very useful little work, the "Lepidopterist's Calendar," the author's name was misprinted Joseph Mercier; it should have been Joseph Merrin.

The English Woman's Journal for the current month of September is, we understand, for the first time, printed by female composers at the Victoria Press.

A Correspondent sends us the following English words for the French monody on a recent national bereavement (not to order), which we gave in the original last week:—

Blind pedants, cannot ye perceive
Twere better policy to leave
A grave like this alone?
Would ye were wits like to himselfe
The legend of so base a name
Such memories to enthrone!

Our sages aliened, how can we
But sigh for fair Democracy,
And from the Purple strain
Be sure a fettered student shall
Of Lucca, and of Juvenal,
And of our Hugo learn.

Yes, we await the strokes of doom,
The hour so sure, though slow, to come
For burning hearts at last—
The hour redemptive, when France,
Up-springing from a shameful trance,
Shall dare reveal her Past.

Know, that for brighter, happier days
We jealously reserve our tears
To old traditions true—
Happy we count him who has seen
Those whose story by unfortunates flows
We sacrificed to you.

So while this tottering roof we mourn,
And to a drift-wood manor borne
Rattle a forced adieu,
While gauding a cipher's head,
We must disturb the slumbering dead
Who fell at Waterloo.

We cannot choose, brave shades—we must
With songs approach your sacred dust
To honour a Jewish son
For that inspired phantom we
Pierced invade reluctantly
The quiet of your long rest.

Sleep, dead of Waterloo, our rales
Those lifeless lids, which at such price
Could open but to weep:
For your great fallow, which we stain
The touch of this foul winding-sheet—
Sleep, vanquished heroes, sleep!

You served a hated tyrant—true;
But history records your name
Rushed joyously to die:
We, wretched rife-fellows, to shame
March lannely on, and claim not claim
That statesman's memory.

Peace to this dead, and to your grave
Still presiding to the hearts of slaves
From the Mother Earth:

Watch we, obscure and separate,
The thrives of Liberty, and wait
The long-expected birth.

And if this old ex-renal fog,
Who covered beneath a woman's rale
But verily, must sleep
Minus a few extolling strains,
The glory which the hard diddains
Belonged to be to reap.

J. B. T.

The statue of Ney, at Metz, says the *Moniteur*, is fine; it has been placed most advantageously, and makes a truly grand effect. "The renowned son of Mars" is represented in his well-known defensive attitude. Proudly lifting his head, he looks forward to meet the attack of the enemy; the expression of his face is calm and bold. The bronze hands clasp a weapon, which is just being lowered against the assailants. The great simplicity of the pedestal (a stone without any ornaments or relief) does not impair the work of the artist.

The extent of surface inclosed by the walls of Paris amounted, under Julius Cæsar, to 152,307 square metres; under Julian the Apostate, to 387,848; under Philippe-Auguste, to 2,528,633; under Charles the Fifth, to 4,391,720; under Henry the Fourth, to 5,678,178; under Louis the Fourteenth, to 11,038,975; under Louis the Sixteenth, to 33,790,307. The extension of the town to the works of the forts increases the space inclosed to 70,880,000 square metres.

On the 9th of September the little town of Damme, near Bruges, will celebrate a national festival. The monument of Jacob van Maerlant, a renowned Flemish poet of the sixteenth century, and a native of Damme, is to be inaugurated on that day by his townsmen.

Belgium, in the last eighty-one years, has had about 200 Art-exhibitions, at which 40,000 pictures have been exhibited, viz.:—13,000 at Brussels, 10,000 at Ghent, 9,000 at Antwerp, 5,000 at Liège, and 3,000 at Malines. Only since 1839 have the Belgian Art-exhibitions been of a general artistic importance.

The German journals speak in a highly eulogistic way of a Life of Michael Angelo, by Herr Hermann Grimm, the first volume of which (dedicated, polemically enough, "to the Director *von Cornelius*") has just appeared. A pointer to this biography, representing a German artist of fame, may soon be expected.—Prof. Springer, of the University of Bonn, is about to present the public with a full-length life of Albrecht Dürer.

During the seventeen years of its existence the Protestant German Union, ("Gustav-Adolf-Verein," has distributed, among the needy congregations of the country, a sum of 1,137,475 thalers. It is interesting to follow from year to year the changes in the amount of these distributions. In 1843, it was 3,596 thalers; in 1844, to 23,069, and, in 1847, even to 68,754 thalers. The years of the Revolution, leading the public interest into different channels, yielded a less plentiful harvest. In 1849, the "Verein" had to dispose of only 21,601 thalers, and it was not until 1853 that it approached the sum which was in its coffers in 1847. Since then, however, the income has increased rapidly and steadily. In 1856, the distributions amounted to 96,453, in 1858 to 134,800, and in 1859 to 160,500 thalers.

The German republic of letters has to mourn the loss of two excellent members: Baron von Wessenberg, the tolerant Bishop of Constance, a poet, whose pious mildness was allied to a good deal of manliness; and his poem "Der Kaiserstag der Deutschen," with the bitter winding up—

Hell dem Gescheckten,
Das sich der Rechte
Die Luthersucht
Einst schillingen Drama
Ein Dali-Lam:
Ein goldne Zeit!

died at the advanced age of eighty-five, at Constance; and Prof. Koenig, of the University of Greifswald (one of the poet of that name, and during his boyhood pupil of no less a tutor than Ernst Moritz Arndt), died, an advanced senarian, at Greifswald, Pomerania. In him, Germany loses one of her first philological scholars. We are sorry to see that a Dictionary of the Low-German

dialect ("Wörterbuch der Niederdeutschen Sprache älterer und neuerer Zeit"), undertaken by him a few years ago, has been completely cut off.

"Certain old familiar faces," writes a wanderer on the Continent, "have been taking such a dip in Media's cauldron, that their old familiar works would be puzzled to know them again. How effective, in Brussels, is the profuse gilding, with which a few of the new, in the Flower-market, hard by the *Hôtel de Ville*, have been lately painted out; giving a wondrous piquancy and richness to their quaint and florid architecture,—though, I doubt not, totally wrong and unimposed. At Liège, the Cathedral is undergoing a thorough renovation;—let us say, however, that no one will think of touching up the painted interior of the Church of St. Jacques there. At Cologne the change amounts to fairy work,—what is more, the work of a good fairy,—what is more, the work of a good work-a-day fairy of the days we live in. Two months more will see the roof on the nave of the Cathedral; the framework of the central apse is already up in air. Two years more are to offer the church complete, with the exception of its towers. The skeleton of the entire roof is almost complete;—the roofing to be finished ere the bad weather sets in,—or not! So, too, is the skeleton of the entire choir, and the choir-vaulting is already in the low octagonal lantern promised by every print of the completed building,—being one of those taper minarets hardly getting beyond the importance of a pinnacle, such as shot up the other day on the roof of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*. This leads me to speak of what will be a sorrow to all masons, though rendered inevitable by the original design. The four central piers, at the intersection of the cross, prove, as I have long foreseen, too slender to bear anything ponderous at such a vast height. Therefore, a light composition of iron tracery with a central pylon, as a support, so as to look like stone to those far beneath, is, of necessity, not choice, resorted to. Were I the architect, I would have it gilt, not falsified by painting,—that is, if gold out of doors will stand better in the Rhine than in our Thames atmosphere. Among the other works in the foreground in this day has been the cleaning and completion of the windows in the aisle that face the new Bavarian windows on the corresponding aisle. They are pale, poor even in colour, queer in design,—but there is a reality in the ancient, which there is not in the modern, glaze. They belong to their place; the others pretend to do so,—masquerade-wise. The nearer that this superb structure approaches completion the more is confirmed a fancy, long ago expressed—namely, that when completed, it may look disproportionately short and compressed, its great height counteracted. No matter: its completion will be one of the few artistic architectural glories of this half-century. Twelve years additional will be required after the Devil's Crane, well known to legend lovers, has been taken down, to finish the two grand towers and spires which flank the portals.—Never surely, were old things and more unobtrusively contrasted than at this spot. A wholesale clearance has been made behind the Cathedral to admit the great new Central Railway Station, from which, by a curve on arches, by no means unpicturesque, the road to Deutz is carried across the new bridge of iron lattice-work.

The plainness and absence of ornament in this structure (strong exception being taken against the style of the towers which flank either entrance) are simply and naturally compensated for by an accidental effect, arising from the manner of construction. In place of the boiler-like wall of our tubular bridges, the six rows of battlements, seen from a short distance, produce an effect positively Oriental,—reminding one of the Cairene traceries, which figure so delicately in Mr. Lewis's water-colour drawings.—The new Gallery, for the reception of the pictures and curiosities in the old Museum, a few hundred yards from the Cathedral, is a curious direction, is good,—a composition of a tall and ample central body, with two wings well proportioned in height,—amenable, however, to the charge which may be brought against most modern German buildings, a predilection for flatness and want of shadow,—in intention chaste, in

result insipid. But ere a paragraph grows into a letter, I had better have done.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND ART.—Open Daily, from Twelve to Half-past Four, and from Seven to Half-past Ten.—Admission to the whole of the Interior: none to the Exhibition, or the Hall.

DR. BAUMHUTNER, F.R.S., Sole Lecturer and Manager.

SCIENCE

The Nature-Printed British Sea-Weeds. By W. G. Johnston and A. Crossl. Vol. IV. (Bradbury & Evans).—The concluding volume of this beautifully illustrated work now appears, and comprises the Chloro-permæ, together with a sketch of the history of British sea-weeds, their geographical distribution, structure, uses, collection, preservation and arrangement; added to which we have a useful bibliography of the science, a glossary of botanical terms, and the general index. As the editors specially refer to "their genial, albeit jealous and also half-sarcastic reviewer in the *Athenæum*," he feels bound to acknowledge their notice, and to renew his expressions of devotion to the seven seaweed virgins. For the sake of those "lily-handed maidens so daintily occupied," to use the editor's words, and for their sakes alone, has he waded through so many pages of dense technicalities from Actinococcus to Worskolkidia. All the reward he solicits is a word walk and a word talk with the said lily-handed maidens. He pictures them parading the shore charming and arm-full, and is ready at a day's notice to join them with "tin vasculum, and oil-skin bag, and small bottles with corks," and all other useful accessories for collecting. Surely he deserves this reward, for he has done his best with such succeeding volume to characterize and immortalize the lily-handed Seven, and how interesting to see them "blush to find it fame!" If the Seven be too many, can there not be an arrangement for three, or two, or at least one? Such an arrangement would greatly tend to the advancement of Algology. But, perhaps the editors are secretly jealous of the reviewer's devotion to the sea-symphies, and will offer no facilities. Alas! such is the ingratitude of the wide world—even of the wood world—and the reviewer fears he has no other consolation better than that suggested by Longfellow in his 'Spanish Student'—(alightly accommodated):—

I will forget them! All dear recollections
Faded in my heart, like sea-weeds in a book,
I shall be torn out and scattered to the winds!
I will forget them!

—Yet one word only. Is this enforced oblivion necessary? The two parties ought to be consulted. We feel assured the sea-weed virgins will not, and wish not to forget us. Not one of them, not the whole seven of them, can remember a hundredth part of the scientific names in these pages, but not one of them would forget ours if once revealed. Why should not the editors enable us to subscribe it in philosophical devotion and duty? Do they not now hear the said seven virgins singing thus in plaintive *lyp*!

Lily-handed on the shore,
Vasculum and trap in hand,
Still we wander, and deep in the land,
No one ever sees us from the land.
Where is he who wields the pen,
Recording us in public view?
He of all reviewing men,
Smoothest hearted, tender, true,
Oh that he would meet us here,
On the weed-matted beach!
Gentle, gleeful, genial,
Come thou, learn the lore we teach!

—A line will reach us addressed to Philo-Phycologist.

The Geological Examiner. By David Page. (Blackwood & Sons).—Sixteenpennyworth of geological questioning upon the subjects of Mr. Page's books is found in this useful tract. Anybody could put the questions, but only careful men can answer them; they are all such as would arise on a glance at the books, but something more than a glance must precede the requisite replies. Hence, all such questions will prove good tests of advancement. When one of the Civil Service Examination questions was recently repeated in the House

of Commons, it occasioned "great laughter," and it was this—"State when the *Urogonia* and *Cycloid* fishes began to appear." The Speaker sarcastically hinted that this would puzzle even the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They who expose themselves to such questionings, may practise with this 'Geological Examiner,' which also serves as an Index of the age of books—all three of which we have noticed as they appeared, and the last not long since. We ourselves have tried questioning, in the case of young friends. A recent answer to one of our questions was in one sense very bad, but in another, not bad. Question—"What animals are comprehended under the term *Articulata*?" Answer—"All those that can articulate."

Flora Capensis; being a Systematic Description of the Plants of the Cape Colony, Caffraria, and Port Natal. By W. H. Harvey and O. W. Sonder. Vol. I. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith & Co.)—Home and Colonial botanists will be grateful for this first volume of a laborious and accurate descriptive catalogue. Only zealous botanists can well appreciate a book of more than 500 pages of pure science, without illustrations or relief of any kind. It was necessary that public aid should be extended to such an undertaking; and it is well that the Parliament of South Africa has granted a subsidy, at the rate of 150*l.* per volume for the publication, at the same time leaving the whole impression at the disposal of the authors. Sir George Grey did more than this; for, by a Government notice, he invited contributions of dried specimens of plants, and undertook to forward the same to the authors free of expense. The fashion of favouring science being thus established, the authors have found numerous friends and co-operators. "It is a real pleasure," say they, "to receive a packet, large or small, of Dr. Pappé's personal collections; for not only are the specimens themselves well selected and correctly labelled, but they are most carefully dried, fastened without being squeezed, and never tangled or interwoven." This is an acknowledgment and a hint at the same time. Sir William Hooker is thanked, and recorded as the deviser of the work and the adviser of its authors. We cannot but regret that the Colonial Parliament should not double their grant, and warrant the cost of illustrations. So many of the plants being strange to us, we absolutely need figures. A hint, however, is thrown out of a *Thesaurus Capensis*, in which figures of plants are to appear. Dr. Harvey will certainly aid his botanical reputation by the completion of this laborious work, and his co-editor will share his good report. This first volume includes forty-seven orders, forty-one of the sub-class Thalamifloræ, and six out of the sub-class Calycifloræ: the latter will be continued in the second volume. At least five volumes of the dimensions of the first are expected and projected, and ten years will be required for their publication entire. Such is the intention; but, alas! some of us may ourselves be dried plants or fruitful soil for living plants ere Volume V. appears, with Index and "General Introduction." These scientific botanists are always champions amongst the premenials! Our brief prayer is—

May Doctor Harvey be alive
And well—to edit volume five;
And may the thousand and five hundred pages
Will rank him with the loudest seas!

Flora of Cambridgehire; or, a Catalogue of Plants found in the County of Cambridge, with References to Former Catalogues, and the Localities of the Rarer Species. By C. C. Babington. (Van Voorst).—Fully answers to its full title. As a mere catalogue, it will prove very useful to all local botanists, particularly in its ample and careful list of localities, to extend which numerous neighbouring botanists have contributed. A table of the geographical distribution of plants distinguishes their growth either upon chalk, clay, or fen-land; and a concluding chapter upon the vegetation of the Fens, a *terra incognita* to most botanists, exhibits a complete list of the plants recently found growing in Wicken Fen. The common sedge (*Cladium mariscus*), which forms the great mass of the herbage, is still regarded in the Fens as a crop, although uncultivated. Formerly, it was considered valuable in the undrained districts, and

was largely used for lighting fires at Cambridge and other places. Yet this book in hand, the would-be Wranglers may find health and recreation in taking their daily "constitutive"; and the dwellers in such dull, chalky, and half-wasted wastes as Royston may discover something alive, and green, and fresh, and growing—at least in the outskirts.

SOCIETIES

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Aug. 6. —J. W. Douglas, Esq., President, in the chair. —The President exhibited some specimens of *Strachanopoda pedalis* one of the Tineina, of which only two examples had hitherto been captured in this country. He had lately found it in abundance amongst elder trees at Levensham. He was informed by Prof. Boheman that the moth was not uncommon in Sweden; but the larva did not appear to have been noticed since the days of Linnaeus. He also called attention to the extraordinary size and form of the hind legs, which, however, did not appear to be employed in walking by the insect.—Mr. Bond exhibited some pupæ of a *Trochilium*, lately taken by Mr. G. King of Torquay. He observed that the insect appeared identical with the *Trochilium Phidantiforme* of the Continent, of which he exhibited some examples from Spain.—Mr. Janson exhibited three species of *Coleoptera*, hitherto unrecorded as natives of Britain: viz., *Cu perforatus*, *Cantharis elongata*, and *Brachosoma indigena*, all recently discovered in the Black Forest, Perthshire.—Mr. Waring exhibited beautiful examples of *Acidalia rubricata* and *Lichostoma nitens*, from Brandon, Suffolk.—Mr. Mitford exhibited a fine series, including both sexes, of *Nematus cupressella*. The male of this species was previously unknown, although the female had been frequently found in various parts of England.—Mr. F. Walker exhibited an extraordinary variety of *Lasiommatia Myrica* from Guernsey.—Mr. Waterhouse read a paper on the Distinguishing Characters of Obscure Species of *Coleoptera*, and exhibited examples of the insects.—Mr. Rye exhibited *Delaster diaphana*, found in a house at Glasgow, also a female of *Odonatus mobilicornis*, and a male example of *Rhyacionia betuleti*, destitute of the spines which characterize this species.—Mr. Westwood read a communication from Dr. Verriest detailing his experiments made to ascertain the cause of the diversity of colour in the pupæ of *Papilio Machaon*.—Mr. Tegetmeier described a series of experiments to ascertain whether there existed any natural means for preventing combined interbreeding in the honey bee. It was well known that such interbreeding amongst verberate animals tended to deterioration and ultimately to extinction of the race. It had been alleged that continuous interbreeding was not injurious to the bee, the young queens being supposed to be fertilized by the drone bees, and the consequence being that the drones of the contrary, and consequently bred from the same parent. It was well known that if a stranger worker-bee attempted to enter a hive, it is at once seized by the guards, and, unless it succeeds in escaping, quickly stung to death. Mr. Tegetmeier's experiments sufficiently proved that the drones of the contrary, are common to all the hives in an apiary, that drones taken out of one hive and placed in the entrance of another, enter it without molestation, and that drones marked as they flew forth from one hive, on their return entered the hives indiscriminately. He contended, therefore, even supposing the queen is always fertilized by the drone inhabiting the hive in which she is reared, that continuous interbreeding must be impossible.—Mr. Westwood read a paper 'On the Effects of Time and Heat in the Development of certain Lepidoptera,' being the results of most elaborate experiments by Mr. Van Voren, on *Spilax lignaria* and other species.—Mr. Scott read descriptions of four new species of *Coleoptera* recently discovered in this country.—The publication of the sixth part of the current volume of the Society's Transactions was announced.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Nov. Entomological, &c.

FINE ARTS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAVING EXAMINED the 'Report' of the Council of the Royal Academy to its Members from a copy officially furnished to ourselves, we shall now proceed to do the like with an 'Abstract of the Constitution and Laws of the Royal Academy of Arts in London,' dated the current year, and which may therefore be supposed to contain something like a just epitome of the rules by which this anomalously constituted body is governed, or, rather, by which it governs itself. In the receipt of this we are similarly favoured.

Sixteen months ago we informed our readers that application to the Secretary for a copy of the Laws of the Royal Academy brought a polite reply, that the said Laws had not been printed since 1815, since which certain changes had been made in them, and that the propriety of reprinting them was under consideration. In the interval the Academy seems to have made the awful plunge, and no longer made shivering at the brink of a purpose, but feeling itself once in for it, has not only entrusted the guarded secrets to the printer, but absolutely invited public discussion upon the subject by sending a copy to ourselves. In what wisdom, or in what ponderous tomes, these weighty decrees have been deposited for forty-five years we forbore to inquire, and shall briefly express ourselves as at a loss to know how the society was steered for nearly half a century, when of necessity the majority of its Members must have been ignorant of the Laws by which they lived, moved, and had their being. Might not an unwary Associate readily come to grief in offending against these Laws, of which the terrible Nine seem to have been the sole exponents? What would the Council do to a man who sinned through ignorance? Having no alternative, we reprinted the latest edition in full [*Athen.* Nos. 1640-1-2], and in No. 1643 collated the same with an earlier edition, bearing date 1815. We showed that between this time and 1815 the changes had been most important, and such as largely to increase the power and monopoly of the Royal A.A., at the expense of the Associates and of all non-academic artists, to such a degree, in fact, as to revolutionize the respective portions of all parties. We shall now examine what further changes have taken place. It will be needless to repeat the unaltered Rules.

Abstract of the Constitution and Laws of the Royal Academy of Arts in London.

SECT. I.—MEMBERS.

8. There shall be another class of Members, not exceeding four in number, consisting of Academicians and Associates, who shall be called Academician Engravers and Associates of the Royal Academy. Such class, not exceeding four, may, at the discretion of the Academy, consist of a less number, and the proportion of Academicians shall not exceed two.

Note.—That although such class of engravers shall be considered, as before, a distinct class, their privileges and obligations as Associate and Academician Engravers, shall in no other respect differ from those respectively of the Twenty Associates and Forty Academicians.

That future vacancies in the original class of Six Associate Engravers shall not be filled up.

This rule stood thus, according to the ancient decree—

8. There shall be another order of Members, not exceeding six in number, who shall be called Associate Engravers of the Royal Academy.

This important change in the constitution of the Academy took place a few years since, and in deference to much public remonstrance, the Academicians, finding that the best engravers would not submit to be hopelessly confined to the mere "degree," or "rank," for so is the grade diversely styled, of Associate. In the Report which we recently examined, much credit was taken for the extension of the full grade by the extraordinary number of two (!). But let us see how grossly grinding this has been conceded. The number is limited to

four, and may be made fewer, "at the discretion of the Academy." Does this mean the Council, or general body? We should like to know which. This power is taken to reduce the exemptions to concession at pleasure. Why, even, should the number be limited to four, unless, indeed, the Academicians are ashamed of their own deed? There is no limit to the respective proportions of the painters, sculptors, and architects; and in a self-selected body one would have thought it possible to limit the proportions according to some standard, without gratuitously insulting an important branch of the profession. In the Report it is stated, that the number of each class has never been rigidly defined.—"The Forty have generally comprehended about thirty painters,—the remainder, sculptors and architects." If no inconvience has been experienced by this arrangement, why is the bar sinister put upon the engravers? The reason why one branch of the profession has absorbed three-fourths of the honours is, with delightful ingenuously, stated to be the necessity of making the Exhibition "pay" (upon which all depends) by the superior popularity of pictorial art; and we are further informed by the same authority, that the "want of local accommodation for the due exhibition of works in sculpture and of architectural designs," may be regarded as one of the reasons for this state of things.

In the revised rule 5, the Academy provides itself with an antiquary.

SECTION II.—GOVERNMENT OF THE SOCIETY.

In the revised edition a new rule has been interpolated thus—

11. If any Member of the Council shall have failed to attend in his place for eight successive Meetings, such Member shall be considered to have vacated his seat in the Council, and the seat so vacated shall be filled up according to the provisions of the following Law.

In the revised edition is identical with that numbered 11, in the old edition. To make the above clear, we repeat the same:—

11. When the seat of a Member of Council shall have become vacant within the first year of the period of his service, by death, resignation, or otherwise, the rights and duties attached to it shall immediately devolve on the Treasurer for the residue of the said year, or on the Keeper, should the Treasurer be of the Council by rotation. The vacant seat for the second year shall be declared by the President, at the Annual General Meeting on the 10th of December; and after the usual nomination of persons to serve by rotation in the ensuing Council, a Member shall be appointed by lot, from amongst all the Academicians (except those who serve by rotation in the succeeding year), to supply the vacancy so declared. The appointment by lot shall be in the following manner: The names of each Academician present, written by himself, and each absent Academician, written by the Secretary, shall be put in a box, and shaken together; the President shall then draw forth one name, which shall decide the appointment. When the seat of a Member of Council shall have become vacant within the second year of the period of his service, the residue of the said second year shall be supplied according to the regulation before applied to the residue of the first year.

In the revised edition, the following additions are to be found:—

14. The President and Secretary being always of the Council, their names are to be omitted in such List of Rotation.

19. The Secretary to draw the line in the book of attendance of the Council immediately at the expiration of half-an-hour after the time of meeting specified in the summons: Members not attending before the line is drawn, to forfeit their share of the remuneration of Council.

20. Members withdrawing from Council before the business of the evening is concluded, and so reducing the number below a quorum, the Meeting can no longer be deemed a quorum.

21. No correspondence or communication connected with the business of the Royal Academy shall be carried on without the concurrence of the Council; routine business of departments excepted.

25. If any Academician, Associate, or Associate Engraver shall have wholly neglected during a period of seven years to communicate personally or by letter with the Secretary, so as to afford the means of authentic information as to his existence and place of residence, he shall be considered as having ceased to be a Member of the Royal Academy, and his place shall be declared vacant accordingly.

SECTION III.—OFFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

The duties of the Secretary and Keeper remain unchanged. Those of the Treasurer have an allusion made in them, which looks as if the Secretary were freeing themselves from the minute supervision of the Crown.

The old rule 6, provides that the quarterly bills, with their abstract, and the annual account, having passed the Council, shall be approved by the reigning Sovereign. This is omitted in the new version, as we presume, however much inclined to meddle George the Third might be, Her present Majesty does not exhibit an intense interest in such details.

The Auditors are increased from two to three, two to form a quorum, and their report upon the annual account is to be made by the Council, before the General Assembly in the month of January every year. In the event of the demise or resignation of any of the Auditors, it is in the power of the Council to appoint one of their own body to officiate for the remainder of the year.

The Librarian's duties have been extended from that of attending in the Library from ten till four "every Monday when the Academy is open," to doing the same on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, during the same period. We may inquire why the Library of the Academy should not be always open; surely the presence of a servant would be sufficient to prevent mischief, presuming the students were so inclined. The Royal Academy Library contains some works which may be useful to artists, and it is really an antiquated absurdity to close it for the greater part of the year.

The Librarian's services of a Clerk are provided for the assistance of the Secretary.

In defining the duties of the Professors we observe a great improvement that has been in practical operation for many years. The Perspective Professor is to give "a course of instruction," in perspective, in six parts, lecturing "7 weeks respectively" and "the most useful propositions in Geometry" (!) in six lectures is something like the offer to teach a language in six lessons,—where a good deal is supposed to depend on the capacity of the student. The principles of the sciences are to be "fully and largely taught," instead of being merely "illustrated" as of yore: a notable improvement. The next paragraph provides for the commencement of this "course of instruction" early in November, "in place of the first Monday in January, as before."

Rule 22, provides that,—Every Professor shall be required to give two years after his election to prepare his lectures; but if he fails to deliver his whole course within the third year, or if he subsequently quits to deliver them for three years, he shall be deemed to have resigned his office, and it shall be immediately declared vacant.

Rule 23, is added.—There shall be elected annually, from amongst the Academicians, nine persons who shall be called Visitors of the School of Painting. They shall be painters or other persons properly qualified: their business shall be to attend one each month, by rotation, twice a week, for two hours each time, to set the correct model, to direct the progress of the students, and afford them such instruction as may be necessary.

The 27th rule provides that the Visitors who go out by rotation shall be eligible for re-election.

SECTION V.—ELECTIONS.

Election of Members.

By rule 12, all vacancies of Academicians shall be filled up within a period not less than three months, to be regulated by Council: no election being allowed to take place before the 1st of August, or after the 1st of November in each year. When the General Assembly shall determine to fill any vacancy or vacancies in the class of Academician

Engravers, the election shall take place at the end of three months from the date of such decision; but no election shall take place during the months of August, September and October. The Secretary shall give one month's notice of the election to the Academicians, and the election shall be a list of the Associates; but the omission of this, by neglect or otherwise, shall not impede the election.

3. When more than one vacancy of an Academician or an Associate is to be filled up, separate ballots shall be taken for each, and the vacancies filled up as they appear on the list.

4. On the day of election each Academician shall deliver his marked list to the President, which list shall be scrutinized, and the two Associates who are found to have the greatest number of suffrages, shall be balloted for; and he who has the majority shall be deemed duly elected.

These alterations are important. The old rule provided that the vacancies occurring on or before the 10th of November should be filled up on the 10th of February.—"Unless the vacancy happen by a Member dying abroad, in which case a notice of it shall be made by the President to the General Assembly, on or before the 10th of November; otherwise the election shall be postponed for one year." Now, therefore, the elections may take place at any period except those reserved. The retention of the right of Academician Engravers will be noticed. By the 5th Law, the period for presenting a diploma work on the part of the Academicians Elect is made to be "six months after election," instead of "on or before the 1st of October next ensuing his election." The following sentence is added:—"On the deposit of such diploma work, the vacancy in the list of Academicians shall be declared, but no proceedings to fill up such vacancy shall take place until the diploma of the Royal Academician Elect has been received the signature of the Queen. Every Engraver, on being elected an Academician, shall deposit in the Academy a proof impression of his works, subject to the approval of Council. He shall also be required to present to the Academy a proof impression of each of his works executed subsequently to his election as an Academician Engraver."

In the rule directing the election of Associates, the word "Engraver" has been introduced, of course; otherwise it is unchanged.

7. Candidates for the degree of Associate, being exhibitors in the current Exhibition, or in that of the year immediately preceding, shall sign their names on a paper left for that purpose in the Academy during the month of May in each year; which list shall be immediately printed, and sent to each of the Academicians. No Engraver shall be a candidate for the rank of Associate who shall not have exhibited in the Royal Academy a specimen of his engraving which has not been elsewhere publicly exhibited. But if an Engraver, being a candidate for the rank of Associate, shall not be prepared at the time of exhibition with an engraving which has not been elsewhere publicly exhibited, he may submit to the Council during the month of May specimens which have not been elsewhere publicly exhibited; and he shall comply with all other conditions required from candidates for the rank of Associate.

It will be seen that the old offensive regulation, which has, we think, done the Academy more injury than any other of its arbitrary laws, of compelling the applicants for the Association to inscribe their names, is still adhered to. The old rule made no condition of exhibiting in the Royal Academy in the current or preceding year. This retains a certain power in the hands of the Council of rejecting an artist's work from exhibition altogether, so as to deprive him even the privilege of seeing the hat round, so to speak, for votes. A power like this may be used with effect by an irresponsible body like the Council, or their agents, the Hanging Committee. We do not understand why the Association is styled a "class" in the other classes, but a "rank" is that of the engravers. The old rules, 8, 9, and 10, are omitted altogether. The revised rule 10 states, "That the vacancies of Associates occurring before

the 1st of August shall be filled up in the month of January following, and their election conducted in the same manner as those of the Academicians. Rule 14 provides that the election of officers shall similarly take place on the 5th, and be declared on the 10th of February.

SECTION VI.—PENSNS.

The Secretary's salary is increased from 140*l.*, with 150*l.* per annum in lieu of apartments, to 200*l.*, and the same allowance for apartments. That of the Keeper is made 200*l.* in place of 160*l.* The Treasurer remains at 100*l.* per annum. The Librarian has had his salary doubled, being originally 60*l.*, but now 120*l.*. The Clerk is paid 120*l.* and has an apartment provided for him. The Housekeeper's salary, for herself and assistants, is increased from 70*l.* to 100*l.* per annum. The two Porters receive 40*l.*, instead of fifty guineas, each, and the Assistant 30*l.*, in place of 40*l.*

PENSIONS.

1. To an Academician, a pension not exceeding 150*l.* per annum, provided the sum given does not make his annual income exceed 200*l.*—2. To an Associate, a pension not exceeding 75*l.* per annum, provided the sum given does not make his annual income exceed 160*l.*—3. To a widow of an Academician, a pension not exceeding 75*l.* per annum, provided the sum given does not make her annual income exceed 160*l.*—4. To a widow of an Associate, a pension not exceeding 45*l.* per annum, provided the sum given does not make her annual income exceed 100*l.*—No. 5, remains the same as No. 25, of the old code, and directs that every applicant for a pension shall produce proof of their situation and circumstances, and compels the President and Council rigidly to investigate the same, &c.

The increased means at the disposal of the Academicians having enabled them to devote larger sums to pensions of members of their body, the rules of the other edition, from No. 1 to 25, are omitted: the Academy having got wealth beyond the utmost sum anticipated in the last edition of their Laws, which only provided a scale of pensions on the attainment of 20,000*l.* of the Pension Fund. The list of the framers of the old laws anticipate the extraordinary increase in the funds of the institution, that we observe they provided that, when the Pension Fund reached 20,000*l.*, 3 per cent., all surplus should be applied to the general purposes of the Academy.—Rule 6, is identical with No. 34, but with the following most important addition, introduced not very long ago, we presume, for more than one case is fresh in the minds of the public where Academicians have neglected to contribute to the Exhibition for far longer than five years. The rule is a most salutary one thus strengthened:—"Any Academician or Associate who shall omit exhibiting as the Royal Academy for five successive years, unless from superannuation or illness, shall cease to be a Member of the Royal Academy."

We may conclude for the present with hearty congratulating the Royal Academy upon the sensible addition to their Rules, as relates to the pension of members with whom the Council can be dissatisfied. Indeed, we think, considering the social rank of most Academicians and Associates, that a still further increase would not be unjustifiable. We shall resume this examination, probably, in the next number; meanwhile, may express our hope that the publication of the Report and new edition of the Rules is but preliminary to a great reform. We may repeat our conviction, that the system is worse than the men who have to administer it.

FINE-ART GOSPEL.—We hear that at the private view of the new Exhibition of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, on Saturday last, the sales realized 1,400*l.*, being a considerable improvement on the sales last year, which produced the then unprecedented amount of 1,150*l.* The amount realized is about equally divided between British and foreign artists.

The prize of 100*l.* offered by the Art-Union of London for a series of outlines from the 'Idylls of the King' has been awarded by them to Mr. Paolo Piroli, of Edinburgh. The Honorary premium of

27*l.* has been awarded to each of the series which were found to be by Mr. Alexander Rowan, of Infield Terrace, Stockwell, and Mr. E. H. Courboud. The premium of 51*l.* 10*s.* for the sculpture group of Alfred in the Danish camp has been given to Mr. Thomas Dimsdale.

A proposal is on foot to erect a bronze statue of Sir John Franklin at Spilisbury in Lincolnshire, his native place. The costliness of such an affair is at present the obstacle to its being carried out, and the Committee are to learn from a letter in the *Times*, in some fear that this most desirable and, in truth, just tribute to one of the most English of all Englishmen will not be realized unless supported with energy by the brave old navigator's numerous friends and admirers. The last, indeed, are all his countrymen, amongst whom it would be strange indeed if the effort failed.

Mr. Layard has addressed a letter to the *Times* upon the vexed question of the condition of our Art-Collections, to which the energetic condemnation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently drew attention. Like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Layard advocates the placing our National Art Collections under one intelligent and responsible head, a proceeding which would soon put an end to the ridiculous state of confusion in which they are. He considers the Report of the Committee on the British Museum "a positive insult to the common sense of the House of Commons and the public." He states that an excellent report was proposed by Mr. Gregory, the chairman, founded upon the evidence of a large number of independent, able, and experienced witnesses. This report fully answered the inquiries of the House; and Mr. Layard declares that if the recommendations it contained were carried out in the future arrangement and exhibition of the collection and administration of the establishment, order would have been introduced. A proposal to substitute for these, ten recommendations made by a former Commission, "the whole matter should be referred to the Trustees, because it is conceived that the responsibility for architectural results would mainly henceforth attach to the Trustees" as a corporate body, was carried by a majority of one in a division of six to five. The Committee, Lord Elibon, Messrs. Pallen and Mr. Milnes—being absent, and the chairman unable to vote, the amendment was carried by the Trustees and Government Members with the exception of Mr. Knight. A recommendation that the keeper of any collection which was affected by any question before the Trustees should be called before "the Board" when considering its conservation, arrangement or augmentation, or the construction or alteration of the buildings for it, was struck out. A suggestion as to new and additional arrangement was negatived. Mr. Layard's suggestion that the collections of natural History and Art and Antiquities should be separated was at once rejected. Mr. Layard states that the Committee begin by declaring that they divide their reply into four heads, which they specify, and end by passing over altogether the second, third, and fourth, and only referring to the first required for the collection; and give no reply to the third—as regards the "space required for the Antiquities." As regards the fourth question,—the structural conditions required for the proper arrangement of the collections—and by not answering any question with reference to any department whatever, they stultify their own commencement. In fact, the Committee expressly named by the Commons to inquire into, and report upon, the arrangement and condition of the British Museum, return for answer that it had better be left in the hands of the Trustees, who make administration and the consequent incompetency people assert to be the cause of the present confusion. Mr. Layard believes that the South Kensington Museum came triumphantly out of the recent inquiry, because it is not subject to the incubus of trusteeship, but has a responsible head. He fears for the National Gallery, as being situated as the British Museum is, despite the efforts of Sir C. Eastlake; and concludes with a fully-calculated lamentation over the present position of the

Boudrin Marbles, placed in a glazed case under the portico of the British Museum; these he asserts himself to have found, on a recent rainy day, no exposed to the weather, that a stream of water was actually pouring upon the head of one of the best statues in the collection; and, to his disgust, on visiting the Assyrian sculptures, he found them somewhat similarly exposed. Mr. Layard bids us remember that the material of these valuable works of Art is peculiarly obnoxious to injury from the effects of damp.

French Art has recently lost one of its greatest and most characteristic ornaments by the decease of M. Alexandre Gabriel Decamps. There was something so peculiarly French about his works that the least experienced critic would at once designate them as the productions of one of that nation. Bold, picturesque, impressive, by vigorous dealing with the qualities of light and shade and tone, and exhibiting extraordinary dramatic power of conception, they take the fancy and feelings of the spectator at once in a manner which is quite indescribable. When you look into very many of them, there seems to be nothing more than an active fancy can shape when brooding over some time-stained wall or vision in the house-fire. We feel the spirit of the designer impressed upon us at once, as that of a man to whom effort and light and shade have the same poetic associations as those to which music links itself in most minds. Yet, again, their dramatic spirit is marvellous, and whether dealing with the passage of a line of Arabs across a ford after sundown, or the grim line of the dead that are chained against the wall in his 'Tour de Bontemps,' the end achieved is the same, and the tale is marvellously related; and the long dark lanes held on high, tall as picturesquely and suggestively in the one as does the unsteady glimmer of the lamp-flame that does but reveal glistening corpses propped against the dungeon-wall in the other. With these remarkable faculties of design, he united the even rarer quality of superb and deep colouring, and vigorous, unconventional drawing in his pictures. The best known amongst these is the famous 'Defeat of the Cimbr,'—a work which realized to the utmost the idea of a desperate and savage fight with the remnants of a disciplined and undisciplined. All who have seen this extraordinary work speak in terms of admiration of the impressive character of the background—a part of a picture which is sure to display the Art-tone of the painter. Amongst the most common subjects he chose, were French and Algerian domestic themes, in which he displayed rare feeling for what we can find no better name for than picturesque humour in the highest sense. In 1829, he travelled in the East, and produced as the result several pictures of Cairo and Constantinopolitan life. His monkey studies, wherein are seen monkeys with a perfectly fascinating grotesque resemblance to the human countenance on their faces, are famous in France. They mostly represent apes going through various artistic or critical operations and manœuvres. Some of the most celebrated of his productions comprise the series of nine illustrations of the Life of Samson,—astonishingly vigorous works, executed in charcoal heightened with white. Besides these, his 'Watch Guard at Smyrna,' 'Turkish Guard-room,' 'Turkish School,' and 'The Siege of Clermont,' are the best. Decamps was born in Paris, 1803, lived a good deal in the environs thereof, and was fond of dogs and field-sports. It is related of him, that he was in the habit of modelling little wax figures to suit the designs he had in hand, and having dressed them, to employ them as models for use in his pictures. An immense number of his sketches and pictures are known in England through the lithographic drawings of Eugène Le Roux.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN.—LAST WEEK OF ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—It is respectfully announced that these will be the last of the series of ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS, which have been engaged for the next three weeks, and which will be given on SATURDAY NEXT, September 2, the Band and Chorus being engaged for the 10th, 17th, and 24th. The programme of the arrangements for the last Night will be duly announced. On Monday, September 4, the 10th Night will be duly announced. On Wednesday, September 6, the 12th Night will take place, being the BENEFIT CONCERT for the benefit of the ALFRED MELLON.—Programme, and Chorus, Commencing at Eight.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FOREIGN VOCAL MUSIC.

Leopoldo Koeuch's celebrated Ariettes, Cantatas, &c.—1 to 6. (London & Co.)—This is the class of disinterment; and here comes up a name which has, perhaps, been too contemptuously forgotten. Leopold Koeuch (the second of the two Bohemian composers of the name) was in the world between 1753, his birth-year, and 1814, that of his death. In 1792, he succeeded Mozart as composer to the Imperial Chapel in Vienna, and for a long time was the fashionable composer in a metropolis: there being able even to make some head against Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. This last biographical detail now reads almost like a joke; almost parallel instances could be found in the passing popularity of such fertile folk as Steibelt, Ignace Pleyel (who pairs by the way, in point of musical value, not badly with Koeuch), and among contemporaries, M. H. Herz.—Leopold Koeuch exercised himself in all forms of composition. Among his opera were a 'Dido,' a 'Deborah,' and a 'Judith,' among his oratorios a 'Moses in Egypt.' Not a note of these, it may be averred, travelled far beyond the bastions of Vienna; but there was a time when Koeuch's chamber-music—in the solid form of Symphonies for one or more instruments—was the delight of amateurs; and this not altogether unreasonably. He possessed a real vein of melody. The themes of some of his slow movements linger in the ear by reason of their distinctness and rare savour; neither, though Koeuch can at best be counted as only a second-rate composer, are they chargeable with that characteristic adoption of the popular style, originated by greater men, such as (to illustrate) makes much of Winter's opera-music so utterly insupportable.—These six Ariettes do not equal the merit of fresh and original instrumental melodies referred to; but they are masterpieces of beauty and symmetry, if they are compared with the aimless chains of disagreeable phrases which we have been invited to accept for ideas by the New-German prophets (observe the new designation of those who, having no personal acquaintance with Koeuch, are unanimously designated by the title of "musicians for the future")—In No. 3, repetition of the simplest of fancies, a happy effect is produced. No. 5 may be the exception proving the rule, so far as the avoidance of imitation above noted is concerned.—*L'Adieu* of Mozart was written first. With these may be mentioned the recantation of *Serki's celebrated Ariettes, Duets, Notturni, &c.* (same publishers): another series of short compositions in the Viennese-Italian style, hardly so good as Koeuch's, still not despicable. Last, and, of course, best, must be mentioned Mozart's *Aria, Dans un bois solitaire* (same publishers) a fine song in Mozart's best manner—one of the few, so far as we recollect, written by him to French words.

The disinterment (or re-issue is it?) of Tiedje's '*Crusac*,' set by Himmel (same publishers), is not among the happy thoughts of the time. The best of the original position is not to be disguised by the best version; neither does the music by Himmel, one of the Respectables of German composition, redeem the cumbersome and mystical affections of the text. *The Cantata*, in brief, is not worth reprinting or re-issuing.

Six Two-Part Songs, by Franz Abt (Ewer & Co.), bear, to a certain degree, their own criticism on their title-page, which announces them as the hundred and seventy-fourth work of a German writer known only to a very few in England. They are pretty, simple, and tuneable; but freshness is wanting to them. The work would be translated from the German by Mr. Ozonford.

Two songs '*Sei sein vater*' and '*Misere che farò*' from the opera '*California*' by Buononcini (same publishers), take us over into Italy. These two airs, like others from the same mouldering and all but forgotten hand which we have just re-discovered, are not to be taken together with Handel in satire by Swift (the unmusical) from the character of insignificance passed on him by the partisans of the time. There is that decision in the leading phrases which marks the man who

has something to say; and the man who has something to say, be he ever so entirely eclipsed by a superior, cannot be wholly insignificant; and thus (as here) has his chance of redressing it. *Thou art* (same publishers).

Now come a few modern Italian Songs; the first of which '*Lia è moria*,' by Il Cavaliere Mariani (same publishers), has, we fancy, been already mentioned here as among the most expressive works of its accomplished composer. It is one of the few serious has his chance of redressing it. *Thou art* (same publishers), by Giuseppino Lillo (same publishers), is a nothing of some pretension; which description will apply to '*O Donna divina*,' melody, by Giacinto Marra (same publishers).

In a totally different style, as, indeed, befits another country, is '*La Jeune Fille et le Pavement*,' by C. Gounod, (Augener & Co.), a pretty, delicate, real romance, though not equal to the same composer's *Serenade*, noticed a few weeks since; which as we then fancied it might do, has established itself as one of the loveliest minor concert-songs ever written.—'*Le Paradis Perdu*,' by Theodore Ritter (published for the author), hardly equals other efforts by that excellent young pianist that have been published.

GERMAN BATH-CONCERTS.

This is the time of show-concerts at the German baths, somewhat presumptuously called "Festivals"—in reality, so many speculations of those who undertake to provide for the gratification of the guests, and who call "stars" of first, second or third magnitude, affording them such opportunities of shining as they find too rarely. Thus, at Wiesbaden, the other day, a Litloff Festival gave us a fair chance of appreciating the talent of a composer who has in some measure been successful of late years in Germany, and who has received much praise from the pens of critics whose praise carries with it authority. Three movements of one Piano-forte Concerto, two movements of another, two movements of a Violin Concerto, an Overture for full orchestra, and a liberal Operatic Selection, are sufficient to furnish the material for a list of performing some notion of what the average powers of their composer may be.

After the elaborate panegyrics of which M. Litloff and his music have been the theme, the statement of such impressions as must be here offered will seem harsh, giving an unpropitious. But, to our thinking, he does not fill a place or a corner of his own in the world of living composers. So much as belongs to a group—call it not a school—of writers whose ambitions are very large, who have no perverse desire to be iconoclastic or irregular, but whose works, though carefully made, fall to the ground because of their ample platitudes, and because their enterprise, when looked into, proves only seeming. There is no need for the moment to name those who may thus be grouped with M. Litloff as a composer. In the *allegro* of the first Concerto-Symphonic, performed by him, we have seen, there are so many surprising stoppings short, languid episodes, under a false idea of expression, as entirely to destroy the character of an *allegro* movement, and to throw out the average listener, who desires form, be it ever so freely dressed and disguised. Some invention is to be recognised in the *slow* movement for the pianoforte. The orchestra is well treated; but the perpetual notion of brewing a *crescendo* seems to have been present to the writer, and somehow the brewage, perpetually interrupted, becomes inevitably rapid. The second movement of this Concerto, an *Andante* in a religious style, is very better, and has a cold and staid for a modern Concerto, with a melody free and flowing, if not very new,—a rich instrumentation, and a gracefully effective employment of the principal player. In the *schizzo* (*quasi*, last movement) a pretty eight-bar phrase is hummed to death,—occurring as it does some thirty times in a manner of form. *Whipped to death* might have been said, since among other piquancies of orchestration the use of the violins (if our ears told right) gave reviving sprightliness to what would else have been stale and dead

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1860.

LITERATURE

Correct Card of the Races, with the Names, Wrights, and Colours of the Riders. (Doncaster.)

Honore Walpole was building his new tower at Strawberry, Boswell courting the notice of Mrs. Rudd, Cook starting on his last voyage, the Duchess of Kingston in jeopardy for bigamy, the Court in dismay at the news from America, the provincials there were melting for bullets the leaden statue of their "late king," George the Third; Charles Fox, no longer Tory, was in ecstasies that the Americans were quietly setting about governing themselves in face of the enemy, and Jack the painter was trying to fire the ships and stores in Portsmouth harbour,—when all the clubs and coteries, whose attention was divided between "sport" in particular and things in general, forgot the outside world, and began to canvass the enlivening matter of the new stake proposed for Doncaster.

The corporation there, when the last quarter of the last century opened on it, had reached the end of its tether with respect to liberality. It had subscribed its few pounds for "plates," and it had appealed to the gentlemen of the county for aid. It had never been so active since the period when municipal,—but we will not fall back into the annals of a corporate town. "Turpe est homini nobili ejus civitatis in qua versetur, juxta ignominia,"—no doubt; but we do not translate this passage as meaning—"Every gentleman who frequents Doncaster Races ought to know the character and history of his corporation."

Of the difficulties of writing history in connexion with any subject, we have had innumerable instances. That of the St. Leger affords one more to the accumulated number. Authorities differ as to the identity of the winner of the first "Stilinger." The Peerage claims it for the man who had been and was again to be Prime Minister; namely, the Marquis of Rockingham, with his Sampson filly in 1776. The Baronets claim it for Sir Thomas Gascoyne, with his famed Hollandaise, in 1778. The two statements are easily accounted for. In the year 1776 there appears, for the first time, on a Doncaster card of the races, the entry for "A sweepstake of 25 guineas each, for three-year-olds. Colts 8 stone, fillies 7 stone 12 lb., in one 2-mile heat." The cards for 1777 bear a similar record; but, in the succeeding year, instead of "A sweepstake," we find the words "St. Leger's Stakes,"—by which name, cards and calendars have recorded the great contest ever since. In the first of the above mentioned years, Lord Rockingham was the winner, Mr. St. Leger's scrub colt coming in ninth. In 1778, when the race first assumed the name of the most fashionable of gentlemen, Sir Thomas Gascoyne carried off the prize; Mr. St. Leger's Minor filly appearing ninth at the winning-post. At this result a shout was raised by the friends of the victor, loud enough almost to have reached the family-house at Aberford, to rouse the Judge Gascoyne, so famous in history, who sleeps his last sleep in the fine old church at Harwood. That district of Yorkshire could talk of little else at the time. Compared with their great triumph, what was the opening of the vast new dock at Hull! The best to be said on both subjects was, that two memorable circumstances had occurred in the county in the same week. The dock, however, has been the more profitable triumph to its subscribers.

We have said that St. Leger was a fashionable gentleman. This is doing him but slender justice. He was a wit who for a quarter of a century, or more, had kept his club alive, and the arm-chairs at White's filled with vivacious young fellows, long after the older rakes had gone to bed. He was lively, dashing, and as will be the case with wits, often absurd. He was audacious, too; for, on one occasion, when exhibiting extraordinary alacrity to swear to some matter in a court of justice,—the Judge remarking, "You are very ready, Sir, I see, to take an oath," he answered, "Of course I am, my Lord, my father was a Judge!" This was a hit at some gentlemen of the time, who held, or had recently held, the scales of justice.

Whether dating from Norman or Plantagenet, the blood of the St. Legers answers to the legend on their shield of arms:—*Hant et loia*. Leaning on the shoulder of a knight of that name, William the Conqueror stepped ashore at Balverbythe, near Hastings. The Kentish lands of Ucombe rewarded that and other service. The name shines throughout the stirring period of the Crusades. Its glory might be said to have culminated when Sir Thomas St. Leger married Anne, the sister of Edward the Fourth, and widow of the Duke of Exeter, were it not remembered how that temerarious Princess treated her second spouse even more infamously than she had treated her first. The Irish branch of the family, at the head of which is Viscount Doneraile, are descended, through the female line, from the famous old Lord-Lieutenant, Sir Anthony St. Leger. A branch more illustrious dignifies the English peerage, in the ducal house of Rutland. The luckless fellow who married the royal virago, Anne, had a daughter by that tremendous lady, who married young George Manxers, and their son was created Earl of Rutland, first peer of a house which, from time immemorial, has been distinguished by its love for, and patronage of, the national sport. Their motto, too, is not a bad one to run with to the winning-post: *Pour y parvenir* is the aim of every one there concerned.

It was not in compliment to either of these houses, however, that the new stake at Doncaster received the name by which it has become celebrated all over the world. The fact is, that the collateral branches, known only by the old Norman appellation, were of considerable notoriety during the last half of the eighteenth century, and about the beginning of the present. Their names turn up everywhere, in pulpits and fat prebends; on the front and back stairs at court; at the head of crack regiments and at the tail of scaling ladders planted against American forts; on the hot plains of India, and on the dusty race-courses of Great Britain and Ireland. One of them, Anthony St. Leger, was located at Park Hill, near Doncaster. There were many of them, and "so many men so many fortunes." The luck of the Legers was as variable as that of racing. Its extremes may be noted by reference to two entries in newspapers of the last century. One of them indicates a social prize pleasantly won, in the announcement that "John St. Leger, Esq. was married to Miss Butler, niece to Lord Lansborough, 40s. 6d." The other paragraph records a useful "distanced" in his race of life. It informs us that on a certain day, died "in a mean lodging at the Bowling Pines, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, George St. Leger, Esq." What a descent from the state once shared by a Plantagenet Princess!—what a contrast between life in the old manor-house of Ucombe, and death in a "boozing ken" off Fetter Lane.

Such were the St. Legers and their fortunes.

We need hardly say that in racing, as in the ordinary affairs and contentions of life, the hero of yesterday is the vanquished of to-day, and the high-mettled racer, whose value is reckoned by thousands one year, can hardly realize a few ten pound notes the next. Chester Billy swept the plain in the van of all competitors, and we have seen that once royally-owned steed painfully tailing it, in his old days, after the slow Boroughbridge harriers. Swiss, for which Lord Darlington gave 2,600 sovereigns, was sold at Doncaster, six years afterwards, for 50*l.* Petre's Theodore won, at the same place, an immortality of renown, as it was thought, by beating Uncle Powlett's Scap, which subsequently beat Theodore with infinite facility. There, too, the great favourite of the hour, Herringham, conquered the greater favourite, Priam; and then went with all his laurels to Holywell, where he was disgracefully vanquished by a third-rate cock-tail! There was as much regret at this demonstration of the instability of fortune, as there was ultra-measure of sorrow, a century ago, in Doncaster, at the sudden demise of the famous horse "White Nose." The sporting world looked on this event as a public calamity; and one enthusiastic amateur proposed that a monument should be raised in memory of the defunct—after the fashion of one which Lippus declared he had seen in imperial Rome!

In those old days the spirit of sport was occasionally apt to run riot, and gentlemen addicted thereto would exhibit themselves, in the intervals of meetings, under exceptional circumstances; performing wonderful feats, and winning fame and guineas thereby. One of these uneasy individuals, a-dlist for glory, undertook to ride his own bear a match against time, and gained it. An officer of Marines betted deeply in his own favour that he would ride a blind horse a certain number of times round a course, and up and down a portion of it, without any reins in his hands. He accomplished his object by cutting the reins in two, and attaching the ends to each leg, by which his steed was safely guided. As late as 1798, just previous to the Doncaster meeting, the Steyne at Brighton was crowded with spectators to witness a match between an officer, with a jockey on his back (the rider weighing 7 stone 5 lb.), hooded and spurred, against a stout bullock, unmounted. In this contest the quadruped was defeated by the other animal.

The "Captains" of the last century were especially distinguished for their devotion to "sport." They were the crack riders in all matches. Doncaster was excited to a great pitch of enthusiasm, before the period when her enthusiasm was annually aroused on account of "St. Leger," by a race of which the whole town formed but a portion of the course. On the 23rd of August, 1773, at six o'clock, on a Monday morning, two gentlemen appeared at the corner of Portland Street, Oxford Street. Both were admirably mounted. One of them, Capt. Mulcaster, on the mare of a friend, Capt. Hay. The other, Mr. Walker, rode his own horse. They started thence on a race to York, two hundred miles, without changing steeds. It was such a race as Ambs ride, proving the strength and endurance, as well as the speed, of the horses. The first ninety miles, accomplished in six hours. The two gentlemen-jockeys passed the end of Doncaster racemouse nearly together, early on Tuesday morning, amid such cheering as was never heard there again till the days of Hollandaise and Hambletonian. But Walker was, at the time, sorely distressed, and his steed altogether broke down when between Doncaster and Tadcaster. The Captain went ahead, and reached Ousbridge,

York, in 40 hours 35 minutes after he and his companion had started from Portland Street,—thereby winning 400 guineas, besides wagers. The winning mare drank twelve bottles of wine on her journey; and was well enough by Thursday morning to take a gallop on Knavesmire,—the racetrack just outside the city of York.

Such was the feat of a gallant and active Captain. During the time occupied by a portion of it, while the North was in an uproar on the passage of the mare and her rider, the King was on Kew Green, gossiping with Beattie and old Dr. Majendie, discussing the merits of books, canvassing questions of morality, weighing religious difficulties, comparing preachers, and, on the part of the King, expressing fears that manhood was losing its dignity, and that the English language was on the decline. Had he witnessed the ride from Doncaster to York, he would, perhaps, have been confirmed in his opinion at the sight of the Captain, but he would have been compelled to confess that the language had lost nothing in force, however it might have suffered in elegance of expression.

This was the period when Doncaster was "looking up," and becoming a formidable rival to York. The races in the former locality had, however, as much of a business aspect as one of pleasure. The old prints of the early races would lead us to infer that they were less cared for by the public than was the case in later years. There is, indeed, a substantial grand stand, but it is only thinly dotted over, here and there, by visionary-looking sportsmen, who might pass for ghosts permitted to revisit old haunts, in order that they might convince themselves of the unreality of their mundane pursuits. Then there is one solitary, rumbling, old coach, tottering its way to the subscribers' entrance, with marks about it of having been long in the family, and of having seen hard service on this and other occasions. Meanwhile, the race is in progress, and the steeds engaged are jumping off the ground, just as greyhounds do when they suspect a hare to be in their vicinity, and long to obtain a sight of him. As for the small public, it is divided into the indifferents and the unruly. The former are lounging upon, over, and against the rails, gazing in every impossible direction, with respect to their bodies, and conveying an idea of a lunatic asylum out for a holiday. The unruly are running after the wags,—satirical suggestion that the wags, the wags, and the wags, stimulating them by shouting, waving of quaint old hats, flinging up of arms which look like legs, and indulging in various undecipherable antics free from all supervision of police. Such was the early picturesque idea of Doncaster! It had its poetical element also.

The poetry of the course,—the songs having reference solely to the horses and their riders, with the feats accomplished by them,—is not of a Pindaric and permanent character. It is rather hearty and eloquent; in expression more rough than refined. You may hear a good deal of it in Doncaster in racing-time, as you pass by tavern-docks, while foreign minstrels in the street are winning a shower of fourpenny-pieces from the young ladies in an adjacent balcony, charmed by those vagrant reminiscences of favourite operatic ditties. Do not despise the humbler and heartier minstrelsy, nor indeed the feeling that can be gratified by the peripatetic company of melodists, but go on your way, rejoicing; humming, if you will, the appropriate line of Horace:—

*Discipule non cessas eadem mirantur amatores:
Curant in ludis, hic delectantur iambis.*

As matters of record, however, the racing

halls are worth collecting. They preserve the memory of many things besides the value of the horses, the merits of the riders, and the virtues of the gentlemen who own the one and hire the other. They who are curious in such literature may consult Ritson's "Poetic Garland." Dr. Ingledew has inserted in his collection the metrical details of the never-to-be-forgotten race or races here, between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur; and, as a general and philosophical history of a race in the abstract, no better is to be found than that given by Dibdin, whom, by the way, young yachtsmen are asking us to abuse as a naval poet, because his sea-terms are not strictly according to the grammar of gentlemen and lubbers afloat.

Doncaster has been especially fortunate in its racing poets. They have really struck a sportive lyre, and they ride their Pegasus with loose rein; but with no lack of whip and spur to stimulate him to gameness. The course has had, too, its wits as well as its bards; and half of what is attributed to the northern jockeys as mere ignorance is really to be laid to their appreciation of fun. When Alcides first appeared on the course, they knew well enough the quantity of the syllables; but they also knew the quality of the horse. They, accordingly, called him All Sides; and nothing could be more appropriate, for the nag was of the very thinnest, looked as if he were cut out of pasteboard, had no back, and, to completely astonish his hickmahs, never ran straight.

Nor were the north-country "Jocks" less witty on their masters than on the steeds. No name was better known at Doncaster, no man altogether so fortunate there, for a time, as Mr. Petre. At that period, however, he exemplified the truth of the proverb implying that Love does not favour the favourite of Fortune. The lucky master of a racing stud had been unsuccessful in more than one suit to very many ladies; and as he once walked on to the last night's Tommy Lay, in top-boots, remarked to his followers:—"Eh! look oop, lads; yon's *Solicitor General*!"

In the time of honest and ludicrous Tommy, some changes had been established which rendered the races at Doncaster, but especially the St. Leger, more popular both with trainers and the people at large. The amount of subscription was raised to 50 guineas, and the weights were settled at 8 st. 6 lb. for colts, and 8 st. 3 lb. for fillies. The owner of the second horse, too, did not approach honour so fully without reusing some of its substantial fruits, by receiving a hundred guineas out of the stakes. Thereafter, Doncaster became more a "fashionable" than any similar locality in the north.

A day there when the place was really in its prime, was by no means an idle day for the gay people who were generally making nearly a week of it, and were often paying a guinea a night for their beds. The men began the morning, if last night's business had not incapacitated them, by hunting—cub-hunting, if they could get nothing better. They went out early, and were easily back for the races at two o'clock. These over, they dined, and then went to the play,—the capital York company enjoining the actors; and the entire county and some districts beyond, furnishing glowing samples of north-of-England beauty. This portion of the day's hard toil, or delicious pleasure, as some thought it, being concluded at a reasonable hour, the *élite* of the audience repaired to the ball, and so "kept it up" till the grey dawn of a coming September morning. The dissipation was compounded for by small subscriptions to local charities and religious societies,—a course the spirit of which was something akin to that

of the famous Princess d'Harcourt, who both gambled and cheated till four o'clock in the morning, but who never went to bed till she had received the Sacrament at the hands of her chaplain.

Doubtless, many of the nobility the most influenced by the allurements of sport were abominated by principles superior to these. Among them we may mention the Marquis of Exeter, who once proposed that the race for the Riddlesworth Stakes should not take place on the Monday, as, in order to be present at them, he was obliged to do what he would rather avoid—namely, travel on the Sunday. General Grosvenor, if we remember rightly, treated the proposal with a laugh and a "rider," to the effect that the Riddlesworth Stakes, in such case, should be thenceforth called the "Exeter Change!"

In the early period of Doncaster races, previous to the "Sillinger," the "Coop-day" was the day for lord and lout, for the Lady Clara Vere de Vere and the four *Jeckies*. It was the whole country-side the day remains still the favourite of the week, and attracts its especial thousands in the north. When the Leger rose from its nine, ten, or a dozen subscribers to thirty or forty, at five-and-twenty guineas each, and to its seventy or eighty, at fifty guineas each, offering chances of fortunes to be won, requiring superior horses, and furnishing opportunities for realizing great profits even by their sale if they distinguished themselves,—it secured an essentially fashionable stake, and the day of running, for it an emphatically fashionable day. In its performance and its issues Yorkshire was indeed immensely interested; but the hopes, fears, delight, or despair of the "country-people" were all reserved for "t' race for t' coop." It was the first prize the old corporations had ever subscribed for; and the example set by a sporting Queen in connexion with the same subject had not lost its influence even on those unconscious of it.

We allude to Queen Anne, who not only gave cups to be run for in the north, but this remarkably placid woman was very eager as a runner of her own horses on the turf. Pick's old "Historical Racing Calendar," published yearly at York, from 1709 to 1765, affords evidence of this fact. The Queen entered her horses at York, to run for her own cups; but she does not appear to have been fortunate. In July 1712, her grey gelding Pepper came in fifth and third, in two heats, for Her Majesty's hundred guineas cup; and in the following year her grey horse Mustard ran seventh and fifth for a similar prize; four-mile heats, it must be remembered, but the horses were six years old. At the summer meeting of 1714, Anne's bay horse Star won a plate of 40*l.* value, in four heats, thus lost and recovered—four, three, one, one. This was the sporting Queen's last triumph; one of which she was never conscious. After this royal race had been run, "an express," says old Pick, "arrived with advice of the death of Queen Anne, who, not only of which the Nobility and Gentry immediately left the field, and attended the Lord Mayor (Wm. Redman, Esq.) and Archbishop Dawes, who proclaimed His Majesty King George the First, after which most of the nobility set off for London."

The sun of York, as we have intimated, paled before Doncaster, which became a trying-place for delegates from all the nobility, military and commonly with means of getting thither, from every part of the kingdom. Lady Pentrevel, in the old fable, regrets that less care is taken for the improvement of the race of men than for that of the breed of horses. Had her ladyship ever been at Doncaster, the

sight there would have cut the ground from under the basis of her regret. We pass over the distinguished people of now ancient days.—Sir Charles Bunbury, whose system of running two-year old horses has been ruinous to its consequences to the stud; the old Earl of Grosvenor, to support whom even the miser Elwes warned into liberality, lent him 3,000 guineas, and nearly broke his own neck in trying to cheat a turnpike, for the sake of two-pence, on his way home. We say nothing of the beautiful and audacious Mrs. Thornton, wife of a Colonel who was chief of the Jockey Club and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; a lady who rode races for thousands of guineas or hogsheads of claret, who dazzled the eyes as she flew by in her leopard-coloured tunic, coquetically short enough to exhibit the smallest of feet and the most richly laden of petticoats; a lady, in short, who was not only a Hippolyta but a Sappho; in her own case joyously recording her old loves of the stables, and the fests she accomplished, as the jockey-poetess remarks,

With my mare hard in hand, and my whip in my mouth.

Among the former glories who used to shine on Doncaster, we remember, we will merely register the old Earl of Clermont, — whom, once riding in a loose coat and a hood, by the side of the Prince of Wales, people, mistaking for the antiquated Princess Amelia, ascribed a virtue to "Wales" which he did not possess, and thought him a model of a grand-nephew for taking such care of his aged kinwoman. Then there was Lord Foley, Fox's confederate, as he used to be called, whose horses, like Sackville Fox's, were generally anywhere but first at the winning post. Greater than he was "Old Q," the last Duke of Queensberry, whose death gave such regret to maddison and such wealth to the Yarmouths. Even—

The King, God bless him! gave a where? /
Two ducks just died; a third gone too; /
What! what! Couldn't you see old Q? /
The Star of Frivolity?

—Equal in rank, more noble in spirit than old Q, was the Duke of Grafton, who also often honoured the St. Leger day by his presence. It is said to have been the person who conferred a rich living on a hard-riding curate,—for no other reason than that, the Duke having been "spit" in a ditch, the Curate called out to him to "he still!" while he leaped over him.

The splendour of the show at Doncaster culminated in our fathers' days, or in the spring-time of many of us, who remember, as if it were but yesterday, when Petre's Rowton bent Voltaire and Sir Hercules. In these practical days the train simply discharges wagon-loads of noble, gentle and simple into the town. It was not so of yore. There was then a gathering, in its true and "gradual" sense. The diverse roads brought a diverse company. The great aristocracy of the country "progressed" to their lodgings or to the Course, like princes, in grand state-coaches and with a score of grooms as radiant as new liveries and old ale could make them. There were their stately masters, Rockingham and Fitzwilliam, Leeds and Cleveland, Haverwood and Wharfedale, whose sons, cantering along the roads in joyous groups, would have made a body of cavalry as handsome as Pompey's, and less regardless of their beauty. Sons of peers, many brothers together, young squires,—all lords of land, in hand or in hope;—it was a pleasant sight to see them! Protestant or Catholic, there was a general fraternization, and the roads were merry with them.—Fairfax, Lane Fox, Markham of Beccles, Middleton Chalmers, Vavasour, Bland of Kippax, Mitton, the Gascoynes of Aberford, young Conyers Osborne, and three or four of the brothers Lascelles, the eldest of them a "curled son of Climax," and with a not more affable word for

Lord George Bentinck or Osbaldiston than for Mr. Gully, who is riding down from Pontefract, and through whose hat Osbaldiston, in a duel, once sent a ball. Better there, as Gully remarked, than through his head!

Then what a gathering there used to be in the streets on the Monday before the races commenced! Debrett might have found there nearly all his "peers," Lodge his "baronets," and Burke all his "commoners" of note. This sort of thing was at its height in 1829, the year when Rowton won. We never saw the territory of the old Saxon De Fossard,—of Tostig, son of Godwin,—of Robert Earl of Mortaigne,—of the Malfoles, or Mauleys,—and, finally, of the Corporation of Doncaster, so brilliant as in that year, when the famous Duchess of St. Albans held a little court on the sunny side of the street, where Norman and Saxon rendered homage to that queen for an hour, ere all, moving off to the Races, were encountered by dozens of tract-disinstructors, solemnly pronouncing that the road to the Course was the route to Hades, and something beyond.

Far be it from us to discuss how Lord Cleveland's Vulturn lost the Leger and won the "Coop," or how Mr. G. Horncastle played Figaro, and Mr. Lemus Redd Charles the Twelfth, at the theatre. Let us rather show that the great meeting of 1829 was productive of good results, foreign to the races themselves, but a natural consequence of them. It was among the young beauties and handsome lords and squires, whose numbers rendered that especial assembling a thing to be remembered as a dazzling dream, that first sprang up the idea of that famous "Charity Bazaar," for the benefit of the County Hospital, which was subsequently held at York. At the bazaar the chief Yorkshire beauties presided, and their presence wrung poetry, good, bad and indifferent, out of the hearts and ininkstands of half the heirs-apparent to Yorkshire estates,—and all others. Of all the rhymers, however, two only may be said to have knitted rhymes which well deserved to live. These were leisuredly-made *improvisés*, the authors of which were Lord Milngrove (the present Marquis of Nonington), and a youthful scion of a noble house, flax-haired, light-eyed, clear-skinned, and with a reputation from college which made the winners of cups, by homes or greyhounds, afraid of him,—so much more glorious were the prizes he had carried off in University contests where there was a cudgelling of brains. This last young poet, and then budding statesman, was Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Like true poets, these two young lords took the prevailing beauties for the subjects of their lines; but while Milngrove illustrated a group, Morpeth dashed into lyrical love with the whole bevy. The stanzas of either bard, however, present us with pictures of a past which may still interest us; and we give precedence to the sweep of the lyre effected by the rapt Author of 'Matilda,' as he beheld one of the fairest sisters in Christendom,—Lady Grantham, and her two daughters, the Misses Robinson, officiating together at the same counter. Euryome said her three Graces was not a slight merit fit to wake the lyre. That of Lord Milngrove was touched to this tuning:—

See that fair troop at yonder stall,
With one who shines above them all,
They gaze and look a doting group, but she,
The young beauty of the three,
By dearer ties to them allied,
Of British maidens is the pride.
Look at her brow so smooth and fair!
Care has not found its impress there.
Her seven locks are golden as the sun,
The first bewitched the eyes of men.
Time has delayed her, alone,
And Youth has marked her for its own.

Lord Morpeth worshipped that fair mother too; but the young poet was subdued by the general loveliness. A "card of the moon" could not have been more precise to its purpose than his lyrical list of the charms, the grace, the names, and merits of the ladies. Thus sang the lord,—and no wonder is it that he has remained a bachelor ever since:—

Lady, I covet not that radiant hoop
With more than all the rainbow's colours warm;
The rich mosaic of embroidery keep,
The jewell'd landscape, and the jewell'd form.
If round my senses thou would'st cast thy spell,
If, o'er my coffers, thou would'st pour thy sell,
Sell me the beauties that in Treason's eye,
Her mouth of softness, and her smile of love.
Sell me the loveliness, serene and high,
That dwells in the bright wreath, round Mr. Peck's head,
The laughter-dying blue of Vernon's eye,
Herbert's young bloom, and Miller's high-born tread.
Sell me the smile in Fox's dipping face,
The form she borrow'd from Titania's dance,
Scurion's snail-lure, Immaculate's tap-race grace,
York's full bright orb, and Howard's kindred glance.
Such are the perils charms that price defy,
Above the weight of silver and of gold—
For, when thy winning voice would bid me buy,
I feel, and that I myself am sold!

The Thelton who sang the conquests in the Course and the bachelors in the four great festivals of the Greeks may have been a more lasting lines than the above, born of Doncaster and York; but he produced none which present to us, as these do, the distinctive individuality of the beauties who shed lustre on the scene. The minstrels themselves may have forgotten the homage which they paid in rhyme, and which we commit to type from manuscript copies which were circulating at the time, and which were commented upon till another Leger occupied the souls of men. We will only remark, that this autumn-meeting fulfilled, in a certain degree, the desire expressed by Walpole,—that races and county gatherings might produce that in which the games and assemblies of the ancients were fruitful,—bards, to render attendant beauties immortal in deathless (or decent) verse.

We have alluded to the more exalted visitors who were to be habitually seen on Doncaster Course; but the truth is that the more eccentric characters were among the visitors of a lower grade. Some of these eccentric personages, however, contrived to get hanged. Such was the case, some half a century since, with Daniel Dawson, not better known at Doncaster than at Newmarket, and who employed himself, or was employed by others, in poisoning with arsenic the drinking-water of horses whose success in the future race was not desirable to Daniel or his patrons. Several steeds perished in this way, at the hands of Dawson, who was well as at Newmarket. Ultimately, a case from the latter locality was proved against him, through the tracery of a confederate, and Daniel suffered death for it at Cambridge. Had he been a martyr in a good cause, he could not have died with more becomingness. Daniel complained of no one, did not even reproach himself; and expressed his satisfactory conviction that he "should certainly ascend to Heaven from the drop!" Brutal as his offence was, it seems illustrated justice that takes a man's life for that of a beast.

Dawson is beyond our own recollection; but we can well remember a more singular and a much more honest fellow than himself, whose appearance on the Doncaster Course was as confidently looked for, and as ardently desired as that of any of the Lords Lieutenant of the various Ridings. We allude to the once famous Jenny Fleet, the Howcliffe tanner, whose name, about fifty visits to the "Sulphur" and "Coop" contests was made when he was hard upon ninety-one years of age. When

Jenny retired from the tanning business with means to set up as a gentleman, the first object he purchased was, not a carriage, but a coffin, depositing therein some of the means whereby he kept himself alive, namely, his provisions. The walls of the room in which this lugubrious sideboard was erected were hung round with all sorts of rusty agricultural implements. This lord of a strange household retained a valet and a female "general servant." His stud consisted of mules, dogs, and a bull, mounted on which he is said to have hunted with the Badsworth Hounds. His most familiar friends were a tame fox and other. He certainly rode the bull when he went out shooting, and was then accompanied by pigs as pointers. In fact, Hirst used to take this bull and a couple of its fellows to be baited, sitting proudly by himself while his valet went about collecting the "coppers." His waistcoat was a glossy garment made of the neck-feathers of the drake, from the pocket of which we have seen him issue his coin banknotes, bearing responsibilities of payment to the amount of "Five halfpence." His carriage was a sort of palanquin, carried aloft by high wheels, and its chief peculiarity was that there was not a nail about it. This vehicle was really better known at Doncaster than the stately carriage of Lord Fitzwilliam himself. It was the boast of the proud and dirty gentleman who sat enthroned there, that he never had paid, and never would pay any sum of fact to the King; and how he managed to shoot, as he did, without paying for a licence, was best known to himself. He was the most popular man on the Course, and, unlike very many who began rich and ended poor, Jenny increased in wealth year by year. He was wont to contrast himself with "the Prince's friend," Col. Mellish, who inherited an immense property, won two Legers in two consecutive years, 1804-5, and finally died almost a pauper. Jenny had, undoubtedly, in his view of things, no better than Col. Mellish; but the tanner, through life, never thought of the welfare but of one human being—that of James Hirst. He was as selfish as the butcher-churchwarden of Doncaster, who raised the grand old tower of the church by placing a hideous clock-face in it, which was so constructed that no one could see the time by it except from the butcher's own door.

We should hardly render Hirst justice, however, if we omitted to state how such a great man departed from this earth. The folding-doors of his old coffin were closed upon him. Eight boxmen carried his corpse for a *honorarium* of half-a-crown each. Jenny had expressed a desire to have eight old maids to undertake this service, bequeathing half-a-guinea to each as hire. But the ladies in question were not forthcoming. So the widows were engaged in their place; but why the fee was lowered we cannot tell, unless it was to pay for the beggary and fiddle which beset the procession. All the country road flocked in to do Jenny honour or to enjoy the holiday; and for many a year afterwards might the sorrowing comment be heard on Doncaster Course,—"Nay, lad! 'tCoop-day seems nought-loike w/out Jenny!" and the mourners took out his "Five halfpence notes," and compared their own touching respective memories of the departed glory of Doncaster.

At the close of Jenny's career, that of wonderfully well-dressed men, that of "swell mob" was at its busiest, if not at its brightest. The latter, however, was only short-lived, let it be as temporarily prosperous as it might; and it bore a grand moral with it to those who witnessed its two extremes. We particularly remember a most illustrious party

of this equivocal "quality," who really dazzled common folk by the splendour of their "turn out," both as regarded themselves and their equipage. People took them for foreign princes, or native nobility returned from foreign climes, and not yet familiarly known to the public. This impression did not last long. The well-dressed, finely-curved, highly-scented, richly-jewelled strangers, sauntering among the better-known aristocracy, commenced a series of predatory operations, which speedily brought them within the fastnesses of the town-gal. No one who saw them there a day or two later, after seeing them on the Course, will ever forget the sight and the strange contrast. Stripped of their fiery, closely cropped, and clad in coarse flannel dresses, we remember them seated at a board, with a hot lump of stony-looking rice before them for a dinner. They gloomily refused the wholesome fare; but four-and-twenty hours more, sharpening their appetites and demolishing its futility, subdued them to the level of their fortunes, and the provender was consumed with the calm dignity, but therewith the intense disgust, of philosophers and men of the world.

Altogether, there was occasionally a very mixed society on and about the Course; among the so-to-speak professional *habitues*, men who made a business of the pursuit there,—who were actors rather than spectators, and all of whom have disappeared without leaving a successor on the turf. First,—we mention the Duke of Leeds, redoubt of poets—the white-faced Duke of Cleveland, "the Jesuit of the Ring,"—Mr. Ridsdale, ex-footman, then millionaire, finally pauper,—blacksmith Richardson, who, shaking his head at "Leeds," would remark of himself, that sobriety alone had saved him from being hanged,—Mr. Beardsworth, who had been originally a hackney-coachman, now sporting his crimson liveries,—Mr. Crockett, who commenced life with a fish-baquet,—and the well-known son of the hostler who had a Black Swan, in York, wearing diamond rings and pins, betting his thousands, and looking as cool the while, as if he not only largely used the waters of Paeolus, but owned half the gold-dust on its banks.

The two extremes of the official men as regarded rank, were, perhaps, Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Gully, the ex-pugilist. The former introduced, at Doncaster, the signal-gal to regulate the "starts," and he founded the Bentinck Fund (with the money subscribed for a testimonial to himself, for the relief of decayed jockeys and trainers. The two men were equals in one respect, the coolness with which they either won or lost. They who remember the year when Peter's Matilda beat Gully's Mameluke, and who witnessed the event and its results, speak yet with a sort of pride of Gully's conduct. He had lost immensely; but he was the first man who appeared in the betting-rooms to pay any hostler who had a bet registered against him, and he was the last man to leave, not retiring till he was satisfied that there did not remain a single claimant. He paid away a grand total on that occasion which, properly invested, would have not all the poor in Doncaster at ease for ever.

We have alluded to some of the most famous of running-horses; let us add, there was no instance of the same horse winning both the Derby and St. Leger stakes till the year 1900, when Kit Wilson's "Champion" carried off the two prizes. The old charm was broken; but the like feat has only been rarely accomplished since that time. Nearly half a century elapsed before it was repeated, by Lord Clifden's (or rather Lord George Bentinck's) *Surplice*. Mr. Wilson won the two races, not only with the same

horse, but the same jockey, Frank Beekle. *Surplice* was ridden in the Derby triumph by Teaplanter; at Doncaster by Nib.

Finally, this year much of the old excitement seems to have been aroused, and doubts great will be the gathering where more than fourscore "Legers" have been now decided. There are a few very old men toddling about the ancient town who, from the shoulders of their sires, saw the first race run when Lord North was the careless and good-natured Premier. To these the name of the present favourite, Thornham, has a pleasant Yorkshire sound, and then there is something in a name. With the issue of the coming race, however, we have nothing to do, except to remark, on this occasion, the possibility, though it be remote, of the success of what does not often deserve to succeed—namely, "High Treason."

The French under Arms. Being Essays on Military Matters in France. By Blanchard Jerrold. (Booth.)

UNDER this good title Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, whose studies of French life under the Empire are well known in both countries, has put together eight chapters of sketches relating to the various branches of the French Army. The book, which is light in manner, is solid in substance.

Very agreeable to read, it will be found no less useful to remember. Mr. Jerrold judges the French army very favourably; perhaps too favourably, in comparison with his severe strictures on our own military defects. No one will pretend that our system is beyond improvement; that our dress, drill and organization are perfect; that our officers are all scholars and gentlemen, that our soldiers are all sober, obedient, and crack shots. We have certainly a good deal to learn from the French. But the motto of Constantine and Soliman have a great deal in their manners and their code which, as Englishmen, we should be very sorry to see our officers, either of the Line or of the Volunteers, attempt to learn. We doubt whether Mr. Jerrold's airy way of describing how English and French officers respectively are trained conveys the whole of the truth. It certainly is not the whole truth as imagined and sketched by Sir James Outram in the memorable Minutes on Military Organisation just made public. Mr. Jerrold writes:—

"An English officer's education is expressed by so many pounds sterling. Lord Tuppington has been a very dissolute fellow, from the day when, to the horror of the Earl's servants, he could walk alone. He revelled in mischief of all kinds before he could write his name. You know the wondrous splutter upon paper which stands for his venerable name even now, in his thirty-second year. It was impossible to cram any serviceable knowledge into his head. But, then, of what use was knowledge to the head that bore aloft, along the broad pavement of Piccadilly, such a hat! Knowledge is the necessity of the head that wears no hat. Lord Tuppington went to Eton and learned boating. He went to Cambridge and learned smoking, and drinking, and the elements of gambling. He reached London, prepared to hold a command in the army, to patrol the Haymarket, and mortgage his estates in St. James's Street. On more than one occasion, while the play ran high, he would compose out silver's eggs that had just cost him one hundred pounds each. Now, with the vices, and not the studies of Eton and Cambridge, he was 'fit for nothing but a drayman.' Brave he certainly was. He thrashed a army at college, and will be a prominent figure if his regiment go to the war. But, then, suppose he has his hat and just cost him; suppose that his cards and wine have been cultivated at the expense of his military duties; suppose that he is put on the staff before he is able to under-

stand one of the vitally important duties of a staff officer! Lives are lost. The blood of lion hearted men, and his own, flows in vain. Of one hundred and sixteen staff officers sent originally with the British army to the Crimea, only thirty and nine were Lord Tupperham! Still, how proud is my Lord Tupperham! He is an officer and a gentleman: England wishes him to be an officer and a soldier. Talk to him about reform in the army, and he grows eloquent—that is, as eloquent as Lord Tupperham can grow—in the love the British private has for the army of British gentlemen; British gentility meaning British guineas. It is pleasant to be led astray by the beardless representative of a long line of earls—sweet to meet an unwearying death under the patronizing eye of Lord Tupperham. Well, it was a Lord Tupperham who could not manœuvre his regiment out of the barracks-yard. Still the army must become very vulgar, indeed, if Tupperham came to command it; just as the House of Commons fails to perform its duties so long as the property qualification is abolished, or when the ballot box appears in electioneering committee-rooms. The manners and habits of Lord Tupperham are necessary to the proper organisation of the British army. Would a regiment respect the mandates from an officers' mess-room to which no specially provided wine-cellar was attached! Champagne is inseparable from the proper maintenance of discipline.

There is some salt in this, or rather there would have been had it been said a few years ago; but Mr. Jerrold is, of course, well aware that Lord Tupperham, son of an Earl though he be, must undergo examination, and prove both his book-learning and personal fitness, before he gets his commission "to blunder and shed blood." That examination is not always child's play: it is probably as severe in its own line of study as that of Trinity College or the Inns of Court.

Sir James Outram, in the Minutes on Military Organization to which we have just referred, describes the English officer as a man well read in mathematics, geography, history, literature, and languages (the latter alone embracing, besides the "little Latin and less Greek" that every English boy begins life with, a thorough knowledge of French, a good acquaintance with German, Spanish, or Italian, and when the scene is India an available familiarity with Arabic and Hindustani), a man to swim the Hellespont, to dash through the Leicestershire coverts, to cross foik with Chiosso, and to sketch like Brierley. Of course, this is meant for the picture of a model officer. But the fact, that it is put forth by a practical soldier, and published by the Government, is some evidence that it is not considered absolutely beyond attainment, or, indeed, absolutely above the pretensions of any part of our present services. Somebody, of course, sat for the picture. Indeed, the Indian Mutiny showed us hundreds of such men,—men worthy to be led and represented by Outram, Havelock, Nicholson and Lawrence.

Mr. Jerrold paints on his opposite canvas a French officer:—

"Many readers whose eyes fall upon these pages will follow us eagerly to the Boulogne camp—to the Camp de Mars—to the Boulevards lined with French troops—bearing still in mind many grateful remembrances of courtesies shown by French officers, most of whom are not down in the dictionary of Lord Tupperham as gentlemen. Their whiskers did not push their fobbs way beyond Fleetstreet collars. They drank champagne as youths when their sister was married, and when their father was decorated. Their youth was a time of hard work, and of work much of which will shock Lord Tupperham. Imagine his Lordship fastidious his own clothes—making, with those hands, his innocent belt! Still, my Lord, there is not an officer in the French army who has not performed those offices. And shall any man

say, that the gentlemen who command the Imperial armies, from the sous lieutenant to the marshal, are not the equals in sentiment, in manners, in acquirements, of the dandies who purchase the right to the title of Earl in England? You will find a lieutenant and a sergeant arm-in-arm on the heights of Boulogne, or drinking Lyons beer together at the *Grande Halle*, or arguing warmly over a game of dominoes. On the march you will see them chatting together. A French officer has a polite word for every inquirer. I see hundreds of English ladies ready to echo those words, and to add many more to them, in grateful memory of those visits to the camp of Austerlitz, where officers were always ready to do the honours of their mud huts to the "blonde misses" of Albion. And then, on summer evenings, how many pleasant stories were poured, by dashing lieutenants, under those dreadful hats worn by young, and, alas! by the old, ladies of England! When the fête was given to celebrate the fall of Sebastopol, how many Gallic arms encircled British waists at the grand ball! Were the manners of the cavaliers in any way coarse? I appeal to the annals of English ladies. Might not the affability of the officers who did the honours of the Boulogne camp to all comers—who gave ladies convenient places for the Sunday mass, and shelter when it rained—who contrasted with the spirit which dictated the famous "the Truth don't dance" to the juvenile commanders of England? But, then, French lieutenants and English lieutenants live under very different auspices. The Frenchman knows his business from the beginning, and belongs to a regiment in which recruits appear yearly, and from which the drilled soldiers secede to their homes. There is not an order which he gives that he could not perform more satisfactorily than the man to whom he gives it. But, then, this is his sole claim to his position. He is not a gentleman. His mother was a milliner, and his mother was a petty milliner. Do you think that he shirks the subject when ancestral claims turn up in the conversation of his brother-officers? Do you think he hides the paternal olive-branch, and stores away the maternal needles? No, my Lord Tupperham, his pride is not yours. He would proudly parade the Boulevard, with the grocer on one arm and the milliner on the other. I am not the panegyrist of his morals—that is, of his relations generally with his countrywomen—but he never tries to force his way into actresses' dressing rooms; he never turns up in a drunken row; he never plays foul practical jokes; he can always remember. He is really and truly a man with a profession, and who has passed severe examinations. Directly you see his lieutenant's epaulettes, you know that he is a man of education—that he has beaten other men who competed with him for his rank. Possibly he was educated at the expense of the nation, because he arrived at the threshold of St. Cyr with a sound stock of knowledge. It is men like this young lieutenant who have made France the first military power upon the earth. He is popular, he is pleasantly put, and he is sufficiently true to be engaging as well as amusing. The mistake, to our thinking, lies in the inference that these portraits are essential types—that the majority of English officers are Tupperhams, the majority of French officers imaginary grocers' sons. We remember only too well the manners and morals of French sub-lieutenants. We remember, too, in spite of our bad system and our aristocratic preferences, that English soldiers have risen to be generals, and to marry their daughters to Prime Ministers.

Among chapters of which the interest is always sufficient to hold the reader, we may signalize two as of special attraction.—Chapters III. and IV., in which Mr. Jerrold gives a brief and popular account of the formation of those two splendid arms of the French service—the *Zouaves* and the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*. His little book is timely, and can hardly fail to be popular. What a weird tale is that of the Marshal St. Arnaud!

The Sources of the Nile: being a General Survey of the Basin of that River, and of its Head-Streams; with the History of Nilotic Discovery. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. (Madden.)

It is clearly proved by Dr. Beke that previously to his three years' travel in Abyssinia, and the publication of his theories respecting the hydrography of the Nile, the British, German and French map-makers were simultaneously at fault. Three grand Turco-Egyptian expeditions had taken place, and numerous Europeans had visited the higher regions of the immense Nilotic Valley; but, although the information thus gathered was extensive, and has not since been greatly enlarged, it was so ill digested and arranged that the geographers of France, England and Germany were at variance. Since 1846, when Dr. Beke stated the results of his researches, other maps have been executed, and the position and direction of the Mountains of the Moon have, he thinks, been permanently fixed. His object at present is to bring together, in one compact view, the actual knowledge existing on the subject. It must be noted, however, that he accepts without reserve, in support of his own hypothesis, the opinions of Capt. Burton and Capt. Speke, notwithstanding that those travellers have had their critics. But, at all events, the main facts of African geography are more evident than formerly. It is established that the principal mountain-system of Africa extends from north to south instead of from east to west. Dr. Beke explains the difficulties which have hitherto favoured the misapprehensions of Europe. Europeans, he remarks, have generally endeavoured to penetrate the mysterious continent from a wrong starting-point. They have usually struck across the rainless deserts of the north, or the pestilential levels of the west, or the endless wildernesses of the south, whereas the east affords open roads, a healthy climate, abundant provinces, and a fluctuating population. The true gates of Africa, therefore, are in the east, as the ancients and, in modern times, the Portuguese well knew, and the mystery of ages has not even now been dispelled. *Nili quereere caput* is still a task of the future. In spite of all that has been accomplished, "the basin of the Nile is still too imperfectly known to allow us to decide even the direction in which the basin of the river lies hidden." The sources and springs of the mighty rivers are, as they were of old, among the secrets of the earth. For more than thirteen hundred geographical miles the Nile flows copiously through hot and thirsty lands in a single stream; for upwards of six hundred miles beyond—that is, all two thirds from its source—it receives no affluent on its western side; on the east the Atbara, the Blue River, and the Teff, add their tribute. Respecting the water-system to the left of the main channel, Dr. Beke points out many important uncertainties. It remains to be ascertained whether the currents of the Khor-el-tash reach either the Atbara or the sea. Undoubtedly the almost total annihilation of the forests in the upper country has caused a vast diminution of water. This disforesting process may be reckoned among the most signal follies of mankind. It may be, for many centuries, harmless and even beneficial in the west. In one year seventeen millions of cubic feet of timber were exported from Quebec; but it is computed that in the Ottawa forest alone there are trees enough to supply the mills of the St. Lawrence for six hundred years. So also on the Euxine coast, and on the northern slopes of the mountains in Asia Minor, but Mesopotamia has been stripped. Where is the forest of Carmel! Where are the famous woods of

Peloponnesus? Egypt, fertilized by its great river, depends for the abundance of that river upon the forests further south, which are gradually disappearing. Timber, indeed, is constantly brought to Alexandria from the Black Sea.

Dr. Beke is very lucky, yet elaborate, in his description of the water-system east of the Nile and beyond Khartum, furnishing the sources whence the great river, at any rate, obtains a large proportion of its supply. The currents that find their way, in this region, towards the Red Sea, are mere winter-brooks of no importance in geography:—

"The table land of Eastern Africa may, in the most general way, be compared to the Indian Peninsula and to South America; but with this difference. In those two portions of the globe, the western Ghats and the Cordilleras of the Andes present their principal activities towards the west, and thence slope gradually eastwards; whereas the African plateau rises abruptly on its eastern side and has its western counter-slope towards the interior of the continent and the valley of the Nile. Another point of difference is that, while the rivers which rise near the western edge of the Ghats and of the Andes take their courses eastwards over the counter-slopes, at right angles with the water-parting, or nearly so, and discharge their waters into the ocean; the streams which have their sources at the water-parting of Eastern Africa flow in a general north-westerly direction, and fall into the Nile; which latter river skirts the lengthened western counter-slope, in its upper course appearing to be almost stagnant except during the rains, and to consist in the dry season of a series of swamps and lakes, rather than to form a continuous stream."

It is considered as established that, between Khartum and Bulak, near Cairo, the Nile falls 1,158 feet; but, of course, a part of this is to be measured by the drop of the several cataracts. Whence came this prodigious fall has been the unanswered question of centuries. The problem, we may believe, was wondered submitted to the Sphinx, and the Sphinx wondered at it. It is thought to have puzzled Sesostris. It took down, so legends say, the pride of Cambyse. Every schoolboy remembers how it vexed the soul of Strabo, and stimulated the ingenuity of Herodotus. We have discovered a good many things since those members of the universal Geographical Society flourished, but not the fountain-head of the Nile. Indeed, as Dr. Beke says,—

"We are far from being acquainted with all that the ancients knew on this subject, and must content ourselves with the examination of that portion, probably a very small one, of their knowledge which has been handed down to us."

His criticism of Ptolemy is interesting; but we cannot tolerate even on the part of a writer of Dr. Beke's pretensions so flippant a notice of Mr. Cooley's erudite and admirable interpretations of Ptolemy. Mr. Cooley has rather developed than changed his views; and Dr. Beke's own admissions ought to have suggested to him that, where so many doubts exist, guessing may be dangerous, but dogmatism is inexcusable. He remarks:—

"With Ptolemy and his age the knowledge of the Upper Nile reached its culminating point, from which the relapse into almost total ignorance Beke's own admissions ought to have suggested to him that, where so many doubts exist, guessing may be dangerous, but dogmatism is inexcusable. He remarks:—

qualified with the Basin of the Nile to allow the accuracy of that description to be demonstrated."

As for "demonstration" we are still waiting for it. To what does the summing-up of Dr. Beke amount?—

"It has been shown that the Bahr el Ghazal or Keilah has branches from the south, together with others from the west and north-west. From what we know of the limits of the basin of the Nile in those directions, there is, however, scarcely room to expect that any river of greater size than the Sobat or the Tabori will be found to the west of the latter; still the question cannot at all be looked on as settled. There are reports of a great lake said to be situate in the west of the Fandongo country, which Lake M. Brun-Rollet lays down conjecturally on the equator and between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth meridians east of Paris. If Nyanza be the head of the Tabori, Tanganyika might perhaps be made to correspond with M. Brun-Rollet's western lake. But if the Tabori, with the Kombarat and Fandongo mountains, should have to be carried westward to about the meridian of Tanganyika, we must look for a dried lake, the position of which we can estimate as relatively about as much to the north-west of Tanganyika as Nyanza is to the north-east; and it really seems that such a lake would answer far better than Nyanza to Lopez's description of the second lake of the Nile, cited in page 110 of the present work. It is, however, of little avail to reason on insufficient data. This alone is certain—that all the head-streams of the Nile must be thoroughly explored before it would be in our power finally and irrevocably to decide which among them is entitled to the designation of the Source of the Nile. Till then we must remain content to own, with the poet:—

*Arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli,
Nec levis populi parvum te, Nile, videtur."*

Thus, the book begins and ends with an ambiguity, and Lucan still may say, "Thou, Nile, art undiscovered." Dr. Beke's work, as a general review of research and discovery in connection with the celebrated African river, is of high value. We can only wish it had been less controversial. What if the mystery remains unrevealed until the Table of Emerald, under the great Pyramid, be found and deciphered by a hieroglyphist less sceptical than Dr. Beke and less conscientious than Dr. Beke!

A Search into the History of the Publication of Pope's Letters.

THE LETTERS OF MR. POPE, 1735.

POPE, as we have shown, denounced the publishers, and asserted by advertisement (April 4) that some of the letters could only have been procured "from his own library, or that of a noble Lord." How obtained Pope was professedly so ignorant, that he offered a reward of £100, for the combination with Curll, printed three letters, would discover to him the whole of this affair. On this, either P. T. or R. Snythe came forward, and gave not only Pope but the public the benefit of confession, by publishing 'A Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been procured.' On this "Narrative" Curll commented; and published, in illustration, the letters which had passed between them, from which letters it appears, as before noticed, that P. T.'s friend, who had furnished the copy of the letters, and had been "concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope's) in handing to the press his letters to Wycherley, got some copies over and above. This accident first put into his head the thought of collecting more." Now the reader is already aware that the noble Lord—Lord Oxford—had nothing whatever to do with handing to the press the Wycherley Letters; and the schoolboy agrees with what Pope has "made the Publishers say" in the Preface to the Wycherley

Letters six years before—with what he had said in his advertisement—with what was said in the "Narrative." The public were there told that, after the publication of the Cronwell Letters,—

"Some of his [Pope's] friends advised him to print a Collection himself to prevent a worse; but this he would by no means agree to. However, as some of the Letters served to revive several past Scenes of Friendship, and others to clear the Truth of Facts in which he had been misrepresented by the common Scribblers, he was induced to preserve a few of his own Letters, as well as of his Friends. These, as I have been told, he inserted in Two Books, some Originals, others Copies, with a few Notes and Extracts here and there added. In the same Books he caused to be copied some small Pieces in Verse and Prose, either of his own or his Correspondents; which, though not finished enough for the Public, were such as the Partiality of any Friend would be sorry to be deprived of. To this purpose an Amanuensis or two were employed by Mr. Pope when the Books were in the Country, and by the Earl of Oxford when they were in Town. It happened soon after that the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley were published, in such a Manner as could no way increase the Reputation of that Gentleman, who had been Mr. Pope's first Correspondent and Friend; and several of those Letters so fully showed the State of the Case, that it was thought but a Justice to Mr. Wycherley's Memory to print a few to discredit that Imposition. These were accordingly transcribed for the Press from the Manuscript Books above mentioned."

This "Narrative" the public were led to believe was a mere anonymous publication—a consequence, Pope said, of a quarrel among the rogues. But its accuracy was never questioned or, not even in the Preface to the Quarto; indeed, the explanation there given is occasionally in the very words of the "Narrative." Pope, in fact, never denied the truth of the "Narrative," and he took the benefit of it for some eighteen months—indeed, for ever. After all, the Preface to the Quarto—an edition for which Pope received subscriptions—is itself anonymous, the responsibility of which it would be difficult to fix on any one; for it is sometimes written in the first person singular, at others in the first person plural,—sometimes apparently by the author, at others by the booksellers. We must, therefore, trace out the history of this edition of 1735. It is of interest, not merely for its own curious revelations, but from the fact that many of the letters which, from Warburton to Roscoe, have always been published as Pope's letters, rest on no other authority.

From the "Narrative," and Curll's Initial Correspondence we learn, as the starting-point of this strange history, that in March, 1733, some person, signing himself E. P., opened a correspondence with Curll by sending him anecdotes about Pope for a memoir, which Curll had announced his intention of publishing. On the 11th of October, 1733, P. T. sent more anecdotes, and though P. T. professed to be out of humour with Pope for some personal neglect, these anecdotes were of a character so flattering to Pope's vanity, that Pope himself subsequently adopted and published them, in substance as a note to the Epistle to Arbuthnot. The next month, November, 1733, P. T. wrote again to Curll and informed him:—

"there have lately fallen into my hands a large collection of his [Pope's] letters from the former part of his days till the year 1727, which being more considerable than any yet seen, and opening very many scenes new to the world, will alone make a perfect and the most authentic life and memoirs of him that could be. To shew you my sincerity and determinate resolution of assisting you herein, I will give you an abstract of some of the most curious, which you may peruse, if you please, forthwith, and on your so doing the letters shall be sent to you."

They will make a four or five shilling book; yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in mine or your hands to vouch the truth of them."

This advertisement Curll did not publish, and the correspondence therefore closed. It is important to observe that this advertisement not merely announced the publication of Pope's letters, but concluded with an important "N.B. The originals will be shown at E. Curll's when the book is published"—a condition which P. T. could not have complied with, unless P. T. were Alexander Pope; for, as Pope declared, the original letters remained long after (in 1735) in his own possession. Such an announcement, therefore, must have been solely intended to damage Curll. Curll manifestly could not publish, for he had neither copies nor originals of Pope's letters. But, on the mere issue of such an advertisement, would not Pope's friends have done what they did when the publication of the *Crownwell Letters* was announced—have advised Pope forthwith "to print a collection himself to prevent a worse"? We shall see how this, as a probability, works out in the progress of events.

Curll, as we learn from the "Narrative," had about him certain "Stylers" who were employed to discover his secrets. It is not improbable that the persons so employed would, on occasion, be *suggesters*. We, however, only know that eighteen months after all communication between Curll and P. T. had ceased, Curll thought, or it was suggested to him, that his difference with Pope "had continued much too long, being almost eight years," and he, therefore, wrote to Pope to that effect, and in proof of his good faith and good feeling, he told Pope of the offer which had been made to him eighteen months before, and inclosed the advertisement which P. T. had sent for insertion in the newspapers.

All communication, he remembered, between P. T. and Curll had long ceased, Curll had no letters of Pope's, either originals or copies—he had no means of publishing any of Pope's letters—no means of even communicating with P. T. Had Pope, therefore, thrown Curll's letter into the fire, or replied after the usual fashion, the public would not have known that any one had, or even pretended to have, "a large collection of Pope's letters." Pope, however, replied to Curll's letter by public advertisement. All, therefore, that followed was consequent upon Pope's own act. The advertisement itself is so important as to be of necessity reproduced here:—

"Whereas E. C., Bookseller, has written to Mr. P. pretending that a person, the Initials of whose Name are P. T., hath offered him to print a large Collection of the said Mr. P. T.'s letters, to which E. C. requires an Answer. This is to certify that Mr. P.—having never had, nor intending ever to have any private Correspondence with E. C. gives his Answer in this Manner. That he knows no such Person as P. T.; that he thinks no Man has any such Collection; that he believes the whole a Forgery, and shall not trouble himself about it."

No one reading this advertisement could doubt that Curll had threatened Pope to publish a large collection of Pope's letters—whereas Curll had only informed him that some person, not known to Curll, had contemplated such a publication some eighteen months before, with which Curll had refused to be concerned, and Curll had now furnished Pope with the possible means of detecting the party, and thereby regaining possession of the manuscripts, if such manuscripts really existed. It is strange, too, that reading, or affecting to read, Curll's letter as an announcement of a forthcoming publication, Pope concludes not with informing all parties concerned that he will assuredly pro-

secute them; but that he "shall not trouble himself about it"—a sort of licence and authority to do as they pleased.

There are other statements in this advertisement still more strange when interpreted by events. Pope therein tells us that P. T. "hath offered him (Curll) to print" this collection of letters. The expression may be equivocal; but read literally, it means that P. T. had offered to print—to get printed—to deliver printed copies to Curll; whereas P. T. had made no such offer—no offer that could be so interpreted. His words are:—

"I expect no more than will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in mine or in your hands, to vouch for the truth of them."

In what could have originated the equivocal statement in Pope's advertisement, except in the knowledge of a fact, not known to Curll, that P. T. had already printed the collection? Since 1733, when P. T. had offered to get the copies transcribed, he had, it subsequently appeared, printed the whole, and was just now in want of a publisher. Respectable booksellers would not embark in so questionable a proceeding as to publish a man's letters—not only without his consent, but in defiance of him and of the law. They might object, as Curll did in 1733, and as Lintot did in 1735, "to deal with a nameless agent." P. T., therefore, was in search of a Curll and something more—a Curll whose courtesies had been flung back in his face—who had been denounced and insulted by public advertisement—and he must find him too, at a particular moment of time.

Pope's denunciatory advertisement, we are told in the "Narrative," appeared in the *Daily Post Boy* of the 4th of April, and Curll returned an impertinent answer in the same paper the next day. This is true, but not the whole truth; although the question is not materially affected by the difference. Pope's advertisement first appeared in the *Grub Street Journal* of the 3rd of April; and there can be little doubt that had Curll been left to himself, he would have replied by advertisement, and would have told the plain truth—would have denied any combination with P. T. or any other person—denied that he had threatened to publish a Collection of Pope's Letters, or had any thought or intention, or even the power, of doing so. After the appearance of such a letter from Curll, there would have been no pretext on which the most obliging of friends could suggest to Pope a publication of his own letters "to prevent a worse." It was necessary, therefore, that immediate communication should be had with Curll—that some influence, good or bad, should be exercised over him. By strange accident, no sooner had Pope's advertisement appeared than it was seen by P. T.—P. T. must have written—did write—instantly to the angry Curll, with the intelligence that since the treaty of 1733 had been broken off, he had been persuaded to print the letters; and though, of course, a little indignant with Curll for having "betrayed him" to "Squire Pope," yet, as he himself was a good-natured, placable man, he would still give Curll the preference as publisher, if he would pay the cost of paper and print, and allow him handsomely for the copy. Revenge is sweet. P. T. was heartily welcomed, and on the morning of the 5th of April out came Curll's advertisement. Curll had not on this occasion received a copy of the advertisement which he was to insert, and was therefore under the necessity of so preparing his advertisement that it should only be Pope's; and he now promised, on the authority of P. T. of 1733, that the originals of the collection should be exhibited "in Mr. P.'s

own hand," "when printed." All this and the negotiation took place in one day, according to the "Narrative"—in two days at the utmost. Pope's advertisement appeared on the 3rd and 4th, and Curll's on the 5th; and in that short interval, by the intervention of P. T., Curll's policy, and, as he thought, his powers of revenge, were changed.

It is a strong circumstance in favour of the conjecture that the statement—P. T. had "offered to print"—originated in a knowledge of the fact that P. T. had already printed, that P. T.'s immediate offer to Curll was of 650 copies—reduced to 600 copies on the 10th of May—"each book to contain 185 pages octavo"; and when the book was published, it was found to contain 378 pages, and including the bastard title of the first volume, not included in the pagination, exactly 380; and it had been proposed by P. T. that Curll should print the title-page himself. The negotiation now hurried on. Curll was impatient, and P. T. was impatient; but Curll was impatient for the copies, whereas P. T., as in 1733, was impatient only to get Curll committed by an advertisement as to the actual contents of the volume, before he, Curll, had an opportunity of verifying its accuracy. But Curll was cautious; accordingly, a short, squat man in a clergyman's gown—a clergyman then commonly wore their gowns—called at Curll's house between nine and ten at night, and showed him "a book in sheets, almost finished, and about a dozen original letters, and promised me the whole at our next meeting." That Curll gave a true account of the transaction, says Dr. Johnson, "it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected." There is, indeed, no reason to doubt the truth of Curll's statement. All he said, and all he wrote on the subject, was consistent, and, though cavilled at and denounced, was not disproved. He knew Pope's handwriting well—he had the originals of the *Crownwell Letters* still in his possession. Where, then, did the originals shown to Curll come from? They were avowedly in Pope's possession long after. But they must have been out of his possession long before doing service on that memorable evening.

Still Curll remained silent. His advertisement had been merely vague and threatening, and it is evident that he would not commit himself by assertions as to the contents of the volume until he had copies of the work in his possession. P. T. and R. S. still continue to urge forward—"get the titles printed with all expedition"—the letters must come out "forthwith," but always with the same cuckoo questioning—"Why do you not advertise?" Still no advertisement appeared. A few copies of the work were, therefore, delivered to Curll, and then, on the morning of the 12th of May, the advertisement appeared, announcing the publication "This day." On "this day" Curll had been promised two hundred more copies. About one o'clock Smythe sent for him to the Standart Tavern in Leicester Fields. "We had not been together half an hour," says Curll, "before two porters brought to the tavern five bundles of books upon a horse, which R. S. told me came by water. He ordered the porters to carry them to my house, and my wife took them in."

Curll's advertisement, drawn out, as he said, by instructions of P. T., had announced among other letters some from certain "Lords." The publication of the letters of "Lords" was, it appeared, a breach of privilege, and the advertisement had been brought under notice in the House of Lords on the morning of its appearance, the 13th of the very morning R. Smythe had arranged to deliver copies. The copies, the

horse-lord, sent forward from Leicester Fields to Curll's house, must have arrived there about two o'clock, and as soon as received by Mrs. Curll, and before a single bale had been opened, the whole were seized by messengers from the House of Lords, and Curll was summoned to attend the House the next day. It is a fact which must not be overlooked, that had the messenger entered Curll's house one half hour earlier, there would not have been a single copy on the premises; for Curll had received but fifty copies, and had sold them all, as he stated in his examination.

It is a proof of the electric speed with which everything became known in relation to these proceedings, that Curll's advertisement announcing among the contents of the volume the letters of "Lords" was published on the morning of the 12th, that on the morning of the 13th it was read and denounced in the House of Lords, the debate on the subject was over, the Usher of the Black Rod had been ordered to seize the impressions of the book, and the copies had been seized all before two o'clock on the 12th. P. T. was instantly informed of everything, and R. Smythe knew of the seizure the very same day, for the next morning he confided with Curll, told him of the active measures which had been taken consequent on the seizure, and instructed him as to what he should tell the "Lords":—

"Whatever questions the Lords ask you will answer no more than this: that you had the letters from different Lords, some of which you paid for; that you printed them, as you did Mr. Cromwell's before, without Mr. Pope's ever giving you it; and that as to the originals many you can show now, and the rest you can very speedily."

Fortunately for Curll he did not attend to instructions, but told the exact truth; and as there were no letters from "Lords" in the volumes seized, and as he did not pretend that he had any in his possession, he was dismissed, and the seized copies ordered by the Committee, at its adjourned meeting, the 15th, to be returned.

In the advertisement published by Curll, and, as he said, copied from one shown to him for the purpose of being copied—in conformity with the instructions of 1733—and on the strength of the dozen original letters which he had seen, and the promise of all, Curll had ventured to say that the original MSS. might be seen at his house. Smythe had instructed Curll to tell the "Lords" "that as to the originals many you can show now, and the rest you can very speedily;" and yet Smythe now tells him:—

"It is well that an accident hinders you at present from the originals, which now they would seize. P. T. thinks it was indiscreet to advertise the originals so very quick as the first day, until you actually had them, which by his own falling ill he could not come at so soon in the place where they lay."

No doubt Curll himself began to think that he had acted indiscreetly, for already P. T. was ill, and could not "come at" the originals; and within a few days he was so dissatisfied with Curll that it was doubtful to Smythe whether he ever would send the originals; and, of course, he never did.

It was professedly of the utmost consequence to P. T. and R. Smythe that Pope should not see a line of their correspondence with Curll:—

"The Clergyman you saw will bring you the books, to whom I must you will deliver my former letters concerning Mr. Pope, whom I must be considered from; and he tells me you had written an advertisement of Mr. Pope's life, in which if you insert any one circumstance of what I told you in a private Letter I shall be discovered, and exposed to

his Resentment. I insist, on your honor, in returning them therefore."

So wrote P. T. Yet all the dangerous and damaging letters were no sooner received from Curll than they, or copies, were in the possession of Cooper, the bookseller, and within the power of Pope, for Cooper was at this moment in friendly relations with Pope; he was not only the publisher of the "Narrative," but of an edition of Pope's Letters, which edition, though it appeared to be but another surreptitious edition, was, we know, at least "connived at" by Pope, as he was forced to acknowledge to his legal adviser, Fortescue, when Cooper was threatened with a prosecution by Curll. The last letter of Smythe to Curll is dated the 17th of May, and on the 24th it was announced that "the Clergyman concerned with P. T. and Edmund Curll to publish Mr. Pope's Letters had discovered the whole transaction, and a Narrative of the same will be speedily printed."

We come now to the Preface to the Quarto edition of those Letters published in 1737.

It would be difficult—indeed impossible—if Pope desired to evade responsibility, to fix the statements in that Preface on him. It is equally difficult to separate what is said in it in relation to the publication of 1733, from what is said of, or as applied to, the publication of the Cromwell Letters of 1735, the Wycherley Letters, the letters published in the second and subsequent volumes by Curll of what he called Pope's Correspondence; but notwithstanding the vague talk, on this and other occasions, about letters which "no man of common sense would have published," the authenticity of not one single letter is denied or questioned!

If we might rely on the account of the publications given in the Preface to the Quarto edition, 1737, no such good fortune ever attended any other man. Pope prepared the correspondence; Pope selected his letters worthy of publication, and destroyed the remainder; Pope wrote notes; Pope inserted bits of poetry; somebody then stole copies of all, and published all, and so strictly in conformity with his intentions and wishes, that when he published his own Quarto in 1737, he left the wrong addresses, the false dates, and the "cooking" untouched, of the large extent and of the significant character of which we have already adduced proof [No. 1393]. The omission, indeed, in the Quarto made the collections less to Pope's taste than the surreptitious edition, for he secretly, but immediately, in 1737, reproduced the whole through the agency of Cooper. The following is from an advertisement in the *Daily Post* of the 7th of June, 1737:—

"This day is published, price 6s. (Beautifully printed in the name Letter with other Works). Letters of Mr. Pope, &c. In this Impression are contained all the Letters of the Author's own Edition, exactly printed from thence, with all the genuine from the other impressions, more correct, and several never before published."

Pope left a copy of this edition, as we must believe, to his literary executor, Warburton, who had implicit faith in its accuracy, and therefore introduced all the letters from the surreptitious editions into his own—introduced even the Notes, and affixed "P." as the initial of the writer—and they have ever since been republished without one word of caution.

Curll, it is obvious, had no more to do with the publication than any other bookseller who sold it; but Curll was a man of doubtful reputation, easily played upon, who had long been at open variance with Pope and it was of the utmost importance to keep the public on a wrong scent. Nothing but stolen copies, and

ignorant surreptitious editions could explain to correspondents, still living, the misdirection and mutilation of their letters. In proof, not one letter in the whole collection of 1735 was addressed to Pope's old Catholic friends, the Carylls, who had contributed so many; the nearest approach to the name was, "From J. C. Esq.," "To Mr. C.," "To the Hon. —," and half-a-dozen "To the Hon. J. C. Esq.," which, of course, the public interpreted, as Rowce did, to mean "The Hon. James Craggs," and the more naturally, as one of the letters was formally addressed "To the Hon. James Craggs, Esq.," although Craggs never was the Honorable, and Caryll's pretensions to the courtesy were unknown, except to a few Catholics and Jacobites. Others of the Caryll letters were on publication addressed, as will appear in the forthcoming edition, to Addison, to Congreve, to Steele, to Trumhull, and like distinguished persons. Yet Caryll, though ill and seventy years of age, was still living.

Pope, however, promised what might be considered a remedy for these wrongs, an edition of his own, "with all convenient speed"; but though speed was, under circumstances, essential, there was no movement towards a publication until after his friend, Caryll, was dead and buried, 17th of April, 1736. Then, indeed, and within a fortnight, Pope wrote to Allen of Bath:—"I have yet heard little of the subscriptions"—subscribing, says Warburton, for his own edition of the Letters. Not a letter afterwards without reference to this subject. On June the 6th, Pope announces that he "will publish in the News next winter the Proposals." On the 14th of September, 1736, he wrote to Slingsby Bethel—"If any subscribers to my *Prose Works* [the Letters] have fallen in your way (of which Mr. [Hugh] Bethel lately sent me his list) be pleased to tell me." But he did not wait either for winter or for the publication of the Proposals; for on the 6th of November he announces to Allen that the work is "three quarters printed."

Let us now consider what apparent security we have for the authenticity of the letters so published. So far as the Wycherley and Cromwell Letters are concerned we have discussed the question. But the depositing of the Wycherley Letters in Lord Osington's library was merely an incident—urgent because those letters were to be immediately published. Pope's request, however, was general. On Sept. the 15th, 1739, he asked for leave to deposit "some original papers and letters both of my own and some of my friends." The Wycherley Letters, or copies, were said to be ready, and we will assume deposited; but Pope adds:—

"As the rest of the work that I told you of (that of collecting the papers and letters of many other correspondents) advances now to some bulk, I think more and more of it as finding what a number of facts they will settle the truth of, both relating to history and criticism, and points of private life and character of the eminent men of my time. And really, my Lord, I am in hopes that I shall in this make you no disagreeable and invaluable present to your Manuscript Library."

Here, then, we have proof that at the time P. T.'s friend was professedly "concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope's) in handing to the press his letters to Mr. Wycherley," by which means he obtained possession of the letters or copies of the letters published in 1735, the noble Lord had not possession of—had not even seen—"the rest of the work"—the general correspondence. Let us, however, assume for a moment the truth of the assertions in the "Narrative." It is obvious that the friends could not in 1739 have obtained either letters or copies of letters written later than 1729, and

get the volume contains four letters of a later date; and one, the letter from Arbuthnot, of July the 17th, 1734. As Arbuthnot only died on the 27th of February, 1735, the insertion of this letter must have been decided on at the last moment—so late, indeed, that Pope had not time to write, or had not, perhaps, thought of the admirable answer which he could write, and which answer, therefore, first appeared in the Quarto of 1737—the answer which he did write will appear in Mr. Murray's edition.

When the general correspondence was deposited in the Harley Library, we know not—of what it consisted, we know not. From the first letter to Oxford we ought to infer that it was made up of "original papers and letters"; but the "Narrative" says "some originals, some copies," and in the Quarto we are informed that Mr. Pope "lay'd by the originals," and caused a copy to be taken to deposit in the library of a noble friend. This is confirmed by a letter from Pope to Lord Oxford, of March 3, 1734—5—a very important letter; for it is proof that, whether originals or copies had been deposited, they were that day asked for, and removed from his Lordship's custody, and never, we have reason to believe, returned:—

"Twitnam, March 3, 1734-5. I beg your Lordship to give the bearer, my waterman, the bound book of copies of letters, which I want to inspect for a day or two."

In that same month, the "Sifters," as we believe, commenced their operations. Curll was persuaded to attempt—a certainly did attempt—a reconciliation. Pope denounced him by public advertisement—P. T. came to the rescue, and, within two months, these letters were published! The inference is obvious; but what we desire to impress on the reader is that if Pope, even from the first, meant to act honestly, why did he not, according to his declared intention, deposit the originals of these letters in Lord Oxford's library; why did he destroy the originals, or, in his own phrase, lay them by so carefully that no one ever saw them, and not one has ever been found? If the "copies" were truthful, why, when the originals were professedly in his own hands, apply to Lord Oxford, and remove those copies from his library? and by what chance, or under what circumstances, should he want to inspect those copies "for a day or two," just when some unknown and never known person had the intention and the means, and was about to publish them? and why did he not return those copies which it was essential to his honour and the vindication of his character, if the publication were as false and objectionable as he led the public to believe, should be available for reference and in proof?

In another letter of the 17th of June, 1735, Pope asked for the last fragment of the sacred deposit which, we are told, was to settle the truth of so many facts relating to history and criticism, and the characters of eminent men.

"I recollect that your Lordship has still in your custody the brouillons of verses, and some letters of Wycherley I think, in a red leather case with your arms upon it. I beg also that I may have it."

By what agents Pope carried on his negotiations with Curll may never be known. Dr. Johnson said, that "James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried by Pope's direction, the books to Curll," in other words, that he was the R. Synthe of the "Narrative." Dr. Johnson's objection to Worsdale's evidence is of no more force than it would be against the like evidence of any other person. That the agent employed was a disreputable fellow is proved by his being engaged in such a trans-

action; and certainly no man who had a regard for truth would have played a part of which falsehood was the very element and life.

The character of Worsdale seems to strengthen the probabilities of his being the party. Worsdale, though passing as a colour-grinder's son, is said by some of his contemporaries to have boasted that he was the natural son of Sir Godfrey Kneller. Walpole says that he was a pupil of Kneller's, and married Kneller's wife's niece without their consent. In either case, he would have been well known to Pope; and if an anecdote told by Horace Walpole, who also knew Worsdale, be true, he painted for Pope half-a-dozen copies of a portrait of Atterbury, which Pope gave to different friends. As this would probably have been after Atterbury's death,—1732—it brings Pope and Worsdale into close connexion about the time of the surreptitious printing and publication of the Letters. Worsdale, an artist by education, was an actor by choice, and although he occasionally followed his profession, he really lived as a dramatic author and actor. Foote thought highly of him as an actor, selected him to play Lady Pentwistle in his comedy of 'Taste,' and made him a present of the piece and the profits. 'The Memoirs of Mrs. Pilkington,'—Swift's Mrs. Pilkington, who appears to have lived, or as she gives us to believe, starved, with Worsdale—is full of disreputable anecdotes about him. Dr. Johnson speaks of him as a man "employed in clandestine negotiations." This is true; negotiations and personations for which honest men shrink instinctively were the delight of his life. One remarkable instance of personation runs so exactly parallel to this with Curll that it tends strongly to confirm Worsdale's statement. When an attempt was made to extort money from the Hon. Edward Walpole, the second son of the first Earl of Oxford, it was thought to be good policy to get some one to introduce himself to the conspirators, and to the required extent to become a conspirator, that they might obtain evidence against the parties, and Worsdale was the man selected. Worsdale passed among them as 'Counsellor Johnson,' and soon brought the plot to a close—apprehended the parties, who were forthwith tried and convicted; and Worsdale, we are told, in giving evidence "acted with so much life and spirit the several parts he had performed during the time of sitting out the mystery, as gave no small diversion to the Court."

This shows that Worsdale was the very man for Pope's purpose, and that Worsdale's friends knew it, and knew him to be unscrupulous. But we have not only Worsdale's acknowledgment, as mentioned by Johnson, but as confirmed by Faulkner, the Dublin printer, who told Dr. Birch:—

"Worsdale the painter was employed by Pope to go to Curll in the habit of a clergyman and sell him the printed copies of his letters."

This, it is probable, Faulkner had direct from Worsdale, for Worsdale was, at one time, an actor at the Dublin theatre, while Faulkner was proprietor and printer of a Dublin newspaper.

It may be well briefly to show the order of publication of these several editions of 1735, and how they may be distinguished.

The "horse-load" delivered to Curll on the 15th of May were all imperfect, and wanted, generally, the letters to Jervas, Digby, Ed. Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot. This we call the Roberts of 1735, because the name of Roberts, as publisher, appears in the only copy we have seen; but as the "horse-load" were delivered to and paid for by Curll, and as

Curll, and Roberts, and Burleigh, and booksellers of that class, often speculated together, each printing his own title-page, it is possible that copies of this imperfect edition may be found with other names to it; but the probabilities are, that so soon as the market was fully supplied, these imperfect copies were destroyed as waste paper.

The edition "Printed and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster" is the genuine P. T. or Pope edition. As, moreover, the number of copies delivered to Curll—from 240 to 300—went far to exhaust the Wycherley supply of 1729, it soon became necessary to reprint the Wycherley Letters. This was done while the remainder of the volume was still in type; and copies of this second issue may be thus known. The first issue had a notice of *errors*, which does not appear in the second; but all the *errors* pointed out and existing in the Wycherley of the first issue—the Wycherley of 1729—are corrected in the second issue; but the *errors* of the remaining part of the volume are not corrected. This reprinting of the Wycherley Letters enforced a change in the pagination, which differs throughout.

All the copies we have seen with Curll's name as publisher, are reprints from the second issue of the edition "printed for the Booksellers," and, indeed, Curll first announced his intention to reprint in his letter to the "Lords," of the 22nd of May.

Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History. By Cornwall Simcox. (Macmillan & Co.)

As the results of large experience, simply but skillfully told, this volume is a pleasing addition to the very agreeable department of literature to which it especially belongs. They who love angling, who delight in resources connected with natural history, and pursue both as sweeteners rather than the exclusive objects of life, are men to be envied. This love and this delight, so pursued, exercise healthy influences, not only over character, but over the very aspect and bearing of a man. They render him patient of temper, and they endow him with the inward feeling and the outward look of content. A man's vocation is often to be traced in his carriage and demeanour: where such vocation is likely to stamp these less agreeably than distinctly, the marks may be effaced by honest devotion to wholesome relaxation. One of the most dignified men we ever beheld was a poor north-country weaver, who, albeit worn, and bent, and exhausted, by long hours at the loom, effaced the degrading traces of hard and honest labour by spending every spare hour abroad in the fields and by the floods, angling where he might, and eagerly studying God's works where he would,—beneath heaven's canopy.

But there are many who have not the leisure, some who lack the power, a few who possess not the inclination to be up, out, and doing, where Nature is busiest and grandest. To them is awarded, in volumes like this, a reflex of the enjoyment earned by those whose experiences they register. Thereby, the man who has "had his day" may, in memory, go over its old gladness, brightness, and happy weariness,—pride to more gladness and brightness to come. Therein, too, they who have never had occasion to fish, may read or read the history of God's greatness as it is revealed in the teeming life about them, may find compensation for seasons which they have wasted or knew not how to profit by. To both these classes, Mr. Simcox's book recommends itself. It abounds in all details connected with *Haliæticæ*; and the added notes on Natural

History indicate that the author, like good old Walton, allowed his head to work and his eye to observe, while his hand held the rod. A few extracts will furnish a satisfactory idea of the uses of the book and the merits of the author. Here is a species of "fox-hunter" with which we are not acquainted in England:—

"A 'fox-hunter' in the Highlands means a person who is paid by the neighbouring farmers to rid the country of foxes. This he does in all kinds of unorthodox ways, by gun, by trap, and sometimes by a motley pack of 'hounds' by which they are run to earth, being afterwards dug out or otherwise disposed of, if they have escaped being shot in *transitu*. The lively description in 'Guy Mannering' of a hunt of this kind will be vividly in the recollection of all readers of Sir Walter Scott. Our Fox-hunter, during the summer and autumn months, when he was not busy about his craft, gave us his valuable services as gamekeeper, dog-feeder, and general factotum, as well on water as land, assisting on the former in the boats when required. This last occupation, however, he never took kindly to, considering it, I fancy, rather a loss of dignity, and looking upon fishing in general as an ignoble and degrading sport rather than otherwise. Shooting was his delight, when engaged about which I never saw a day too long, or a hill too high or 'coarse' for him, though upwards of sixty seasons had passed over his head. It was a favourite boast of his that he had been forty-three years a fox-hunter, and never had missed a fair shot at a fox at forty yards.—'Forty yards, Sirr—yes!'"

Our friends in the far north have generally a horror of eels as diet, classing them with snakes; but, on the other hand, they are less nice where more nicety would have been warranted. The cows, too, do not seem to be over-particular:—

"We have heard of strange modes of dressing food in use amongst uncivilized tribes; but I doubt whether any 'traveler's tales' have ventured on the description of one more eccentric than the following mode of preparing skate for the table, the ingenuity of which is only surpassed by its exceeding madness, and which I was not a little sick at finding adopted in a corner of our own enlightened kingdom. The fish, when cleaned (a somewhat unnecessary preliminary one would think), is buried in wet horse dung, where it is allowed to soak for about twenty-four hours. It is then taken out (washed, we hope), and belled for the table, where it is presented as 'Sour Skate'—'a varra delicious dish,' according to my informant, who evidently spoke of it with considerable gusto. If, as has been asserted, the progress of the gastronomic art affords a fair test by which to estimate the march of civilization, what conclusion might not be drawn from this little circumstance with regard to our friends of the Hebrides? If some of the Scotch have strange fancies in the matter of diet, their cattle, it would respect, occasionally take after them in this respect. I was one day fishing the Ness out of a boat, when I noticed a cow inquisitively examining some things which I had left by the water-side. On landing I found she had been influenced by other motives than those of mere curiosity, having eaten up the maw of one side (the bottom half) of a new macintosh. Happening shortly afterwards to meet the miller whose property she was, I exhibited to him the manifest evidence of her misdeeds, expecting at least to meet with something like sympathy for my loss. His sympathies were, however, all on the other side. He surveyed it for some time in silence and with an air of dejection, and then simply exclaimed, 'Eh, but she'll no be the better o' the buttons!'"

From several illustrations of the comprehension by birds of what they "say or sing," here is one that is amusing enough:—

"A Parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear lest he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence

happened to be unnoticed, and he was forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, boys, cheer.' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, *perhaps* thinking that he had committed himself and had better apologise, called out, 'Sorry I spoke.' The overpowering effect on the congregation may be more easily imagined than described."

Our own experience with respect to some animals enables us to confirm much which the author advances, touching, not indeed their sense of Sunday, but their comprehension and feeling of its difference from other days. The prevailing quiet undoubtedly renders the birds tamer; and domestic animals learn, by habit, when the usual interruption to their ordinary pursuits comes round. We ourselves possessed a terrier accustomed to go out with hounds, or lead a vagabonding wood, field, and river-side life, daily. To this terrier the sound of church-bells on Sunday was so unwelcome an indication that he and fun were not to be acquainted on the day in question, that he would continue a pitifully hideous howl at them as long as they wagged their iron tongues. When they ceased, "Pupper" lay down, gloomily resigned, and impatiently awaiting Monday morning.

From some of the anecdotes on the above subject a few persons may dissent; but here is an incident which is incontrovertible, and a knowledge of which may not be without its uses:—

"Whilst waiting for the train one afternoon at Weybridge, I amused myself with watching the St. Martins, who have there a large establishment on either side of the cutting, and got into conversation with one of the porters about them. On my saying I supposed that the boys rolled a good variety of the nests, he answered, 'Oh, Sir, they would if they were allowed, but the birds are such good friends to us, that we won't let anybody meddle with them.' I fancied at first that he spoke of them as friends in the way of company only, but he explained his meaning to be that the flies about the station would be quite intolerable if they were not cleared off by the Martins, which are always hawking up and down in front of it; adding that even during the few hot days which occurred in the spring before their arrival, the flies were becoming very troublesome. 'Now,' he said, 'we may now and then see one, but that is all.'"

We have said enough to show the pleasant stuff of which this work is made, and we leave it to be read and studied by the public generally.

From London to Lucknow: with Memoranda of Mutinias, Marches, Flights, Fights, and Conversations. To which is added, an Oryzom-Snuggler's Explanation of the Pyho Massacre. By a Chaplain in H.M. Indian Service. 2 vols. (Nisbet & Co.)

We have here a narrative of travel and adventure in the old-fashioned style. There is no jesting at the Pyramids or irreverence about the Equator. The Chaplain writes out of the fullness and simplicity of his heart. He is romantic, susceptible, enthusiastic in search of the picturesque, and almost lyrical in his interpretations of history. He steams along the coast of Syria, and salutes them with a running fire of fervid ejaculations. The shores of Africa gleam in his sight with perspectives of antique marble. He approaches the East with awe, and confesses to an amazement of adoration extorted from him by all that is splendid or unlike the West in the beguined Indian kingdoms now incorporated in the British Empire. Travellers who indulge in associations are seldom original or critical observers. They cry "unhappy Spain! how

suggestive is the first sight of thy shores! Hannibal, Cesar, Trajan, the Moors, the Alhambras, Columbus, Salasman, and so forth; but their Spanish impressions are shallow, and they pass on to skin sea and land, in a purple mist of unprofitable ecstasies. What does our Chaplain say about the school of poets whom he calls "the Spasmodics"? Fantastically, that "reading them is like dining on sugar-plums, or spending the day at a jeweller's window." We hope he never knew any one who did either; but the comparison, if applicable at all, would apply to certain books from the pens of gentlemen who have been round, or partly round, the world. His own is not altogether so vague or preposterous. When he gets to India he sees something worth describing, and hears something worth repeating. It is only on the way thither that he sentimentalizes; but he certainly does it with a vengeance about "Time, with the senior members of her family, mourning over the ruins of former greatness which line the shores of the Mare Magnum," the soil of Cyprian's garden, the land of Egypt, the shepherds of Midian, Memphis, and the Desert. As to Scotland, he was intensely disappointed, for he expected to see vast panoramas of palaces, a whole Damascus of domes, and miles of Shalimar garden. Unutterably disgusting was it, then, to discover so many hovels, so much plaster, and such interminable whitewash. At Government House, however, the plate and the drawing-room carpet were magnificent, the latter "all one piece,"—rather an American note, we think; but the climate is so cruel, that every one, "from the Governor-General downwards, feels like a boiled cabbage."—The invasion of the country, which we presume the Chaplain has constructed from the depths of his own inner consciousness. But he was soon up the country, in the spring of 1857, with the rebellion beginning to mutter; and presents us with a characteristically clerical eulogy upon the pleasures of India:—

"Really this is a very delightful kind of holiday-life, barring the mosquitoes, which worry us chiefly at night. 'Up before the sun—tea and a biscuit—exercise on deck—expecting bath—breakfast—reading and writing—tiffin and talk—Hindustani and alligators—dinner and talk—more exercise—more Hindustani—more talk—fragrant cheroots to keep off the mosquitoes—tea by star-light—meditation—bed!—these are the signs of our daily solace.'"

We are inclined to set little value on the "memoranda of conversations," which are laboriously wite, and signify nothing. The journey ended, for the time, at Ghazepore, about fifty miles above Benares, famous for roses. This halt gives leisure for prodigious book-making in the shape of documents and telegrams, ruthlessly strung together in a ponderous series. Many of the accounts of the Mutinies are from hearsay, and as such not very reliable as evidence. We pass on, therefore, to a sketch of life on a flat on an Indian river:—

"The flat in which we are now quartered is an enormous iron barge, with a wooden deck, and thatched from end to end. It looks like a floating barn, open at the sides, the roof being supported by pillars. One end of this capacious vessel is our present residence. * * * We pass sleep, last night in our clothes in the open air, for the first time in our lives. The ladies and children have two cabins. The servants bring our meals ready cooked from the house on shore; and, although the heat is very great (about 100° in the shade), we comfortably outweigh the inconveniences. The hot wind is blowing, but even this has been made subservient to our well-being by a large *tattie*, or frame of sweet-scented grass, which is drenched on the outside by buckets of sacred water from the Ganges. The wind passing through the wet grass

becomes fragrant, cool and refreshing. The large water-jars of burnt clay are covered with wet cloths, the evaporation from which makes the water drinkable; and the quantity consumed by each person is astonishing. Some of the groups one sees at all hours of the day or night might be supposed to be a crowd of natives, but on looking closer, a photograph of the whole crowd on the deck of the flat would be a very remarkable production. There are Parsees in native costume; Hindoos and Mahomedans of various classes; ladies and children; officers and civilians; half-caste families, or Eurasians, as they are called; and the two worthy German missionaries, with the kind-hearted wife of one of them, and her flock of black native Christian children.

Anglo-Indians, of course, will not look to the Chaplain's volumes except to compare notes; but the general reader, who is for ever being instructed, and always supposed to be totally ignorant, may learn something about the European institutions of India; for example, the Mutton-club—

"We are going to join the Mutton-club. This is one of the great social institutions of the Mofussil, that is, of all Northern India except Calcutta. The mutton-club consists of those residents at a station who unite for the laudable purpose of supplying their tables twice a week with joints of gram-fed mutton. A shepherd is hired; sheep are bought; gram (a sort of pea) is supplied to the animals in a long trough two or three times a day; and the club's butcher every week selects from the stock for slaughter as many sheep as may be required. The members receive in regular rotation a fore-quarter, a hind-quarter, a saddle, &c., and always arrange their dinner-parties, if possible, for hind-quarter or saddle day. At the end of each month, the secretary (usually an active-minded lady) adds up the expenses, divides the sum by the number of members, and receives from each his share of the cost. When a new mutton-club is started, each member deposits a sum, commonly £5; and when he leaves the station, his successor in office, or some other person, buys up the share at the price originally paid for it, provided the club be in a flourishing condition. There is a terribly suggestive sketch of a British regiment in retreat:—

"At twenty minutes past three o'clock P.M., saw our troops retreating into the outer entrenchment. Having taken it for granted that the enemy must be routed, I was not prepared for this view of the case. A regular panic followed. Trains of elephants, camels, horses, bullock-waggons, and coolies came in at the principal gate, laden with stuff. Around the principal buildings, all sorts of draught-quadrupeds are collected, and fastened by ropes to stakes in the ground; and among the animals are piles of trunks, beds, chairs, and miscellaneous furniture and baggage. There is scarcely room to move. Soon after the engagement began, the servants in general abandoned their masters. Met Mr. Moore, the new chaplain. He had to fly, leaving his tent and almost everything behind. Mounted soldiers are galloping in and across the rough ground between the inner and outer entrenchments, and doolie after doolie, with its red curtains down, concealing some unhappy victim, passes on to the hospitals. The poor fellows are brought in, shot, cut, shattered, wounded in every imaginable way, and as they go by, raw stumps are now and then seen leaning over the sides of the doolies. Literally like some butcher-meat. Men, women, and children—chiefly Eurasians—sitting on their luggage in groups, stare at all this with a dumbfounded expression of countenance.

From Bithoor the Chaplain reported to his friends at home an incident, the details of which we wish we could believe exaggerated:—

"There was great difficulty in persuading the jaded bullocks to drag the loaded hackeries and the heavy guns across the fields. Poor brutes; how they do get beaten, kicked, cuffed, punched, and cut by the drivers, and generally cruelly treated, but they are sometimes cruelly treated by their superiors, if the work exacted is not promptly done.

I witnessed recently an occurrence of this kind which made my blood boil. A youth of eighteen or nineteen—an officer, who disgraced his uniform—had something to do with the superintendence of the baggage carts. He rushed about on horseback in the wildest manner, swearing abominably, treating heavily mist and left, and addressing the native carters in English, which, of course, they did not understand. I looked after this phenomenon with mingled astonishment, indignation and disgust, until I actually saw him deal a blow with his cudgel at the head of a woman, who had not turned the corner she was driving at, he wished them to be turned. Being fifteen or twenty yards from the spot, I did not see precisely where the stroke fell, as the road was crowded; but my impression is, that the scapegrace mist his head and bruised her shoulder."

The author of these volumes is, to all appearance, not specially acquainted with the history or politics, the manners or the resources, of India; but he has succeeded, for the most part, in his attempt to be familiar, lively and agreeable.

NEW NOVELS.

The Semi-Attached Couple, by the Author of *The Semi-Detached House*. 2 vols. (Bentley.)—It has really done our heart good to read this light, slight, pleasant novel. It is clever, very clever,—though we have read dozens of novels with more talent in them; but we have read few which are so pleasant as this *'Semi-Attached Couple'*, owing to the spirit of kindness, charity, and good breeding which pervades every page, we may say every line. There are bright little touches of humour which prevent the goodness becoming oppressive, giving a sparkle and life to the whole. There are no set descriptions, and the story reads more like the scenes of a genteel comedy than a regular novel. We cannot say much for its probability. Think of three happy marriages, containing every ingredient of human equity, with all the virtues under heaven thrown into the bargain! Have we such beauties anywhere, except in a fairy tale? *The spirit and intention of the work are, however, true. Gentleness, kindness, good-breeding, and good sense can and do smooth the roughness of*

—those catarrhs and breaks

Which humour interpreted too often makes.

More's the pity that their virtue is not more constantly brought to bear on the actual circumstances of life. The tone of this story is thoroughly healthy; and we recommend it heartily to all who are seeking for a pleasant book to beguile their leisure. The characters are only tinted sketches, but they are touched in with spirit. Lord Torvill, with his ardent love for his young wife, with all its jealous alternations of mood, is the most finished character in the book, and very like human nature. His wife, one of the heroines, is charming in her gentleness and sweetness of nature, and in the unobtrusive, laconic way she routes her Lord's displeasure. The gradual clearing away of all the clouds which at first threaten to mar the beauty of their summer-day, gives the reader real pleasure, if he is at all good-natured; and he will feel grateful to the author for the good common sense the tedious domestic drama which brings out the happiness of all concerned, without the painful necessity of going through many pages and chapters of previous mistakes and misunderstandings. Our own private belief is, that a little straightforward common sense would cut untidily short many domestic dramas which tend towards the sentimental. The accessory characters are all pleasant in their way, and nicely discriminated. Mrs. Douglas, with all her censoriousness, is good-hearted; and Lady Portmore is a witty sketch of a fussy, vain, meddling, foolish woman, who insists on being the "Egyp" at every man's side. Her part was introduced to her. In short, we have been amused by reading *'The Semi-Attached Couple'*; and nothing excites people's gratitude so vivily as to amuse them.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A History of Education for the English Bar, with Suggestions as to Subjects and Methods of Study, by Philip Anstie Smith, Barrister. (Butterworth.)

Barriers are being not made, and this seems to have been the opinion of the last generation of Benchers of our Inns of Court. The consumption of a certain number of indifferent dinners, with the incentive to exertion afforded by a view of the more sumptuous repasts which were enjoyed by the inmates, was the only means of training which gave a title to be called to the bar, and thereupon the youth became "learned in the law." It was, indeed, usual for the student to purchase the privilege of being neglected for a time in the chambers of a practising barrister; but this was not necessary for his becoming learned in the law by courtesy, and had but little tendency to make him so in fact. Such was, a few years ago, the education for the English Bar. Endeavours to make the Inns of Court something better than eating-houses have recently been made. Lecture-houses have been founded, and attendance at the lectures or submission to examination, has been required. To become a barrister, a man must now know something of the law or else be too stupid or idle to learn. The qualification of stupidity or idleness has been thought by some to be insufficient, and a joint-committee of the Inns of Court has recommended that the examination should be made compulsory. This suggestion is too sensible for the legal mind at present, and is understood to be rejected; it must, of course, prevail in the end, and our Inns of Court will become a Legal University. Notwithstanding the favourable argument of the opposition, which is drawn from the great intelligence, &c., of the present members of the Bar, we believe that such a step may greatly reduce the number of awkward stammerers, in silk as well as in stuff gowns, who now astonish the strangers who may wander into our courts of law or equity. The subject of the volume under review is known concerning the meetings and exercises, and also as to the domestic arrangements of the Inns of Court in former days, and sets forth the present state of the question of legal education. We do not find anything very novel or interesting in the author's suggestions.

The Illustrated, Historical, and Pictorial Guide to Corfe Castle, Wareham, and the Antiquities of the Isle of Purbeck. By Philip Brannon. (Poole, Sydenham.)—*A Guide to the Mountains, Lakes, and North-West Coast of England*. By Mackenzie Walcott. (Stanford.)—*Levi's Handbook of Portsmouth and the Royal Dock Yard*.—More contributions by way of aid to travellers and holiday-makers! We are, however, not able to say very much in praise of any of them. Mr. Brannon falls into the error of indulging in fine phrases loosely tacked together. He tells us in his Preface that "nothing but the facts of history is taken from extraneous sources;" and he tells us that Peter de Pomfret "chose the profession of a hermit's vow!" Again, at page 25, he talks of a Richard, Duke of Cornwall, existing in the reign of Henry the Third; whereas there was no Duke at all, in English, till one was created with that very title, and the person of Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward the Third. Slips like these affect the value of a book which, otherwise, is not without its merits. We may say precisely the same of Mr. Walcott's book. At page 114, he records that Lancaster was "created Earl of Lincoln in favour of John of Gaunt as Duke of Lancaster." We can assure him that such is not the case, if he means thereby, as he appears to do, that it was then so created for the first time. The first Duke of Lancaster, with palatine jurisdiction, was the great grandfather of Henry the Third, Henry Plantagenet, previously Earl of Derby and Lincoln, whose daughter Blanche became the wife of John of Gaunt. The father of Blanche left no male heirs; and, curiously enough, though this lady was the younger of two daughters, her hand, and not her father's desire, was carried off to the Duke of Lancaster. Her marriage, however, was therewith raised to the ducal dignity and to the enjoyment of the jurisdiction exercised by his predecessor.

of breaking a lance with him in public on this argument.

On the first place, I would object that there is no proof that "there has been everywhere a change of climate"; since the tropical and sub-tropical portions of the earth's surface may have always had pretty much the same mean temperature which they have now, for anything we can show to the contrary. It is, indeed, almost certain that the northern temperate regions were once warmer than they are now, and that warmer climate seems to have endured for all geological time until a very recent geological period. It is equally certain that large parts at least, if not the whole (there is some doubt as to that), of the northern temperate regions were, during the recent geological period, considerably colder than they are now. This colder climate seems, during that same period, to have prevailed as far south as Northern India, judging from the former greater extension of the glaciers of the Himalayah as described by Dr. Hooker and others, though possibly that might admit of explanation on the supposition of greater moisture there caused by the Bay of Bengal extending up the present Valley of the Ganges. We have, however, no reason to look to any other spot on the globe than the present position of the ice as the best evidence of what was during this Glacial or Pleistocene period. Neither has any one yet ventured to point to any other region of the globe as having been possibly its arctic region during any previous geological period,—basing his argument on the fossils of that region having a more arctic character than the contemporaneous fossils of surrounding countries.

The change of climate seems, as far as we can judge, to have been a general change from an "insular" to a "continental" climate, or, in other words, a change from one where a milder temperature was more widely diffused over the globe, to one in which the local distribution of heat was more marked, and the climate more "excessive," the mean temperature of the polar regions becoming certainly less, and possibly that of the equatorial regions rather greater than before. It is obvious that such a change is one that cannot be ascribed for any one of the causes named.

But even if we dismiss paleontological arguments, and look solely to the form of the earth, it seems to me that we have good reason to doubt the possibility of a change in the earth's axis of rotation. Admitting the assumption adopted by Sir Henry, that the earth was at first a fluid mass, and afterwards a mass with a hardened crust, it follows that, if it rotated with the same velocity as now, the oblateness of its spheroid must have been originally as great as it is now. That oblateness may be conceived thus:—if we imagine a perfect sphere to be described about the centre of the earth, with the distance from the centre to the poles as its radius, the surface of that sphere would coincide with the earth's surface about the poles, but would sink regularly as we receded from them, until it reached a depth of about 131 miles at the equator. The earth must have had then, *ex initio*, a protuberant swell, or actually bulged out, in the form of a true sphere, till it reached to the extent of 131 miles, or nearly 70,000 feet, above its equator. It is very difficult to see what force, internal or external, could have given to a globe, thus weighted and balanced all round, such a permanent tilt as would cause it to spin on any other than its shortest diameter, or could so alter its form as to make any diameter shorter than its original axis of rotation. The highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest, is only 51 miles high, one-third of that height being a mere pinnacle. The table-land of Tibet, with the Koonlun and Himalayah Mountains, is certainly the largest protuberant mass above the surface of the earth; but its mean height cannot be greater than 2½ miles, and its greatest diameter is only some 600 or 700 miles. Its mass, therefore, can bear but a very small proportion to the mass of the protuberant swell surrounding the earth in its lateral and still less to the whole protuberant shell, and can, therefore, have but an equally slight influence in overcoming the effect of that shell in giving equilibrium to the earth's motion. If the much greater irregularities in the earth's surface, namely, those prominences which form the masses of dry land, and those hollows in which the ocean lies, be taken within the protuberant shell of the earth,—and I think that we can have no doubt that they are so, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the Poles,—and if these great irregularities balance each other, and the equilibrium of the earth be maintained, it appears to me that the addition or subtraction of a mere wrinkle such as the Cordillera, the Andes, or the Himalayahs, could hardly have more than an infinitesimal effect on that equilibrium. But the nearer the irregularities are to the Pole the less would be their disturbing effect, so that high land or deep sea there (and the Arctic Sea, at all events, seems comparatively shallow) would have less effect than in lower latitudes, while exactly as the latitude decreases the compensating protuberance increases.

Sir Henry assumes that our present mountain chains were once much greater than they are now, because vast masses of rock have been removed from above those of which the present mountains are composed. I fully agree with him in the vast amount of erosion and denudation that has taken place over all our mountain chains; but, then, I believe that erosion was caused by the wearing action of the sea as the mountains slowly rose through the destructive plane of the sea level, both on their first emergence and at subsequent periods, when after depression they have had again to rise through that level. However great may have been the removal of rock, therefore, from over what are now the crests of our mountains, it does not follow that the mountains were ever materially higher than they are now. Not only were those vast sheets of rock removed by the action of the sea, but the gape and passes that indent the summits of mountains, as well as many of the glens, ravines and valleys that furrow their sides, were evidently commenced by the same action, though I am quite willing to admit that alluvial agency has deepened and widened, and sometimes produced these to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed.

We certainly could not have any example of the elevation of a mountain chain during historic times, as I am fully convinced, any mountain chain existing, not dissuade, but actually show, in hundreds of millions of years for its elaboration. Sir H. Lyell has given us abundant proof that the two actions of elevation and denudation by which mountain chains have been produced are still going on with as much vigour and intensity as they ever were.

Lastly, I would observe that while admiring the ingenuity of Sir Henry's application of the hypothesis he favours to the production of such structures as "faulds" and "cleavages," there does not appear the slightest necessity to evoke such a "*deus ex machina*" as a shift of the earth's axis for the purpose, since they might just as well be caused by the local movements which now take place, and seem always to have been taking place, in different parts of the earth's crust.

J. BRIEY JONES, Local Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS, AS SEEN BY DANTE.

Newington Butte, Surrey.

MUCH as the Commentators on Dante have differed among themselves touching the reality of the

Non vidi mai fuor ch' alla prima gente,
there can be no reasonable doubt but that they were intended by the Poet as stars visible in the Southern hemisphere, whose existence was as certain as that of the planet Venus previously alluded to.

It is true poets are sometimes privileged to behold things afar off, before Science has advanced to demonstrate their existence; but this is not the case with the constellation here noticed, the principal stars of which were then known, and had been so long previously: it would have been strange if they had not, considering their great brilliancy and the effect they produce.

The description given of them by Dante could have been written only by one who had either seen

them himself, or had listened with delight to the account received from another. In this notice the Poet shows himself to be acquainted not only of their extraordinary beauty, but of their history, as having once been visible in our Northern hemisphere, for ages past deprived of the glorious sight.

A popular writer, in his 'Diary of a Voyage to Australia,' thus speaks of them:—"Last night the clear skies permitted us to equinox, for the first time, the Southern Cross and various other Southern constellations. At first, as is often the case, I was somewhat disappointed in this celebrated Cross, but it soon impressed itself on your imagination, by showing itself, ever prominently, whenever you face the Southern heavens. It was low in the sky, and the North Star was equally low in the opposite direction. The constellation consists of four stars, three of them of the first magnitude." This, however, is not strictly correct: the constellation consists of a double star of the first order, two stars of the second order, one of the third, and one of the fourth. The writer here quoted (William Howitt) adds that, as the constellation circles in the heavens, it "goes upside down."—"When the sky is clear you see several other stars within the four, but these do not break the outline. Soon from night to night, it will become very striking."

The remarks of Alexander von Humboldt—from whose comprehensive review the poetry of Nature was never absent—form the best commentary on this passage of Dante which I have ever met with. He says:—"In consequence of the precession of the equinoxes, the starry heavens are continually changing their aspect from every portion of the earth's surface. The constellations of mankind beheld in the far north the glorious constellations of the Southern hemisphere rise before them, which, after remaining long invisible, will again appear in those latitudes after the lapse of thousands of years."—"The Southern Cross is said to have existed in 328 B.C. north latitude 2,900 years before our era, since, according to Galilei, this constellation might previously have reached an altitude of more than 19°." When it disappeared from the horizon of the countries of the Baltic, the Great Pyramid of Cheops had been in the process of being raised five hundred years." (See 'Cosmos,' Vol. II.)

How truly, therefore, Dante speaks of this constellation:—

Non vidi mai fuor ch' alla prima gente;
meaning by that, not Adam and Eve, as "*la gente prima*" would still have us believe, but the early races which inhabited Europe and Asia. Americo Vesputi, in his third voyage, called to mind this passage of Dante, and even boasted that he now "looked on the four stars never seen till then by any save the first human pair." But both the Poet and the Navigator were equally misinformed with their present name of the *Southern Cross*. "Americo," says Humboldt, "merely observes that the four stars form a rhomboidal figure, and this remark was made in 1501."—"I find it mentioned first by the Florentine, Andrea Corsali, in 1517, and subsequently, in 1529, by Sigefredo, a learned cosmographer, more glorious than all the constellations in the heavens. The learned Florentine extols Dante's 'prophetic spirit,' as if the great Poet had not as much erudition as creative imagination, and as if he had not seen Arabian and Chinese geographers conversed with many learned Oriental travellers of Asia."

Dante had certainly heard of these four stars, though not as a cross, nor does he mention them as such, but as "*quattro stelle*" and "*le quattro luci scure*," and had, most likely, seen them on some celestial globe, though not as forming a constellation. To the time, then, of Columbus and of Antonius Pias, these four stars, which are mentioned in the 'Almagest,' were regarded as parts of the constellation Centaurus, under whose hind legs they occur; and Humboldt thinks it strange, since their figure is so striking and so remarkably well defined, that they should have been so long separated from the larger constellation. It was not, however, till the sixteenth century, then, owing to the religious feelings of Christian navigators and missionaries, these stars were erected into the symbol of man's salvation.

Had Dante not even mentioned them, we might be certain that he had known of them, for he knew of everything that in his time was to be known, and foresaw much more. He not only mentions them,—he even anticipates the fame they were subsequently to attain,—and led the way to their Christian denomination by calling them "*le quattro luci sante*." The Poet was certainly here in advance of the astronomers of his time; he has a transition name for them, "*the holy lights*," so suggestive of the Holy Cross.

When we cannot examine the whole passage of the first canto of the "*Purgatorio*," in which these *luci sante* occur, from verse 19 to verse 39, the evidence of their reality is put beyond a doubt. Dante tells us that the planet Venus,—

Faccera tutto rider l'Oriente
Valando i Piedi ch' erano in sua scorta.

—There is no fiction or mystery here, but the relation of what would be seen under similar circumstances. He then turns to the right hand, and sees four stars:—

Io mi reldi a man destra, e poi m'entse
All' altro polo.

he gave his mind to see the stars, which before he had only heard of:—

e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente.

—Nothing can be more positive than this assertion, nor truer than the fact stated in the last verse; for these stars had always been visible to some portion of mankind, and will again, at some future time, be visible in our Northern latitudes:—

Quel parera l'el di di fuor di fiammelle;

an expression which could have been uttered only by one who, if he had not actually seen them, must yet have felt how beautiful they were. This is one of those marvelous descriptions of the great Poet, in which, by his wondrous art, with a single line of his pen, he sets things before us, so that we can see them with our mind's eye as distinctly as he did:—

Oh settentrional vedovo stio,
Put ch'el privato ch' el m'era quieto!

intimating that our Northern hemisphere once possessed them, and that their absence is a privation to it. The sun had not yet risen; but these four stars illumined the face of Cato so vividly, says Dante, —

Ch' io l' videro, come i Sol fosse davanti.

—Can we possibly doubt the poetic reality of this illumination, or that the *quattro luci sante* are meant as actually shedding their light on his venerable figure, —

Degno di tanta reverenza in vista,
Ch' el più non dee a padre alcun figliuolo,

enabling Dante to see and describe him! At canto viii., verses 55—93, the Cross has disappeared—that is, the stars forming it had set to the spot where Dante then was—and three other stars had risen in their place, or somewhat nearer to the Pole. Virgil says:—

Ch' e vedevi stante, son di là bance;
E queste son salite or al gran qello.

—There is no allegory here; but a statement of what would be seen by persons in that latitude. The stars alluded to are the three stars of the constellations of Eridanus, the Ship, and the Golden Fish:—(see Portelli).

It has been the misfortune of Dante that men much less wise than himself have sometimes undertaken to explain his meaning: the same thing has happened to our Shakespeare, though under much less excusable circumstances. The nonsense often uttered by commentators and annotators reminds one of the merited rebuke administered by a very ancient author to his impertinent friends, that they only darkened wisdom by words without knowledge. If we would walk in the paths of light, we must be content to follow Dante, not to run before him. Time will clear up our difficulties if nothing else can, and show how the science of Dante in many respects surpassed the learning of the ages which immediately succeeded.

Towards the close of the "*Purgatorio*," canto xxi., verses 104—111, four female figures, the symbols of the Cardinal Virtues, dance round the left wheel of the Carro of the Church, as three others, the

Theological Virtues, dance round the right wheel. All this is very profound and full of meaning. The four females inform Dante:—

Noi sem qui Niste, e noi sei come stelle,
and commentators have been pleased to contrum the Poet and confound these ladies with the stars of Cato: verse 24, the *luci sante* which shine in the face of the venerable Cato, and showed his whole figure to Dante so plainly that he saw him come! *Io sol fosse davanti.*

The Poet does not say that he meant these nymphs for those stars: this is a mere supposition of commentators, and one, also, which has taken such deep root in books, that it spreads up even in the newest, and like some other verbal errors in books of more importance, is supposed to derive authority from age. Had Dante by the stars of Canto 1st intended the Cardinal Virtues, he would have given us a hint to that effect before reaching the close of the canto. But he calls those four stars the *luci sante*. Now, the Cardinal Virtues and the Theological Virtues may equally be called *luci*, but only the latter, "*che miran più profondo*," can lay claim to *sante*: their elder gentile sisters have no right to this Christian distinction; and, therefore, as Dante was some *Teologo* no less than *Astronomo*, we may safely conclude that he did not intend they should receive it.

In Dante we sometimes hardly know which to admire most, his science or his poetry. In the four stars of the Southern Cross we see his science: in the four nymphs, the Cardinal Virtues, stars, indeed, that heaven willed Dante derived his inspirations, we have his poetry, and very philosophical it is; there is science also here, but veiled, like light shining through a beautiful transparency, artistically concealed. Such was the Greek Mythology; and Dante's Starry Nymphs (see *Purg.* xxi. 104—5) are of the same origin: but the guiding and assisting in the benign work of Beatrice, and ordained her handmaidens before she descended to the earth.

H. C. BARLOW, M.D.

DRUIDICAL REMAINS IN INDIA.

AS article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, under the title of "*Stonehenge*," has drawn the attention of English public to the similarity, if not identity, of certain sepulchral and other remains existing in Great Britain and elsewhere in Western Europe—ordinarily classed as Druidical—with the structures to be found in various parts of the continent of India, to which a Buddhist origin is assigned. Without entering at length into the question of races or religions, or contesting the writer's theory of the non-Druidical source of the Western monuments, it may be of interest to your readers to have placed before them a somewhat extended series of observations connected with the subject, lately submitted to the Government of Madras by Mr. Fraser, the Civil Engineer of the district of Coimbatore. I may note, as introductory to these extracts, and as confirmatory of the idea put forward in the *Quarterly Review*, that one of our most experienced Oriental antiquaries (Major Cunningham), so long ago as 1854, in his work on the "*History of the Hindus*," commenced on, and principally illustrated, the general identity and cognate design of the monuments of the East and the West.

I am, &c. T.

Memorandum on the interesting Memorials of Antiquity in the Coimbatore District, by Wm. Fraser, C.E., dated the 21st of December, 1859. They consist of—*I. Cromlechs*; *II. Sepulchral Tumuli*; *III. Pillar Stones*; *IV. Stone Circles*. No one who is acquainted with Celtic antiquities can fail to be struck with the similarity between them and the ancient remains scattered over this district.

I. Cromlechs.—Some of the cromlechs I have seen in this district are similar to those found in Ireland: three or more stones placed upright, and over them a large flat stone placed so as to form a rude chamber. These are formed with unhewn stones, and without any carving or long perforations. In one respect these cromlechs differ from those in the British Islands. The latter are ruder in construction;

the upright stones are often without any particular form, as if they were intended merely to support the top stone. The number of supports, too, varies greatly—sometimes only three, sometimes six,—and thus the chamber is variable and rude in form. The cromlechs I have seen are not made on the contrary, formed with carefully selected stones placed on edge, so as to form a chamber nearly square, and nearly completely inclosed. The covering stones have not so decided a slope as have those of the cromlechs of the British Isles. Of unhewn flat stones I have seen not more than six. Four of these are in the valleys of the Bawadi and Moyar Rivers; and two in the valley of the Noyel River, or the Bolanampatti Valley,—one of the latter is close to the road from Coimbatore to Dambradepyan, and about five or six miles from Coimbatore. These two are remarkable for having, in a stone forming one side of the chamber, an oval-shaped hole about ten or twelve inches in diameter. Major Hamilton, when he visited the higher ranges of the Annamalis, discovered a cromlech precisely similar to those in the Bolanampatti Valley. It was on the east side of the mountain, about 400 yards from, the Tora Kelava River, and about three or four miles south of Ponachi.

II. Sepulchral Tumuli.—These are found in every part of this district: in the cultivated plains—in the lands that have been irrigated for hundreds of years—around the base of the Annamalis, in the deep gorges at the foot of the Nilgiris—and in the now untrodden, unhealthy jungles in the valleys of the Bawadi and Moyar. I have found these sepulchral tumuli, with their Kist Væna, cinerary urns, and the other characteristics which distinguish the tombs of the prehistoric ages of Northern and Western Europe. These tumuli are not generally found isolated or singly here and there,—in some places ten or twelve acres are covered with them; and these burial places are so close to each other, that it is impossible to resist the belief that the whole country must, at one time, have been thickly peopled. It is scarcely possible that these could be the results of the occasional visits of a nomadic race. By far the best specimens of these remains, that I have seen, are in the valley of the Moyar. Generally, the tumuli are not much raised above the surface of the land; along the Moyar valley, they are sometimes much larger. In some places there is one tumulus much larger than the rest, and surrounded by a larger circle of larger stones, flat or placed on edge, and standing about three feet above the ground. In every instance there is a large flat stone upon the top of the tumulus: in a very few cases I have seen two within one circle; and I presume that each covered a Kist Væna, as was the case in all (perhaps 100) that I have seen open. Some of the covering stones contained 150 to 200 cubic feet. The Kist Væna in these tumuli are precisely similar to those found in Europe. They are four feet in length, and are two to three in width,—thus evidently intended for the reception either of cinerary remains or of bodies in a sitting posture,—a mode of burial still observed by Lingadharis and others. The dimensions given above are those that generally prevail; but I have seen some much larger. There is a very large one in a rice field near Coimbatore, close to the new road to the railway station. They are all, so far as I have seen, placed east and west. I opened one of the tumuli in the valley of the Moyar; it contained the usual cinerary urns of baked clay, with portions of calcined and uncalcined human bones. I have been told that pieces of metal have been found in some, but I never saw any. The urns are of various shapes, and in size they vary from two to three feet to four or five inches in diameter,—some are rudely ornamented, usually by wavy parallel lines; but none have been seen with any respect equal to those in European collections.

III. Pillar Stones.—All these pillar stones are, however, comparatively modern; and have yet to exist for a few centuries before they become what is generally understood by the name of standing stones, and without any carving or long perforations. In one respect these cromlechs differ from those in the British Islands. The latter are ruder in construction;

monuments of antiquity; rude, unknown stones having an unmistakable likeness to the Leagans of Ireland, the Hoar Stones of Scotland, and the Hoar Stones of England. In a thick jungle in the valley of the Kôdangiri, a tributary of the Bawani, there are two or three of those stones at a place called Kuturi Kutu Talan; and there is a good specimen about nine or ten feet in height in the valley of the Bawani, near the village of Sânda-patti. In the valley of the Moyâr, near a place called Mângida, there are two.

IV. Stone Circles.—These are found upon the Nilgiris; they are, in some respects, similar to the ancient stone circles of the British Islands. That is, both are circular—made of uneven stones—and within both cinerary urns and bones are found. They differ, however, in many points: the Nilgiri circles are smaller, being rarely more than eight or ten feet in diameter; and the walls are complete all round, and are built up with several stones one over the other. The British and Irish circles are much larger; the walls are composed of single stones; and, in Britain, avenues of stones generally connect the circles together. These are altogether wanting in the Nilgiri circles. . . . Upon the tops of most of the hills about the Nilgiris, there are stone circles; and I believe few of the high hills are without some specimens of these remains. I regret to say that there is little now to be seen of them except remains, as on the whole plateau there are probably not more than five left unspoiled. . . . Beyond what Harkness in his work on the Nilgiris (p. 32, &c. &c.) says, I am not aware what has been found in these circles. . . . Mr. Bowtell, of the Madras C.S., I understand, opened a good many of them. . . . I am disposed to think that the sepulchral tumuli below, and the sepulchral circles upon the hills are the work of the same people.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

On Tuesday next a meeting of the Architectural Society of the Archdiocese of Northampton will be held in St. Sepulchre's School-room, Northampton, at 3½ past 4, for the purpose of devising means for the restoration and enlargement of St. Sepulchre's Church in that town. Some interesting papers will be read and a local museum formed.

I never knew a quieter fellow, or a better band at a "wedding," second of Crompton—that wonderful man of mules and throats, who made the fortune of Peel, and of many men less renowned than Peel. To this quiet fellow and good fiddler the town of Bolton proposes to erect a bronze statue. We are glad to hear it. Bolton has improved of late years in cleanliness, in salubrity, and in brightness; and there is much room for improvement of an artistic kind in that jolly, black, old town, so famous for its bleak situation "on the Moors," its historical associations, and its Doric humour. A statue in the market place is a good beginning for a reign of Art and taste. Crompton is worthy to be the first of Bolton worthies. We are glad, too, to find that the subscribers to the fund have sufficient piety and manliness not to send the hat round the country—as the men of Grantham did in the case of Newton, and the men of Shipley are doing in the name of Franklin. They want a work of Art, and they are above asking other people to buy it for them. This is as it should be in such a place.

Little more than a week ago, and within a few days of each other, departed from the stage of life two ladies who in their respective days had been distinguished actresses bearing the name of Brunsdon. We allude to the Dwyer-Countess of Craven and Mrs. Yates. The former retired from public life on her marriage with the late Earl, in 1807, and not long after she had created the part of *Boadicea* Somers in "The Two Roses." They must still survive two widowed countrywomen who once adorned the stage; the Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens) and the Countess of Harrington (Miss Foote). The fashion for gentlemen to marry ladies from the stage was first set by the most unsavory man in the world; namely, Folkeys, the aristocrat who took to wife the good Lady Arbuthnot, some century and a half ago. A score

of years later, the Earl of Peterborough married Annetta Robinson, "the nightingale," incited by the happy example of the Duke of Bolton, who, a few years previously, had espoused Lavinia Fenton, the original *Polly*. A later "Polly" also gained a coronet, in the person of Mary Bolton, who was the wife of Lord Thurston. Their successors were Miss Farrow becoming "Countess of Derby;" of Sir William Boscher marrying Miss O'Neill, and of Mrs. Niabett accepting the hand of Sir Felix Boothby. Other stage ladies have condescended to wed squires and senators. Mr. Heathcote married the beautiful Miss Seale, and Miss M. Tree took to husband the M.P. for Canterbury, Mr. Bradshaw. The actresses have been, altogether, less fortunate than the actresses; but Lady Henrietta Herbert chose and carried off young Beaulieu, and a daughter of the first Earl of Hester, Lady Susan Strangways, married O'Brien; and Charles Fox had much ado to provide for those cousins of his, by finding a place for the husband. Mrs. Yates, the niece of the Countess of Craven, first appeared in London, at Covent Garden, on the 12th of September, 1817, as *Letitia Hardy* in "The Rake's Stratagem." The daily papers state that she was the first actress of the present generation whose class of characters was entirely confined to "high comedy." This is altogether incorrect. In the parts so designated she had accomplished rivals in Mrs. Davison and Miss Foote, and afterwards in Miss Dance. Her range was much more extensive, from the earliest period. The very first original character confided to her was a melo-dramatic one, *Boadicea* in Reynolds's "Duke of Savoy;" and in her opening season she played *Corra* in "Pizarro," and *Miryllin* in "The Broken Sword;" and in the following season, she was the original *Jennie Deane* in the Covent Garden version of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," Macready playing *George Robertson*. At Bath, though she shared the high comedy parts with other ladies, one of her most attractive characters was the *Actress of all Works*, and there are old players there who still remember her *Peasant Boy* and her *Biddy Tynan* when old Chatterbox was staged. It is to be regretted that she never acted before the Adelphi, but her powers were visibly affected after the death of Mr. Yates; and, even had it been otherwise, she had no chance afforded her of distinguishing herself at the Lyceum during the reign of *Matinee*. She will live long as pleasantly in the memory of playgoers as she will be honoured in the memory of friends.

Mr. Keith Johnston calls our attention to recent measurements of mountains in Great Britain, which disturb the order of some figures given a fortnight ago in the *Athenæum*—

"Tromas Mass, August 18."

"Some years since, repeated attempts to prove Ben Macdui the culminating point of the British Islands led to extensive controversy; and it was with much satisfaction that many who, with myself, were jealous for the honours of Ben Nevis, saw its claims finally established by the recently published 'Annals of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain and Ireland,' in which the relative elevations are stated to be,—Ben Nevis, 4,406; Ben Macdui, 4,296; and Snowdon, 3,590 feet above the mean level of the sea. Fearful that the same mistake might be taken, as it was quoted in favour of the exploded mistake, I shall feel gratified if you will, on an early occasion, correct the erroneous figures given in your number for the 25th inst. [p. 261]."

"A. KEITH JOHNSTON."

With regard to the notice in the *Reflector* last week, from the Secretary of State, the Home Department, giving notice to all holders of gold, silver and copper coins in England and Wales, that the full intrinsic value of the same would be paid on delivering the same to the sheriff, we should like to suggest that some similar notice be taken with regard to Ireland, where it is well known that for many years past frequent discoveries of ancient gold ornaments of the highest antiquarian value and even artistic beauty have been made, somewhere in Wicklow it is said, but which, from some difficulty or other (probably that removed by this circular) the English and Welsh sherrifs have been constantly referred to the melting-pot of the

goldsmith and their original locality kept secret, so that we remain in ignorance of their history and belongings.

The London and Middlesex, and the Surrey Archaeological Societies are trying to make arrangements for a series of evening meetings—to be held once a month—during the winter. It is supposed that "much benefit would result from frequent meetings of the members, for the immediate recording of archaeological discoveries in Middlesex and Surrey, and the immediate vicinity, the exhibition of antiquities, the reading of notices and papers, and the discussion of such subjects." If the Society of Antiquaries would resolve to do so, archaeology there would be no room for such sectional activity as is here proposed.

A French Correspondent wishes to make the following statement on the subject of the recent prize poem—the circumstances connected with which have caused so much emotion in Paris, and surprise elsewhere:—

"Paris, September 1, 1860."

"Allow me to give you a few details respecting the prize poem on Prince Jérôme, which was published in the *Athenæum* of the 25th of August. The Rector and the Professors of the Paris University are the functionaries whose business it is to choose the subjects for the several prizes annually competed for by the head pupils of the different colleges. These gentlemen, anxious to show their zeal in behalf of a Government to which they owe their situations, very judiciously selected the 'Death of Prince Jérôme' as the theme for the compositions in Latin verification. As might have been expected from a concourse of lads whose fathers belong to any of the half-dozen political parties at present existing in France, a certain number of pupils refused to compete. One of them, however (the son of a Joke, whose political tendencies have brought about his banishment both from his native country and from France), instead of writing a copy of Latin verses, sent up a poem in French, part of which was published in the number of the *Athenæum* above referred to. It is much to be regretted that the Emperor did not deign to inflict very severe punishment on this misguided, perhaps, but certainly most talented youth. He has not only been expelled from the college to which he belongs, but he can no longer be admitted to any other college or to any of the 'Schools' such as the *École de Droit*, the *École de Médecine*, the *École Polytechnique*, &c. This practically precludes the possibility of his following any of the 'liberal' professions in France. The pupils who refused to compete were not expelled from their respective colleges; they were simply denied the privilege of competing for any other prize. The Minister of Public Instruction and Worship is, probably, responsible for this unmerited severity. The Emperor cannot personally have authorized a measure so calculated to diminish what popularity he may have. Here is a fact, which happened a few years ago, and is still the same; but which was attended with far different results. A pupil of the Collège de Saint-Barthelemy, now a rising and well-known author, was a competitor for the prize in French composition. The subject chosen was 'Napoleon III.' As the proposition that many pupils refused to compete. He, however, wrote an ample, remarkable both for its style and spirit, but quite the reverse of laudatory. A few days afterwards, the first prize was awarded to him. Having the honour to be personally acquainted with the gentleman in question, I can vouch for the authenticity of the above. Every one is at liberty to extract from it the moral he pleases."

The fifth volume of M. Eugène Hatin's 'Histoire de la Presse en France' has just been published by Paulet Morion, Paris. This volume chiefly particularizes the question of the press, and pamphlets of the Revolution, and throws new lights on the journalism and journalists of that period.

Some friends and admirers of the late German poet, Max von Schenkendorf, have resolved to honour his memory by a monument of noble simplicity to be placed on his grave on the "Grotte-Graben," near Cologne. It is to consist of a marble

bust of the poet on a granite pedestal, and the sculptor, Herr Hartung, has been intrusted with the execution of the work.

On the 25th of August, the monument of Seidlitz, the cavalry hero of the Seven Years' War, was inaugurated at Calcar, near Cleves, the birth-place of the bold general.

The bell which the Germans at Moscow, in honour of the centenary jubilee of Schiller, have presented to the town of Marienbach, Schiller's birthplace, arrived, on the 16th of August, at the place of its destination. It took its way via St. Petersburg, the Baltic, Swinemünde, Stettin, &c., to Ludwigsborg, where a deputation of the Marienbach citizenship received it with due ceremonies from the directors of the Württemberg railway, and then brought it, on a beautifully garlanded carriage, to Marienbach. All German railways forwarded the bell gratis. Its weight is 15 cwt. 17 lb., that of the clapper 70 lb. The cast is excellent, and wins universal admiration. The bell is adorned with Schiller's portrait, and the following inscription:—"Concordia" (above Schiller's bust), "Zur Eintracht, zum herrlichen Vernein, veranlaßt die liebelnde Gemeinde. Der Heimat Stettin von seinen Verehrern in Moskau, 10 November, 1859. Vivos voco, Mortuos plango. Glockengießerei von F. Sungen in Moskau."

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S picture of "THE FINDING OF THE BATHURST IN THE PEOPLE," exhibited at the Exhibition of 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 169, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.

MIDDLE. ROSA BONHEUR'S picture of "MUNICH IN SCOTLAND," SPAIN AND FRANCE, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 169, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.

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SCIENCE

Olympus of Ocean Life; or, Rock-Pools and the Lessons they Teach. By John Harper. With numerous Illustrations by the Author. (Nelson & Sons.)

Life in the Sea; or, the Nature and Habits of Marine Animals. Written and Compiled by Laacelles Wrasell. (Houlston & Wright.)

Poetically, men speak of the ocean as a waste of waters, but in reality it is replete with life,—and did we but know in detail the multitudinous molluscs, the monotonous and minute fishes, the crowding and crawling crustaceans, the clustering polypes, the clinging parasites, the microscopic infusoria and foraminifera, and the tangled groves of submarine plants, stretching along for miles upon miles of rocky foundation, we should in all probability conclude that life in the sea is as abundant as life on the land, and that there are few parts of the vast oceanic spaces which are not peopled with appropriate marine Fauna or Flora.

The landward direction of nearly all our observations and investigations tends to foster the delusion that the greater portion of life is there. Standing, however, as we recently did, upon a remarkable shell beach in a distant island, we felt how complete a delusion men thus labour under. On that beach for about half a mile were aggregated inculcable numbers of shells. The population of our metropolis appears to us enormous, as it stretches over street and square and terrace and suburb. Yet the entire population of London is not more numerous than the molluscan population of the marine

province adjoining the beach on which we stood. Here, on this strand, thought we, are millions upon millions of testaceous tenements, each of which once held a tenant, and each tenant was exactly adapted to his house. He filled it and furnished it; nay, he built it, as far as we can understand shell-building, out of his own substance. He had his house to himself, rent free, and he paid no water-rates, although he had full range of the waters. He carried his home upon his back; when he removed he literally moved house and self together. He was born, he lived, and he died in the same house. Although he had much enlarged it, yet his cradle became his coffin. Out of his coffin his dead body was ultimately washed,—and the coffin itself lies here upon the beach, anything but coffin-like, for it is tinted sometimes with the fairest colours of earth and sky, and sometimes with paler but most delicate hues.

For centuries have these forsaken shells been accumulating upon this solitary beach. A long curving line of them runs round the coast at about high-water mark. Another and inner curve runs round nearer to the sea. Dip your hand in at any spot in the direction of either of these lines, and you get a handful of the most beautiful little structures that ever animal built out of calcareous materials. Many are so minute that they slip from between your fingers as you would grasp them; yet the minutest of them is, or was, perfect, had its proper apartments for its former inhabitant, and even now retains nearly all those colours and stripes and lines and points of ornamentation which make conchological construction and finish the work of architectural decoration.

Strive to stretch your arithmetical until you can bring all these stranded shells within its figurate terms, and then remember that these are but a mere marginal notation of the life now abounding in the seas before your eyes. The life on the land—what is it to the life in the sea? Here, on this very island—a mere green speck in the surging ocean—here, there is at this hour something under fifty human inhabitants, while here on this strip of the island, including these two lines of shelly circumvallation, are at the least fifty millions of little natural buildings, each of them at one time the happy home of a living creature, perfect in its functions, and complete in its self-contained tenement. Nevertheless, this is but one of the numerous shell beaches of the shores of the islands and continents of our earth. There are hundreds besides, all full of shells, though this one happens to be remarkably prolific and profuse in its yieldings of men, the multitudinous kind. Add to the great number of molluscs and their habitations, the equally great and unknown number of other marine creatures; sum the whole in imagination, and then you can but reverently repeat the strain of the Hebrew Psalmist, who, inspired with the same conception, exclaimed—"So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

To renew such abundance of life in the sea, Nature has laid her plans both wide and deep. The cod lays nine millions of eggs annually, according to the reckoning of Lenneboeck, and the sturgeon about seven millions. Yet neither cod nor sturgeon lays an egg too many, seeing that of the fish-eggs left in shallows, on coasts, or in rivers, to be incubated by the enlivening beams of the sun, scarcely one in a hundred produces a living creature. There are ferocious and voracious molluscs and crustaceans which are glad enough to eat eggs for the sake of them, and if the young fry do come forth into the water

there are foes awaiting them on every side. There are fish of prey as well as birds of prey, and so sharp an eye and tooth have they for their appropriate food that they thrive and grow large and even monstrous. The whole class of Cephalopods are doubtful friends and destructive enemies. The Suckers—including the Octopods, Argonauts, Kalmars, and Sepiæ—seem to be the scavengers of the ocean, forbidding to behold and formidable to feel. So firmly can the Octopods attach themselves with their fixed cups, or suckers, to the corvetted and doomed prey, that it is impossible to escape from their clinging grasp. Any entangled fish or crustacean is immediately conveyed to the mouth of this murderer, and mercilessly champed between two horny or calcareous jaws, which move against each other like the mandibles of a bird's bill. For motion, as well as for murderous capture, they are singularly provided, since not only have they eight or ten arms or feet (and hence their names) by which they crawl along the bed of the sea, or steer themselves when swimming, but by a violent expulsion of the water through their siphons they can aid themselves in their retrograde motion. In the varieties which have a large, long and narrowly formed body and proportionally powerful muscles, such is the impetus they acquire by this method that they shoot through the water like arrows, and occasionally form a curve through the air, like the flying-fish. A considerable number of cuttle-fish bounded upon the deck of Sir James Ross's ship, which was sixteen feet above the water level, and more than fifty of them were captured,—while some actually cleared the other bulwark and leaped completely over the ship.

A remarkable part of the cephalopod organization is the resisting apparatus described and described by D'Orbigny. As the head and body of the Cephalopods are but slightly connected, the creature could hardly endure any such rapid motion as we have mentioned, were not the mutual connexion of these parts peculiarly assisted. To this end the inner wall of the mouth is furnished on each side with a button-like elevation, which fits into a similar gutter or cavity on the lower end of the head; so that the animal can, as it were, button up or unbutton the parts, and thus render their connexion stricter or laxer at pleasure. Had the head been tightly attached to the body by a permanent arrangement, the animal would have missed its present range of mobility, and consequently its ability to pounce upon and secure its food.

These Savengers of the Sea—these marine inspectors of Continents—so scattered over the waters in countless numbers. Doubtless they perform in their provinces the part of our street and crossing sweepers—our dustmen and deliverers from unmentionable abominations; doubtless they keep the paths of the sea clean and clear; doubtless they keep down the number of the piscine population, and are staunch marine Malthusians. Some, like the Argonauts, remain always out at sea; others, like the common Octopoda, inhabit exclusively the coasts, where, concealed in fissures of rock, they hold on by one portion of their arms, and hold out fishing-lines with the other. The Octopods are solitary in their stony shores; the others are gregarious, and swim about in large shoals. In spring-time, the Sepiæ and Kalmars appear off the land in large swarms, and remain there for shorter or longer periods, after which they return to deep water. Nearly all of them are nocturnal or crepuscular creatures: by day they are invisible; but at night they swarm on the sunken wrecks of the sea, and depredators do in the streets of our cities.

Their ferocity even exceeds their voracity. Like the Kings, they murder for murder's sake. D'Orbigny saw a Kalmar which had been left by the tide amongst a quantity of young fish, butcher them without eating them. The same naturalist thinks that "in all seas there are very large Cephalopoda with which science is not yet acquainted"; and that "the rare appearance of these colossal individuals proves that the lower zones of the sea contain a quantity of animals of an entirely new form." Turgot has magnified these monsters, for Montfort speaks of a colossal Octopus which overturned a three-masted, and Permet of one which, on climbing up the rigging, by its weight upset a large vessel. Of course, these incidents are fitter for the experiences of Sindbad the Sailor; yet our own Pennant describes a gigantic cuttle-fish, the body of which had a diameter of twelve feet, and its arms were fifty-four feet in length. Péron declares that he saw, near Van Diemen's Land, and at no great distance from the ship, a Sepia as large as a barrel, rolling heavily upon the waves. Its colossal arms moved like huge snakes on the surface. Each of these organs was, at least, from six to seven feet long, with a diameter of eight inches at the base. Be this as it may, Quoy and Gaimard, whose reputation is high, affirm that in the Atlantic Ocean, near the equator, and in perfectly calm weather, they found the relics of a monster Kalmar, which the crabs and sharks had left, and which weighed close upon a hundred pounds. Yet this was only half the body, completely stripped of its arms, so that the entire animal would have weighed at least two hundred pounds. The arms of this monstrous depredator must have been fearful foes. An Octopus of equal corporeal bulk, in which the tentacles would be much larger than in the Kalmar, might be supposed capable of grappling with a man, and of dragging him out from a boat.

These Cephalopods being the depredators, the scavengers, the Malthusians of the sea—what is to prevent their triumph; their too great prevalence? Nature has provided a water-police for them, in the shape of a large number of watchful fishes. The chachalots and the dolphins live almost entirely upon them; so also do the tunnies, bonitas, and several other fishes in various localities. The cod destroys an extraordinary number of them, as they appear with it annually on the coast of North America and the banks of Newfoundland. No more alluring bait can be offered to the millions than a cephalopod; and, for this purpose, millions of millions of them are captured by men; so that these voracious thieves and murderers give rise to one of the most valuable branches of trade amongst the great seafaring nations. Man himself among the great feeders upon others. The old Greeks esteemed Octopods, Sepias and Kalmars (Loligo), as an article for the table; and large numbers, either fresh or dried, are still eaten by the dwellers upon the coasts of the Adriatic and Mediterranean, as well as by the Biscayan and the northern French fishermen. They are a staple article of food at Teneriffe, Brazil, Chili, Peru, India and China, while, in considerable business is done in them in Japan. After sunset, too, they are frequently poached upon by albatrosses and storm birds.

Such is one link in the great chain of marine existences; such is a glance at one class of molluscous animals, and at the modes in which the equilibrium of oceanic life is sustained. It would prove a fertile theme for instructive and entertaining illustration, if we should proceed to show how singularly Nature has arranged a system of checks and counter-checks to redun-

dance and deficiency in the vast, wide, populous deep, corresponding to those which she has ordained upon the land; so that life in the sea and life in the land are alike orderly and well balanced. There is in the depths of the ocean as well as upon the plains of the earth that struggle for existence, that battle for life, which, with relation to the land, has formed the topic of some of Mr. Darwin's most graphic pages in his work on "Species."

Books upon these subjects intended to be popular usually proceed upon the plan of contemplating one section of marine life—that which comprehends the common marine animals of our own shores. That interesting little domestic colony—the Marine Aquarium—has become so much in vogue, that to provide new inhabitants for it and fresh sea-water, is now a distinct and profitable calling. While the scientific study of marine animals is diligently cultivated by men of fame and high quality, the popular amusement is brought home, together with the sea-water, to our doors and into our parlours. Ocean life to a fisherman is daily study to a man of science it is daily study to a lady it is daily amusement. The first and the second have no time to trifle with it; the third has no inclination to toil over it. The first cannot read popular books, the second will not read them, and the third will read no other. Hence, the writers of books on this subject display a tendency to direct and limit their attention and their illustrations to those marine objects which, from a higher point of view, seem least to require them; and to intersperse little anecdotes and facetious narratives, such as may be supposed to suit the capacities or the tastes of that large portion of the public who look for amusement even in their studies. No one, therefore, can justifiably blame such an author as Mr. Harper if he finds his book to consist merely of a few "glances at ocean life," as it may be witnessed in an oblong or circular tank, or a common glass tumbler, and no one ought to be disappointed when he finds the illustrations to include common crabs, murels, hermits, limpets, star-fish, sea-urchins and actinians. For what they represent they are indeed beautiful; and it is only to be desired that we should have plates of those molluscs and crustaceans which we cannot see so readily in the flesh and in the shell. We may certainly affirm that Mr. Harper has produced a pleasing book, more pleasing illustrations, and an elegant, characteristic binding. One of the few portions of this book from which we should feel disposed to quote relates to the terebrating or boring powers of the Pholas; but as we last year admitted two letters from him upon the topic [*Athen. Nov. 1632 and 1636*], we need not allow present space to it. His conclusion is, that the Pholas can no longer be considered as a weak or helpless animal. "Possessed of a rasp-like shell, a horny ligament, retractile tubes, a strong muscular foot, and a powerful spring or stylet, it is not by any means difficult to conceive that these agents, when they are all brought into full play, are fully equal to the task of excavating the rocky chambers in which the animal lives." In place of further remarks upon the Pholas, we give a favourable specimen of this book, upon the behaviour of an annelid, the *Terebella fulgula*, commonly called the "Potter," which the author captured. It was a fine specimen, about five inches in length, and nearly as thick as a common drawing-pencil:—

"On returning home, my much-valued prize was placed in a tumbler of large dimensions, the base of which I strewed with newly pounded shells and gravel. By the following morning all the fine

or powdered portion of the 'Silver Willies' had been collected and used in the construction of a tube, sufficient in length to cover half the contracted body of the industrious little murel. A tube of this length for a fortnight, the tube was gradually extended across the bottom of the vase in a cylindrical form, but eventually it assumed a semi-circular shape, being built upon the glass, and elevated by gentle stages up each side of the vessel until the level of the water was reached at about the end of a few days the building operation was resumed, and the tube carried fully an inch further, at right angles to its former position. The opposite end of the structure was then extended at an angle of 45° from the base of the vase, to a height of about ten inches. Thus commenced a very curious phenomenon. Some of the tentacles were incessantly elevated and extended across the vessel, until they touched the opposite end of the tube, with what object I could not then conceive. The design, however, was afterwards made evident: in less than two days the animal succeeded in making both ends of its tube meet together, so as to form a continuous circle. I happened to be watching the mason, when the last stroke of his labial trowel was given to the building, and shall never forget the cautious way in which the animal crept for the first time over the newly-completed portion of the work, and the seeming delight with which it continued to glide, hour after hour, over the entire circuit of its dwelling-place. Sometimes its body would be long drawn out, until the tips of the tentacles would reach, and apparently tickle the extreme point of the tail; then a race would commence, in character exactly resembling that so often witnessed with the kitten, or the playful whelp, when either of these animals foolishly imagine that the tip of their tail is adorned with some coveted tit-bit. The branchial organs of my specimen were very conspicuous, being formed of three blood red spiral tubes, the effect of which was heightened by their being placed in contact with the drab-coloured cephalic tentacles, which seemed to be almost innumerable. These latter organs, although apparently so useless when seen close, are in reality of the greatest importance to the Terebella, for they not only act as auxiliary organs of respiration, and aid most materially in building its dwelling-place, but also constitute the real organs of locomotion. * * It is an extremely interesting sight to watch a Terebella extend its tentacles in all directions in search of building materials, crawling up the surrounding molecules (sometimes visible along the whole length of each filament), and then, by a strong muscular contraction, bringing the collected atoms to the opening of the tube, around which, as is generally supposed, they are then incessantly attached by a secretion which is exuded from the body of the animal. Such, however, is not the case. When the filaments bring their 'subscriptions' to the material thus gathered, instead of being used as once for building purposes, it is, in reality, first eaten by the animal, and, after undergoing a kind of nutrition, becomes again used as a building material; it is then spent in months at the extremity of the tube, which, by such means, becomes gradually elongated. The shell work, when deposited as above mentioned, is held in position, and prevented from falling over the outside of the cavity, by the filaments which are made to hang down in a most ingenious manner; the animal, at the same time, putting itself in motion, allows the slimy surface of its body to press and rub against the new addition to the tube, which is thus effectually strengthened and soldered together. The animal does not always wait until the opening of the tube is reached, but gently disgorging while lying at its case, it then pushes forward by aid of its head and tentacles the mass of building material, which soon becomes distributed and moulded to its proper shape."

The work which bears the name of Mr. Wixhall is, as he himself admits, "principally based on a German compilation by Dr. Hartwig, bearing the title of 'Das Leben des Meeres.' I therefore claim the sole merit of having carefully collated authorities and done my best to render

shall on any pretext be allowed, with the exception of such vacancies as may be occasioned by Foreign Ministers, when, in the event of all or any declining, other guests may be invited.

8. In deterrence to the invitations to the Annual Dinner, when the list of the former year is read, any name therein shall be put to the ballot, at the desire of an individual Member of Council, and two black balls shall exclude, as in the case of names newly proposed.

This concludes the body of the revised Rules. Those relating to the Schools and the Students we take from Appendix No. 4. of the Report we recently examined. We gather from the Introduction to this some information that may be interesting. The Antique and Life Schools were first instituted. The School of Painting was established on the Academy gaining the privilege of borrowing pictures from the Dutch Gallery in 1815. Medals were given for the best copies till 1852, when they were abolished; and a medal for the best painting from the living model substituted. This is one of the most notable improvements that have been effected. What sort of an Academy it was of old that did not touch painting is to be fancied. The Library was opened in 1770. The Professorship of Sculpture was instituted in 1810, of which Flaxman was the first holder. The number of students admitted in the first year 1769, was 77, of whom 26 pursued painting, 10 sculpture, 3 architecture, the remainder not specified. Flaxman, Bacon, and Banks, sculptors, were amongst them. The second gained the gold medal in the first year, the first the silver medal. The term of studentship was, at first, six years; in 1792, extended to seven; in 1809, to ten; in 1853, reduced to seven, the present term. In 1800, the privilege was accorded of an annual renewal of studentship. In 1771, the travelling studentship was offered to gold-medal students. This was, at first, 60*l.* a year; raised in 1790 to 100*l.*; in 1817 to 150*l.*; in 1832 reduced to 100*l.*, with 60*l.* travelling expenses. Medals have been distributed every year, without exception; lately a gold medal for landscape, and 10*l.* premium for drawing, have been offered: 118 gold and 594 silver medals, at a cost of nearly 3,000*l.*, have been distributed. In 1855, individual cases of distress amongst the students having come to the knowledge of the Council, a "Students' Distress Fund" was instituted. The number of students admitted from 1769 to 1859, inclusive, is 2,744. There have been twenty-two travelling students, eight painters, eight sculptors, six architects. The students have, from their connexion with the institution, many other privileges; such as free access, for purposes of study, to the Zoological Gardens and to the Armoury of the Tower; permission, under certain conditions, to copy in the National Gallery, &c.

By rule 4. of Section II., the regulation requiring attendance at two consecutive courses of lectures is reduced to one of the same. The Antique School, that was open in the evening from five till seven in the summer, and from five till eight in the winter, is now constantly open at the latter time. Section III. remains unaltered. To Section IV., the following is added:—

Biennial Distribution of Medals.—4. The premium of the gold medal called the Turner Gold Medal shall be given to the best landscape in oil-colours; size, four feet two inches by three feet four inches.

The medal for an original design of sculptural ornament applicable to architectural decoration is withdrawn, as well as that for an original ornamented sculpture applicable to friezes, vases or plates. The corresponding medals, that were distributed in the intermediate years, are also withdrawn. In both distributions a ten-pound premium for the best drawing or drawings executed in the Antique or Life Schools is added.

In Section V. of the Privileges of Students the term of the travelling studentship, which was left blank in the earlier series of Rules, is stated to be two years. The conditions for this have been stated above. The remaining Rules remain unaltered.

This concludes our examination and collation of these Laws. Let us hope that the unwonted

publicity given to them will do something to justify the Academy in the minds of men, and that openness may bring amendment of many of them. Their publication is but a concession to the vast demand of all non-Academical artists who were, without an exception, interested in knowing them. Concealment is truly about as preposterous a thing as if the House of Lords were to shut themselves up and permit no knowledge of their doings to get their publication. The success of examination of the three successive editions of these Laws, that have been re-printed or collated in the *Athenæum*, how the general tendency of such alterations as have taken place is to increase the power of the Forty at the expense of the Associates and the non-Academical artists. The Exhibition that in 1797 was styled "Royal," and altered in 1815 to "Annual," retains the latter title. The clause which, at first, allowed to the Associates "every advantage enjoyed by the Academicians, except that of having a voice in the deliberations, or any share in the government of the Academy," remains expunged.

The process of petitioning to be admitted remains as of old. No mention occurs of *Female Academicians*,—who were expressly provided for in the earlier edition of 1797,—although in the original instrument for the constitution of the Royal Academy we do not find any such provision, but the Members are spoken of as "men." It is a high privilege, &c. Still, the entry of ladies could not have been prohibited, because A. Kauffmann and Mr. Moser were of the first thirty-six (for the list in the instrument contains only that number, although the text thereof speaks of them as "forty persons"). The right of exhibiting in the rooms provided for the Academy, which was stated to belong to all artists of distinguished merit, narrowed into permission to do so, continues so restricted. The reason is obvious: the Academy has, with increased prosperity, become more self-centered, more self-reliant and despotic. That privilege which the Council is instructed to award should be open to all artists of distinguished merit" was once admitted as a right to them, and is now made but a concession. The appointment of the Committee of the Council for an arranging Committee, in place of the whole Council acting for the same purpose, continues to be a concession, and it is a serious one. The Laws of 1797. "Outsiders" had by the old rule at least the protection of the good faith of the whole Council. It is one thing that much to the credit of the Academicians, that they have withdrawn the privilege accorded to their own Members, and no one else, of the three days' retouching upon their pictures before the opening of the Exhibition. This was a great concession to the clamour of the "outsiders," who were thus put lamentably below their fellow exhibitors when the latter were R.A.s. The new rule 12, which permits a Member to apply to the Council to allow to retouch a picture, is a limitation to one day for the purpose, looks a little like opening the back-door of official favoritism a trifle, because who, we should like to know, is to decide whether the necessity to retouch a picture is real? Surely the Council will never deny one of our Members this privilege! Such Spartan virtue is beyond credit. We think it would be better to allow all the exhibitors to work for a short period before the opening, than retain this suspicious and unfair reservation to Members alone. If these were of so large a number as to cause inconvenience, half only might be admitted at a time for two days for each motive. The exhibitors in general are admitted to other Galleries under similar circumstances, and we see no reason why this facility should be withheld from those who contribute to the Royal Academy. If it is an unimportant privilege, such should not be given to anybody; however, R.A. or not; but the Council will know how immensely valuable such a facility is. The very guarding the same by the use of the Council's discretion in giving permission or not, shows how important it is. Still, the limitation from three days to one certainly tends to equalize the position of the R.A.s and the "outsiders," and so far fairer than of yore.

In our previous examination of the old Rules, we inquired what means are adopted by the Academicians, by evening meetings at the Academy, or

otherwise, for bringing forward their non-academical brethren and giving them a chance of becoming acquainted with that elevated and useful class of persons which the Academicians find it so advantageous to invite to their annual dinner? Surely this duty is not sufficiently executed by the solitary *Conversations* that happens once a year. Might not it be better to have several such? The Royal Academy has plenty of facilities for performing the duty often.

It will be seen that, by the unaltered state of the Rules respecting the Schools, the Academy does not make the maintenance of them compulsory, as it was by the old Laws, upon itself. The right of appeal to the Crown, which the Academy seems to cling to with such pertinacity, is still retained. Unless such a thing is a mere form, and the Crown be an absolute nonentity, this privilege is an injustice to the Ministers, who are made responsible for a sanction given to acts of the Crown which the Academy declares they may cause to be made without the knowledge of the said Ministers. The thing is perfectly preposterous and unconstitutional, that in a matter which, of necessity, affects the well-being of thousands of persons—this privilege, if it is of any value, should exist. Quite apart from the use of a public building, which the Academy claims, in this question, the institution performs no duties and having the authority of the Academy can never, with even common justice, be a close and private body. The Members might as well attempt to revive the Guilds of the Middle Ages,—to the constitution of which their own bears some resemblance,—as hope to maintain the position they have assumed for so many years. We repeat, the concessions of the Royal Academy have been in a liberal spirit, but not enough so.

FINE ART GOSPEL.—Sir G. Hayter's picture of 'The Meeting of the first Reformed Parliament,' for which a grant of £,600*l.* was taken last year, has been placed in the Commons' Committee Room, No. 9. In the immediate neighbourhood are to be found Mr. Watte's 'Embarkation of Alfred' and Mr. Pickerskill's 'Battle of Hareld.'

We have received from Messrs. Ashbee & Danglefield two very excellent chromo-lithographic views of Shakespeare's house, at Stratford,—being the exterior from Henley Street, and interior of the room in which the poet was born. These are printed in imitation of accurate water-colour drawings, made for the purpose by Mr. Samuel Stanish. The general fidelity of the drawings is commendable; indeed, it would be most desirable that all such tasks should be undertaken with the modesty and prosaic sense in which Mr. Stanish has executed his. Although the exterior view is somewhat reddish and raw, and does not get quite enough force and clearness of tone from the passing cloud-shadow introduced in the mid-distance, increase of depth in which would give potency to the sunlight effect judiciously chosen, yet we have seldom seen so creditable a production of the kind. The view from the interior of the birth-room, while a little black and heavy, does not discredit its companion, and both may be regarded as of interest to all lovers of the Dramatist.

Mr. Wallis is engaged upon a picture representing the deposition of Eliza as the heiress before she "flashed" down to Camelot." We hope this work will be completed for next year.

Among the novelties in the way of memorials is a proposition to erect a monumental testimonial to Capt. Cook. How many great men there have been to whom the after-generations are ungrateful, is a matter upon which we are being more and more better informed. In fact, it is within the mark to say, that there is hardly a week but which brings out a proposition to erect a memorial to some great Englishman. Among these, none have been more neglected or are more deserving of such honour as a monument can bestow than Capt. James Cook, in the civilizing given him by the South Kensington Museum Committee it is stated that, taking the cost of various Institutions and Exhibitions for 1859, and dividing it by the number of persons who visited them, it is found that, in the case of the

British Museum, the cost was 3s. 3d. each visitor; at the South Kensington Museum, 1s. 3d.; at the Crystal Palace, 1s. 3d. The senior trustee of Sir John Soane's Museum acknowledged that the expense of keeping it open was actually 10s. for each person who visited it.

Mr. Cole made a curious statement in the course of his evidence, recorded, given before the British Museum Committee. "We find," he said, "that the mere exhibition of pictures to great multitudes exposes them to accidents which would hardly be dreamt of. The public sneezes upon the pictures, and the saliva runs down and positively soaks the surface of them. One of the most valuable of Mr. Mulready's pictures was covered with the coughing and sneezing of the public looking close at the picture and laughing in the presence of it. We have great difficulty in preventing them expressing the emotions they feel in looking at a picture; they will touch it; they say 'Look at that expression,' and the consequence is that they scrape off a little bit of the pigment. We have come to the conclusion that pictures within reach must be put under glass. We have already the experience that glass keeps pictures much cleaner. We all know that though the public generally becoming very well behaved, and it is well behaved, still they very much like to touch things. We had a little bit of sculpture, a mother and baby, and the baby excited the interest of all the mothers that came to the Museum; they were always measuring their babies by the side of it and touching it till it became quite grubby. It happened to be a cast, but precautions must be taken to prevent things being damaged." Admirers of Robert Browning's poems will enjoy all the more the touch of nature in his 'Fra Lippo Lippi' after this; in which poem is a passage strangely like the above statement of Mr. Cole's.

The Royal Academy is acting with liberality and common sense in one particular, at least—in having recently admitted to study in the Antique School a young lady, who has had the courage to enter on a thorough and sensible course of preparation for the profession of Art, and to believe that men only have done before. It is believed there is no precedent for this; but the excellence of the drawing the fair probationer sent in, under an initial signature, we understand, was such that the Council were committed to its worthiness before they knew "what they were doing." There the lady draws for her live scribe, however, and we trust she will succeed in that which she has so manfully begun. On considering the matter, one is surprised that she has had no predecessor. The original Constitution of the Royal Academy provided that the members should be "men" of high reputation in their several professions, &c., and the whole tenor of the instrument of constitution clearly avows the idea of female members; yet not only did Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffman's names stand there as two of the original Forty, but these ladies actually signed the Memorial to the King which led to their election.

The model of Prof. Drake's group for the Berlin Museum, 'The Muse watering Nymphs,' has been completed by the artist. The Muse measures nine feet in height; the horse, with the head, thirteen.

The group is to be cast in the course of this year. John Martin's old admirers, and those that have only heard of his celebrated pictures 'The Last Judgment,' 'The Great Day of His Wrath,' and 'The Plains of Heaven,' will do well to see them now they are to be seen in the Strand. All that strongly direct, and poetic, yet impressive mode of treatment which marked the artist's labours, may be studied in these works. Martin was an artist with a gross idea of poetic grandeur; his feelings seemed to be concrete and substantial. There was ever a tangibility about his notions of Heaven and Hell; he got grandeur by repetition of form, and poetry almost entirely by his representation of vastness.

It is not a very noble ideal that grips chiefly at the bulky gross, yet, undeniably, his works impress one with their originality. Nothing can be finer than the city with the ghastly light upon it, that stands upon the margin of the great stream in the first picture, the pale lurid sun goes down upon the level sea. Nothing, in fact, could

be more offensive than the queer taste which showed on the opposite side of the clouds a long train of railway carriages precipitating themselves therein. By the way, they seem to be all third-class carriages, whereas the whole foreground is occupied with the superior orders of the condemned population. The representation of Heaven above, on a different vaulting plane, is not at all original, the principle of composition employed—repetition of line—is that employed by the Early Italian painters with infinitely more nobility and severe dignity. The Destroying Angel, with the exploding brand in hand and livid eyes, is about as vulgar a picture as clap-net can be conceived. The second picture shows but the same principles differently applied. The great city is going over top-sy-turvy to its red doom. We think the idea essentially vulgar, savouring of a pyrotechnic display. Infinitely the finest of the three is the third. It is so because the ideal is purer; not less prosaic, however, for Heaven here is but an Hell there—the Earth under other conditions; and Martin's notion—here is the secret of his popularity—was the least ideal in the world, being that men would take their human nature into either, and burn in fire or live on nanna, as the situation might be. Still, the picture is very much to be enjoyed, on the level lake, with its shimmering reflections long drawn towards us, the solemn sweep of the eternal cedar-boughs, and the balmy air about them.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL PITCH.

FRANKFURT, September, 1860.

LAST year, when the Pitch question was under the consideration of our English Committee, I ventured to call attention by a letter published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, to the manner in which the most ear may be deceived as to a particular tone, and to the fact, that notes differing in the same way sound acuter or graver, owing to the quality of the voice or instrument transmitting them, or to the manner in which they are framed or set off by the composer.—A signal illustration of this came under my notice the other evening at Baden. It will be remembered that the *Carabinieri* 'Dance of Sylphs' from his 'Faust,' I chanced to be seated beside one of the most intelligent and accomplished professors living;—one, too, whose ear, by his occupation, must be rendered peculiarly sensitive to differences of tone and *timbre*. "That is in *z* flat," said he.—"No," I replied, "it is in *D*," meaning, in support of my correction, the fact of my having adapted English words to this chorus some years since, which made me able to speak to the point with some certainty. "Then it is transposed," was the reply, "for the pitch here is higher than it was in Paris." I was sure that no transposition would be allowed in his own music as M. Berlioz. But my neighbour was convinced that he was hearing *z* flat for *D*, and *D* flat for *A*; could assure me, went far nothing—would be satisfied as to the real state of the case, save by reference to the fountain-head, which proved that his ear had been deceived, and that the key was *D* after all. It may be the extreme brilliancy of the instrumental combinations of M. Berlioz which caused the misapprehension. In a more sober chorus by Gluck, given at the same concert, no such acute impression could possibly be received. The incident seems so instructive a comment on certain peculiarities influencing musical evidence and testimony, and to contain so strong a suggestion as to the impossibility and the danger of uniformity, that I offer it as postscript to former remarks, which were not flung out from any wanton desire for paradox, but as the result of comparison and experience.

H. F. CHORLEY.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—The report that Madame Gritti intends to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, proves, as we hoped it would do, for her sake, a mistaken rumour.

The French are "stepping out" in many musical circles, formerly unvisited by them. The *Orphéonistes* showed us only a few weeks since how remarkable has been the advance made by them in part-singing. The other day, a traveller loitering on the way betwixt Strasbourg and Paris might have fallen in with choral meetings of men, accompanied by women, numbering from 350, and 500 ecclesiastical strong,—singing and playing their best in aid of the persecuted Syrian Christians,—at Metz, Lunéville and Nancy. In the last-named clean and courtly town (which has a sort of Dresden air, without the lifelessness and dejection of the Saxon capital) the vesper services in the cathedral, chaunted by a large portion of the congregation, in assistance with the priests at the altar, is impressive,—the body of voices clear in tone and well in time. Nothing so good was to be heard in Paris, when we first knew it, on high days and holidays. Lastly, as to accompaniments, France, in its military bands, is beginning to tread close on the heels of Prussia and Austria. The presence of a Marshal in the great Hotel at Strasbourg gave occasion for a serenade of "harmony music," not equal, of course, to that produced by our late guests, the band of *Les Guides*, but rich in tone, crisp in time,—the players playing with the real, manly expression of the overlooks—but, also, which overdoes—no point where taste can show itself. This was expressly to be felt in the delicious introduction to M. Aubert's overture to 'La Sirène.'

Every inquiry and research made in Germany yields, for the present, only one result so far as Music is concerned. Not a name of the slenderest promise in composition is to be heard of. Even the open-air bands (delight of enthusiastic English travellers unused to home music in the open air) which, fifteen years ago, were always given under some name, and for some name, and were, for overture, recit, to the weary platinists of Reims and Lindpaintner, while a good new waltz, or polka, or polonaise, or mazurka, is so more to be heard. The spell of Strauss and Lanner, magicians of dance music, has died with their names (for better or worse, and how, the art to be felt in Vienna, in the management of those splendid and subsidized opera-house there has been as much malversation of Imperial money as in other more important branches of Austrian finance. The German town, north or south, in which the greatest variety of operatic music may possibly now be heard, is Frankfurt. There only, during many years past, has the repertory of the theatre included Cherubini's magnificent, though difficult, opera of 'Medea.' Cherubini is elsewhere only known in opera, throughout Europe, as having written 'Les Deux Journées.' At Frankfurt, for a Cherubini contemporary, to be heard this very day, his 'Faniška' has been announced; an opera rich in idea and science, though those were somewhat encumbered by the perverse nature of the rugged Italian, to whose career, as a predominant composer, fact alone was wanting. There may come a 'Cherubini revival' as well as a Gluck revival, though the former may possibly involve the necessity of re-consideration, which the latter does not.

Herr Siller, one of the pleasant Russians (and how pleasant the Russians are as to their manners, and conduct from Herr 'Hildbrand' downwards, even on conversation with Germany must be, guess. His collections of national tunes should keep his name alive among all who love national music.

This evening Mr. Phelps commences his season as *solo* manager of Sadler's Wells. The theatre has been cleverly re-decorated, and exhibits, indeed, within its limited arena, a brilliant appearance. The play of 'As You Like It' is chosen for the occasion. The company presents many new features.

In last week's notice of the 'German Bath Company' (see Oct. 3), while speaking of the manner in which a pretty eight-bar phrase is "skipped to death" by M. Litoff's instrumentation, by the use of the violin, the words "et *temo*" (with the word of the bow) were omitted by accident.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1860.

LITERATURE

Ancient Danish Ballads. Translated from the Originals, by R. C. Alexander Prior, M.D. 3 vols. (Williams & Norgate.)

Dr. Prior has done an excellent thing in presenting the English world with these volumes of old Danish song. He introduces us to a little known realm of legendary, heroic and historical lore. In spite of the frequent references to this branch of Scandinavian literature in the works of Scott, Jamieson, Howitt, and B. Thorpe, general British knowledge of this interesting subject is very scant.

The Danish ballads which are already known in England are, says our author, all taken from the collections of Vedel and Syv, or from the 'Danke Viser' published by Nyerup, Abramson and Rahbek, and these, we learn from Grundtvig, have been materially altered from the originals by their respective editors. Vedel, who is the Percy of Danish ballad-verse, formed his collection without any idea of the antiquarian importance of its contents, but simply, as many an English or Scotch ballad-monger has done, for the amusement of his readers. Dr. Prior relates the story of the original publication. Sophia, Queen of Frederic the Second of Denmark, being detained while on a visit to Tycho Brahe for some days of constant wet weather, had introduced to her the pastor Vedel by his friend and neighbour Tycho. The worthy pastor, who seems to have been a simple good-hearted sort of fellow, with taste for the marvellous, — a taste which probably led him to perform for as the kind office of collecting these ballads, — read some of them to Her Majesty, who "was so delighted, that she laid on him her express command to publish them"; this was in 1591. A century after this P. Syv reprinted the work, and added one hundred ballads. Various similar collections have been made since this time, but Vedel's is, after all, the great foundation text-book. Under a commission from the Danish Government Sren Grundtvig has brought out two volumes, and part of a third, of a new edition of Vedel, with many additions and different readings.

It is not a little surprising that these collections of ballad literature should have been made so long as two hundred years ago in a neighbouring country, whose King's daughter married our own King James the First but two years before their publication; and that allied, or indeed identical, as many of the subjects are, no corresponding effort should have been made in these islands to preserve such productions; for the efforts made by literary men in this country for this end before the time of Ritson or Evans are not to be considered as of much account. Sir Philip Sydney's praise of 'Chevy Chase' rather indicates feeling for the theme than any knowledge of the subject. Of course there had been collections made in this country, but they seem to have been mere collections, without comparison or critical research for differing versions. The earliest of these we are aware of is the little-appreciated Pepsian gathering at Cambridge, in which there exists untold treasures of ballad-lore. This was begun, the worthy diarist tells us, by "the learned Mr. Selden," who specially delighted in such things. Pepsy himself added many of older date to these, and continued them to the year 1700, just before his death. The Ashmolean and the Bodleian both contain "collections," and in the British Museum the masses of such are awful to think about. Many private collections also

exist. But we had no Vedel in the days of Queen Bess. Vedel was, of course, a man whose taste led him to prefer the *hættu* in incident, and that marred the value of his labours; but he did collate and discriminate one version from the other, and published the result in the best condition to which he could bring it. The conclusion is, that while Dryden, Addison and Dorset contented themselves with admiring, quaint and credulous Pastor Vedel, in remote Uraniberg, was doing something which was ultimately to go far towards founding a national literature. The secret probably is, that Denmark had made her own classical literature, and totally escaped the flood of ill-understood Greek and Roman mythology, and thereby produced a native literature such as is little understood and unjustly appraised by the more southern countries of Europe. Thor may almost yet be said to reign in Denmark, when these popular ballads were so full of him. The queer sentimentality of our own admiration for the Greek and Roman literature, when we, as Charles the Second's time, put French ribbons and velvet upon the severe masculine grandeur of those classics, was never perpetrated in Denmark, but the spirit and native vitality of the people concentrated itself upon their own traditions. We need not repeat, that modern classicism is about as different a thing from that of the period we refer to, contemporary with Vedel, as the taste of ancient aesthetic before Garrick's time was from that of Kemble and Siddons. We have had a revival of classical literature in a purer spirit since then. How different the manly muscularity and potency of these mythological and native songs from the be-permiled and finical spirit, gay as it was however, of our own popular verse of that time, we need not say. It was Thor's hammer to a rapier.

"These ballads were for many ages the dæmonies in Denmark, as very similar ones are in the Faroe Islands to this day." The long dark evenings of winter afforded ample time for this recreation, in which old and young joined with equal zest. "They used no instrumental music, but dance to songs." It is one, and now the other who leads the song, and all who can sing join in it, at least in the refrain. In dancing the men and women took each other's hands, made three steps forward or sideways, keeping time; then balance a little, or remain standing a moment. "One may see by the decorous behaviour," says Lyngbye, "that they are not indifferent to the matter of the song, but with their countenances and gestures take pains to express the various meanings of it."

There will always be found this difference in the Scandinavian ballads from those of middle and southern Europe, and which appears to indicate a very early date for their origin, that while almost all the latter exhibit women under the chivalric affection, and men as paying them the deference inculcated by the system of knighthood, our Northern forefathers seem to have had no idea of the kind, and to have treated our ancient mothers on a very different system, sometimes with utter brutality, often with the same native fierceness which now and then burnt through the chivalric varnish itself; remember how William the Bastard thrashed Matilda of Flanders, vindictive thereby, we may note, his Scandinavian blood. A good deal of deference and respect was questionably paid to women as wives; their advice was often asked, and, what is of more consequence, followed. Yet women are evidently almost always treated as a domestic institution, best at home. Praises of their beauty, of course, abound, and high appreciation of it also, but rather as a prize

to be won and conquered than the special attribute of super-mortal nature given to the ladies by the knightly fanaticism. Our author agrees with Peter von Goltzenchlag, and other Danish critics, that we are indebted to the fact for the authorship of most of these ballads. Certain it is that many are found in manuscripts three centuries old, and "almost every one of them in a female handwriting." We cannot agree in this, for it appears on the face of the songs themselves that they are very delicate in the peculiar feminine sentiment — we had almost said sentimentality — which invariably distinguishes ladies' work. These ballads which are known to have been written by ladies, — Lady Wardlaw, for instance, — are never without this peculiarity, however beautiful they may be. That the existing MSS. are in ladies' hands goes for little, unless we are to suppose the songs not older than such transcripts, — a thing Dr. Prior will not for a moment entertain, of course. It seems to us that the deference paid to female advice which may be found exhibited in the actions of the heroes themselves of these ballads is not a source of great satisfaction to them, in most cases at least, to female authority; because the Scandinavians were not a *gallant* people in the ordinary sense of the word, and therefore that such a picture of society must have come from female hands, looks hardly like a reasonable conclusion. The Danes and other Northern people, it has been asserted without successful contradiction, treated their women with a great amount of "domestic" respect: there are thousands of proofs of it. If they did not regard women as goddesses, like the knights of a more Southern race, we do not believe, in general, they were worse used for it. These ballads themselves furnish many examples. Therefore there is no reason to suppose from this circumstance, of women being represented as advisers and wives rather than as divinities, that it is a false picture of society given in the ballads, such as only women would draw, and too flattering to them to be composed by men. Indeed, the very reason for attributing to them, riant vitality and uproarious strength and delight in deeds of night, are hardly feminine in any stage of society.

The original seat of the legends which the ballads have preserved to us, the reader will find discussed in Dr. Prior's "Introduction." We do not think he has given fair consideration to W. Grimm's remark, that "a ballad composes itself," when he avows himself unable to understand it. Grimm, in all probability, meant that in the hands of many singers of an imaginative and sensitive nature, like the ballad up, incident after incident, and illustration after illustration, till it attained form and consistency; for, as each addition pleased the feeling of the singers, or not, it was accepted or rejected, until the result of accumulations was the concrete form in which any one ballad became popular, general and fixed.

Dr. Prior holds the opinion untenable, that because so many of the Danish (in which he includes, we presume, Scandinavian in general) ballads so singularly resemble in the fictions they relate those of our own country and Scotland, we have derived them from a common centre in that remote epoch when we formed one nation together, before the migration of our ancestors to this island. This he treats as a visionary hypothesis, and believes that none of our own or the Danish ballads are older than the thirteenth century, and few older than the fifteenth. As this theory has been long held, and is supposed to confer "the rime of ages," and is such popular interest in the subject, we shall repeat, briefly, from his Introduction the argu-

ments for and against the view in question. Geijer says, "there is such a close agreement between many English, Scotch, and Scandinavian ballads, as cannot be explained by the similarity of national character, but must arise from a closer community of the people in old times." Nyrop has much the same opinion, and supports the theory by examination of certain German ballads, attempting to show that these have not lost their identity in the course of many centuries. W. Grimm holds the same idea on the same grounds, and believes the connexion between the Danes and English in the fifth century, and later in the ninth, by partial conquest and settlement, to have been the medium of transmission. He gives instances of similarity. This opinion is also held by the Howitz, Lord Elsenore and others. Jamieson opines that "they may have often changed their dress," but remain substantially the same.

The arguments advanced by Dr. Prior are as follows:—First, the language spoken by the Angles and Saxons was extremely different from our modern English: our words have been reduced in number of syllables, the inflexions replaced by prepositions and auxiliaries, the syntax and arrangement altered, so that no poem written in the rhyming metres now used in ballads could possibly have passed gradually with the change of language into a modern Scotch or English ballad. Secondly, the Anglo-Saxon poets used neither metre, nor rhyme, nor stanza; but confined the ornament of their verses to alliteration. He quotes the authority of Bede, that there were no metres used by the Anglo-Saxons at the time when they settled in England, in the sixth and seventh centuries. To the other portion of the theory of the extreme age of the ballads, i.e., that they came to us with the Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries, he replies that those people used then and long afterwards the same alliterative metre as the Anglo-Saxons. He holds the well-known song, credited to Canute, 'Merry sang the Monks of Ely'—the original of which is in rhyme—to be no composition of that King, and not earlier than some part of the twelfth century. The following admission in Dr. Prior's own words seems to admit a great deal against his argument; but it will serve to show his candid method of treating the subject:—

"It is possible certainly that some of their subjects may be derived from a remote antiquity, and thus be common to England and Denmark; but it is not possible that they have come down to us embodied in the ballads that we have now. The changes which have taken place in the various Scandinavian dialects are not so great, but still are such as to require an entire remodelling of a poem to present it in the modern language, as may be seen in the verified translations of the ancient Eddas."

Here seems to us to lie the very gist of the argument which our author is opposing. It is not pretended that the ballads have never changed with the language in which they were sung. Their very vitality is shown thereby, and we cannot believe that any change of language, which of simple necessity took place with the utmost slowness, could have rooted out the songs and poetical thoughts of a people who were eminently of a poetical and imaginative temperament. Undoubtedly, the national legends were metamorphosed, and some, time debased by later admixture, as we find many a one of the Edda poems turned into Christian legends and popular song. It is the theme, the design,—to borrow a phrase from Art-criticism,—that remains unchanged, which is the heart of the poem—dress it in what costume you will—which is the exponent of the

national feeling, unchanged from age to age. Our author's chief argument is, that if we admit the correspondence of Danish and English ballads to be a proof of their having come down to us from an ancient common home on the Continent, we must admit the same with regard to those of many other nations with whom we have ballads in common,—Bretons, Poles, Spaniards, Lithuanians, &c.—and go back still further to the cradle of our race in Asia to find their origin; and this Prof. P. A. Munch seems inclined to do. Now, with regard to this, we might say that there is no nation so mixed as ours. We have been receptive from time immemorial, and always made a home for strangers. It would be, indeed, wonderful, therefore, if some of these had not brought the songs of their native lands with them, and as they mixed with our people, imparted their legends to our literature.

Our author believes those ballads, which we have in common with all the Western nations, to be originally due to a fashion prevalent throughout, and belonging to one epoch,—in his opinion, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century,—the characteristics of which are marked, he says, upon the Danish ballads. He has examined the ballad of 'Fair Anna,' upon which Jamieson founded his opinion, and traced it to a lay imitated by Marie de France from a Breton original of the thirteenth century, the so-called 'Lay of the Ash,' and tracked it through its variations in Spain, Italy, Germany, Flanders, England and Denmark. The examination of this ballad is given in an Appendix: and we are bound to say there exists remarkable evidences of resemblance in the legend so diversely told;—but still this seems to us only to prove what no one doubted, that many nations had traditions in common. The question is the date of the original before transportation! As the tale itself is famous, and Dr. Prior's translation of its Swedish version very happy, we append the example from that language:—

"I once had a sister, a lovely may,
But she Merdaly stole away."

"Oh! odd it shows from off the sea,
Odd, odd it shows from off the sea."

"Oh! had I gold horse-shoes, and nails beside,
I would in the rapidest torrent ride."

"A handmaid I had I never knew."

"So handsome and fair as I may seem,
My handmaid is bright as the oceanic beam."

"'Tis bright as the moonday beam is she,
I pray you to let me the maiden see."

"The Merdaly up to her chamber hied,
Herself to the sleeping maiden sped."

"Stand up, little Ellen, from slumber wake,
And you to a stranger swain I'll take."

"But how can I face him, and have not seen
A ray of the sun for years fifteen?"

"Thy clad her in silk underdressed I saw,
Where fifteen maidens their skill had shown."

"They clad her in petticoat all so blue,
With gold in the folds, of brightest hue."

"The Merdaly came and curf'd her hair,
And gave her a chaplet of gold to wear."

"With chaplet of gold thy dress'd I'd wear,
Each leaf of it glitter'd with gold so rare."

"With glided lace her waist they bound,
Fifteen gold tassels there swept the ground."

"With stateliest step she trod the floor;
"But will she then still adore me more?"

"And now in her hand her lady placed
A tankard of silver brightly chased."

"The Merdaly took the maiden's hand,
And led her before Childre Hildebrand."

"I take not thy tankard, nor taste the same,
Till first thou hast told me thy father's name."

"Say who thy father, and who thy mother,
Who thou art thyself, and who thy brother."

"My father a count of large estate,
My mother a countess of house as great."

"My brother was call'd 'Childre Hildebrand,'
And here 'little Ellen' myself I stand."

"And is 'little Ellen' indeed thy name?
Then show art my sister, and those I claim."

"Childre Hildebrand wrapp'd her in mantle blue,
And gently the maid on his charger threw."

"He mounted boldly and took'd the rein,
And rode to his brother's house again."

"As up to his father's gate he rode he said,
Outside it to meet them his father stood."

"O welcome, dear Ellen, come home to me!
It gladdens my heart thy face to see."

"The Merdaly waited for two long years,
But naught of the maiden could he hear; e'en
Outside it her wand, and the water lad's,
Till hounds around her in fury dash'd."

"Oh had I her falsehood and tricks foreseen,
And broken her neck, the thievish queen!"

Dr. Prior is undoubtedly right in tracing many of his originals to the French romances. The romance of Sir Tristram was translated, he informs us, into Norse in 1336, and gave many situations and incidents to the ballad-singers. About the same time, the poems of Marie underwent the same process, with the same result.

The translations of the ballads themselves are divided into four classes:—Heroic, Legendary, Historical, and Romantic. Of the primary order the first example has been already finely translated into English by W. Herbert from the original Edda. The present version from the ballad has, however, such a vociferant ring about it that we quote it:—

THOR OF ANGARD.

There rode the mighty of Asgard, Thor,
His journey across the plain,
And there his hammer he lost,
And sought so long in vain."

"Twas then the mighty of Asgard, Thor,
His brother his bidding told:
"Up the hill and off the hill-land fell,
And seek my hammer of gold."

"He spoke, and Loki, the serving man,
His footsteps upon him drew,
And bounding o'er the sea with him
Away to the Northland flew."

Having reached the palace of the "hideous Thrusser King," crafty Loki answers that monarch's query as to how things go on at home, with the news of Thor's loss, and that he has been sent to recover the hammer. The King agrees to restore it, but not without "the maiden Fredensborg, and all that ye are worth." Back goes Loki again, imports the conditions, which, however, the damsel will not hear of, but proposes to dress up their aged father as a bride and take him. This done, the mighty one astounds the eager troll:

A whole or-carcase the maid ate up,
And thirty dishes of wine,
And took to her carcase as hundred loaves,
Before she would taste of wine."

A whole or-carcase the maid ate up,
Her leaves and her bacon first,
And then twelve barrels of ale she drank,
Before she could quench her thirst."

The Thrusser king, as he paced the floor,
His hands on his beam laid,
"Who then, and whence is this youthful bride,
So monstrous a meal can eat?"

"And smiling beneath his scarlet cloak,
Thus Loki, the pace, replied:
"Seven days it is since I tasted food
For longing to be thy bride."

Then brought eight champions, stout and strong,
The hammer upon a tree,
And baw'd it up for some moment held,
And laid it across her knee."

Uprose from her seat that tender bride,
Her hammer she took in hand,
And, only the other troll to tell,
She brandish'd it like a wand."

The first she slew was the Thrusser king,
So lightly and so fast fell,
She came indeed to the wedding feast,
She slaughter'd them great and small."

"And now," said Loki, the witty page,
"The time that all reposed and fell,
And home to our country bent our steps,
And comfort our widow sire."

Several of the succeeding ballads are from the great Nibelungen cycle—finest as that is of all such masses of fiction—and so we hope one day to find it popularly acknowledged in England. Dr. Prior does not consider the Danish ballads themselves as possessing any great poetic merit comparatively with the originals. This may be the case, but all admirers of those will enjoy the versions here presented. The splendid and ancient legend of the fight between "Vidrick Veland's Son and the Giant Langbane" is vigorously given from the Danish version, as are several others from the same cycle. We cannot agree with the estimate that "Bodelund and the Eagle" possesses "no intrinsic beauty or merit of any kind." It seems to us to be eminently characteristic of a Norland fancy. With few exceptions, the remainder of this section are not novel, at least in subject.

The *Legendary Ballads* contain an animated version of the well-known story of 'St. Olaf's Voyage.' How the Saint sailed over mountains in his ship, the *Ox*—

Saint Olaf sat on the ship's prow;

"Now, *Ox*, in name of Jesus go."

Saint Olaf seized his long white horse;

"Now go, as if in felds of corn."

Such strides the *Ox* began to make,

That high with fellows found the wake,

"See, those who sit upon the mast,

If Harald's ship we are outflung fast."

"For all the world naught else I see,

Than just the top of a lofty tree."

And now I see near Norway's shore

A silken sail with golden hoar,

And now where Norway's lands must lie,

I see the Dragon's mainmast fly.

I see just under Norway's side,

With rapid leaps the Dragon stride."

A blow on the *Ox* he gave;

"Put out thy strength and slay the wave."

St. Olaf struck him across the eye;

"Now faster still to harbour hie."

The *Ox* began to plunge and leap,

Their leap the eye no more could keep.

He took him ends of fax and twine,

And bound his sailors to the main.

"How shall we sail?" the steersman cried,

"And who shall now the vessel guide?"

Olaf the saint ungodly said,

Himself went at the helm to stand.

"We sail o'er hills and cliffs to-day,

Just where we find the nearest way."

Forth, forth they go, and hill and dale

Melt into waves as on they sail.

How the Elves and the spinning Hag were turned into stone, and King Harald into a dragon, concludes the ballad, with the triumph of the Saint.

A curious note will be found on the ballad of 'Thule Vognson and Grey Strain,'—a vivid picture of manners in itself, which illustrates the action of Raleigh in placing his cloak before Queen Elizabeth's feet, and suggests, as Dr. Prior says truly, that he acted on a Continental usage, and no spontaneous idea of his own. Nothing but the length of 'Mar Stig' (450 lines) prevents us from quoting that fine old legend, so replete with poetic and dramatic force. The whole of the cycle of songs connected with this in subject will well repay study, as pictures of manners and feelings. Amongst the romantic ballads, 'Axel and Walborg' is remarkable for pathetic and picturesque character. Fine as the story unquestionably is, Dr. Prior has hardly done it justice, because he seems,—we may as well say it here once for all,—to be rather afraid to venture out of the track of that conventional style of translation adopted by Percy, Scott, and others. His versions, in many cases, are marred by a sentimental whine and drawing tone of rendering, very different from the real, vigorous life of the originals. He deals in inversions far too

much, and, on the whole, seems to 'work in constant fear that he should be too rugged for our over-sensitive ears; whereby, we are inclined to think, much is sacrificed of character and peculiar force. We miss in too many of these ballads the natural ruggedness; probably, however, these are such as have been preserved to us by the female hands mentioned in the Introduction. One of the best is 'Young Swennendal,' which we here give because it is derived from two very ancient Edda poems:—

And it was he, young Swennendal,
And he lay with golden hair,
And drove to into the maiden's bower,
And paled her cheeks withal.

"Hark hie! I throw not, young Swennendal,
Thy golden ball at me,
There dwells a maid in Hovesandal,
Is longing after thee."

No shot shall ease thy weary limbs,
No slumber close thine eyes,
Till thou hast freed that lovely maid
From trance, wherein she lies."

Off he sets to get counsel, or a rune, or magic verse, from his dead mother in her grave:—

And there did he, young Swennendal,
Rest on his mother's breast,
Till walls and stones and beams and grave
Were crumbling all around.

"Who is it here disturbs my sleep?
Who doleth these heavy slaves?
And may I not in peaceful sleep
Rest in my grave repose?"

Who is it here? who buds so hard
And seeks to give me pain?
What not beneath the marble tomb
In peace may I remain!"

"Young Swennendal, thy youngest son,
Thy I, my mother dear;
And I have come to Uddal cave
Counsel of thee to hear."

The maid in a spell has bound me fast,
And this her cruel vow:
That rest no more shall ease my limbs,
Nor slumber cool my brow."

"And spell-bound has the maiden thee?
Made she this vow indeed?
Three gifts then I'll on thee bestow,
Shall serve thee in thy need."

I'll give thee first a stout grey horse,
And faithful he'll be found;
He tramps as well on ocean wave
As on the solid ground."

I'll give thee too a sword of gold,
Gird it upon thy side,
And, where thou journeyest in the world,
In safety there shalt ride."

I'll give thee too a golden key,
Its name is *Aelfring*.
Use but that key, and every lock
Shall open to thee flying."

I'll give thee too a table-cloth,
Spun of the mountain wool;
Dine whatever meat thou wilt,
With that it shall be full."

So gifted, he journeys in quest of the loving damsel, and by that luck which is peculiar to daimon heroes, meets her herdman, of whom he demands the lady's *fetich*, or talisman, that shall overcome her guardians. After some difficulty, he obtains this answer:—

"Eight flocks watch her night and day,
Nine grisly bears bound;
And only on an Elfin horse
May any near them ride."

"If Elfin horse can help me here,
For that I do not lack;
I'll brought with me an Elfin horse,
I'm sitting on his back."

"The portals are of marble stone,
The locks of stately plate,
And only with an Elfin key
Can any through the gate."

"If Elfin key is all I want,
For that I do not lack;
This is it as an Elfin key,
Is hanging on my thigh."

As through the gate young Swennendal
And so the courtiers went,
Lowly the bears and lions crouched,
And listen humbly bent."

From window loope the lady peer'd
As she saw the knight;
"But whence thou art he better knows?
And who, this handsome knight?"

Sending a page to learn who her visitor is, she obtains the unhandsome answer that she must come herself to inquire; doing so, she finds he has come from Denmark, and is the very person she has felt a weakness for. The result is obvious enough.—"Knight Stig's Wedding" is interesting as a picture of manners, and contains a description of a luxurious house, almost equal to that in the metrical romance of 'Syr Degrevant.' This, and several succeeding ballads have reference to Runes as love-compelling charms:—"The Coward Bedroom,"—"Robolt and Guildborg,"—"Fair Elsey,"—"The Brother and Sister," which much resembles and nearly equals—"O, gin my love were you red rose" of the Border Minstrelsy. "The Little Horseboy" and "Siguehill" are charming, the last especially, with its quaint burthen. Here are dwarf-ballads and elf-ballads, and ballads about runes, and knights and ladies and kings in distress, charming little domestic pieces, legends of vengeance and love by the score, the wailings of captives and sighs of the deserted, a few sea-ballads,—we are surprised how few for so seafaring a nation as the Danish,—in short, all sorts and sizes of ballads.

With this we make our bow to Dr. Prior, thank him for a valuable book; and, while heartily recommending it to the general reader for amusement, rejoice to state that the student will find him erudite, conscientious, and labours,—a cheerful companion withal, who has produced a work which is very far superior to most modern compilations on the like subject, not being made up only to sell.

A Two Years' Journal in New York, and Part of its Territories in America. By Charles Woolsey, A.M. A New Edition, with an Introduction and Copious Historical Notes, by E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D. (New York, Gowsans; London, Trubner & Co.)

The revered author of this work set sail from England for New York in the year 1678. His real name was Wolley, and we can see no good reason for the change which Dr. O'Callaghan, the American editor, has thought fit to make in the good Chaplain's nomenclature. Little is known concerning the writer himself, beyond the simple facts that he matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1670, and graduated B.A. in 1674, and M.A. in 1677. In the following year he went out to New York as Chaplain to the Garrison at Fort James; and after a residence there of two years, he received permission to return to England, "in order to some promotion in the Church to which he is presented," as the certificate says, which was furnished to him by Sir Edmund Andros, who testifies "that the said Mr. Wolley hath in his place comported himself unblameably in his life and conversation." He is said to have settled at Alford, in Lincolnshire; but the imperfect parish registers there (the entries from 1657 to 1732 being wanting) contain no notice of him, and of his later career nothing is known, except the fact of his publishing his journal in 1701 (through "John Woot, at the Rose in St. Paul's Church-yard; and Edm. Trench, at the three Bibles on London Bridge"), with this rather remarkable address:—

"To the Reader.—The materials of this Journal have laid by me several years expecting that some Landlopper or other in those parts would have done it more methodically, but neither hearing nor reading of any such as yet, and I being taken off from the proper Studies and Offices of my Function, for my unprofitableness, I concluded, that when I could not do as I ought, I ought to do what I could, which I shall further endeavour in a second Part: in the mean while, adieu."

The modest admission of "unprofitableness" rather induces us to look kindly on the poor Chaplain, for in his days the word bore a significance with which it is not at present charged. We are ignorant as to the degree or quality of his "unprofitableness," but we know that at the period in question benefices were not invariably bestowed on virtue, learning, and shy reserve. It is just possible that he returned to America, where records preserve the name of a "Charles Wooley, who was admitted a freeman of New York in 1702." Whether or not, adds the editor, "this was the former chaplain of Fort James and sojourner at Alford, I must leave others to determine." It is at least certain that the ex-chaplain, when in England, wished himself once more beyond the Atlantic, for he says in his Journal:—"New York is a place of as sweet and agreeable air as ever I breathed in, and the inhabitants, both English and Dutch, very civil and courteous, as I may speak by experience, amongst whom I have often wished myself and my family." So much by way of identification; and, singularly enough, we are almost led to believe that his male descendants may have followed the clerical vocation of their ancestor, for to say nothing of five "Wooleys" being in the Clergy List, there is one, the assistant-master of Eton College, who is entered twice, once as "Charles Wooley," and secondly as "Charles Wooley," variations equal to those undergone by the name of the old Chaplain of Fort St. James.

The Journal is little more than a tract, but it has an old-world air about it, and despite its brevity, gives evidence of an author being a well-read and observant man. It speaks of a time when the province was "poor, unsettled, and almost without trade." The city of New York is described as "small in size and scanty in population; its buildings mostly wood, some few in stone and brick; ten or fifteen ships of about 100 tons burthen each, frequented the port in a year; four of these being New York built." The annual imports were of about the value of \$50,000. A trader, realizing from 1690 to 1696, in a year, "acquired a good substantial merchant," but a substantial New York merchant of our days would be glad to pay his wife's dress-maker's and jeweller's bills with that, or twice that sum. Mr. Wooley describes the spiritual condition of the place in a few words. "Ministers are scarce and religions many." His residence in the "great house" at the Fort, reminds us of the Knickerbocker governors and their dwellings. It had been covered with Dutch tiles, but these were removed and the roof covered with shingles, "by reason the tiles were usually broken when the guns were fired." A very excellent reason for the change! Here is a passage which will show how the Chaplain applied his reading when detailing his experience. He is speaking of the Indians:—

"They have a tradition that their corn was at first dropped out of the mouth of a crow from the skies; just as Adam de Maricao was wont to call the law of nature Helia's crow, something flying from Heaven with provisions for our needs. They say their ground with a flint, called in their language *tom-a-hee-kan*, and so put five or six grains into a hole the latter end of April or beginning of May, their harvest is in October, their corn grows like clusters of grapes, which they pluck or break off with their hands, and lay it up to dry in a thin plate, like unto our crisps made of rice; when it is well dried they parch it, as we sprinkle beans and peas, which is both a pleasant and a hearty food, and of a prodigious increase, even a hundred fold, which is supposed as the highest degree of fruitfulness, which often reminded me of the Marquis of Worcester's apophthegm of Christ's miracle of five loaves and two fishes, viz., that as few grains

of corn as will make five loaves being sowed in the earth will multiply and increase to such advantage as will feed 5,000 with bread, and two fishes will bring forth so many fishes as will suffice so many multitudes, and because such are ordinary amongst us every day, we take no notice of them."

On "customs" the following is not without interest for its concluding notice referring to England:—

"They feast freely and merrily at the funeral of my friend, to which I have been often invited and sometimes a guest, a custom derived from the Gentiles to the latter Jews, according to which, says Josephus of Archelaus, he mourned seven days for his father, and made a sumptuous funeral feast for the multitude, and he adds that this custom was the improving of many families among the Jews, and that upon necessity, for if a man omitted it, he was accounted no pious man. The Dutch eat and drink very plentifully at these feasts; but I do not remember any music or minstrels, or nonmusical choruses mentioned by Josephus, or any of the music mentioned by Ovid de *Fastis*:—

"So that perhaps it may be in imitation of David's example, who as soon as his child was dead, weald and anointed himself and ate his bread as formerly, 2 Sam. xii. 20. In all these feasts I observed they sit men and women intermixt, and not as our English do, women and men by themselves apart." We may mention here that the Chaplain's book has been edited with an amount of care and zeal most creditable to Dr. O'Callaghan, who is not of the lazy and incompetent class of editors who conceal their shortcomings under the plea that further information is not necessary for scholars and gentlemen. Dr. O'Callaghan annotates for the sake of the public at large, learned or unlearned, and here is his interesting note on ancient funeral customs in New York:—

"A family in Albany, and from the earliest time, of the name of Wyngaard. The last, in the male line, Lucas Wyngaard, died about sixty years ago, never married, and leaving estate: the invitation to his funeral very general. Those who attended returned after the interment, as was the usage, to the house of the deceased, at the close of the one day, and a number never left it until the dawn of the next. In the course of the night a pipe of wine, stored in the cellar for some years before for the occasion, drank; dozens of papers of tobacco consumed; grooves of pipes broken; scarce a whole decanter or glass left; and, to crown it, the pall-bearers made a bonfire of their scarves on the hearth." When Philip Livingston of New York died, in 1749, his funeral expenses amounted to the sum of 500*l*, or 1,250 dollars. On that occasion two ceremonies were performed; one at his mansion among his tenants, and one at the city of New York. At each ceremony a pipe of wine was spiced for the guests. The burials at the several places were preceded with mourning rings, silk scarfs and handkerchiefs. The eight bearers in New York had each a gift of a monkey upon (that is, having a monkey carved on the handle), and at the master of the tenantry had a gift of a pair of black gloves and a handkerchief. In a later period Gov. Wm. Livingston wrote in the *Independent Reflector* of 1753, his objections to extravagance in funerals, and his wife, it was said, was the first who ventured, as an example of economy, to substitute linen scarfs for the former silk ones.—*Watson's Olden Times of New York*, 303. These customs continued down to a later period. Prof. Morse, writing in 1789, says: "Their funeral ceremonies are equally singular. None attend them without a previous invitation. At the appointed hour they meet at the neighbouring house or shop, until the corpse is brought out. Ten or twelve persons are appointed to take the bier all together, and are not relieved. The clerk then desires the gentlemen (for ladies never walk to the grave, nor even attend the funeral, unless of a near relation) to fall into the procession. They go to the grave, and return to the house of mourning in the same order. Here the tables are hand-

somely set and furnished with cold and spiced wine, tobacco and pipes, and candles, paper, &c., to light them. The conversation turns upon promiscuous subjects.—*Mussett's Annals of Albany*, l. 315. Robert Townsend, Esq., of Albany, informs us, that he was told by his mother, recently deceased, that a similar custom was observed as late as 1810, after the interment of General Ten Broeck, one of the most respectable citizens of the State of New York. Those invited to the funeral returned to the family mansion, where a cask of Madeira, which had been stowed away by the old gentleman many years before, was, in accordance with the ancient usage, broached for the guests; and as the hogheads of beer were rolled out on the lawn in front of the house for the fire use of all comers. It is only proper to add, that this singular custom died out with the last generation."

We return to what is more personal to the Chaplain:—

"In the same city of New York where I was Minister to the English, there were two other Ministers, or Dominies as they were called there, the one a Lutheran, a German or High Dutch, the other a Calvinist, an Hollander or Low-Dutchman, who belated themselves one towards another so shily and uncharitably as if Luther and Calvin had bequeathed and entailed their virulent and bigoted spirits upon them and their heirs for ever. They had not visited or spoken to each other with any respect for six years together before my being there, with which I being much acquainted, I invited them both, with their wives to a supper one night unknown to each other, with an obligation that they should not speak one word in Dutch, under the penalty of a bottle of Medera, alleging I was so imperfect in that language that we could not manage a sociable discourse, so accordingly they came, and at the first interview they stood as appalled as if the ghosts of Luther and Calvin had suffered a transmigration, but the amasee soon went off with a *salut* to quaque, and a bottle of wine, of which the Calvinist dominie was a true carouser, and so we continued our *Mensieles* the whole meeting in Latin, with which they both were so familiarly and promptly that I blunk'd at myself with a pensive regret, that I could not keep pace with them; and at the same time could not forbear reflecting upon our English Schools and Universities (who indeed write Latine elegantly) but speak it as if they were confined to mood and figure, form, and diction, whereas I could see in their school disputations and theses. This with all deference to these repositories of learning."

Things have not improved in those "repositories," so far as colloquial Latin is concerned, since the century before last; and when Dr. Townsend, the "Golden" Canon of Durham, had an interview with Pius the Ninth, he had to blush at the old Chaplain had when stumbling after the steepest Dutch dominie.

As Wooley returned to England under a Quaker captain, "who, when he had his plum-broths, I and the rest were glad of what Providence sent us from day to day; our water and other provisions, which he told us on going a-board were fresh and newly taken in, were, before we arrived in England, so old and nauseous, that we held our noses when we used them, and had it not been for a kind rindlet of Madeira wine, which the Governor's lady presented me with, it had gone worse."

As not only a pleasant, but a profitable glimpse into a past with which two nations are connected, this contribution to the "Bibliotheca Americana" should be as well received in England as it deserves to be by our cousins beyond seas.

Letters on Sicily, in Reference to the Events of June and July, 1860.—[Lettres, &c.] By M. Viollet le Duc, Architect to the Government. (Paris, Chamerot.)

There may be no fraud in this title, yet the words "in reference" in it may mislead others as

well as ourselves to expect some details connected with the events which Europe has watched on tiptoe for these three months past. — M. Viollet le Duc offers nothing of the kind; having availed himself of the crisis to publish, or to re-issue, travelling sketches taken in Sicily some twenty years ago. It is, nevertheless, a pleasant little book, and should be acceptable to every one who wishes for something that he can read on a journey,—which he need not, therefore, fling away afterwards as so much waste paper. To holiday-keepers, who have dipped into Sicily ever so casually, it will have a stronger interest, as refreshing their recollections. So far as we are in question, the pictures it affords are clear of exaggeration. Colourless they could not be to be true, for what can equal the colours of Sicily, in which the riches of the East and the South are fused?

It may strike some readers as curious, that M. Viollet le Duc—a thoroughly experienced man—should be so silent on his own subject, when there is so much for an architect to observe as in Sicily. In preference, he treats of manners and scenery, in a tone more trustworthy than that of old gossiping laymen, and with a pen less dry than the pens of Cookburn and Smyth.—He drops, without preface, upon the island at Marina, with a show of discussing the practicalities of attack and defence, “à propos” of Signor Garibaldi’s evolutions,—thence passes to Calatamif, in the midst of its strange neighbourhood of rifted rock and ravine, among which the temple of Segeste stands apart and alone in one of the finest and most melancholy situations that a poet could dream of.—Twenty years ago, as now, the island of Sicily, with all its magnificence and variety of scenery, was little visited; and this, in spite of the attractive national character of its inhabitants, which, by common testimony, rises far higher in Sicily than in the Neapolitan States. Then,—as two years ago,—the hospitality and courtesy of the Palermitan gentry seemed rather to seek, than to be sought by, strangers. Any tourist having a passable address, and who appeared to take pleasure and interest in the country, ran a fair chance of being passed from private hand to private hand from Palermo round to Messina. Betwixt this sociable mode of visiting the country, and the pomp and costly apparatus of a Sir Halaam travelling with his tent, his retinue, and his heavy purse, there was small alternative. Even such wandering Creuses might be brought to a dead lock by some mountain torrent which swept across the multi-path betwixt town and town. The smaller inns were, and are, horrible; the stench of their filthy rooms, streaming with vermin, cannot be exaggerated. There is an utter impossibility of obtaining the simplest provisions in many of them; as at this very Calatamif just mentioned (a place frequented by pilgrims to Segeste), and even at Alcamo, a more considerable town.—Still worse are the quarters in the inner parts of the island.—The difficulty has been felt so serious, that a few years since the incomparable host of the Trincaria Hotel in Palermo, proposed to Government to establish, at his own cost, throughout the island, houses of refuge, at which travellers might find clean lodgings, all attendance, and the means of preparing such food as they might bring; making it a condition that he should not be compelled to house therein priests or soldiers. Paternal Naples, by no means solicitous to promote travelling, treated the request, with its conditions, as a piece of presumption, and the inns were left in their filth. Let us hope that the time of purification has come for them also!

By way of specimen of M. Viollet le Duc’s

manner as a narrator, we may offer a night scene at Calatamif. The place is a wild one, built, like others of the Sicilian villages, on the edge of a notch in the rock; so that the main way through the town is a ravine, not easy to cross:—

“Already, at Calatamif [says M. Viollet le Duc], the inhabitants have open countenances; no one begs of you there. The men are large, strong; all of them carry fire-arms when they go into the country; why, I know not. A partridge or two may be seen as we pass; not motive enough for such universal arming.” “While we were at Calatamif there arrived, too, a captain of *gendarmes* and his troop. The captain was six feet high; dressed from top to toe in black velvet, with a black hood pulled so far forward as only partially to show his eyes, nose and mouth,—mounted on a black horse, armed with a musket and a carbine. His men were clothed, armed and mounted in the same style. I confess that, had we met them in the midst of some *défilé*, we must have taken the party for one of those troops of brigands which everybody was always assuring us were only a few miles off, but which we never had a chance of meeting. These gendarmes followed me as I appeared in the only *banda* of the place that there was no sleeping; and, as patience is a good thing on a journey, to establish ourselves at the window was all that could be done. The ravine which formed the street was as black as ink; the houses, tumbling one upon the other by a recent earthquake, cut fantastic profiles against the beautiful sky with its moonlight. Betwixt them one could see glancing like silver the palette-like disks of the huge Indian figs. The end of the ravine was closed by a tall naked rock, which cast a shadow on the roof of the highest houses. For a good hour we looked at this rugged scene, listening to the brave *gendarmes*, whose noise alone made us recollect that we were in a village. Then the inn door opened quietly. The armed police crept out in silence one by one, under the shadow of the walls. We saw their figures against the sky as they mounted the rock. Then were heard two or three discharges of fire-arms, a few distant cries; and all was still again.

Catania impressed M. Viollet le Duc very favourably. In his time, that town, on the skirts of the great volcano, was the head-quarters of Sicilian revenge and opposition,—a place which gave habitual anxiety to the Bourbon oppressors of the isle,—a place of suspense and expectancy, in more senses than one.—The tricks which Pitta, by flinging out and retaking lava, has played with its port are recounted by M. Viollet le Duc. A match with the anecdote of clean houses of refuge forbidden is to be found in the refusal of the late Neapolitan Government to permit the Catanians to amend the harbour, which is dangerous of access, at the expense of the municipality.—Greece, and *ex æquo* Bellini, the musician, is one of the illustrations of Catania; but, twenty years ago, when his ‘Norma’ was sung there, the chorus ‘*Guerra! guerra!*’ must needs be cut out. Our author fancies that the composer was indebted to the wild music of Sicily for some of his themes,—having heard that to the first *finché* of ‘Le Sonnambulo’ sung by shepherds in the fields. The shepherds may have got the tune from the theatre. Signor Verdi’s tenants, we are told, delight in the choruses of ‘Ereani,’ ‘I Lombardi’ and ‘Nabucco.’

Syracuse is principally commemorated by M. Viollet le Duc on the score of its hotel, which he found the best hotel in Sicily, with waiters in white cravats, just like the waiters at Oxford or Cambridge!”—

Pope [a Sicilian *vade-mecum* of those days] opened his eyes wide at the sight, and asked us who were those gentlemen in black that were doing the honours of the Palace. His astonishment pre-

sently passed into mistrust; and there was no persuading him at night to go into his room. He answered to everything that could be urged, “I have promised to take you back to Palermo.” “But what are you afraid of here?” “They are all English.” “And if they are, do you think they will eat us?” “The hotel is full of English!” “That is the grievance. You recollect to have seen the English here in the time of King Ferdinand?” “By way of answer, Pope surprised himself in his chair, turned his cap on his head, crossed his arms behind his back, shut his eyes, shot out his lips, and made a clucking noise with his tongue, directed against the Palace; then took up his bag, stretched himself before the door, and laid down on it. In a quarter of an hour he was snoring. Who could have fancied that waiters in black coats could have inspired such mistrust in a Sicilian peasant?”

Who could fancy such a thing, indeed, save, possibly, a Frenchman? The Oxford and Cambridge waiters in white “cloths” at Syracuse, twenty years since, were conjured up to suit the English, who then were popular there, M. le Duc tells. But, we imagine that even among the rude hill and country folk of Sicily the English must, since the time of the sojourn of our fleet in the island, have inspired confidence—not terror. Some after-pleading on this subject is ventured by our Government architect—a deliberate conversation, reported in Mr. Senior’s style—and which may have been introduced twenty years after the original notes, taken in the time of the King of the French, were jotted down!

Coming back to Palermo, we find ourselves in the far-famed *Festa* of Santa Rosalia, and which is in the midst of a new lottery, which we do not recollect to have seen elsewhere described.

Besides the above religious demonstrations of another age may be seen, in the space before the Cathedral, a great painting, such as belongs to a showman’s booth at a fair, representing King Roger, with a glory round his head of some hundreds of piastres stuck against the canvas. Underneath this singular exhibition are barrels full of grains of corn, such as wrapped up in its bit of paper. A few *grani* will buy a dozen such grains; if among them the buyer finds a gilt one, he has a right to a second gratuitous dose; if on such second purchase he finds one or more gilt grains, he gets a premium in silver—one or two piastres. By following out the operation—supposing he gathers a certain number of those gilt grains—he may possess himself of King Roger, with his constellation of coins. This lottery, much run after by the people, brings in a handsome sum. I have never heard of any one winning King Roger, as may be believed.

The old story of lotteries!—but in the South there were many chances on such occasions—dream-books, dreamers,—premiums on catastrophes. If snow laid at the foot of Santa Rosalia, on the Monte Pellegrino above Palermo, during a given winter, the monks who had charge of the shrine received thereon, we have been told, an allowance from Government.

All these things may, must be changed now. There should be roads and passable inns in Sicily. The self-respect of the people, which has asserted itself as with sound of the Avenger’s trumpet, must be tempered down into the forbearance, civilization and self-abnegation of citizenship, hopeful for the future, because resolute to win by the calm force of present high morals and unselfish purposes.—Some germs of all these we have found, or fancied to exist, among the Sicilian people,—for which reason we have dwelt on this slight, yet not wholly superficial, book.

A Search into the History of the Publication of Pope's Letters.

THE WORKS OF A. POPE, IN PROSE, 1741.

THE history of this publication, collected from Pope and his contemporaries, has never been questioned. Pope's first biographer, Ruffhead, writing under the direction of Warburton, tells us that nothing affected Pope more than the publication of his letters to Swift, "which were published without his consent, and, what is more strange, with the Dean's concurrence and approbation." The last of Pope's biographers confirms this:—"A severe shock," he says, "was given to Pope's most cherished feelings by the publication, in Dublin, of the correspondence with Swift." Pope himself wrote to Allen to the same effect:—

"My vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing by his having (without asking my consent, or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it." [Ruffhead, 467.]

So he wrote to Warburton (4th of February, 1740-1):—

"My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed, in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done."

These vexations Pope resolved to make known to the public. Pope, or, to speak by the card, the *"Bookellers,"* tell us, in the advertisement prefixed to the Quarto, 1741, that it was printed from an impression sent from Dublin, and said to be printed by the Dean's direction, and that Mr. Pope, naturally indignant at such publication "begun without our author's knowledge, and not only continued without his consent, but after his absolute refusal," would not be prevailed upon to revise those letters, but gave us a few more of the Dean's, a little to clear up the history of their publication, which [history] the reader may see in one view if he only observes the passages marked with commas in Letters 75, 77, 81, 84, 86, 87, 88 of this Book"—that is, of the Quarto.

As these letters were given, and the passages marked with commas, expressly to clear up the history of the publication, it follows that we have in those passages what we may call, after the fashion of 1745, "A True Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's letters" to Dean Swift "have been published."

The first of these letters so marked (No. 75) is from Swift to Pope, and dated the 3rd of September, 1735. We must, however, direct attention to a passage in it, not marked with commas, from which it appears that the Dean's letter was an answer to one from Pope received "two months ago," in which Pope had complained of the publication of his letters "by that profligate fellow, Curll"—further, that the letter from Pope was not published—further still, that of all the urgent and anxious letters professedly written to the Dean on this subject not one was published; that between the 10th of December, 1734, and the 30th of December, 1736, only three letters from Pope appear in the Quarto, and in those letters there is no reference whatever to the subject. Our knowledge, therefore, of the feelings and wishes of Pope must be collected at second-hand from the passages in Swift's letters "marked with commas." In the passages so marked, Swift tells Pope (September the 3th, 1735):—

"You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. As my executors are men of honor and virtue, who

have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me."

On the 21st of October:—

"You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them; but have ordered my executors to do that office."

We learn by letter of the 22nd of April, 1736, that the Dean began to yield to Pope's importunity:—

"As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my Will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. These things are all tied up, endorsed and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read. No mortal shall open them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more."

It subsequently appears that Swift's "cabinet" was no security; for, as Lord Orrery said, in his pleadings with Swift for Pope's letters to be returned, "the Devil thrust himself into the most private cabinets." Curll, it appeared, had already obtained two of these letters,—one from Pope and one from Lord Bolingbroke,—and had informed the public that these two and several others had been transmitted to him from Ireland.

Why Curll gave this public notice, it is difficult to conjecture; he did not publish the "several others," and the announcement, by frightening Swift, would close the door against all hope of more such treasures. Such was Pope's professed alarm, that, as he wrote to Swift on the 30th of December, 1736, he was obliged to detain his letters until he could find some safe conveyance—though how a safe conveyance could insure safe preservation, it is difficult to understand. It is worth noting, too, that these two letters, as they are called, were in fact but one letter—a joint letter—and must, therefore, have passed through the hands of Pope. [See letters to Swift, 12th of January, 1723.]

This story, however, is consistent—Pope's horror of publication—his "anxiety," as he wrote to Allen, to stop or retard it—a publication begun, as the Quarto says, without his knowledge, and persevered in after his positive refusal, is so clearly made out as to justify the biographers in speaking of the mortification he felt at such publication, and the severe shock that it was to his feelings.

We must, however, remember that this in Pope's published version of the story; and as we have proved in respect to the publication of the Wycherley Letters, and shown in respect to the publication of his general correspondence in 1736, Pope was not very exact, or very scrupulous in his statements on such occasions. Let us, therefore, look at the question from another point of view, and see if it be possible to reconcile Pope's version with Pope's conduct—horror of publication with the fact that Pope had asked for the return of his letters expressly that he might publish them in his Quarto of 1737! What follows is Pope's account of his own and the Dean's conduct in respect to the letters, given confidentially to Lord Orrery, (March, 1736-7) when his Lordship, at Pope's request, was soliciting the Dean to return them:—

"I think in this I made the Dean so just a request that I beg your Lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of Letters, to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these; nor do I think any part of my correspondence would do me a greater honor, and be really a greater pleasure to me than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the

same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this."

The "excessive earnestness" to publish was, it now appears, on Pope's side, and the objections were on the Dean's.

The Dean, indeed, had not only refused to sanction the publication but to put it in Pope's power to publish, by refusing to return the letters. He was now, however, getting feeble—was puzzled and perplexed by Pope's importunity—frightened by Curll's publication of two letters professedly "received from Ireland," and obtained, as he was led to believe, out of his own cabinet—and at length he gave a reluctant consent to Lord Orrery that they should be returned. Lord Orrery, in a letter of the 18th of March, 1736-7, informs Swift that he had lost no time in letting Pope know the Dean's resolution;—that he himself would leave for England in June, so that "you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you may think fit to send him," and that he "should think himself particularly fortunate to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of." From a subsequent letter of the 3rd of April, 1737, from Orrery to Swift, we may infer Swift's reply:—

"You tell me I am to carry a load for you to England. * * In the middle of June I set sail."

This load, it may be assumed, is described in Swift's letter to Pope of the 31st of May, 1737:—

"All the letters I can find of yours I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endorsed. But, by revising their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies, and yet I keep them with all possible care. * * However, what I have are not much above sixty."

Lord Orrery did "set sail" about the time mentioned, and on the 23rd of July, 1737, he thus reported to Swift how he had disposed of his "load":—

"Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo, Mrs. Barber her Conversation, and Mr. Pope his letter. To-morrow I went with him at Twickenham. The *olm menisius* will be our feast."

At that time Swift's fine mind was giving way. It is generally agreed, by those who had personal opportunities of observing him, that in the summer and autumn of 1736 he suffered greatly. He was long after, no doubt, capable at times, and for a time, of writing letters, and of delighting friends; but then came a collapse; his memory was gone; and these attacks became more frequent and severe until mind and memory were alike withered. Assuming the accuracy of the dates of Swift's letters, which we shall do,—though Pope never hesitated to alter a date if it would serve his purpose,—this want of memory is manifest enough in Swift's letters to Pope published in the Quarto, and avowedly contributed by Pope. Thus, in one dated 23rd of July, 1737—the very day when Lord Orrery announced from London, "Mr. Pope has his letters"—Swift wrote to Pope, Lord Orrery "goes over in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I have preserved of yours." Again, and thirteen months after Lord Orrery had delivered the letters to Pope, he wrote:—

"I can faithfully assure you that every letter you have favoured me with those twenty years and more are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W.—a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can submit. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my demise."

Whether Pope, through Lord Orrery, had been endeavouring to discover the missing six years' letters, and honestly thought that they might be inclosed in these sealed bundles, we know not; but we have no doubt of the truth of

Mrs. Whiteway's assurance that she had none of them. In fact, except as to the six years, she could not, for they had been for more than a twelvemonth in Pope's possession. As to the chasm of six years, the letters were never recovered: there is just such a chasm in the published correspondence from June, 1716, to January, 1723; and it is not improbable that in a fit of abstraction Swift may have burnt them when, as Mrs. Whiteway informs us, he burnt most of his unpublished writings. [Mrs. W. to Pope, 16th of May, 1740.]

Mrs. Whiteway, indeed, Swift's first cousin, and a devoted friend of the Dean's, was anxious that nothing should be done by the Dean in a moment of forgetfulness that could be open to objection. She was roused at Pope's applications, frightened at possible consequences, was watchful on the subject, and not without success. In May, 1740, she thus wrote to Pope:

"I have several of your letters to the Dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself, and believe it may be Mr. McAuley, the gentleman the Dean recommended through your friendship to the Prince of Wales."

These were, no doubt, the letters received after May or June, 1737, and one which had been overlooked when the general collection was transmitted to Pope. [Mrs. W. to Lord Orrery.]

We have now clear evidence that Pope had received his letters from Swift through Lord Orrery in July, 1737. The letters, subsequently written, Mrs. Whiteway had collected for Pope, as she announced in her letter to him of the 16th of May, 1740; but she had not found a safe hand to deliver them so late as the spring of 1741, as appears by her letter to Lord Orrery—not, therefore, till too late for publication in the Quarto of 1741; and it is a significant fact, as bearing on the question of first publication, that there is not a single letter from Pope to Swift published in either the London or Dublin editions of a later date than the 23rd of March, 1736-7. Not a suspicion, however, of the return of his letters can be gleaned or inferred from "the history of the publication" to be found in the passages "marked with commas," or any passages to be found in any letters published in the Quarto.

These facts were at least known to Mrs. Whiteway, and to her son-in-law, Mr. D. Swift; and if any story had been circulated, as of old, about copies stolen from the Deanery, these persons would for their own honour have stated them publicly, and Pope could not have denied that all the published letters were, or had been, in his own possession. We have evidence that the moment publication was mentioned people did begin to talk, and Pope's friend Allen hinted what their suspicions were, or would be. It is strange that the letter to which we shall now refer was not published by Warburton in his own edition of Pope's letters to Allen in 1761, but in Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, 1769, five-and-twenty years after Pope's death. The date probably about December, 1740, or January, 1740-1:—

"As to your apprehension that any suspicion may arise of my own being any way consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you the whole thing is so circumstantial, and so plain, that it can never be the case."

This letter contains a curious history of the proceedings of the assumed Dublin printers, which indeed seems to develop itself in the very progress of writing, for at starting we learn that—

"they [the printers] at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would be of some use; but

I dare not even do this, for they would say I revised it."

Further overtures must have been received, for he adds, in the same letter:—

"They now offer to send me the originals (which have been so long detained), and I'll accept of them (though they have done their job), that they may not have them to produce against me in case there be any offensive passages in them."

In a paragraph extracted from a letter written "some months afterwards," Pope informs Allen:—

"It will please you to know that I have received the packet of letters from Ireland safe, by the means of Lord Orrery."

This may have been a fact—he may have received "from Ireland," through Lord Orrery, the additional letters which Mrs. Whiteway had collected for him; for in her letter to Lord Orrery, written about 1740-1, she says:—

"I shall not hesitate one moment to send your Lordship Mr. Pope's letters, as likewise that from Bath, &c. If your Lordship will order a faithful servant, or a gentleman, with a line under your hand, to call for them."

Lord Orrery, in reply, thanked Mrs. Whiteway for her "obliging offer of returning my letters, together with those designed for Mr. Pope," and he sent his agent, Mr. Ellis, to receive them, giving Mrs. Whiteway these instructions:—

"The parcel for Mr. Pope I desire may be sealed up by you; but I could wish to see the letter from Bath, if you thought proper; if you could not to me, I will lose no time in forwarding it to Mr. Pope."

Here we have notice of three distinct things—the letters of Lord Orrery, the letters of Pope, and "the letter from Bath." This "letter from Bath" was obviously not one of Pope's acknowledged letters, although Pope was in some way interested in it, and to him it was to be returned. We shall hear more, from Faulkner, concerning the letter.

Mr. Whiteway had refused to send the letters of Pope by post; for she had been led to believe it was dangerous, and no doubt so led by Pope's repeated assertions on the subject: she had objected to send them by Mr. Nugent's mother, because, as she says, Pope had approved of her sending them by Mr. McAuley. Mr. McAuley, however, had been detained in Dublin, and she now offered them to Lord Orrery, on condition that he, under his hand, should authorize the party to receive them. Not a word of this is to be learnt from the Quarto; there Lord Orrery concludes his search after the letters—the missing six years, as we suppose,—in 1738.

Pope told Allen that he had been "fretted" and "employed" with a great deal of writing to Ireland on the subject of this publication. He regrets that he could not show Allen what the "Dean's people, the women, the booksellers, have done and said;" and yet, anxious as he was to "clear up the history of the publication," he never named either bookseller, or printer, or woman, or ever published one of their letters. The correspondence in the Quarto of 1741 concludes with a letter of the 4th of October, 1738. It is true one letter to Mrs. Whiteway has since been published—in 1767, long after Pope's death; and we find a mention of Faulkner in a letter to Mr. Nugent published more than a hundred years after Pope's death. Why were not these interesting letters from the Dean's people, the women, the booksellers, the printers published? Had they been, it is obvious that a word of explanation from Mrs. Whiteway would have shown that Pope had got back all the letters that were published—that all this correspondence, whether more or less, related to a few letters

written after June, 1737, or the missing six years' letters, neither of which were published.

We shall now produce evidence of a wholly independent character, in proof that Pope had got possession of the letters to Swift. It is stated incidentally in a note to the Quarto (p. 181) that Swift's letters to Gay were returned to Swift after Gay's death, and we learn from Mr. Croker (*Notes and Queries*, v. X. p. 148), that the letter published in the Quarto from Swift to Gay of the 23rd of November, 1727, is in fact a combination of two distinct letters, neither of them of that date—which is manifest, as he points out, by internal evidence. How did Mr. Croker become aware of the fact? Because, as he tells us, he found copies of some of the letters printed in the Quarto of 1741, at Longleat. How these letters came to Longleat we know not—if through the marriage of the Earl of Bath with the eldest daughter of the Duchess of Portland, only child of Edward Earl of Oxford, they must have been deposited in the Harleian Library before the 16th of June, 1741, when Lord Oxford died. The existence of these copies is evidence that some of Swift's letters had got back to England—got back, we say, to Pope.

It may be suggested that Pope received the letters from the Dublin printers; but how could the Dublin printers, even assuming publication to have been with the consent of the Dean, have got possession of Swift's letters to Pope? It is again to be believed that Swift had all his life kept copies of his letters—letters written often on the spur of the moment, or the mere impulse of friendly good will. In a letter to Atterbury of July the 18th, 1717, Swift said "I keep no copies of letters." This difficulty or improbability struck Mrs. Whiteway at once: "I do not believe," she says, in a letter to Lord Orrery, "they were taken here [in Dublin]. I will tell you my reasons for it. First, I do assure your Lordship the Dean kept no copies of Mr. Pope's letters [his letters to Pope] for these twelve years past to my knowledge, or [for his own letters] to anybody else; * * * those to Mr. Pope, I saw him write and send off immediately." Further, it was too late after the letters were printed, which Pope states was the condition of their return, to tamper with them. And why, as in 1735, were copies, and not the original letters, deposited? And why were the originals destroyed? We must repeat here that no reason suggests itself to us, but that the copies were, as in 1735, doctored, or in modern phrase, "cooked." We have the evidence of Mr. Croker that the copies themselves were "cooked" a second time before publication; and as these twice-cooked letters were produced, or reproduced, in the Quarto, it must have done much to the taste of Pope; for he could have reproduced the originals verbatim, or at least the once-cooked letters.

Now, a few concluding words as to the facts of publication—whether first in Dublin or in London. Some readers may remember the well-planned mystification in respect to the publication of the *Dunciad*, which puzzled Mr. Croker—(see letters signed C. in *Notes and Queries*), who long maintained, and was never quite satisfied to the contrary, that the *Dunciad*, as professed, was first published in Dublin.

That the Swift and Pope letters were first published in Dublin has never been doubted by any of the Pope or Swift editors. It is, however, just worth notice that in the Bill which Pope, on the 4th of June, 1741, filed against Curll for piratically publishing these letters, Pope makes no reference to a prior publication in Dublin; but simply asserts that Curll, combining with divers persons, has

printed these letters, which are the property of Pope, and that he, Pope, has never disposed of the copyright; and Curll, in his answer, says only that he is informed and believes that the said letters were first printed in Dublin by Mr. Geo. Faulkner, as it is said, by direction of Dr. Swift. Against Curll's hearsay evidence we are enabled to produce Faulkner's own testimony, and shall do so.

Incidentally we get a glimmer of light from the last note on the last letter of the Quarto. Mr. D. Swift, who had married Mrs. Whiteway's daughter, knew as much on this subject as his mother-in-law, and more than any other person; and he, it appears, "insisted upon writing a preface" to, as will appear hereafter, the Dublin edition of the Letters, "to justify Mr. P. from any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the Printers in London!" This, we are told, Mr. Pope would not agree to, "as not knowing the truth of the fact."

Of what fact? That the publication was owing to the corrupt practices of the printers in London? Why, he knew that the Quarto was the first publication of the letters in London, and that it was professionally "copied from an impression sent from Dublin." Mr. Swift's history of the publication would, therefore, have been quite "another guess" sort of history to that put forth in the "passages marked with commas." Mr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway knew that the letters could not have been first printed in Dublin unless copies had been sent from London; they knew indeed, that they were not first printed in Dublin, and Mr. Swift re-asserted this forty years after in a letter to Mr. Nichols:

"I could tell you, if it were worth while, how Faulkner came to publish four first volumes of Swift's Works, and afterwards the two next, having had the whole story from his own mouth. And now I mention Faulkner's publication, I am sure with truth that I am the only person now living who can give a clear and full account how Faulkner's seventh volume, that is *how Swift and Pope's correspondence*, came to be, not first printed, but first published, in Ireland, which as it happens to be a very singular and laughable story, I shall perhaps take some notice of hereafter."

When the reader is informed that the words "not first printed" were marked in italics by Mr. Swift, he will admit that Mr. Swift has told all that we care to know, or desire to prove. Respecting the priority of publication, Mr. Swift's words may be thought equivocal; but we have direct testimony on the subject, and the best. Faulkner, the publisher of the Dublin edition, told Dr. Birch (Birch MSS., Brit. Mus., No. 4244, p. 35):

"Mr. Pope sent to Ireland to Dr. Swift, by Mr. Gerrard, an Irish gentleman, at Bath, a printed copy of their letters with an anonymous letter, which occasioned Dr. Swift to give Mr. Faulkner leave to reprint them at Dublin, though Mr. Pope's edition was published first."

Here, then, we have the Dublin publisher of the Letters acknowledging that the Dean received "a printed copy of the Letters" from Mr. Pope, and that "Mr. Pope's edition was published first." These are facts about which he could not be mistaken.

The Dean, we know, from letters since published, had given this Mr. Gerrard a letter of introduction to Pope, and he was in London and in communication with Pope in April, 1740, and in May he was at Bath, and then about to return to Dublin, and had so informed Pope.

We have proof, in a letter from Pope to Mr. Nugent, afterwards Lord Clare, not published till 1849, (*Cent. May*), that Faulkner, in August, 1740, had told Pope substantially the very story which he afterwards told Dr. Birch:

"Last week I rec^d an answer from Faulkner, the Dublin Bookseller, that the Dean himself has given

him a collection of Letters of his own, and mine, and others, to be printed, [from a printed copy] and he civilly asks my consent, assuring me, that he declares them genuine, and that Mr. Swift, Mrs. Whiteway's son-in-law, will correct y^e press, out of his great respect to the dean and myself. He says they were collected by some unskilful persons, and the copy sent with a letter importing that it was criminal to suppress such an amiable picture of the dean, and his private character appearing in those letters, and that if he would not publish them in his lifetime others would after his death."

There can be little doubt that the anonymous letter mentioned by Faulkner in the mysterious "letter from Bath" mentioned by Mrs. Whiteway and Lord Orrery. That Pope wrote the anonymous letter, and sent the printed "copy" through Mr. Gerrard may have been a fact, or a mystification. Pope had certainly asked Mr. Gerrard to take charge of something, but found, as he said, "an opportunity, just after I saw you, of sending him [the Dean] a very long and full letter by a safe hand; and it may be worth notice that if James Worsdale were the mysterious agent through whom Pope worked his wicked will on Curll in 1735, this same mysterious agent did about that time visit Dublin—for his benefit at the Smock Alley Theatre was announced in the *Dublin News Letter* as to take place on Friday the 18th of April, 1740.

Faulkner's story, in all essentials, is confirmed by other evidence. Pope's assertion, also, that the Dean gave Faulkner the letters, interpreted by Faulkner's own words, means that the Dean gave him leave to print a Dublin edition of what was already in print. This must have been in or about July, 1740. We doubt whether, at that time, Faulkner was permitted to hold direct personal communication with the Dean; and the probabilities are that the printed copy, if sent to the Dean, was given to Faulkner by Mrs. Whiteway, or leave to reprint them was asked through her, and therefore it was, the exact facts being known to Mr. Whiteway, that she charged the wrong on Pope's servants; and being known to her son-in-law, Mr. D. Swift, he offered to write a preface to the Dublin edition, and to lay it (the publication) upon "the corrupt practices of the printers in London." These facts, too, explain how it was that Mrs. Whiteway, in her letter to Lord Orrery, was enabled to quote a passage from these letters before, as far as we know, any edition was published, and how it was that Lord Orrery was enabled to pass judgment on them.

As far as evidence of publication can be discovered, it bears out the opinion that the Swift and Pope letters were first printed and first published in London. The first announcement that we have found, either in the London or Dublin papers, appears in the *London Daily Post* (Printed for H. Woodfall) of the 24th of March, 1741. This advertisement sets forth "that whereas there is an impression of certain letters between Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope openly printed [not published] in Dublin without Mr. Pope's consent, and there is reason to think the same hath been [hath been!] or will be done clandestinely in London: Notice is hereby given that they will be speedily published, with several additional letters, &c., composing altogether a Second Volume of his Works in Prose."

At that date—the 24th of March—these Letters—the Quarto edition, called the Second Volume of the "Prose Works"—must have been printed, for it was on sale within three weeks. On the 15th of April, the Second Volume of the Works of Mr. Pope in Prose was entered, not by the Booksellers as usual, but by Pope himself, at Stationers' Hall. On the next day,

the 16th of April, the work is announced as "This day published."

A review of this Second Volume of the Prose Works appeared in the May Number of "The Works of the Learned," written probably by Warburton, who was a known contributor, and who had therein defended the *Essay on Man* against Crousas. The reviewer tells the exact Pope story—that Pope had protested against publication, wished the letters burnt—that the Dean had promised that his executors should burn them, and that "probably, had he died ere he arrived at his *decease*, these people had executed his Will."

Here, then, we have in London advertisements announcing the publication in March, and the actual publication in April; but we can find no announcement of such publication in the Dublin papers before June. A perfect file of the *Dublin News Letter* has been examined from January, 1740; and the first advertisement of the work appears on the 16th of June, 1741:—"Yesterday was published, by Edward Exshaw, &c., Letters to and from the Rev. Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D., from the year 1714 to 1738"; and in the next publication, the 20th of June,—"*This day is published, by George Faulkner, &c., Letters to and from the Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.S.P.D., &c.*" At the same place may be had the *Author's Works* in Six Volumes 8vo, printed the same size as the Letters. These letters formed the Seventh Volume, and is so referred to by Mr. D. Swift and Lord Orrery.

No earlier copy has been found. Search has been made at the British Museum, at the Bodleian, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Archbishop Marsh's Library attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, and other places where there was a probability of finding such copies if they existed. Booksellers' catalogues, both Irish and English, have been examined for many years—an examination made of the bookstalls in Dublin, and copies sought by public advertisement, but no earlier edition has been heard of. Both these editions are printed from the same copy—tell the exact same story; both profess to be reprints—and so they would be, if, as Faulkner said, he received a "printed copy"; both contain a Supplement, and both publishers inform the reader that,—"After we had reprinted the foregoing Sheets, we found the following Letters in the folio edition, published by Mr. Pope in London, which we here insert to make our Collection as complete as possible."

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman. By Col. J. P. Hamilton, K.H. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

A keen sportsman, once full of health and vigour, who has been blind for more than twenty years, naturally turns back upon himself, and finds in literature and memory the best consolation in his affliction. No longer able to make his bag as he used, he makes his book instead; and, obliged to give up snipe-shooting and deer-stalking, takes to the more difficult path of authorship, with, perhaps, smaller chances of a successful issue. There is little doubt that the gallant Colonel was a better marksmen than he is a book-maker; for if he ever shot as wide as he writes, he would have had more trouble in making up his count than it appears he had. His style is singularly loose and inexact. It wants knitting together throughout; keeping closer in hand as to matter, and with less confusion of persons and ideas as to manner. He becomes a little stumpy in the singular number, speaking of a certain class of birds as "it," and he ends in the plural,

speaking of the same class as "they"; and he introduces irrelevant anecdotes, and makes the odd possible jumble of ideas by his extraordinary associations. Thus, he mentions an acquaintance with a certain Mr. Girdlestone, "a sportsman of the old school," and in the most unnecessary manner connects him by a physiognomical hook-and-eye with Palmer and Redmayne, Rush and Thurtell, so that the reader is led to expect a terrific tragedy as the ending to this chance fishing-meeting. However, there is nothing more melodramatic than an invitation to a bachelor's hall, and the appearance of a very pretty housekeeper of twenty-five, who makes tea for the gentlemen, and plays dummy whist, and whom the youth of two or three and twenty finds lively, good-humoured, and tolerably well educated. This, to say the least, is disappointing. There should have been a robber or a murderer, or, at all events, a swindler hidden under that beaming, good-humoured countenance, to warrant the association of names and ideas in the author, as it is the reader has the right to feel baffled and aggrieved.

Col. Hamilton is as keen a naturalist, in his special line, as he is a sportsman, and finds as much pleasure in detailing the habits and peculiarities of his victims as he does in his recollections of crock shots and the 6,000 head of game killed in six days by Lord Stamford and his eleven friends. But his greatest delight is in falconry. He devotes a considerable part of the last volume to the rules and technicalities of this royal sport, dwelling on his theme with the literary minuteness which betokens so much love—if so little personal knowledge. Falconry went out when firearms came in; and it is much to be doubted whether any future efforts whatever will restore it to its place. In these days of speed and hurry, that instrument which does the largest amount of work in the shortest space of time, is considered the best; and it would take a pretty large assemblage of falcons to make up the sixty-six hundred head already spoken of. In three or four times they are picturesque and sufficient; but the awkward party, meeting at the base of a manufactory chimney, or at the top of a railway embankment, would be somewhat out of place now, and behindhand, too, when compared with the unostentatious knot of "guns" beating the stubble with a couple of dogs. By the end of the day, the difference between feathers and shot would be made strikingly perceptible. Yet it must have been a stirring sight in olden times, when knights and ladies met on the green heath, each mounted on a finely caparisoned horse, with their favourite birds upon their wrists, while their squires and retainers brought up the dogs in leash, and the falconer bore his stand of hawks well jessed and hooded. Sport was nobler then, unquestionably, than it is now; when men meet for a *battue* against a host of half-tamed pheasants which have been used to come to their keeper's call; or for "pigeon matches," which are nothing but unartistic and unsportsman-like butcheries. As falconry was a royal sport, had it its just degrees and legal castles. Thus:—

"The eagle, the vulture, and the merlin for an emperor; the grey falcon and the tiercel of the grey falcon for a king; the falcon gentle and the tiercel gentle for a prince; the falcon of the rock for a duke; the falcon peregrine for an earl; the hussard for a baron; the mere and merrel for a knight; the lanare and lanerel for an esquire; the maylor for a lady; the hobby for a young man; a goshawk for a yeoman; the tiercel for a poor man; the sparrow-hawk for a priest; the musket for a holy-water clerk; the kestrel for a knave or servant."

It was religiously conducted, too; religion

being in those days the sign and seal of polite bearing. If a hawk had been ill, and was now recovered, the owner has this admonition given to him: On the morrow tide, when thou goest onto to hawking, say, "In the name of the Lord, the birds of heaven shall be beneath thy feet"; also, if he (the hawk) be hurt by the heron, say, "The lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, has conquered: Hallelujah!"; and if he be bitten of any man, say, "He that the wicked man doth bind, the Lord, as his cunning shall set free." Under the Norman government none but nobles of the highest rank were suffered to keep hawks; and in the thirty-fourth year of Edward the Third "the Bishop of Ely excommunicated certain persons for stealing a hawk that was sitting upon her perch in the cloisters of Bermondsey, in Southwark; but this piece of sacrilege was committed during divine service, and the hawk was the property of the Bishop."

Col. Hamilton never saw any falconry, though he might have done so in point of time.

"It is stated, in 'Falconry in the British Isles,' that hawking for landrills ceased only some forty years since, by the introduction of a new system of agriculture into the county of Dorset, which has banished the landrills previously abounding there. About fifty-four years ago, when I was in the Greys, I was quartered in almost every town in Dorsetshire, and hunted and shot in most parts of the county, but I never recollect hearing or seeing any hawking establishment, or sparrow-hawks kept to be flown at the landrill, except that I once saw, as I have elsewhere stated, when quartered at Bridport, a blacksmith go by with a sparrow-hawk on his fist, and a peasant, to fly his hawk at landrills, and that he found them chiefly in the fields of flax, which at that time was much cultivated in that neighbourhood; and as I have already stated, I consider Dorsetshire, taken altogether, one of the best counties for field-sports, if it has not undergone a considerable change since the beginning of the present century."

If people follow the present plan of shooting every bird that flies across their path, they will not be long for ever for all chance of falconry or anything else unusual. An anecdote is repeated of a certain Devonshire gentleman who, bearing a nightingale singing in a thicket near his house, deliberately took his gun and shot it, simply to stuff it as a curiosity—nightingales not being found in Devonshire. It is a stupid and barbarous taste, and unfortunately by no means on the decline, entailing much that is annoying on both sportsman and naturalist.

Some of Col. Hamilton's spiritliest original anecdotes are of dogs—of their intelligence, gratitude, and attachment; and he specially eulogizes a Spitz hound, or Pomeranian dog, of his own, with his head like a fox, his tail like a squirrel's, and his large, dark, sparkling eyes expressive of every passion and every feeling. The Colonel is sometimes obliged to leave his dog at home while he goes out visiting: "Although, to speak the truth," says he, "I have a very poor opinion of those persons who entertain a prejudice against these faithful, affectionate, courageous, and noble animals"; but ladies will be fanciful, and housekeepers fidgety, so the unfortunate Pomeranian is detained in honourable durance while the master performs his duty to society, and sacrifices his own pleasure to other people's prejudices. As most of the animal anecdotes are borrowed—from acknowledged sources—we are thankful for the little life-like touches of Pomeranian jumping for a pretty girl, but refusing to stir a leg for an old woman; of his licking his master's face when told to kiss him; of his slinking away, tail downward, when church-time comes; and of

his violent and excited barks when passing any house where the Colonel is in the habit of visiting. Pleasant little touches are these, speaking of small home joys by no means despicable to the human heart, but not particularly valuable to the human understanding, or adding much to our store of knowledge. Something of a practical joker, too, was the Colonel when in the full tide of his lusty manhood. With pardonable pride he tells us how he seduced, by gold, a priest of the island of Sardinia, getting a magnificent stag completely domesticated, and a valuable rare with twisted horns for an old double-barrelled gun which had seen much service, but which had gold pans, gold touch-holes, and a trifle of gold ornament on the breech, and which thus dazzled the eyes of the worthy padre, sighing for an English Joe Manton. Another practical joke was, when he stuffed a pike with his bait till he made it weigh nineteen pounds instead of seventeen; "so that when the man at the King's Arms, Dorchester, where we had our mess, cut open the pike, he exclaimed, 'Lo! what a destructive monster this is amongst other fish.'" He little thought, good simple man, that it was the jolly young officer who had crammed all those small trout down that gaping throat; and that the poor jack had been guilty of no more glory than his slaughterer. Another time, he bought several brace of snipes of a labourer who was shooting near him, and who killed every snipe he missed, and they were many:—

"After having thus had my 'nose wip' several times, I could no longer resist going to him to examine his gun and ammunition with which he did so much execution. The gun was a very old single-barrelled one, not worth more I should think than twenty or thirty shillings. His powder was coarse when compared with mine of Pigeon and Andrews. His shot he had loose in his waistcoat pocket, which he brought out to show me, with the bowl of a tobacco pipe, having a mixture from number four down to snipe shot. He told me he could not afford to miss as often as I did, as he was shooting for his livelihood, and sold the snipes in the market for sixpence a piece. I purchased several brace of him, and on my return to barracks boasted of my good day's shooting at the mess."

We like those little anecdotes of high animal health and spirits, told by a now sedate, blind, old veteran, whose sunshine is in the past, and who gathers his roses in the winter's snow; who only eats the game he formerly hunted, and reads of the feats of others instead of winning honour by his own. They must have been pleasant to him to record, and they are pleasant to us to read; but beyond this kindly appreciation we cannot go, for the best portions of the 'Reminiscences' are simple compilation, and what is original is, for the most part, worthless.

The Story of New Zealand: Past and Present—Savage and Civilized. By Arthur B. Thomson, M.D. 2 vols. (Murray.)

THE descriptive and narrative portions of Mr. Thomson's work are supplemented by a biography, setting forth how ninety volumes, two hundred pamphlets, and nearly a hundredweight of Parliamentary papers on New Zealand are already in existence. In all that collection, however, the writer found, he says, not one book which satisfied him, or ought to satisfy the public. He, therefore, having been for eleven years an observant and practical resident in the colony, undertook to compile, so far as was possible, an exhaustive work on the subject. He saw much of the country, held intercourse with representative men, journeyed for months among the aborigines of the interior, consulted the papers, and was upon intimate terms of friendship with some

celebrated chiefs. He enjoyed, therefore, excellent opportunities, and the result is one of the very best books on New Zealand that have appeared. The first part consists of a systematic account of the islands,—their geography, natural history, and climate, especially of their Flora, with which few travellers have become largely acquainted. In England we have little chance of studying it, except through the medium of books and drawings. The New Zealander who visited the Liverpool Gardens burst into a laugh of contempt when he saw the flax-plant dwarfed in a flower-pot. His forefathers understood, moreover, how to make use of their vegetable treasures. Their food was the root of the fern, twelve sorts of fungi, countless sea-weeds, and palm-shoots. They extract sweet drinks from some berries, and medicines from others. They scooped their canoes from the trunks of the Totara and Kauri pines; the Ti tree furnished them with spears and paddles. But the flax was their staple: it gave them walls and roofs for their huts, sails, nets and fishing-tackle for their boats, platters, baskets and mats for their dwellings, cloths for their body, and even honey-dew as a beverage. Much of this has changed. They have been Europeanized to a considerable extent, and are among the few barbarian races which have shown themselves capable of being so. Natural circumstances have deprived them of the moa's flesh as food, and contact with the whites has abolished their cannibalism. Some of them say that the giant wingless birds still wander in the solitude of Middle Island, but Dr. Thomas disbelieves in the story, and thinks the moa is no less extinct than the dodo. So pass away these colossal stalkers of the wilderness. The ostrich and the rheu are fast diminishing; the apteryx and cassowary are rare; the moorook was only discovered in New Britain two years ago:—

"It would seem that those strange animals, birds with imperfect wings, were created at a period long prior to the higher order of quadrupeds, as the footprints of gigantic birds have been traced in North America on the Connecticut sandstones of bygone geological ages."

Dr. Thomson traces the New Zealanders to the Malayan Islands and peninsula, devoting an interesting chapter to his speculations on this subject, and even delineating on a map the route of the Malay migration, fixing their arrival as having been about simultaneous with that of the Gipsies in Europe. Whencever they came they formed themselves into a very peculiar nation, strongly smelling of dried fish as the Chinese do of musk and the Hindoos of garlic. But they, in their turn, think us peculiar, and their popular definition of an English town—Auckland—is a place where blankets are sold, where soldiers live, where there is a prison, where there are large ships and fire-boats, and "where men are hung!" Concerning their ancient ceremonies, beliefs, traditions, literature, battles by land and sea, Dr. Thomson affords a variety of curious and authentic information. He lays down the law also on the cannibal question:—

"The customs connected with cooking and eating human flesh were these:—After a battle the enemy's dead were collected, and their bodies were cut into pieces. One corpse was set aside as a trophy sacred to the god of war, and its hair and right ear were kept for the purpose of removing the tapu from the party. Cooking ovens were new dug in the earth, two rows low, and the flesh in one oven was set apart for the gods. This sacred oven had a wreath of fern round its edge, and two pointed sticks, stuck on the top, upon one of which there was a potato and on the other a lock of human hair. The flesh was often kept in the ovens for twenty-four hours. The chief commenced

the feast, and this was occasionally done by swallowing the uncooked brain and eyes of some fallen warrior. If the chief's sons were present, they partook next; and then the whole army, with bloody hands and passions maddened by fighting, singing, and dancing, gorged themselves like locusts on the slain. Men have died after the conflict. The whole body was devoured, with the exception of the lungs, stomach, intestines, and other parts. When the warriors were surfeited, the remains were collected and packed in baskets. Portions were then sent round to tribes not actually engaged, to ascertain their feelings. Should these presents be received and eaten, the conquerors might depend on the support of those who did this, in resisting future attacks from the vanquished. Should the son of a chief engaged in war not be present at the feast, a basket of human flesh was sent expressly to him. The Rev. A. N. Brown visited a battle-field two days after the conflict, and saw quantities of human bones picked clean of flesh, long bones broken as if to extract the marrow, and bloody heads stuck about on poles. Should the war-party reach home before all the flesh is eaten, the remnant was thrown away, not to be used in the village, such proceedings having rendered the habitations sacred. Women were not permitted to eat human flesh. They may have done so by stealth, but human flesh was forbidden food to females. Women were, however, allowed to become cannibals when the chief had no male issue, in which case the flesh sent from the battle-field was eaten by his eldest daughter, or by his nearest relative, male or female. This custom was dictated by the law of primogeniture, and was done to transmit in an unbroken line the honours of chiefs to their descendants."

Human flesh was not eaten as food, but as an act of triumph or vengeance:—

"To hint to a New Zealander that his father has been insulted is an insult unequalled in the English language. All their insulting speeches had reference to cannibalism. The following song, sung by men or women, is an excellent specimen of such compositions:—'O my little son, are you crying, are you screaming for your food? Here it is, eat, you! The flesh of Hekemana and Werata. Altho' I am surprised with the softness of the Potu Rikiri and Kaukau, yet such is my hatred that I will fill myself fuller with those of I'au, of Ngaraunga, of Pipi, and with my most dainty morsel, the flesh of the hated Te ao. Leave as food for me, the flesh of my enemy Tikako. I will shake with greedy teeth the bodies of Huhikahu and of Ureheka. My throat gapes for the brains not yet taken from the skull of Potokaka. In my great hatred, I will swallow raw the stinking brains of Taratikitiki. Fill up my distended stomach with the flesh of Tiawha and Tutongo. Is the head of Kuskapeo, indeed, considered sacred! Why it shall be given to me, as a pot for boiling shell-fish at Kauau.'"

Rats, dogs, bats, seals, reptiles, worms, insects, crabs, crabs, vegetable caterpillars—tasting "like fern root"—and mosses were among the peculiarities of New Zealand diet; but pigs, sheep, cows, potatoes, wheat, maize, cabbages, and turnips, with others, have been largely introduced, and pig-flesh is now preferred to all other food. "Sixty pounds of fresh pork have been devoured by one man within twenty-four days!"

Some of Dr. Thomson's notes on the New Zealanders in their original state are highly characteristic. He passes through every division of the subject. We now peep into a native interior:—

"New Zealanders dislike solitude, and live together for protection and society. Their villages are situated in sheltered bays on the sea coast, on the banks of rivers, and the borders of lakes. Each family has its own house, surrounded by a fence, slight when compared with that surrounding the whole village. Their cultivated grounds are at a short distance from their villages. The huts are constructed of coarse grass or rushes, with roofs of the same material, on wooden frames,

painted red. The ridge-pole is supported by a post in the middle of the house, the bottom of which was often a carved human figure. Immediately before it is the fire-place, a small pit formed by four slab stones sunk in the ground. There are two openings in each hut, both of which are shut by a sliding piece of woven matting in earth, covered with mats or fern. A few feather boxes and weapons of war constitute the furniture. The centre is the lowest part of the floor. There is a verandah, three feet in breadth, in front of the huts, made of slabs and reeds. In fine huts, the verandah supports are adorned with carved human figures."

But the Europeans themselves were barbaric in some of their relations with this innocent, man-eating, picturesque people:—

"Commercial intercourse could not continue between Europeans and New Zealanders, two races so opposite in their manners and customs, without occasional evil, and two events occurred in 1830 which exhibit the low morality of some of the Europeans engaged in this trade. Preserved native heads were then in high estimation in European museums, and flax-traders purchased these articles for this market. According to the laws of commerce, the supply increased with the demand. For a time the head of a native was preserved as a matter of honour; but when it was found a gun could be got for one, a custom arose of preserving those of enemies for sale, and of killing slaves for the sake of their heads. It is impossible to conjecture to what extent this trade might have been carried had not the following circumstances rendered it illegal and disgraceful."

The people of the Bay of Islands were defeated with considerable loss at Tauranga, in the year 1830, and the conquerors dried the heads of the slain and sold them to the master of a schooner called the Prince of Denmark, bound for Sydney, but intending to touch at the Bay of Islands. On the arrival of the vessel at the latter place a number of natives came on board to trade. The master of the ship, in a state of tipsy jollity, brought up a sack containing twelve heads, and rolled them out on the deck. Some of the New Zealanders on board recognized their fathers' heads, others those of their brothers, and friends. Appalling weeping and lamentations rent the air, and the natives fled precipitately from the ship. The master, seeing his dangerous position, put to sea before the news of his cargo spread on shore. Fortunately, the scene now described was reported to Governor Darling, of New South Wales, who issued a proclamation against this degrading trade, and called upon all who had brought heads from the Prince of Denmark to deliver them up, for the purpose of having them restored to the relatives of the deceased parties "to whom those heads belonged."

For the story of English intercourse generally with New Zealand we refer to the work itself, which contains a full and impartial account of every important proceeding, from the earliest to the latest date, and is an authority that must be consulted upon all questions relating to the lonely island group, colonized by England, in the South Pacific Ocean.

NEW NOVELS.

Rutledge. (New York, Derby & Jackson).—"Sixty Hours of Borevic; or, the Etir of Gold: a Romance. By a Southern Lady. 2 vols. (New York, Derby & Jackson; London, Low & Co.)—American writers are very susceptible to impressions from the books they read, but they are not able to absorb and assimilate the emotions produced upon them. Writers of fiction are in the transitional stage of wishing to imitate the works which have caused them pleasure—to reproduce something similar. American novelists do not draw on their own souls for inspiration; they are roused by the utterance of others, but their own emotions are not yet tranquillized into knowledge. When they have to describe a crisis of fate, or to deal with a phase of strong passion, they prefer to do so by a quotation or by an allusion to some passage in another author who has expressed what they wish

vibration, or change of temperature. Its original cause is probably damp, due to excessive absorption from a humid atmosphere, the faulty construction of the walls of the building, or plaster ignominiously prepared. The second evil may in many parts of various pictures be due to the evaporation nature of the pigments themselves, which have suffered and flown;—although we observe in more than one place that some pigments which in oil have the usual permanency, with or without varnish, have here either gone altogether, or lost their characteristic qualities and tints. The last effect, we should suspect, is due to the too liberal use of the plaster, while it has yet the power to "burn" the colours brought in contact with it. This haste may, or may not, have existed, but the result seems to augur such a state of things.

We shall now state the condition of each work separately. In the Vestibule to the Commons House is Mr. Arncliffe's 'Thamos and the Rivers of England,' illustrative of Pope's ' Windsor Castle.' The sky is seriously affected; the colour has sunk, so that it looks dead and lightless; some portions appear to have scaled off; the purity of the half-tints is destroyed by a process of blistering; the background, strictly so called, has gone lamentably. The figure of the Cathedral-bearing river is in a state of rapid decomposition. 'The Death of Marston,' by the same artist, is in much the same condition. From the naked flesh of the principal figure much of the colour and a good deal of the surface have gone; and in the face of the one who stoops over him the process of decay is discoverable. The sky is even worse than in the first-named picture. Mr. Watts's 'Red-Cross Knight overcoming the Dragon' is much faded, some of the colours scaled off, and, in fact, its destruction seems imminent.

Mr. Herbert's 'Lear dismembering Cordelia' seems much in the same condition as Mr. Arncliffe's pictures. The curtain in the background is much blistered and faded. This is green, a colour apparently peculiarly obnoxious to destruction in pictures. On the whole, however, this picture seems to be one of the least affected, retaining its brilliancy better than most. In Mr. Horsley's 'Satan touched by Ithuriel's Spear' the landscape-background has gone almost entirely; the foreground has suffered seriously; the figure of Adam ends in a mass of faded blotches; Ithuriel's spear is scaling off;—by the way, we trust some good may come of this at least; for if it is possible to restore this work, Mr. Horsley may have an opportunity of drawing this face more correctly, and changing the expression from that of a ruffian to at least that of a ruined angel. Mr. Tenniel's 'St. Cecilia' has not suffered very much; but the sky is a little gone. Mr. Cope's 'Grielda's First Trial' is in a lamentable state; all the architectural background is powdered over with a sort of mildew, and stained so that its effect is ruined. The dress of the ruffian-messenger is faded also. The face of the Marquis behind almost looks a face of the gods. The female attendant looks mildewed, her head quite grey with staining. Blistering is observable in this picture,—and even peeling off in one or two places. The same artist's 'Death of Lear' shows the priest vanishing in a world of blisters. The face of the dead hero of the drama is blistered; also several other parts are affected in the same way. The ill-drawn head of the stage-struck heroine is in the best condition, unfortunately. We trust Mr. Cope will have an opportunity to repaint this space with a better light subject than this illustration to Byron's poor little clap-trap. What the picture has reached maturity could be supposed to care about this thing!

In the entry to the Central Hall is Mr. E. M. Ward's 'Alice Lisle.' All the background of this picture appears powdered; the soldier behind presents a singular appearance; wherever certain colour has been drawn over his form, the tints have come out in whitish grey,—stroke after stroke of the brush, apparently those of retouching after the picture was completed, is thus unpleasantly distinct. This artist's 'Execution of Montrose' displays some signs of decay in the blue cap worn by a figure in the mid-distance. This picture bears date

1857. Mr. Cope's 'Departure of the Mayflower' shows the same process going on: the colour is actually scaled off the arm of a girl seated in the boat,—painted in 1856. 'The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell' is most perfect, but this was painted the year before. Much the same may be said for 'The Burial of Chastelaine First,' by Mr. Cope, and 'The Last Sleep of Argyle,' by Mr. E. M. Ward, as to condition; the latter is, however, dated no longer ago than 1858.

With regard to the pictures in the House of Lords itself, we could not examine their condition very minutely, owing to the darkness of the place, and their elevated situation. In more than one there appeared to be signs of decay. It is affirmed that the original cause of all this mischief—*i. e.*, a damp wall—has been remedied. We trust such may be the case; but even that will not restore the frescos, or stay the progress of evil that is due to other causes.

ON THE CHANGE OF CLIMATE IN DIFFERENT REGIONS OF THE EARTH.

Southampton, Sept. 12.

THE facts established by our geological investigations may be thus formulated:—

1. We have evidence of great changes of climate in several successive periods, but with this peculiarity, that whilst the climate of the earliest periods was nearly uniform in all parts of the globe, this uniformity disappears in the more recent periods: the uniform character of the Flora of the coal-measures is a proof of the one, and, at the very different character of the Flora and Fauna of the arctic, temperate and tropical zones marks the great change which has taken place.

Now these facts, if they stood alone, might be explained on the supposition that, from any cause whatever, the axis of the earth was at one time perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, and that its inclination was changed at the period when the changes of climate indicate until the axis reached its present inclination of 23° 30'.

With the axis perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, we should have at each pole a circular area of from 50 to 60 miles upon the sea would never set, and a much larger area within which, at the midnight of a very short night, there would always be the light and heat of summer twilight; whilst in all other parts of the earth there would be equal day and night, and no distinction of summer or winter—a condition obviously favourable to the production of a very uniform Flora; whilst at each of the supposed intervals of change, the long cold arctic winters of the present time would be gradually introduced with a corresponding change in the different regions of the earth.

2nd. If these changes in the climate were the only facts to be accounted for, this supposed change in the direction of the axis of the earth would explain them, although we are unable to assign any cause for such a change.

But we have also to account for the fact, that the now cold, barren arctic regions had at one time the Flora of a temperate climate, as in earlier periods it had that of a tropical climate. Again, we have proof that here in Great Britain, where we enjoy a temperate climate, we at one time had an arctic climate, and at another and earlier period a tropical climate; we can also prove that in certain parts of the present tropical regions there has been a temperate climate.

Now these facts cannot be explained on the first hypothesis; but they may be explained if we suppose that, instead of a simple change in the direction of the axis of the earth, the change was produced by the *Eruption of the Poles*;—that is, that the north pole might at one time, for example, have been in the position of the magnetic pole, and that it has successively occupied several other positions till it reached its present position—and by the inclination of the axis being changed at each period.

Under this hypothesis we could explain the diversity of the climate in the third period, the diversity of climate in the different regions of the earth as at present, and also the diversity of

climate in the same parts of the earth in the intermediate periods.

3rd. But if such changes have taken place in the position of the poles, and the earth has revolved in successive periods upon different axes, we ought to have evidence of great corresponding changes in the crust of the earth, arising from the movement of the protuberance of the equatorial regions into new positions corresponding to the movements of the poles.

Now, this is precisely what we do observe; for the crust of the earth is thrown into undulations or corrugations in lines parallel to the movements of the equatorial region; that is, in lines either parallel to a great circle, or in lines analogous to isoclonous lines, or in curves such as would be produced if the poles travelled by a succession of movements along curved lines into their present positions.

The corrugations of the surface of the earth have, in fact, an arrangement something like the engulphed lines upon the back of a watch, and there are particular sets of these corrugations corresponding to the epochs of those great changes in climate and organic life which have been referred to.

Thus, for example, we have in this country the strata thrown into systems of undulation, which extend from Cape Wrath to the Isle of Wight; the undulations of the older strata being in the north in lines which cross the meridians at an angle of about 45° from N.E. to S.W. (that is, at right angles to a line drawn in the direction of the magnetic pole), and in the south in undulations running nearly east and west.

Humboldt, in his 'Essai sur le Gisement des Roches,' page 57, says:—"The lines of direction of the strata meet the meridians (when, for example, they are for great distances directed N. 45° E.) like the elements of a loxodromic line without being parallel in space. The direction of the ancient strata (primitive and transition) is not a small local phenomenon; it is, on the contrary, a phenomenon independent of the direction of the secondary chains, their branchings, and the sinuosities of their valleys,—a phenomenon, the cause of which has acted uniformly for prodigious distances; as, for example, in the ancient continent between the parallels of 43° and 57° north latitude, from the north of Scotland as far as the confines of Asia."

In the movements of the equatorial protuberance we have the only force adequate to produce such wide-spread effects as these, or the "slaty cleavage" in the same direction as the lines of the corrugations, or the great systems of "faults" which cross them, or those great systems of "joints" by which all the rocks composing the crust of the earth are divided into rhombs, which, to repeat my former simile, are like the intersections between the lines on a watch.

The great changes in climate and in organic life which occurred at periods corresponding to the periods of great disturbance in the strata of the earth, and the several systems of lines into which the undulations of the strata are thrown, are all co-related phenomena, and no theory will be satisfactory that does not embrace them all as resulting from one and the same cause.

4th. We have now to consider whether the study of geology, which has brought to us the knowledge of these so remarkably co-related effects, does not also furnish us with data to enable us to trace the cause of them. I have already stated, that we have in the mountain masses which have been upheaved at different periods and in different parts of the earth, a sufficient cause for producing that evagation of the poles which Newton, before any of these geological facts were known, has said would necessarily ensue from their upheaval, and the evagation of the poles would produce the observed phenomena to which I have referred.

Since I wrote my first communication on this subject, I requested Capt. A. R. Clarke, R.E., to be kind enough to undertake the mathematical investigation of this difficult problem, and the result he obtained leaves no room, on my mind but that the evagation of the poles is the true cause of the

changes of climate, the corrugation of the surface of the earth, and the other phenomena adverted to.

HENRY JAMES, COL. R.E.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, September 8.

FOUR or five days back, the loungers on the promenade and *baguettes* of Leghorn might see a couple of large steamers lying at anchor just within the New Mole, their decks crowded with passengers and cargo, which, on examination through a pocket-glass, appeared to consist of cannon and ammunition, while the passengers were clad in rough military fashion; some in the light blue jacket of the *Garibaldini*, some in blue or light-colored blouses, in some among the Italian volunteers; while a swarm of busy little boats kept flickering all day long in the sunshine around the vessels' sides, laden with more men, more guns, more ammunition, from dawn to sundown. It was the volunteer expedition, under the command of Col. Nicotera, setting out, as the Livornese loungers perceived, to join the forces of Garibaldi in Sicily or Calabria; and many and laudatory were the remarks exchanged that day by knots of citizens respecting the "*bei pezzi di gioventù*" (fine young fellows) who were to be seen trudging down the Via Grande towards the port, looking, as I can myself avouch, with their simple soldierly gear and broad Calabrese hat, or bright-colored shako, as stalwart and picturesquely accoutred young braves as artist's pencil could desire.

These were the two thousand and odd hundreds of volunteers who, for the last month, have been encamped at Castel Pucci, some six miles from Florence, sedulously drilling and becoming an organized body, under competent officers, with the full knowledge and permission of the Government authorities here, and seem to have refused credence to a rumour current even several days ago, to the effect that the purpose of the expedition was not the reinforcement of Garibaldi's ranks, but an improvised raid into the Papal States, as untimely as perilous to the cause of Italian Independence. A great number of the young men, and even many of the officers, were, even several days ago, of the real project of their leader up to almost the close of their stay at Castel Pucci. More still considered their intended attack on the Marches to be part of a strategic plan laid down by Garibaldi, and to be executed by his express orders. The Governor-General and his colleagues at the Palazzo Vecchio, are unkindly placed in the painful position of earning bitter reproaches from the Mazzinian party for lukewarmness to the cause, while they can in nowise run counter to the prudential measures required from the Cabinet of Turin by the results of that ticklish game of *spilli* which just now also absorbs the *diplomates* of Europe. They, therefore, seemed resolved to see no more in the expedition than lay on the surface, until Col. Nicotera himself refused, at the moment of departure, to give his word to land only in Sicily. Then came the stormy scene, the result of which was the arrest of the Colonel, and his detention in Florence. No sooner was this known at the camp of Castel Pucci than the volunteers, full of indignation at the insult offered to their leader, demanded to be led to the capital, there to have him back from the hands of the Government by force, if not by fair means. A proof this, if any had been wanting, of the dangerous doctrines husily disseminated among this gathering of generous and fiery young hearts. On their way to Florence, however, they were met by two squadrons of dragoons, sent in hot haste to prevent, if possible, the visit of the unwelcome guests to Florence. The respective leaders held a parley together, and the commander of the Royal troops, after much discussion, was fain to pledge his word that Col. Nicotera should be set at liberty immediately on the return of the volunteers to their camp, for which return their unswerving officer was to be held answerable. The mutual conventions were duly performed. The volunteers went quietly back to Castel Pucci, and Col. Nicotera was forthwith restored to them:—the Government, by its enforced compliance with their demands, giving

proof of the sadly false position in which it is placed by the intemperate need (to give it the most charitable name) of what may be called the "hot-headed" party who have learnt no whit of prudence from the bitter teaching of '49. On the very night of his release, Col. Nicotera led his men towards Leghorn, where vessels had been chartered to convey them to their destination, and there they encountered, as said before, on board two large steamers, and a brig, which lay ready to receive them, amid waving flags and *finis* and every mark of fervent sympathy from the crowds assembled to witness their departure from the shore.

But neither that same night nor the following morning did the vessels leave their anchorage inside the Mole, to the right of the tall lighthouse, whose long pale reflexion lay unruined across the mirror-like sea. Only a stifled puff of smoke or so waivered out from the steamers' funnels, and then cleared off altogether, while the flash and gleam and throng upon the decks were unchanged from that of the day before, and the redoubtable hosts weighed about as efficiently as ever. Then it was rumoured that the captains of the steamers, misjudging the projects of their unruly passengers, and alarmed at the idea of their own inability to control them, had gone ashore to protest before the authorities against any illegal force which might be used to compel them to land the volunteers elsewhere than in Sicily. So passed the day and night, and yet no symptoms of departure could be detected. But the next morning brought two resolute-looking Sardinian frigates into the offing, with orders to visit upon the Nicotera Expedition as far as the coast of Sicily, and set it safely consigned, beyond the power of doing harm, to the Dictator's Government.

Such an exertion of authority,—such a piece of "base treachery," as the Mazziniani declared it to be, on the part of the Piedmontese Government, irritated the turbulent spirits of a large portion of the volunteers to the fiercest par of the moment. They declared that they would not be sent to Sicily like naughty children to school, with the rod of Piedmontese tyranny, in the shape of the Sardinian guns, held over them in terror. No! they would not fight at all, unless they could carry with their own hands the liberation after the manner, and, therefore, they insisted upon being immediately set on shore again without further ado.

And what said Leghorn to this demand?—Leghorn, a few years back the red stronghold par excellence of Tuscany, in which, not very long ago, such a band of stalwart malcontents, part deluded, part self-deluded, would have gathered round it half the population, ready to espouse its quarrel even to bloodshedding! I passed through the principal thoroughfares of the town on the day in question at about half-past four P.M., when the ferment was at its height, and this is what I saw. From their dwellings in every street and square National Guards were hurrying out hastily accoutred, at the call of the *Generale*, which summoned them together. Every face among them were a cheerful, active, business look, and a Livornese gentleman whom I was, remarked to me, smiling significantly, "In another quarter of an hour not one National Guard will be left at home." The Piazza di Marte was occupied by troops of the line; the Piazza d'Armi by the Lancers. They, of course, were called out at the first alarm to resist anything like a forcible attempt to re-land the volunteers, and they had, also, of course, a considerable share in preventing any such attempt. But the admirable conduct of the people of Leghorn on this occasion put a still more effectual damper on the hope, not unreasonably entertained by the *reds*, of exciting a tumult in the town, and I saw that the Government authorities were not ending of this awkward business in great part to the dignified attitude of the Livornese middle and lower classes. So strong was the effect it produced on the irate volunteers that they gave up the idea of disembarking *en masse*; and though a good number of the including many of the officers, did renounce the expedition, yet for the safety of the part of them called the next day for Sicily (under the guardianship of the Sardinian frigates), and, as I have just been informed, arrived at Palermo without misadventure of any kind.

Col. Nicotera, meanwhile, from on board the *Provence*, launched forth a wrathful protest, in which he likened the "treachery" of the Piedmontese Government to that of the blundering King of Naples, and declared, that though he was deluded for a while into following the line traced out by Garibaldi, the sight of the Sardinian cannon pointed against his volunteers has taught him to fight in future for the pure cause of Italy alone.—He replied to the call of the blundering King of Naples, and declared, that though he was deluded for a while into following the line traced out by Garibaldi, the sight of the Sardinian cannon pointed against his volunteers has taught him to fight in future for the pure cause of Italy alone.—He replied to the call of the blundering King of Naples, and declared, that though he was deluded for a while into following the line traced out by Garibaldi, the sight of the Sardinian cannon pointed against his volunteers has taught him to fight in future for the pure cause of Italy alone.—

Thus another end *pass* in the path of rulers and people has been happily overstepped: but it is only one among the many dangerous pitfalls which are scattered in the way of the King-elect of Italy, by the inheritors, honest and dishonest, of the errors and sufferings of '48. Meanwhile, further down the leg-steam of the *Boat*, things are hurrying to a crisis. The troops of Upper Italy are gathering like masses of thunder-cloud on the Papal frontier, where Lamoriceire, in expectation of Garibaldi's triumphant advance, gives licence to his polyglot army to sack and lay waste any city which may dare attempt insurrection at the approach of the heroic Dictator,—a prediction which the Church has probably never been heard by any Christian army, save that which carries into battle the promise of plenary absolution at the hands of Christ's Vicar on earth! Umbria and the Marches are a-siar, and thrilling with feverish impatience. Two days ago, at a moment's notice, all the members of the Romagnole Committee resident in Florence set off for the Roman frontier, which they will have to cross at the risk of their lives, to direct, it is said, the revolutionary movement just breaking out in those provinces. At their head were the Counts Faldini and Cavour, and a large number of men condemned to death last year for the part he took in the short-lived liberation of that venerable city, and compelled, by General Kalbermatten, to pay the whole of the expenses incurred by the municipality of Ancona during the rule of the Provisional Government. He, at least, would assuredly meet with much more success from the aid of the iniquitous Government he helped, though but for a few days, to shake off.

Today the streets are full of bright banners and joyful faces. It is the day of Garibaldi's promised entrance into Naples. The Bourbon has retreated before him to his stronghold at Gaeta, and the beautiful Parthenon, perhaps at the moment I write this, is extending her white Syrian arms to embrace the long-looked-for deliverer, with what madness of exultation those only who have dwelt among her children, and seen them in their fervid and ever-rising mood, can guess. Already they call upon him as a Saint, as gifted with a talisman by Santa Rosalia, as the darling son of San Gennaro. What will it be when they can rally round him bodily, under the broad tri-color no longer disfigured and debased by the Bourbon shield? Not a shadow! In his glowing gesture, a fresh generation of noble thoughts of the here will be lost upon them, for as the popular Stornello sings,

On him hath Italy bestowed a vest
Drest in the blood of martyrs for her right.
He gave and Italy faithful faith for his reward,
His name's a band of heroes in the fight;
And his three colours waving in the sun
Mean more than robes, but Italy made one;
White, for the Alps,—Red, the volunteers' tawny,—
Green, the bright pastures of the Lombard plain.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

WE hear that the Duke of Somerset and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have purchased the splendid model of Blake designed by Mr. Baily, with a view to its being placed in Greenwich Hospital. But why a model? Why not have it in bronze or marble? The fame of Robert Blake is breaking through the clouds. Just two centuries ago, when we were great by our magnificent town in Westminster Abbey and cast into a pit, so man knows where. But genius, virtue, daring, and success, are things not easily forgotten.—Lyne and Taunton, Portland and Santa Cruz,

they would not take the pictures in at the British Museum, and a clause in the Act empowered Sir John Soane to bequeath it thereto; as he did not do so, it is presumed that he objected to its being separated: the clause was introduced after the bill was brought into the House, it is supposed, at the suggestion of one of the Trustees of the British Museum.) As one of the trustees, Mr. Todd Frost considered it would be an advantage to him to deposit the property in the South Kensington Museum, as well as to the public. His offer, as trustee, would be to build, at the expense of the trustees, so far as the money would go, a room for the preservation of the collection. There can be no doubt that some plan for making Sir J. Soane's Museum of the use he of course intended it to be should be adopted. The *Figures* and some of the other pictures would be most desirable additions to the National Gallery, and some of the antiquities to the British Museum. The plan labelling each article might preserve the donor's name.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S *Picture of 'THE FINDING OF THE BODY IN THE TEMPLE,'* commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1856, and is now on view at the British Museum, No. 10, New Bond Street, London, W. Admission, 1s.

MILLY BOSSA, and THOMAS HENRY of AGERS, in SCOTLAND, SPAIN, and FRANCE, are NOW ON VIEW at the BRITISH MUSEUM, No. 10, New Bond Street, London, W. Admission, 1s.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 10, Pall Mall.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures, the contributions of the artists of the French Republic, commenced on the 1st of June, 1859, at the British Museum, No. 10, New Bond Street, London, W. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, MEDICINE, AND ART.—Open daily, from Ten to Five, at the British Museum, No. 10, New Bond Street, London, W. Admission, 1s.

DR. BACHOFNER, F.R.S., Sole Lessor and Manager.

SCIENCE

The Illustrated Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. With New Designs. Vol. I. *Mammalia.* (Routledge & Co.) Cassell's Popular Natural History. *Mammalia.* Vol. I. Illustrated with upwards of 500 Engravings. (Cassell.)

EVERY subject now is illustrated, and every science is made popular. The shop-windows display the portraits of distinguished men, from the Prime Minister down to the prime pugilist, and of distinguished divines, from Covent Garden to the Elephant and Castle, from the solemn dignitary who preaches four or five times a year to the idol of the crowd who preaches as many times a week. As nobody having any kind of name can nowadays escape the shop-window and the photographer; as all our acquaintances of note smile on us, or grin horribly at a ghastly grin, as the case and the face may be, from every pictured pane and every newsmonger's stall; it is manifest that human celebrities must be rapidly tending towards artistic termination. There is but one Prime Minister; there are but two prime pugilists, sixteen or seventeen very popular preachers, fifty popular Members of Parliament, twenty popular men of science, five great antiquaries, and a dozen or so of bishops—barring the Colonials—and three or four poets. One a week out of their number rapidly exhausts the list; and we cannot largely add to it, for the benefit of the artists and engravers. It is in vain to publish the likenesses of men whom nobody knows. They may be angels, but they are strangers; and the popularity-loving public will not buy their portraits. Besides, such modest men could not throw the air of conscious greatness into their aspects and positions. When a gentleman knows that a thousand or two of admirers are gazing at him twice or thrice a week, he commonly carries about with him the air of one who feels that he is the "observed of all observers"; and he, at a moment's warning,

puts himself into the attitude of a youthful phenomenon, a spectacle expected at a middle-aged marriage, or a venerable exegesis. On the contrary, men who are never looked at can never look as if they were; and downcast, dejected geniuses who do not look up boldly towards the sun have no right to expect that the sun will look down favourably upon them. Hence they make indifferent photographs and intractable engravings. How can a man who always keeps himself in the shade expect to be exhibited in the light? No, such subjects will not suit the illustrated papers. Indeed, unless a few Gorbals start up from the crowd, artists and publishers have but one unailing resource; and that is, *photographs and portraits of animals*,—a series of striking likenesses of all the principal beasts, birds and fishes, from life, with a brief biography attached to each, including sundry little incidents of behaviour in earth, air or water, either at home or abroad, either in the wild, free life of the plains, the deserts and the seas, or the calmer and more limited course of existence between a cage, or cupboard, or tank in the Zoological Gardens and a grave under its suburban shadow.

A step in this direction is taken by the two publishers, the first portions of whose *Popular Natural Histories* are now beneath our eye. Photography, indeed, has not been called in to the aid of the clever artists who have laid before us their "new designs" and their "five hundred engravings"; and perhaps, if we come to details, there might be some difficulty in making the animals stand or sit, as we ourselves are required to do, in the photographic chair. "Have the kindness," to put on a pleasing look, if you can, Sir," politely asks the master of the camera,—a request which would probably pass unheeded by lion, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, bear and bison. As nearly, however, as they can be taken, the several mammals are represented in these pages; and though some attempts, as might be expected, are not so successful as others, on the whole a very creditable and commendable degree of artistic excellence has been attained. Generally speaking, the figures in Mr. Routledge's serial are remarkably good for the kind of Art aimed at; while some of the whole-page illustrations in Mr. Cassell's serial—particularly those of the Barbary Ape, the Siberian Jerboa, and the Monkeys—are superior to what could be reasonably expected in so cheap a work. The price must necessarily govern the illustrations, and therefore the superior fineness and finish of copper-plate engravings are not to be expected in such publications as the present. They only seem to have been compared with a volume of now rather old date and rather uncommon occurrence, entitled 'Illustrations of Natural History, embracing a Series of Engravings by J. Le Keux and R. Sands.' In this volume, now lying on our table, there are a hundred and forty small plates, seldom, in our opinion, surpassed for life-likeness to the animals delineated, for exactness of attitude, delicacy of touch, and minuteness of finish. A pair of antelopes, engraved by Le Keux, seem to spin the dust of the Desert as they spring into the air,—an ibex and a chamois in full career just pounce upon a precipice,—an Arabian desert paws the ground,—and a Welsh pony stands ready to carry us at once to mountain and waterfall. It is the entering into the very spirit and impulse of the animals that makes the masterly painter and the masterly engraver.

Akin to this is Mr. Wood's view of the object of his science:—

"The true object of Zoology is not, as some appear to fancy, to arrange, to number, and to

ticket animals in a formal inventory, but to make the study an inquiry into the life of the organism, and not only an investigation of the life of the organism. I must not, however, be understood to disparage the outward form, thing of clay though it be. For what wondrous clay it is, and how marvellous the continuous miracle by which the dust of earth is animated into life, glowing colours and graceful forms which we must imperfectly endeavour to preserve after the soul has departed therefrom. It is a great thing to be acquainted with the material framework of any creature, but it is a far greater to know something of the principle which gave animation to that structure. The former, indeed, is the consequence of the latter. The lion, for example, is not predacious because it possesses force, talons, strength and activity; on the contrary, it possesses these qualities because its inmost nature is predacious, and it needs those appliances to enable it to carry out the innate principle of its being; so that the truest description of the lion is that which treats of the animating spirit, and not only of the outward form. In accordance with this principle, it has been my endeavour to make the work rather anecdotal and vital than merely anatomical and scientific. The object of a true zoologist is to search into the essential nature of every being, to investigate, according to his individual capacity, the reason why it should have been placed on earth, and to give his personal service to his Divine Master in developing that nature in the best manner and to the fullest extent."

If Mr. Wood will glance at Le Keux's engravings of the Lion and the Lioness with her cub,—the latter after Landseer,—in the volume we have named, he will see his own idea carried into representative execution in the most spirited manner and without the smallest exaggeration. After this, his own serial, his artist's (at p. 129), looks anything but like a lion, and might rather pass for a crop-eared Newfoundland dog. Another lion, indeed (at p. 132), is more like a lion, but sadly rheumatic about the knees, and woefully clumsy in his legs. In Le Keux's lion the legs are as clean, clear and firm as in the real animal, while the whole is a zoological study in itself, particularly in that concentrated fixeness of gaze which marks the leonine aspect. Although it may be difficult to show in an inferior order of engraving just an approach to it is possible even in a woodcut, and there is no necessity for giring wooden legs to a creature because he is cut in wood. Again, in comparing Sands' Jaguar with Routledge's Jaguar, the former expresses the character of the animal at a glance; its feline stealthiness of approach—its retracted ears—its half-uplifted paw—its stiffening and curling tail—and its whole readiness "in act to spring"; while the latter (p. 173), though not despicable, is greatly inferior. The same may be said respectively of the two figures of the Leopard and the Ounce. Nothing can be more beautiful and truthful than Le Keux's Leopard, while the Leopard (p. 164) in the 'Illustrated Natural History' might pass for a portrait of a half-starved tom-cat looking pitifully apprehensive of a tin-kettle. Nevertheless, it shall be repeated that, with some exceptions, the artistic department in this volume is generally very fair and often very good—price and style of art considered—and a considerable advance upon some similar works of older date.

With relation to the text in both of these serials, it may be pronounced respectable, and on Mr. Wood may be bestowed the commendation of knowing his subject and writing simply and intelligently about it. Mr. Cassell has withheld his author's name without occasion, as he is not performing his task discreditably. A writer's scientific attainments will of necessity remain undisplayed in such works as those now under notice, which must, however, if

designed to be of permanent value, and to rank at all above picture-books, proceed upon a basis of technical knowledge and scientific arrangement. Such is the course taken by Mr. Wood, who records what well-known naturalists have discovered and determined in plain English, and who has added a useful 'Compendium of Generic Distinctions.' Many of his descriptions of animals strike us as clear, concise and correct, though there are still some particulars he might add if opportunity be afforded him. He is not frivolous or too anecdotal; and he has presented his gleanings from standard authors as competently as may be. Such a publication will be highly acceptable to schools and the younger members of families.

In performing the remainder of his task, he may find many particulars relating to Australian birds in the 'Gatherings of a Naturalist' by Dr. Bennett, which we very recently introduced to the notice of our readers. If he will accept a suggestion from us, we would recommend him to append to his work when completed, a notice of the museum and public and private zoological collections wherein the several animals he describes may be inspected, whether living or stuffed and artistically preserved. This may demand some research and trouble; but it will be a very useful service to his general readers. Even if performed for the London Zoological Gardens and museums alone, it would be acceptable. How few persons, for instance, who visit the Gardens in the Regent's Park are fully aware of what animals are really there. In writing upon birds the author of these works might mention that one of the most numerous and rarest of wingless birds—the Apteryx—a bird rapidly approaching extermination, is caged in a corner of our Gardens where not one out of a thousand visitors sees it, because it is a crepuscular or nocturnal bird, and hides itself in its little heap of straw. A short time since, we found some difficulty in obtaining its exhibition to a friend, who had for years frequented the Gardens ignorant of its presence within them. Moreover, the knowledge that a particular animal may be seen either alive, or in a stuffed simulation of life, greatly enhances the interest with which a description of it is read. By means of such an addition as this, the popular character of the books noticed would be decidedly strengthened.

In their progress to completion and in their circulation after completion we wish them increasing success; and if they are not quite all that could be desired, if they have a few defects, they are unquestionably more than many would expect, and we know not at present what would stand in comparison with them of their own kind.

FINE ARTS

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

THE publications of this Society delivered to its subscribers for the year 1859 lie before us. They consist of a chromo-lithograph, executed by Messrs. Storch and Kramer, under the direction of Prof. L. Gruner, from a water-colour drawing by Signor Martenacci, after a fresco by Giovanni Sansio in the Church of St. Domenico at Capri. Also, an outline of the figure of an Angel, from the same fresco, traced from the original, and engraved by Prof. Geuner. Thirdly, a chromo-lithograph, executed by the same hands throughout as the first, of the Virgin and Child, from a fresco by Leonardo da Vinci in the monastery of St. Onofrio, at Rome. Fourthly, an outline from the head of the Virgin in this picture, traced from the original, engraved by Signor Bartocini. Fifthly, two wood-engravings, 'The Pietà' and 'The Resurrection,' by Messrs. Dalziel, from drawings by Mr. W. O.

Williams, after the frescoes of Giotto in the Arena Chapel, Padua; and, to conclude, an account of the above-named fresco by Sansio at Capri, written by Mr. A. H. Layard. This is a handsome list of publications for one year, made by a self-supporting and unambitious Society, without any particular facilities beyond those secured by the activity and intelligence of its artists and agents, and, considering all things, such as may well put to shame the annual labours of many a learned but cumbersome body of dilettanti.

The subject of Giovanni Sansio's work is the Virgin and Child sainted, and the Resurrection of Our Lord, both subjects of the same order to be the artist's masterpiece; the choice of it, therefore, by the Society for reproduction is extremely judicious for this reason, as well as that of presenting the English public with a transcript from a picture by an artist who is comparatively little appreciated amongst us. It was executed in Sansio's fifth year, 1490 or 1491, for Pietro Tisanti, to decorate a family chapel in the Church of the Dominicans, at Capri, near Utrino. "It occupies," says Mr. Layard, "the end of an arched room behind an altar. On the vaulted roof above, on an aureole ground sown with golden stars, is the Virgin and Child, who, naked and reclining upon his mother's knees, looks to the right of the picture, where stand the Saints Dominic and John the Baptist. The composition of the centre group is simple and elegant enough, although not devoid of the stiffness peculiar to the artist's school. We are attracted to the right angles formed by the elbows of either figure, still less are we pleased to see one repeat the other. The Virgin's face is gently pathetic, that of Christ extremely pure and natural. On either side of the throne stands an angel, fully draped in the usual manner. That on the right of the Virgin stands with his arms very gracefully folded across his breast, and looks on with absorbed devotion. His companion presses his palms together in prayer, and humbly bends his eyes upon the ground. The first is traditionally said to be a portrait of the great son of the painter, Raphael himself, who accompanied him to Capri. It is from half this figure that the traced outline to which we referred before has been made. As to the tradition, this head may or may not be painted from the young Raphael; to us the resemblance is by no means convincing. Be it as it may, the countenance is a beautiful one, the expression earnest and affecting in its simplicity. With regard to the successful rendering of the expressions of the original in this head, we notice, on comparing the two reproductions, that the smaller one in the chromo-lithograph comes very far short indeed, in vigour and effective rendering, of the spirit of the original. The direction of the eyes is totally different; in the latter they are rather unmeaningly looking out of the picture; in the outline, directed upwards with an expression of absorbed adoration that is very telling. We note this, not so much in the spirit of fault-finding, but because we know the thing may just as well be done as it is. The figure of the angel, the carrying out of which is just as possible in chromo-lithography as in any other process, depending as it does entirely upon the original draughtsman, or the rigid supervision of his production while in the hands of the mechanical reproducer. It is the more incumbent upon us to point this out because the same want of intensity and purpose may be observed in the other heads. The real soul of early Italian art lies so much in this that we beg the Society's attention to it. However happy, successful and beautiful the folds of the draperies in their reproductions may be; and, indeed, this is one of the smallest merits

of the excellent works before us, they are of little value if the very essence—that, we repeat, which distinguished the model above all others for earnestness and purpose, i.e., intensity without exaggeration of expression—is absent. We observe a similar defect in the chromo-lithograph from L. da Vinci's picture which accompanies this issue. In this, indeed, the Virgin's head has become somewhat vulgarized. Far be it from us to disparage the efforts of the Society; we have repeatedly acknowledged the value of their labours. Considering what is often done in the most costly chromo-lithographs, these works are, indeed, marvellous; but the want of artistic feeling for the soul of the original picture is what we lament, and hope that the Society will be more successful in reproducing in future. Beyond this supposed portrait of Raphael are figures of St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Peter. In front of the Virgin, and between the two groups of saints, burns a lighted candle.

The upper portion of the picture represents the Resurrection. Christ has issued from the conventional mould like tomb so frequent in the pictures of this date, with the great door out in its side. The guards are sleeping around. Christ rises his hand in the attitude of benediction, and the wounds of the Passion, bears the cross and its red-crossed flag, and wears the cruciform nimbus, and has a haze of golden rays behind him. The background of this picture is a landscape of the character usual in pictures of this period, wooded hills and water overflows by a clear sky. The figures are six in number, dressed in the military costume of Italian condottieri. Five are rooping, two with their legs hanging over the edge of the rock in front, one appears to be awakening. On the whole this picture exhibits many fine qualities; the style is drawn to the admiration and care, it is so artistic stiffness somewhat reduced by the introduction from the life. The same may be said of the draperies. The colour of the lower compartment is remarkably agreeable. We learn from Mr. Layard's excellent account of Giovanni Sansio, that he was a poet as well as an artist, and executed a work in no less than 24,000 lines, including a rhymed poem on the events of the life of his patron, Frederigo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino. This is interesting to artists and art-archæologists on account of the record it contains of the principal painters of his time.

Leonardo da Vinci's fresco at St. Onofrio, Rome, was probably painted about 1513 when on a visit to Rome, "as an engineer," says Kugler, which does not seem to us probable. Nor do we think the picture could have been executed at so late a date, judging from its style, which is rather that of Da Vinci's early life. The design of the figure of the Virgin is admirable, noble in its massed completeness and that grand perfection of line which characterized Leonardo's works and distinguished him from almost all other painters. She is dressed in a dark blue garment lined with red green, an under-dress of dusky blue, and the upper part of the figure. The naked infant upon her lap presses the donor, who, as usual, kneels before the group with cap in hand. The background is gold under an arch. The picture painted upon the wall of an upper corridor of the convent. The expression of the Virgin's face has that perfect suavity peculiar to the master of masters.

'The Entombment,' after Giotto, is one of the most admirable of his works, both for composition and expression. The two woodcuts from this master are the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth of the series. Those to be issued next year will complete it. We are glad to see that the Arundel Society has modified the conditions of sale for the facsimiles of the little ivories of their collection. Hitherto these have been divided into classes corresponding to the periods and schools of ivory carving. It is now resolved to allow purchasers to separate the pieces, and to have the lot of less than 25, worth be taken at once. We really do not see why each separate example could not be sold separately; it is not the way to encourage taste for these articles, to compel purchasers to take that which they do not want with that which they do.

FINE-ART COMITÉ.—The National Gallery was closed to the public on Monday last, until further notice, for the alterations. It is customary for the Gallery to be closed at this season of the year for six weeks' vacation; but from the extensive nature of the alterations about to be effected the re-opening will be deferred beyond the customary period in October.

The note in our *Fine-Art Comité* for September the 5th, respecting the position of Sir G. Hayter's and Messrs. Watts and Pickett's pictures in the House of Parliament, should have stated that Mr. Cross's 'Richard Coeur de Lion' was similarly placed.

Part A. of Mr. G. Harclay's 'Monograms' lies before us,—a periodical to be completed in twenty numbers, and designed to assist metal-die, silver and gem engravers and chasers, or those who, like illuminators and embroiderers, have need to produce monograms or conventionalised alphabets. A clearly and sensibly written text is appended to a series of examples that have unquestionably been produced by persons of considerable taste, and whose study has qualified for the task. To show the care with which the work is started, we need only say that the text contains a plan of preparation, which contains four different monograms, composed of four initials. Of course there is no real difficulty about this. The statement that the compilers do not intend to restrict themselves to one style, is a simple assertion of the necessity under which they lie. We may wish the work success in cultivating a branch of ingenious study which many a great painter did not think unworthy of his practice. The same author's 'Designs for making Silver Plate,' also has reached us, in which he energetically advises us to reform our silver spoons, and rightly laments over the French invasion, styled, 'The Kitchen Fustian,' "by which the feeling and imagination of the engraver have not been merely cramped, but absolutely extinguished, for the meagre space left among its unmeaning and unconvincing ornament has created an influence against the decorative engraving of the largest plain table-hotheaded articles." This extract may show that the author is an artist in feeling, and serve as an introduction to a book which we heartily commend for the real common sense,—baisé of all Art as it is,—and taste, as well as research and attention, given to the subject. The number lists and concludes with spoon-handle. One upon watch-bands is in progress.

We have received a set of sketches—scratches would be the best term—entitled 'Nellie's: an Egyptian Scrap-book.' What could induce their publication is beyond our power to surmise. They possess no point of humour, and have not the smallest pretension to what will sometimes compensate for its absence—artistic skill. Few are so executed that we can even understand them, which may be our excuse for not seeing the fun of those that are more comprehensible.

The State has expended during the last twenty-two years nearly £60,000, on purchases of Art-specimens and books, now in charge of the South Kensington Museum; their dates extend from the twelfth century to the present time. During the last seven years private individuals have given the public the benefit of loans or gifts of ornamental Art, estimated at value exceeding 460,000l. This is exclusive of Her Majesty's loan (temporary) of the Koh-i-noor diamond, and also of the British pictures. The use of the objects obtained by purchase and loan has not been confined to the metropolis, but increased by their circulation throughout the country. The collections illustrating architecture are partly the property of the public and partly belong to the Architectural Museum Committee, those belonging to the latter are valued at 3,000l. There are ill arranged and crowded from want of room, which has also prevented the Department of Science and Art from taking possession of the architectural casts obtained as models for the Houses of Parliament, purchased by the public at 7,000l., and now costing the Office of Works 492l. a year for house rent at Thames Bank. Gifts of objects valued at 14,294l. have been made towards forming the collection of Materials for Building and Construc-

tion, Food and Animal Products. The total cost of the above-named Museum in collections, land and buildings, has been 167,805l., exclusive of the annual cost of management, which, after certain legitimate deductions, is estimated at about 7,000l. a year. It is affirmed that 1,500,000 persons have visited the Museum since its opening in 1857.

A monument on a magnificent pedestal of Luther is to be erected at Worms. It is from a design by the sculptor Rietchel. "On a base of forty feet in diameter, in the form of the battlements of a castle—an idea suggested to the artist by Luther's hymn, 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott'—the colossal effigy of Luther is surrounded by statues of Melancthon and Reuchlin, and the Princes of Saxony and Hesse, his protectors; while close to the statue of Luther, leaning on the pedestal, are placed his predecessors in the work of reformation, Wycliffe and Huss, Peter Waldo and Savonarola. The whole sum required for this monument is 17,000l., of which 12,000l. has been already collected, during the last three or four years, from almost all parts of the globe. Germany has contributed the greater part of this sum; but all the other countries of Europe—more especially Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and even Iceland—and beyond Europe, North America, the Brazil, &c., have lent a hand to this work. England alone has not done so," says the circular issued by the Committee of Englishmen, who propose to remedy the defect.

A distinguished list of names of persons belonging to this Committee denotes the direction. An interesting Exhibition of the works of French painters, principally belonging to the last century, is now open in Paris; "well worth," writes a friend, "a couple of hours' careful attention. Many of those who have private collections have contributed pictures"—the object being one of artistic culture. "The number of classical and historical pictures is, perhaps, for this reason, mercifully small. The English visitor will find himself tempted to re-consider the sweeping dictum which has denied colour *en masse* to the French painters. The general tone of the exhibition room is neither too dark nor too light, and the lighting is good; there, of course, as when the eye lights upon a hard blue-green Vermet or a scorching Louth-bour. Nicolas Poussin is indifferently represented. There is a very fine group of life-size portraits, by Philippe de Champaigne, which would be discoloured by this last has a colour nearly to be found in the works of the master. A third delicious portrait of a child, rosy with health, and warm with merriment, is not to be forgotten.—The four painters of 'Gentle Festivals,' so pleasantly grouped in a little book by M. Charles Blanc—Watteau, Lavater, Boucher and Ponceau—archly displayed. There is no free of Watteau, however; for which reason it may be that the three who adopted his manner shine somewhat at his expense. In particular, Pater: two toilette pictures are more delicious in colour than entirely defensible as to taste;—a camp scene by his hand, is admirably touched with spirit and lightness.

Besides the Madame de Pompadour, in blue, exhibited this year at the British Institution, there is a finer portrait, in yellow, of the same Sultana, by Boucher; in the one or the other, however, the complexion must be false to nature, so wide is the difference between the two. And, as we are known to the English public are Lemnis, Subleyras, and Siccardi, the miniature painter to Marie-Antoinette. There is nothing of the hand cramped for ivory in the spirited likeness of himself, as a man, by himself. And, arising, hardly, if at all, known in England, is Charles, who is twenty-one pictures. Better said those of will

life, fruit, utensils, &c. (never though these be), Chardin is well worth studying in his portraits and *tableaux de genre*. In those of women he shows a hand and a palette, which call up remembrance of Hogarth, who, albeit no professional colourist, could paint most harmoniously and delicately when he liked. There is an utter absence of affectation in Chardin, especially in his life-size portraits of young men and children; freedom of hand, but no affectation,—in his female subjects a cool, silvery tone of colour, and an artful lightness and decision of touch without thinness. No one, I repeat, unless prejudiced against pleasure, will leave this gallery without with him a favour of the impression, and, possibly, having made a friend or two more among the decorated painters of France than he had made before his visit."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE GARDEN, under the Management of Miss Estlin and Mr. W. Harrison, WILL OPEN for the FIFTH SEASON on MONDAY, October 1.

STRAND.—This theatre re-opened on Monday, and presented an interior re-decorated and in many ways improved, with a new drop-scene, and a new method of lighting the house. Altogether, it looked very attractive. The pieces performed were 'The Pet Lamb,' 'Observation and Flirtation,' the burlesque of 'Fra Diavolo,' and 'A Race for a Widow.' These four pieces furnished a delightful evening's entertainment, and commenced the new season with spirit. Miss Swanborough's management is of a character to command success.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This theatre re-opened on Saturday, and thus inaugurated the first season under the sole government of Mr. Phelps. Whether the theatre grows freer from the state of the conductor, we are not in a condition to state; but it will probably initiate some modification in the plan of management. One result is certainly the improved appearance of the house. It has been thoroughly renovated, and decorated in a graceful and somewhat Renaissance style, with ornate medallions and friezes. A new drop-scene, also painted by Mr. Charles S. James, and representing Stratford-upon-Avon, has great merit. The piece selected for performance was Shakespeare's exquisite pastoral comedy, 'As You Like It.' Mr. Phelps was, of course, the *Jaguar*, and performed it in a style of natural ease which threw a somewhat new light on the impersonation. His manner was rather mercurial than melancholy; and his sarcasms were delivered with an air of just and banter, which may have been assumed in accordance with Dr. Magin's criticism on the character, who states that at bottom *Jaguar* is not a pensive but a mirthful man. Whether such a paradox can be successfully impersonated on the stage we may doubt; for, at all events, *Jaguar* should appear to be, if he is not, melancholy. Probably such an idea is the mistake of a clever man. The familiar manner in which he set the scene of the "Seven Ages" was delivered met with deserved applause. Among the additions to the company that the performance introduced to the audience, were Mr. Herman Verin, who sustained *Orlando* with great distinctness and vigour, Miss Fanny Joseph, who played *Julia* delightfully, and Miss Kate Saxton, whose *Audrey* will add to her reputation. The scenery was new and especially picturesque, and the costumes are graceful and pleasing. The performance throughout was meritorious, and so harmonized (an effect which is the result of elaborate rehearsal) that an impression was made on the ear of mental completeness, and a sense of satisfaction, on the fall of the curtain, was found to pervade the mind. The feeling was one of physical contentment, and testified strongly to the force of Shakespeare's quiet power when fair play is given to his text, and the meaning brought out with moderate declamatory skill. The success of the play generally, the management was greatly indebted to the womanly assumption of *Rosalind* by Mrs. Charles Young.

NEW ADVERTISE.—On Monday, Mr. Dion Bouchard and Miss Agnes Robertson, who were

forever of the Princess's Theatre, but have been for some years in America, commenced an engagement at this theatre. A new piece, compiled or composed by Mr. Bourcault, was produced, entitled 'Colleen Bawn,' and founded on the late Mr. Gerald Griffin's Irish story of 'The Colleen.' One singularity in the production is, that out of fifteen characters that make up its personnel, about thirteen speak Irish. It is not possible that all the speakers could have been acoustically correct, but the ensemble was well maintained, and though the effect was certainly felt to be odd for the first few days, the sensation gradually wore off, and the mind willingly surrounded itself to the normal condition of the dialogue. The leading events of the novel are embodied in the play, and the fortunes of the Brides of Garry-owen are effectively enough compressed. The catastrophe, however, is altered;—*Elly O'Connor* (Miss Agnes Robertson) being saved from drowning, by *Mylo-an-Coppelan* (Mr. Bourcault), and restored to her husband, *Hardress Cregan* (Mr. Billington). The important character of Mrs. Cregan (Mrs. Billington) was admirably sustained; and, in the final scene, where her son is accused of the murder of the 'Colleen Bawn,' the actress rose to a pitch of grandeur for which we were not prepared. The *Dummy Man* of Mr. Edmund Falconer was also especially good, and significant of the judgment of the manager in engaging him expressly for the character. It is decidedly an impetuous, Miss Woolgar, as *Ann Clark*, acted with admirable vivacity, and kept the scene alive by her vigour and personal impetuousness; nor must we omit to notice Mr. C. H. Stephenson, who made his debut in *Father Tom*, and gave fitting emphasis to the situations in which he appears. Mr. David Fisher was remarkably effective in *Agrie Dilly*, and contributed much to the realization of the interest. The drama has been placed on the boards in a costly style;—the scenery being beautifully painted by Messrs. Pitt and Thompson, and the costumes rich, appropriate and effective. The costume of the actress, especially in *Agrie Dilly*, is indeed, those portions which are supposed to go to the making of an *Adolphe* piece. Its success, therefore, was one of no ordinary kind; and the audience was not only numerous but enthusiastic.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—This year there has been a pelluc in home music worth attention; since Mr. Melba's Concerts at Covent Garden only appear to have closed because the performers were wanted elsewhere. We are glad, for the sake of our best English conductor, to have learnt from himself that they have succeeded, so as to warrant him in establishing them as an "unseasonable" entertainment. The selections of music have always been sterling and satisfactory (the nature of the entertainment considered), if hardly so enterprising as we should like.

As usual, we suffice for any detailed report of the meeting of the Thelma Choir at Worcester, just over.—The Norwich Festival, which is full matter more attractive, begins on Monday. The Committee, however, proceeds oddly. After a superfluous outlay of explanation in print as to why and wherefore foreign singers were too dear to be engaged, and that the festival was a programme, it announces, at the eleventh hour, the engagement for the concerts of Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Giuglini.

The English Opera seasons are about to commence forthwith,—that of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison on the 1st, that of Mr. Pyne and Mr. St. on the 5th, of next month. It is now fixed that the first opera to be given at Her Majesty's Theatre is to be 'Robin Hood' of Mr. Macfarren. Among the ladies of the company (the principal performers having been mentioned) will be Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Parpall, and Miss Alexander, who has sung, we are informed, in all the best opera-houses. On the 'off-nights,' Italian opera are to be given, conducted by Signor Arditi.

The destruction of St. Martin's Hall may, it is to be feared, cost Mr. Hullah more than the loss of his library. On the chance of such casualty, a week or two in every one's mind, and connected with music in England cannot be untimely.

Apart from Mr. Hullah's high and real claims as a professor who has largely diffused popular instruction, it should be remembered, that to the utmost of his power he has always sought to widen the circle of musical interest, without fear or favour, without preference of period or country. This a life of the present-day St. Martin's Hall, under Signor Rossini's 'Scuolamundo' in its French attire.—Opera must always lose by translation of its text; but many causes conjointly seem to have extracted the spirit out of this Italian work (as best tending towards prolixity, if not heaviness) in no common degree. Much of the music sounds faded, if not feeble, as now given in Paris. This, however, is more largely the fault of the execution than of the paraphrase; including that does some commonplace ballet-music, interpolated, it is said, by Signor Carafa. To see a *Semiramide* and an *Arcane* devoid of dramatic life as *Signora Carlotta* and *Signora Barbara Marchesi* is a curiosity. The want of physical requisites in both for the guilty queen and the warrior-prince need not have been fatal. There can be no insignificance (let Nature have withheld gifts ever so parsimoniously) where there exists feeling for character and situation, or musical sensibility and accomplishment. Signor Ronconi is no Hyperion.—Madame Piaroni, the most potent *Arcane* that ever trod the stage, was a Gorgon of ugliness. One is recalled to plainness of feature and poverty of stature here, by the nullity of these young ladies in all that concerns the stage, as effective powers singing in their dingy robes. Both may originally have possessed some *apropos* voice of a fair quality. To that of Signora Carlotta, an upper note or two appear to have been added; since those notes are produced with difficulty, and in executive passages, with that grimace habitually expressive of over-exertion, and in decay. The florid music is not finished by her in a fashion to content any person recollecting singers of a better school; the changes which she ventures are out of style and proportion. Signora Barbara, the *centrale*, has a good octave of notes from *f* to *r*, and a strong voice (possibly artificial) have small variety and volume. What has been said of the sister's execution applies in her case also; she sings, however, with the greater ease and the more power of the two. It is curious that whereas the mitigation of the diapason appears in no respect to have relieved any of the singers in their upper notes, it may be suspected of enfeebling them in the production of their lower ones. The part of *Arcane* is low; but the notes from *d* to *a* below the line, given in full sound, are perpetually wanted.—full sound there was none. More curious still, all on the stage ring flat, except M. Olbin, the *Arcane*. We imagine him to be about the best *Arcane* singer on the stage.—Music in the presence of sinister in action (in spite of the incompetence of his accomplice, with whom he should be in duet from first to last), working out Signor Rossini's music with true and solid brilliancy, and all but clear any national manufacturer in the production of his voice. Though in the lower register, M. Olbin shared the fate of his comrades—a coincidence or consequence worth being noted in reference to late discussions—he makes the redeeming point in the musical performance of 'Semiramide' the dresses, announced to be correct, are gorgeous.

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Other theatres in Paris which close during the summer months are now re-opening. The Théâtre Lyrique has commenced its season with a new three-act opera, *Erzsin* Rivra, de son Maître, a French comedy arranged for music to which it has been set, cleverly, it is said, by M. Sellick, and a new one-act nothing, by M. Hignard. Mdlle. Rozie, a new singer, has appeared, with some credit to herself, in 'Les Dragons de Villars.' The list of promises made by the new manager is long, and being arranged for music to which it has been set, cleverly, it is said, by M. Sellick, and a new one-act nothing, by M. Hignard. Mdlle. Rozie, a new singer, has appeared, with some credit to herself, in 'Les Dragons de Villars.' The list of promises made by the new manager is long, and being arranged for music to which it has been set, cleverly, it is said, by M. Sellick, and a new one-act nothing, by M. Hignard. Mdlle. Rozie, a new singer, has appeared, with some credit to herself, in 'Les Dragons de Villars.'

for Madame Viardot, and, among more recent works, of 'Le Val d'Andorre' one of M. Halévy's best opera. Some of the announcements, however, are not to be relied on; as, for instance, the return of Madame Carballo. M. Bataille, it is said, will not leave the theatre for Brussels, as we announced on Belgium's authority.—M. Cormon and Trissan have had nothing better to do than to arrange Haecsteros's coarse comedy ('*Capin Molein*') in one act, for the Opéra Comique. The music is by M. Gautier. The opera seems to please by reason of the commencement of the story. This once flourishing theatre seems to have fallen into incompetent hands.

The name of Signora Galetti, an Italian lady with a magnificent voice, already mentioned in the *Athenæum*, is beginning to make the tour of the foreign journals,—even as did that of Signora Favanti some years ago; the new prima donna, like the former one, having been secured by Mr. Lumley, unless we are mistaken. That the raptures ring hollow, will be owned by those who read that she bids fair to be equal to Mailbran and Mdlle. Cruelli. Any judgment that can couple the above two singers has small value in our estimation.—Signor Barba is engaged on a tour, to be sung by Madame Borghi-Mamo at Bologna or Milan, during her engagement there.—Signor Bottesini's 'Asterio di Firenze' has been given as the first opera of the season at La Scala, Milan.—Naples has not, it appears, been so utterly absorbed by expectations of the coming of a Liberator, and its consequent riddance from the nuisance of tyranny, as not to have some enthusiasm to spare for its second opera-house. There Signor Petrella's '*Il Fioletto di Grey*' has 'excited frantic enthusiasm,' foreign journals assure us, from first to last. The composer was up in the library for twenty minutes. The piece, which was originally applauded, was Madame Vera Lorni, a lady steadily rising in Italian estimation.

The MS. opera by Gluck, presumed by Herr Schmidt to be lost, mentioned some weeks ago as having turned up in the library at Berlin, is described by Herr Lindau as an 'Les Cenci' was written in 1754, on the occasion of a visit paid by Francis the First to Field-Marshal Saxe-Hildburghausen at Schlosshof. The text is by Metastasio. The story, which is nothing, was merely devised to introduce a scene from a grand opera for contralto, decorated as in Gluck's grand manner, a pastoral for the tenor, a *bravura* for *apropos*, (said to be exceedingly good in the florid style so vigorously denounced in Gluck's preface to '*Alceste*'), an air for a second *centrale*, and a quartet. In Dittendorfer's *Memoirs* admiring mention is made of the Chinese scenery and decorations as superb; among the latter are expressly specified a rare show of prisons of Bohemian glass.

The anniversary of Goethe's birthday was the other day celebrated at Berlin by a performance of 'Faust,' with the music in part by Prince Radzivil, in part by Lisner, and—Herr Foltin, a young man, 'The Child of the Movers,' is shortly forthcoming at Vienna.—M. Faure is going to sing during the winter at Berlin, where Italian opera seems to have taken a new lease of popularity.—A first Bohemian Singing Festival was held at Toplitz a month ago;—the festival was held at Toplitz a month ago;—a revival is about to take place at Weimar, under circumstances, is very curious. This is none other than the disinterment of M. Chérad's 'Macbeth'—an opera in which there is effective and well-made music, after the mixed manner of Spontini. The part of the Lady, in which Madame Schröder-Devrient excelled, is treated with dramatic intelligence; those of the Sister Suters, though not in the Shakespearean spirit, with a wild brilliancy which makes a certain effect. M. Chérad has long had a court appointment at Weimar; but was 'shelved' (as the stage even of Dr. Lint perching there. This makes a return to his only successful opera, laid by a quarter of a century since, curious, to say the least of it.

Madame Cailleg has gone to America for six months, to sing, we imagine, in German opera.

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WILLIAM STERNDALKE BENNETT.

From HERB ENGEL, Professor of the Harmonium at the Royal Academy of Music.

I have great pleasure in stating, that in my opinion ALEXANDRE'S Harmoniums are superior to all others, whether made in England or in the Continent.

From JAMES TURL, Esq. Organist of Westminster Abbey.

Having heard and carefully examined the Harmoniums respectively manufactured by EVANS, INGRAM, and ALEXANDRE, I feel no hesitation in giving the preference to those of the last-named maker.

December 10, 1859.

JAMES TURL.

From DR. RIMBAULT, Author of many celebrated Works on the Harmonium.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

LITERATURE

Handbook to the Geology of Weymouth and the Isle of Portland; with Notes on the Natural History of the Coast and Neighbourhood. By Robert Damon. Accompanied by a Map. Geological Sections and Plates of Fossils, &c.—*A Supplement to the Same, consisting of Nine Lithographic Plates of Fossils.* (Stanford.)

Sketch of the Geology of the Counties of Gloucester and Hereford. By J. R. Leitch, A.M. (Black.)

Geological guide-books are characteristic of a tendency to the local study of geology. So vast and so manifold a science cannot be cultivated in its entire breadth except by a very few men of ample leisure, ample means, and quick, large grasp of mind. Even such favoured and fortunate men as Lyell, Murchison and Sedgwick have their own branches or byways, in which alone they are eminent. The larger and less fortunate class of students are they who can only labour at a little plot of ground. They can take a quarry or two, or a district or a county, or one well marked formation, and at that they can work after other work is over, until in the course of years they become minutely acquainted with their particular plot, and are even regarded as authorities respecting it. They rise to the dignity of lecturers to mechanics, or contributors to scientific serials, or authors of a monograph upon the fossils of their own allotment or chosen county. As resident anglers know where the best fish lie, so resident geologists know where the best fossils are found,—and you may as well fish for trout without the hints respecting their haunts of the village piscator, as seek for fossils without the advice of the village or town collector. These, too, are the kind of men to produce modest but useful handbooks on the geology of their neighbourhoods.

Such books are of considerable service to strangers and students; and they will promote that method of acquiring geology which is not only the most pleasant, but unquestionably the most effective, viz., by pedestrian excursions and special tours. This, indeed, is the way in which the masters of the science have learnt it and loved to learn it. How interesting would the volume be which should contain a lively history of the incidents and results of the excursions of eminent and experienced geologists! We picture to ourselves the patriarchs of the science going forth from home and kindred, and dwelling in rough places and ill-furnished tenements. Old Von Buch, for instance, must have had much to endure and to narrate which has passed away with him. He would quit his house at Berlin without acquainting any one with his purpose, and wander away no one knew whither for weeks and months, reappearing at home unexpectedly with heaps of flints, stones, and fossils. When any one met him abroad he was seen walking with unsteady gait and his head bent forward, wearing a great-coat even in summer, with numerous and capacious pockets to hold hammers and specimens, maps and note-books; and as the *na angusta domi* did not apply to him, he never hesitated to gratify his desire for rock-masses, or to help others, particularly young students, forward in the same path. We have read in some German memoir of him, that he was wont to purchase a wagon at starting, to load it with rock specimens and fossils as he proceeded, and to return home with it full of stony baggage. Drawn up at his door, he would

gradually unload it, and then let the emptied wagon stand in the courtyard of his house. Two or three such empty wagons, we believe, lay at one time beneath his windows, and finally they went away to the first bidder, probably for far inferior and baser uses. Well has it been said of Von Buch that, "he went about the world casting the seeds of new researches and fresh ideas wherever his prophetic spirit perceived a soil adapted for their germination. The world of science has gathered a rich harvest through his foresight." He is the only geologist who has attained an equal fame in the physical, the descriptive, and the natural-history departments of his science."

Another veteran excursionist was the Father of English Geologists, as he was styled—William Smith, a man of our own day, though now almost forgotten in the rapid advance and splendid achievements of later and living geologists. He had walked over a large part of England, alone and unfriended, to acquaint himself with its strata, their courses and their contents, with a view to the construction of his large geological map. He was full of anecdote; and hale and homely even to the last, he would sit in his arm-chair and pour out incident after incident of his earlier days, all connected with the strata, until his friends, satiated with his outpourings, added to his titles that of "Stratumn Smith." In our boyhood, we met with him in his old age. We went to learn; he was willing to teach; and teach or talk he did from morn to dewy eve. For us he walked the walks ever again, and told his three-fold tales until we knew them afar off, and, anticipating their repetition, would endeavour to evade the infliction; but he was not to be defrauded of his senile delight, and whether in paved streets, or tombstoned churchyards, or on pier-heads, or chalk headlands, or oolitic levels, "Stratumn Smith" would have his say and his saw. The paving-stones showed the lamination of the strata, and the tombstones told tales of morality and mortality—but their original locality, and the relative endurance of the particular stratum. His meditations were on the outside of the churches, where he watchfully noted the decay or soundness of the stones of which they were built. Well did he know which stones would "weather" and which would not,—and the Government sought his assistance and advice in selecting the stone of which the new Houses of Parliament are constructed. To the astonishment of bystanders, he would try stone with his teeth, and thus judge of its constituents and its hardness.

We once coached with him from Cambridge to Scarborough, and all the way he was conjecturing and pointing out the geological formations from the colours and characters of the several soils. Cathedral and minsters were nothing to him, except for the stone of which they were erected; but deep ditches and rough quarries were carefully noted as displaying the stratum, while the outburst of springs and the course of the waters occupied his thoughts much more than the course of the coach. When the coach stopped to change horses, he was speedily down amongst the stones in the road, and when we were inside again he would revert to his boyhood, when he picked up tetrabrachia, which the country folk called "punbricks"; and retnia, which they called "quoit stones"; and "pound stones," as they were often used by the dairymen for a pound-weight in the sale of butter. He would repeat the story of his first accidental meeting with Prof. Sedgwick in Westmoreland, where, by-the-by, his nephew, now Professor of Geology at Oxford, first met with Sedgwick, mounted on a sorry

jade, with a country lad *en croupe* who had engaged to show the gentleman a place where the limestone was "turned into sugar-candy!" It was a remarkable coincidence, that Smith should first meet Sedgwick in a Westmoreland town, and afterwards receive the first Wollaston Medal at an Annual Meeting of the Geological Society from the very same hand which he had so many years before, when an obscure wanderer, grasped on the scene of service, when he was another remarkable coincidence, that a wish he once expressed to us was finally realized, viz., that as he was born on the coast, so he might be buried on it—and so he was. Well might he be named "Stratumn Smith." To him everything was suggestive of strata, from the broad-and-butter on a breakfast-table to the piles of cloth in a tailor's shop; and he left behind him whole cupboards full of loose notes upon almost every nule of ground over which he had walked.

Of the same name, and addicted to the same pursuit, was another geologist who, however, possessed higher endowments, and cherished loftier aspirations, and was a more ardent explorer. An eager excursionist, also, was Dr. Pye Smith, and though he came to the study late in life, yet his eagerness when fairly alight was almost juvenile. Whenever he could leave his Hebrew roots to flourish alone in Hackney Gravel Pits, he was glad enough to ramble amongst the rocks. His face beamed with smiles when we heard him narrate an incident of a geological trip to the Island of Arran, on the west coast of Scotland. He and several other gentlemen landed on the island, hammer in hand, and to the amazement of the simple inhabitants, "Oh, mon," said one of these to his sage friend, "what for are you men coming here with hammers, and hammering at the stones?"—"Hoot," replied the knowing friend, "Dinna ye ken that they're a Southrons, coming here to mak' out their auld Bible a pock o' lees!"

While on Scotland's ground, we call to mind a still abler and older rock-hammer, who, though really a Guernsey man, is best known by his "Description of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland,"—a work which is full of the results of numerous personal examinations of those wild districts. Dauntless and indefatigable in his journeys, Dr. John Macculloch would venture to sea in an open boat, and attempt a landing when and where less adventurous geologists would have hesitated and trembled. Nothing baffled him but adverse weather; and even then few men of science have been more patient, for he tells us, that being resolved to ascend the Cuchullins in the Isle of Skye, he made seven attempts during five successive summers. In such wild and desolate scenery he revelled, and his pen gives evidence of his bold pedestrianism, as when he writes of a scene in the Cuchullins:—"Upon these rocks the fragments lie just as on the more level ground, and in positions so extraordinary, that it is scarcely possible to conceive how they have remained balanced on the very verge of a precipice. One weighing about ten tons has become a rocking stone; another, of not less than fifty, stands on the narrow edge of a rock, one hundred feet higher than the ground which must have first met it in the descent." Unfortunately, he was mainly a lithologist, and solicited himself chiefly to the description of the primary and Plutonic rocks. Hugh Miller, however, has added his palaeontological complement to Scotch geology,—himself not behind Macculloch in devotion to field-exercise,—himself, too, a penman of extraordinary power, who has worked up all the incidents of his walks, and rides, and cruises in

books, which, at least in Scotland, have made his name a "household word."

Were we to draw even upon our own reminiscences of geological excursions extending over the last twenty years, we believe we might record sundry moving incidents of flood and field, as well as recollections of men and manners not always in the highest circles of society. To form a thorough acquaintance with the lowest order of open-air labourers, there is nothing like a week or two in the quarries, and a working day or two in railway-cuttings. The warning—

Ah! me, what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron,

might sometimes be transferred to the man who meddles with cold clay and stones. Menaced and murderously attacked by "navvies," were we, on one occasion, when we attempted to remove a crocodile's head which we had discovered in the London clay. Our own head, indeed, was not broken, though threatened, but, unhappily, the crocodile's was; and great were our difficulties—not to say dangers—before the said sundered head reposed grimly upon our table. There is hardly a stranger or mysterious object or calling which has not been attributed to us in our earlier journeys, when geologizing was far less known than at present. We have been suspected of being a lunatic, a treasure-hunter, a resurrection-man, when we inquired for bones; a miner, a jeweller, a juggler, a strolling player, and a disappointed lover. We have sometimes endeavoured to explain the true state of the case; but, in remoter districts, never with success. On one occasion, when a foreign friend accompanied us, and called at a cottage-door for a glass of water,—before he could utter a word, the inmate exclaimed, "No! no! nothing to-day—we don't want nothing to-day." It should be added, that our friend carried the bag of fossils. Our only comfort was, that things were somewhat worse abroad. "Here," says M. Boné, "is a learned Prussian arrested in his researches by an absurd *gendarme* of his own country; elsewhere geologists have been taken for refractory *conspirators*, placed in prison, and dragged, chained to thieves, for neglecting a certain rite. M. Hugé was taken up in Entlebach for a vagabond, and, in answer to his complaints, was beaten with a stick by a fat *gendarme*. The Mayor of Montpeut caused me to be arrested in Vivarais, mistaking my barometer for a musket, my specimens for *cartouches*, and my book of memoranda for incendiary proclamations."

At present, however, gentlemen of this class are so well understood upon the Continent of Europe that they may follow their inclinations and measure those of the strata when and where they please. More, perhaps, is generally known of rocks and rock specimens, apart from fossils, in Germany than in England; while, with respect to fossils, M. Barmann has taught the common workmen in the Bohemian quarries to distinguish Silurian shells and trilobites, and to save even the fragments of broken specimens for him. A certain Gorman doctor has systematized the collection of fossils into a regular business; and this doctor and dealer in one person can, and does, supply customers at home and abroad with petrifactions to order, and to price, or as desired, as per sample. He has even so commercialized the science as to have agents and travellers who call for orders and supplies, and orders when given are punctually executed as per invoice, the fossils having printed labels attached, with the agacious doctor's name and address. Something of the same kind, indeed, is done in England, but hardly in so bare and business-like a style. The author of the

excellent 'Handbook to the Geology of Weymouth,' and of the beautifully-illustrated Supplement to the same, has an eye to business in his science, and an eye to science in his business. Not that he obtrudes it upon you, for you may walk into and out of his shop, better habited if you please than you entered, and yet never suspect that under all the heterodoxy that hangs about there is a substratum of drawers well furnished with fossils, which will only appear at your request, and only re-appear in your own cabinet at your expense. Should you be a conchologist as well as a geologist, he will deal with you or go out dredging with you,—only you must remember that if you turn Pythias to Damon, and both go out dredging together, you must not expect the self-sacrifice of fabulous friendship:—if Damon dredges, Pythias is not expected to die for Damon, but he is expected to pay for him.

The extensive introduction of railroads and the numerous additions made to the ranks of what we may term the Geological Infantry have increased the facilities for geologizing a-foot, but have destroyed its quiet romance. You are no longer marvelled at as a maniac, your pockets are no longer secretly picked of petrifactions lest you should do maniacal mischief therewith,—you are no longer suspected and in danger of incarceration,—but you are now simply regarded as a foolish fellow, having more money than wit, or despised as a dealer having more wit than money. Dr. Mantell, in his later years, lamented the decay and departure of the little inns or public-houses where in his earlier years he had been wont to tarry either alone or with a like-minded friend; and his lamentations may now be more loudly repeated.

One is afraid to carry a dusty bag and dusty boots into the new "Railway Arms"; and hammers and chisels do not comport with carpeted office-rooms. Besides, there are now noblemen and gentlemen upon the road who ride not after foxes, but fossils; and as the pursuit has become fashionable, so it, in some measure, becomes formal. We know somewhat of a Duke, an Earl and a Marchioness addicted to the collection of fossils. The Duke has them on his own ground, and preserves them like his own game. The Marchioness, indeed, talks of retiring from the business, and has already disposed of stock to buyers in Jermyn Street. The Earl is young and eager; carries a heavy hammer and a still heavier purse; and is always before us in speed and above us in bid. His hammer we might match, but never his purse. In the latter, if we do not yield him the palm, we do the pounds. Where fossils go according to purchasing power, we, in common with most other rambling commoners, must give up and stay at home. So aristocratic is the collecting mania now becoming, that we begin to fear our race is run, and our working and wandering days are over. Peers and peeresses, baronets, *belles* and Belgravians, have raised the market upon us; and holders of trilobites are very strong, while saurians are reported brisk, at higher quotations. Ammonites, indeed, are dull, at former figures; but masaripies are sold out, and the dealers are short of stock.

Residents in fossiliferous localities have now the best chances; and where a man lives close upon a quarry—first gate, and running day under such advantageous circumstances, the busiest and the most straitened may have their pleasures and their petrifactions. Our own excursions have brought to our knowledge some interesting examples of such persons. On the borders of North Wales, we discovered an intelligent brazer busy in his shop, who, upon our making the signs of fossil freemasonry, put down his kettles, put on his hat,

and accompanied us to a neighbouring quarry. He has since been our guide through tortuous valleys and over towering hills in Siluria. Sir R. I. Murchison, not long since, found a baker in the north of Scotland who drew a geological diagram of the district with his finger in flour, and, also, added important and accurate information. Nothing can be more gratifying to men of science than to meet with such ardour and accuracy in humble life; and, though one cannot now hope to meet a Sedgwick with saddle-bags, or a Von Buch in his waggon, one may look for, and not unfrequently find, an intelligent artisan who searches out fossils, not to sell them, but to study them, and who has learnt, from long observation of local phenomena, particulars which men of superior position are glad to gather up.

With the exercise of purchasing-power, and of the game-preserving principle in relation to objects of geological interest, we have little sympathy. Selfishness is contemptible enough even under a scientific garb; and exclusiveness is more than usually ignoble where free-heartedness should be conspicuous. Geological and Papal interdicts are about upon a par. The mere possession of a valuable collection of natural-history treasures is no distinction, where the expenditure of money or the exercise of strict memorial rights has brought them together. The chief advantages of extracting fossils *in situ* are thereby lost. A peculiar facility of estimating the importance and mutual dependence of geological facts is to be acquired by hours and days of hard handiwork in quarries and natural sections,—and a cabinet of self-collected fossils has a personal value which no gold could purchase. Every drawer is it suggests and reminds, and profitably brings back trains of pleasing thought and hours of solitary work. A dozen drawers in a country cottage may thus be of more personal interest than the plate-glass cases in a splendid gallery.

It is an encouragement to younger and humbler geologists and students to know that the characteristic fossils of the various strata can almost always be procured by personal visits,—and such fossils are, after all, the most instructive. It is a comfort, also, to know that by the repetition and extension of geological excursions a man may acquaint himself with some of the most imposing and interesting British scenery. On the very summit of Snowdon may be obtained not merely an extraordinary prospect, but also fossil shells (*Orthis flabellulum*) of a very early epoch. Siluria is now almost as famous for geology as for scenery; but we have been stone-breakers on other hillsides little known out of their vicinities, where prospects have lain before us as beneficent as our prospects here can never forget. That once most productive locality of colitic fossils, Dundry Hill, near Bristol, has one of the finest Early-English church-towers, and one of the finest prospects from its top. At any time you may enjoy this, though to obtain fossils you must now tear down the road banks with crowbars and pickaxe, and evade the road surveyor and the "lock up" house. In the Cottewold Hills, so easily accessible, there are nearly as fine fossiliferous and even finer prospects. Stinchcombe fossils and even *Ammonoites*. Uley Berry, and Selsley Hill are, on both accounts, well worthy of an ascent. Many times have we stood upon them all, and have been charmed with the magnificence and variety of the views, to be obtained from them. The possessor of a mansion in one of these places assured us that he never returned from a Continental tour without feeling renewed gratification with his own scenery. The wanderer over Midspringham Common and through the subjacent

valleys may inspect strata of high fossiliferous fame, and scenery which has earned for itself the title of "the Little Switzerland." Days, weeks and months may be happily spent in such home localities; and while they are accessible to the humblest, they are enjoyable by the highest. If any reader is now sighing for bracing air, far-stretching green turf, enchanting glimpses of the distant Severn, or open revelations of its serpentine course, prosperous farms and prolific fields, occasional spires, and the indistinct towers of a venerable minster,—a gipsy camp, a half-felled forest, a secluded cottage, a display of scarlet cloth on long wooden mills and of busy cloth-mills,—villages nestling under the brows of sloping hills,—a valley pronounced by George the Third one of the most beautiful in his dominions,—if we say, any reader is now secretly sighing for such things, and is desirous of acquiring some geology to boot, then he may thank us for assuring him that on such scenes our eye have many a time rested until the sun has gone down in flaming glory, and that his own eyes may survey the same, and his own feet may stand upon the same eminences, whenever he pleases to avail himself of our hints and of the Great Western Railway. If he prefers a different route, the same Company will deliver him nearly at the door of Mr. Damon, whom he should not encounter at his own counter without a copy of his useful book and its Supplement. The student should not, however, believe his printer, who has pronounced his dislike of the science by indexing it as "Uncomfortable (unconformable) Stratification."

The Island of Portland is a most instructive geological spot, of which old Leland observes in his "Itinerary":—"There be at this present time about a 80 houses in the isle. There is but one street of houses in the isle, the residue be sparkled. The people be good there in slynging of stony, and use it for defence of the isle. The people there be polique inough in selling their commodities, and somewhat avaritious."

For the benefit of the young geologists, we may add, that the *Cycadites* of Portland are amongst the most interesting of botanical fossils. But the island has been robbed of them like a wayide orchard of its apples. If sought after, they must be inquired for as "birds' nests," since the quarry-men believe them to be nests dislodged from the petrified trees with which they are associated. We have recently obtained one "bird's nest" to order.

Plain Words about Sickness, addressed to the Mothers and Wives of Working Men. By a Doctor's Wife. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.) It will not be the fault of accomplished nurses if there is any further bungling with the sick. What mere study and exhortation can do, apart from the actual teaching of experience, has already been fully done; and, with Miss Nightingale's manual for the adult in one hand, and the present book for children in the other, no one need ought to be unwisely dealt with when the doctor's back is turned, or messed into a fever instead of nursed into health.

This useful little book is rather a compilation than an original essay. It draws largely and avowedly from Florence Nightingale's admirable Notes, and from the best of the later works on the diseases and management of children. It is written in a kindly, religious, womanly spirit, and will be of use whenever consulted. Some of the suggestions and recipes are good: for instance, that of the preparation of raw meat for patients who can-

not take anything cooked. The meat is sliced fine and pulped through a sieve; then rubbed up with cream and sugar. No one can tell of what the paste—for it becomes a kind of paste or meat-jam—is composed; and it has been known to save life where everything else had failed. Another of this lady's suggestions we can hardly understand, nor, so far as our own experience goes, agree with. In preparing poppy-heads for fomentation, she says, the seeds must be thrown aside, because they are poisonous. A better plan, we think, is to boil them together with the husks, and strain them when the water is required for use. She advocates for indigestion a pinch of charcoal taken in honey; and, like Abernethy, holds the head and front of modern offending to be the overloading of the stomach, either through eating too fast or too heartily, or again, without suffering a sufficient time to elapse between two meals. Certainly, dyspepsia is the cause of more than half the evils of the present generation; and, as prevention is better than cure, it is better to avoid falling into a bad state than to tinker up the cracks, though never so scientifically.

Everyone who has had much dealing with the sick poor must have been struck by their want of courage. As a rule, they give way on the smallest occasion; and my lady will battle bravely and uncompromisingly through a real illness, while Polly the maid lies down and cries, because she has a fit of indigestion or a cold in the head. They are not in general so horrified by the sight of wounds and blood: they get pretty well used to these, poor wretches! but they cannot stand up against the uncomfortable feelings of mere sickness. The Doctor's Wife tells a story of a poor woman who, walking in the streets, suddenly felt faint. She went into the nearest public-house for some ale, when a little girl standing near her pointed to a pool of blood at her feet. The poor woman, unutterably shocked, fell back fainting, and was carried off to the nearest hospital; but she died on the way thither. "The bleeding arose from the bursting of a surface vein near the ankle. It might easily have been stopped by pressing a finger on the hole till proper bandages were secured; but the life was lost from a little want of knowledge and a great want of common sense." It is not often, though, that such an accident happens, or that a person bleeds to death for want of sufficient presence of mind in the spectators to arrest the flow of blood by some simple bandage. Young people and nervous women might faint or scream or run about distractedly, doing no good to themselves or the sufferer, but the world is not made up of young maid and nervous women, and the want of heart and strength of nerve may be found in every assemblage.

In scalds or burns cover up the part with cotton wool, so as to totally exclude the air. Very often nothing else is required, and nature performs the cure in a few days. Some people use flour thickly and softly dredged over the part, and this is as intrinsically good as the cotton, but not always so adhesive. Lime water and linseed oil—in some severe cases, a soft thin bread-and-milk poultice—in mild cases, and they must be very mild, spirits of turpentine or of wine—are useful remedies to be employed by the bystanders, in default of the medical man. "The worst accident which can happen with boiling water, is when a child goes to drink out of the spout of a kettle of boiling water, or from a teapot of boiling tea. If it catches the fatal draught, its cry of agony attracts the parent's attention too late to save its life. To avoid so fearful an accident,

remember never to allow your child to drink cold water or any other thing from a teapot or kettle. The thoughtless little one, if once accustomed to do so, will very likely forget another time to inquire first whether the liquid is hot or cold." Burns with lime are very bad. They are only to be treated with vinegar, which converts the lime into a harmless substance, and destroys its burning power. It is of no use to attempt to pick off the lime—your only pick off the flesh and make bad worse. If a bit of lime gets into the eye wash the eye with weak vinegar and water, and with a camel's-hair brush take off any stray piece sticking to the lashes or the ball. A bit of lime falling into the eye has more than once caused total blindness.

For sick children the greatest need seems to be, fresh air, warmth and quiet; but warmth must not be given at the expense of fresh air, neither must fresh air be suffered to chill the child. Indeed, warmth is so much vitality to an infant, and the Doctor's Wife tells an anecdote of a six months' child which was kept alive by two women taking turns to lie constantly with it in bed night and day, thus keeping it warm by means of their own vital heat until the full time was accomplished. The little exegens thrived and prospered tolerably well, and lived to prove the value of the experiment, and the tender devotion of its nurses. An infant needs the animal warmth of the human body to enable it to keep warm itself or to thrive; it is of no good to heap up clothes over the tender frame, and to press down the little limbs with counterpanes and blankets: the mother's arm is the only safe or proper sleeping place for a young child, and the mother's breast its most natural source of warmth. For the same reason perambulators, more especially in winter, are utterly inadmissible for young children. They doubly need the warmth of the human body while in the open air, and suffer in every manner from the isolation, the vibration, and the chilliness of the open carriage. They are admirable contrivances for heavy children who can walk and run, but who every now and then need a rest; but they ought never to be used for a nursing. We wish that the Doctor's Wife had insisted on this point: the practice of using them for very young children is on the increase in all ranks, and is a deplorable practice on every account. After all, love and common sense are the best guides in the nurture and management of children; and they are the guides which our present author adopts and indorses to the fullest extent.

The Englishman in China. (Saunders, Olney & Co.)

THE writer of this volume chats pleasantly through two or three hundred pages, sketching roughlily his gossip, and the result is, a spirited picture of Chinese life and manners. China, in fact, is described after four years of familiar sojourn, but the author of the letters here condensed and arranged would have done well to avoid obtruding his domestic sentimentalities, and curbing his habit of alliteration. We cannot be expected to interest ourselves in "Her," or to admire a sentence made up of "Mosquitoes, mosques, mummies, minarets, and madmen," reminding us of the Cambrian poets.—A Brimanda and his bold, brave, battling hand hurled them harsh howling into horrid hell." The interest of the book is derived from its minute description of Celestial scenery, houses, furniture, eating, drinking, hair-dressing, villages, rivers, bridges, boats, josses and gardens. A curiosity, ever fresh, follows the traveller when he talks of his sleeping alcove,

his quaint bed of light-twisted wood, inlaid with ivory, curtained, clean and picturesque; or as he takes us to the roof and opens a Chinese water-tank; or as he is jolted in a sedan, or enters a nursery and picks up all its details. There are some good accounts of those peculiar marvels of China, the jar doorways, bottle and apple windows, and the other things characteristic of the country, perhaps, than anything else, except the grinning roofs. Moreover, there are occasional landscape sketches attractive from their obvious reality. This is one:—

"After skirting the walls of Chumure for a quarter of a mile, we came to a small creek, and found upon inquiry that our nearest and best course was to follow its windings, though they appeared often to double and bring us back. In about an hour we reach the first bend, or earthwork raised to resist the high tides and overflowing of the river. Along this we walked, as our friendly guide the stream had ceased to exist. It was a carefully made earthwork, some twenty feet wide at the top, sloping gradually to forty or fifty feet at the base. The top was a well made road, from whence you commanded a view as far as the eye could reach, all flat land on the right, and the distant Yangtze on the left. As we walked along we met a man with a hooded hawk on his finger, but he did not exhibit its exhibition. Descending the sloping side of the bank and crossing several fields we came to a second but smaller one, and from this to a third, less in size and much broken down, as if the water had had a great effect upon it. From this last river-walled extended a perfect swamp, through which one or two roads might be traced. The rushes growing therein were being gathered into buffalo carts by men, women, and children; and I watched with delight that every now and then a few early ducks were startled from their hiding-places."

This is China uncoloured. A considerable portion of the narrative is devoted to criticisms upon European fashions, at Shanghai especially. The author is slightly indignant concerning the notion which he thinks prevails in England, that Englishmen in the Chinese Empire live on puppy-dogs and rice. He is anxious to affirm, therefore, that their fare includes mulligatawny, fried fish, game, beef and mutton, with perfect peaches and irreproachable wine:—

"There is one man who grows for the use of foreigners possessing of an extraordinary size, some of which would fill a large dry-basin—so large that I have seen one make a centre dish, and we were obliged to slice it like a melon. He charges from a guinea to thirty shillings each for such."

We pause a moment to watch a party of Chinese labourers engaged in house-building:

"The erection of a house is well worth watching, though to be next door to one is dreadful, as the workmen keep time to a barbarous, monotonous, drawing tune the whole time. A scaffold of fourteen feet having been erected, a dozen boys mount upon it, and by means of a heavy stone drive down a row of pipes in order to make a firm foundation. It is this pile-driving that is so dreadful, and the leader of the gang keeps time by singing a song which no pen of mine can describe. Attached to the stone are ropes, so that they (each holding one) can drop it on the head of the pile. After five blows they join in chorus—such a chorus! At ten strokes they stop, waiting for their leader to sing one verse solo; then the chorus and ten thumps; then a solo and a rest. And so they keep on from 5 A.M. to 5 P.M."

"The Englishman in China" is merely a scrap-book, full of odds and ends from a particular corner of the Empire; but it is vivacious, and not exaggerated.

Six Months in Reunion: a Clergyman's Holiday, and How he passed it. (By the Rev. P. Beaton, M.A. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The class of books to which these volumes belong is gradually disappearing. Compar-

tively few persons now think fit to publish highly-wrought narratives of all that happened in the Channel and the Bay of Biscay, of their impressions at sea, of gales, sickness, sharks, gulls, phosphorescence on the waves, calms, and albatrosses. Mr. Beaton, however, is of the old school, and stands on the ancient grounds. He writes with sympathy with him all the shore; and it is with some apprehension we fall in his company among the French colonists of Reunion, or Bourbon, or Mascarennas, especially as, at the very first sight of the island, he begins to talk of volcanic development.

The narrative is, in point of fact, wearisomely prolix, though it possesses some interest, as being the latest report on the condition and manners of a French colony not too well known to the majority of readers. Mr. Beaton's first stay was, of course, at St. Denis, the capital, where the lamps still swing from ropes stretched across the streets, and where civilization presents some decidedly peculiar features:—

"One day, while passing through the Rue de Conseil, I was struck by the appearance of some twenty or thirty negroes, armed with short brooms, which they were playing with an earnestness such as Mrs. Partington might have envied. They were of different ages, but all dressed in the same way, their only covering being a loose robe of coarse, black serge fastened at the waist. They had little to boast of in the way of personal attractions, and their good looks were not improved by the black dresses, which the negroes, with innate good taste, always avoid. They were under the charge of a policeman, who was armed with a bamboo rod, about twenty feet in length, with which at times he bestowed an admonitory, and not very gentle, tap on the shoulders of any of his charge who showed more inclination to use their brooms for their own use. I cannot say that they exhibited a very downcast or miserable appearance, or that they seemed to feel their degraded position very much, though to a stranger the sight was far from being pleasing. They were female convicts, sentenced to different periods of imprisonment, and employed in this way by the municipality, so as to save the pockets of the ratepayers of St. Denis."

After this, Mr. Beaton finds it in his conscience to "derive" from a book published more than thirty years ago a general account of Reunion. In the midst of it, however, we hit on a passage by Madame Dudevant, descriptive of the Giant's Plain:—

"There may be seen an immense black balanced on a few small fragments; farther down, a wall of thin, porous rock, with the top indented like a Moorish building; here an obelisk, the sides of which seem to have been polished and chiselled by a sculptor, rises on a crumbled base; near that a Gothic turret, mouldering away beside a shapeless and grotesque pagoda. Here may be traced the outlines of all the elementary principles of art and architecture. In gazing on such a scene, one is impressed with the belief that the geniuses of all ages and of all nations must have drunk their first draught of inspiration from this masterpiece of chance and destruction. On some such spot as this must have originated the idea of Moorish architecture. In the palace, raising its graceful form in the midst of our principal forests, art has found one of her most beautiful models. The banyan-tree, which clings to the earth and supports itself with its hundred arms, must first have suggested the idea of a cathedral supported by its buttresses."

Things have changed in the island since the Dutch voyageurs stared at its marvellous birds' nests, especially the fat turtle-doves moaning in the arms of man, and the wood-pigeons, which fancied they were to be caressed when the Hollanders aimed at cooking them. There dwelt the dodo:—

"It was a very stupid animal, with a size and figure between that of a turkey and ostrich; the

head very long, large, and shapeless; its feathers rose to a point on the forehead, and grew around the beak and on the face in the form of a hood, whence it was called the hooded ostrich; its eyes were black and large; its back and wings were elongated of a considerable size and length, was both pointed and hooked, of a pale blue colour; the neck was long, fat, and curved; the body was large and round, and covered with grey feathers that were as soft as those of the ostrich; its wings were short, and its legs thick, long, and yellow; it had four claws, three before and one behind; it did not fly, and walked slowly; the flesh was covered with fat, and no nutritious that three or four of these birds would satisfy a hundred people; stones were generally found in its stomach. Lightness and activity are attributes common to birds, but to these the dodo had no claim; for it appears to have been formed to give an idea of the heaviest of organized beings. Size, which in animals indicates strength, in this case produced nothing but weight. The ostrich cannot fly better than the dodo, but it is swift of foot; whereas the dodo seemed to be overwhelmed by its own weight, and occupied the same rank among the winged tribes as the sloth among quadrupeds, and was composed of inactive matter—destitute in a great measure of the vivifying principle; it had wings, but they were too weak and too short to enable it to raise itself from the ground; it had a tail, but it was not in keeping with the rest of the body. It might have been taken for a tortoise covered with feathers; and nature by bestowing on it these useless ornaments, only rendered its shapeless inactivity the more striking by reminding the spectator that it was a bird. The dodo was too plump, delicious, and defenceless to hold its own against the human bipeds who had once tasted its flesh; and like the aborigines of other lands, it perished from contact with the white man. It has disappeared from Rodriguez, Mauritius, and Madagascar, and no traces of it are now to be seen in the world."

Mr. Beaton forces in monstrous parentheses of history, and then enters upon descriptive details:—

"The white Creoles marry at a very early age, but it is very rare for the newly-married couples to have separate establishments. This only occurs in the case of a very few wealthy planters and merchants, who are able to afford a separate house. The majority of the parents think they have done their duty for the young people, if they have erected and furnished a small wooden pavilion with two or three rooms, near the paternal abode, for their special accommodation. Thus, they can scarcely be said to live apart, as they dine at one common table, and usually spend the day together. The traveller in the country who has the good fortune to spend the night under the hospitable roof of a planter well advanced in years, is sometimes surprised to find that the family consists of more than thirty members, who are seated at one table during the evening, and occupy separate pavilions at night. These are the planter's sons, with their wives and children, who continue to live in this way for years, till some opening in life has presented itself elsewhere."

The sketches of plantation life are agreeable, and we doubt not, there is wisdom in the voluptuous egotism of the codic question; but we are in search of the novel and the picturesque.

Our last extract shall set forth a bit of Mascarene romance:—

"A Malagache slave, of the name of Anchaing, had incurred in some way the displeasure of his master, and, dreading his resentment, escaped to the mountains of St. Denis. He was soon discovered by his wife; and knowing that no effort would be spared to discover their lurking place, he resolved to select a place of retreat where detection would be difficult, if not impossible. He climbed the steep side of a mass of rock which rises to the height of 1,800 feet above the summit of the island, and erected a rude hut on the narrow platform at the summit. He knew that the most daring hunter would never ascend to this height, and that he was free from danger so long as he did not descend to

the plain. To obviate the necessity of doing so, he formed a small garden near his hut, and sowed himself and his wife on its produce. A few wild roots were sufficient to satisfy their hunger, and they quenched their thirst by collecting the rain-water in a small tank. The fibrous covering of the palm-tree served them as clothing; and miserable as their condition must have been, they preferred it to slavery. They continued to live thus for two years; and, in the course of time, Anehaing became the father of seven children, not one of whom had ever quitted the rocky platform on which they were born. Their world was circumscribed within the few feet of ground on which they played, and the few leagues of forest over which they could cast their eyes. Their only education was to watch the approach of the white man, and to give the alarm at the first appearance of danger. Anehaing had now more at stake than before, and used every precaution to escape detection. For many years he never kindled a fire during the day, lest the smoke might be seen by some wandering sportsman. Often he and his family watched from their lofty retreat the passage of small detachments of soldiers, who passed along the base of the mountain in search of other fugitive slaves, but who never suspected that so rich a prize was concealed on the summit of this obelisk of lava.

At length an officer, climbing the mountain, and guided by the smoke of the slave's fire, discovered this dark Stylian on the top of his obelisk, and was hard-hearted enough to capture the cloudy Crusoe, who thereforth lived in slavery with his wife and children.

Antiquarian Gleanings from Aberdeenshire Records. Compiled by Gavin Turrell. (Aberdeen, Kings; London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

LIFE is apt to pass slowly with people in provincial towns; but it is only your dull and idle folk who really murder time and call themselves his victims. When Kotzebue and Pigault le Brun dramatized country-town life, they showed that inertness was the mother of a large and unseemly family. George Sand, too, has depicted society in small towns, and, like any society of the sort, it affords many exceedingly disagreeable sights to those who watch the process of dissection. Yet, if it be true that there is not a book, however bad, which has not something in it of value, more certain is it that there is no town, however small, which has not records and traditions of interest. The business of gathering and preserving the materials of local history, is one which would relieve many from the afflictions wherewith they are visited, and which would be to men as healthy exercise and a bracing tonic. Many of these slow devourers of the tempting lotus, might possibly feel agitated at the idea of research, but the busy compiler of the volume before us proves by the references he cites how comparatively easy and pleasant it is to collect materials for local history. We can express a hope that all the *discurti* in the provinces would consider it a sacred duty to preserve all floating traditions concerning the places in which they dwell. They will then render good service, especially if they publish their collections, as Mr. Turrell has done, but with more regard to chronological order and with more power, if they possess the gift, of applying their materials by forming them into narrative. His book is like those educational museums which exhibit specimens of certain productions, of the ends to which they are applied, and of the processes through which they pass before such ends are attained. Bit by bit everything is there,—but the egg, and the plume, and the flower, and the water are nothing to the hungry gazer without the cook to man-

pulse the whole into a pudding. Even the mere compilation, however, has its use, whereby an otherwise idle man may be profitable, if not to his own, at least to a succeeding generation. "It is as easy as lying," as the graceful and wayward prince said to certain individuals with small-town propensities. We will add, that it is more agreeable than noting down the short-comings of neighbours,—and we trust that all such will turn to the work in question, after daily repeating with devout conviction those words of old Ben:—

I have the list of mine own faults to know,
Look to and cure. He's not a man hath none;
But like to be, who ev'ry day cures one,
And feels it.

From tradition,—from printed and written history,—from parish and municipal records,—from prattling people with good memories,—from some, perhaps, with indifferent powers of recollection,—but from all and any books and men who had a tale or an incident to tell, Mr. Turrell has collected a curious mass of materials of history, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, and particularly of that sort of history illustrative of society, morals, manners, and fleeting life, which dull and dignified historians do not often stoop to collect.

The writers on witchcraft will find many new and curious details, in these pages, of the mingled superstition and cruelty connected with that supposed craft, and the punishment of its professors, real or imaginary. We prefer, however, opening the records of the Kirk Session and Presbytery of Aberdeen from 1562 to 1657, and our first extract speaks of a notable "hizzie":—

"The same day Janet Strathachy, spouse of Patrick Walter, was convict for misusing shamefully the said Patrick Walter, her husband, on Friday, at evin last, in the kirk, be banning him and uttering execrations against him, in presence of Mr. James Rose, minister, as also, in her said house, for pressing to have struck her husband, and for taking his sword in her hand and boasting him therein, as was clearly verifed be the said Mr. James Rose, and Mr. Richard Rose, rector; and the said Janet, minister, and the said Rose, ordained the said Janet to be put in the jugs on ane mercat day, thairin to stand for the space of two hours, and then to be carted thro the town, and a crown of paper put on her head, with an inscription written on the same, bering the cause why she is carted; and in the mean time ordains her to be put in prison in the Kirk Yell, thairin to remain quillik the foresaid ordinance be put to execution against the said Janet."

In contrast with this violent gndwife, we call forward a "gudemann" who was a cunning rogue, but rather hardly dealt with:—

"James Riach having appear in public,—and being observed by certain honest persons that he did tak ane mode of repentance by putting in of seneshin in his eyes to make them tear, and by laughing upon several persons in public. The said persons having given notice thair of, did appear before the Session this day and gave evidence against him thairin, and prov'd the same sufficient; as also, it was observ'd his own miscarriage in the Session. The matter was continued till the next day, that the same might be presentit to the Presbytery. James was sentenced with the greater sentence of excommunication. On the 16th of December, he petitioned to be released from the sentence; and was made to undergo public penance every Sunday, until the 16th of March, 1656, when he was absolved."

Stringent were Kirk and Presbytery against offenders, even for small faults; cruel were they in many cases against aged persons who would not desert the older faith; and yet the holy brothers who would have fined a man for kissing his own wife on a Sunday, do not shine out as lights of extreme beauty. Their "teaching" born to root fruit in their own households. The roaring brother who has added an in-

perishable word to the English Dictionary was among the unlucky in this respect.

"About the 4th of September, trial was given of some five or six hundred men stolen out of Mr. John Ray, one of the regents of the Newtown's chest. It was found that Mr. Andrew Cant, the holy minister's son, drew the nails of the chest, and fastened the same with new nails, having another holy man, called Mr. Andrew Cant, of Strachan, and stout with himself, son to Mr. William Strachan, parson of Daviot. Their prodigal spending, drinking, and debauching, made it to be tried, after this regent had tane a boy of his, called Mathison, who kept his chamber, and tormented him most pitifully for the same, being innocent, but the two rich fathers for their sons' sake. A great scandal to scholars, they being both students, and so the matter was silenced; but if any other student had done the same, Cant would have cried out against the same maliciously in the pulpit, and seen them put to the college yeild, wherein they without punishment successfully kept."

We suspect the old Aberdeen magistrates were wiser than the ministers, for among their customs was the drinking round to reality, "to taste the drink." They were resolved that no poison should be in the cup they loved in common with all their townfolk,—and then a murderer who destroyed life or brain under the names of distiller or brewer, ran a fair chance of being hanged. The wisdom of our ancestors is not such a myth as we thought for! That of the magistracy of "Bon-Accord" was as "superlative" as the beauty and merits of the women. What a chance had the rising generation, who schoolmasters were licensed to teach "the poor for God's sake, and the rich for reason; and nothing to be paid except they be 'profited'!"

Romance writers lacking the small matter of imagination will find plots all ready prepared for them in the accounts of feuds between great houses, wherein the element of passion is gradually and permanently fixed at *sternity*. These, however, are too long for extract; and we turn, therefore, to the records to reality, to give another sample of that stern reality "Cumberland" and of other "tims of fame":—

"The Duke of Cumberland arrived in Aberdeen on the 27th February, 1746, and was welcomed in the Schoolhill by a deputation of the Magistrates, who conducted him to his lodgings in the Guesztow, through streets lined with the burghesses and citizens. It was at first proposed that his Royal Highness should reside in the Marischal College, but the apartments having been pronounced unfit for his accommodation, he took up his abode in the house of Mr. Alexander Thomson, Advocate. He occupied this mansion for six weeks, during which time he made use of every kind of provision found in houses—candles, candles, and other liquors in the cellars, and the milk of his (Mr. Thomson's) cow; bed and table linen, which were very much spoiled and abused; he broke up a press, in which Mrs. Thomson had lodged a considerable quantity of sugar. Further, he took away every grain of weight. When about to march from Aberdeen, he left six guineas to the three servants of the house, but did not make the least compliment or request to Mr. Thomson for the so long and free use of his house, furniture, and provisions, nor so much as call for his landlady or landlady to return them thanks. Perhaps, in the Guesztow, this rude and boorish demeanour might be found in the caves and anxieties which troubled the dual mind; but apology were superfluous for the amiable thief of one of the gallant officers of his suite. The well-known General Hawley having obtained possession of the dwelling of Mr. Guesztow of Halliburton, on the understanding that everything was to be locked up, sent a messenger on the morning after his entry, demanding all the keys. 'My answer,' says Mr. Gordon, 'was that my maid was gone to market, and that as soon as she returned she should carry them to him; but before she did return I received a second message, that he would have them that

minute or he would break open all the locks. I then sent him the keys by his messenger." In the evening the lady was waited on by Major Wolfe, who informed her that, "though her loyalty was suspected, by the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley's order, she was deprived of everything except the clothes upon her back." The officer having politely added "that he would use his interest with his Royal Highness to obtain for her any particular thing she could have a mind to," "I then desired," she continues, "to have my tea; but the Major told me it was very good, and that tea was scarce in the army, so he did not believe I could have it. The same answer was made me when I asked for my chocolate. I mentioned several other things, particularly my china. That, he told me, there was a great deal of it very pretty, and that they were fond of china themselves; but, as they had no ladies travelling with them, I might, perhaps, have some of it." Mrs. Gordon represented her grievances to the Duke by a petition. But, though assured that everything should be restored to her—"when I sent, always, 'for a pair of breeches for my son, for a little to buy myself for a bottle of ale, for some food to make bread because there was none to be bought in the town, all was refused me.' But the magnanimous Hawley was not content with the unrestrained use of the claspnet. 'On the eve of his departure, he packed up,' says the lady, 'very bits of china I had, all my bedding and table linen, every lock, my repeating clock, my worked screen, every rag of my husband's clothes, the very hat, breeches, night-gown, shoes, and what stairs there was of the child's, twelve tea-spoons, strainer and tongs, the japedd bread that the chocolate and coffee cups stood, and put them on board of a ship in the night time.' The last tea equiptage was directed to the Duke of Cumberland, at St. James's, and the set of coloured table china was directed in the same manner. The rest of the things were directed to General Hawley. 'In short,' says the lady, 'a house so plundered, I believe, was not heard of in this country, and was made up my loss; nor have I at this time a single table-cloth, napkin, or towel, tea-cup, glass, or any table convenience.' After these heroic actions, the Duke departed from Aberdeen on the 8th of April, leaving behind him a garrison of 200 men, who were stationed in General Hawley's house, and reckoned by a ditch and rampart, and dignified with the title of Fort Cumberland. On the extinction of the rebellion the Magistrates presented the freedom of the town to the victor of Culloden, 'to whom they paid,' says Kennedy, 'many high compliments on his bravery and good conduct.'

We close the volume with an incident exactly a hundred years old, and worth extracting—"On Friday night last, there was a *morning concert*, at the concert Hall, on account of his late Majesty's death. There were upwards of one hundred ladies, all in deep mourning, besides a great number of gentlemen. There were anthems sung, and the music solemn and suitable to the occasion; and the whole performance was reckoned by connoisseurs exquisitely good, and gave great satisfaction to the audience."

The idea of making music and creating "great satisfaction" out of the death of George the Second is exquisite and characteristic; but the volume abounds with indications of character, both individual and national.

History of the Press in France—[Histoire Littéraire du Litteraire, &c.] By Eugene Hottel. 5 vols. (Paris, Poulet-Malassis.)

As investigation into the origin of newspapers is one of the most curious and interesting that can be made. We can hardly conceive the immense vacuum that would be felt in modern society if, for a month only, Europe were to be deprived of its journals. In fact, our social condition may be said to rest on the daily press. It is therefore worth while to trace the birth and growth of this great power in a country like France.

It appears that journalism awoke almost

simultaneously in France, England, Germany and Italy in the sixteenth century. The religious wars, and the violent controversies to which they gave rise, were probably the original cause of the great thirst for information which arose in various parts of the world. Who published the first periodical newspaper is a controversial question. Suffice it to say, that the once generally received notion, that the old word *Gazette* came from Venice, where a daily report of commercial news was supposed to be sold for a small coin called a *Gazette*, is without foundation,—at least, no trace of any such paper has yet been found. Newspapers were at first distributed in manuscript,—but as soon as the art of printing was diffused throughout Europe, this easy mode of increasing the circulation was generally adopted. At the same time, manuscripts were not altogether laid aside, for we find one of the first English journals, *The Evening Post*—complaining that so many people in the country still paid 3d. or 4d. sterling annually for these manuscripts, when a regular printed paper could be supplied to them at a far less cost.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Theophrastus Renaudot, after having established an agency for news in Paris, commenced making manuscript copies of the most curious and interesting facts thus collected,—but finding his task too laborious, he asked permission of Cardinal Richelieu to print these papers periodically, which permission was granted, and Renaudot gave the title of *Gazette* to the first number of his newspaper, which was issued on the 30th of May, 1631, and was published regularly once a week. This collection, which was continued till the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789, comprised 161 volumes. It is worth remarking, that the publication of two editions of the same paper on the same day is not of modern date. From the year 1762 until 1778, *Le Journal* or rather *Revue de la Gazette*, which was its title—had two different editions, one in small type in two columns, the other in large type, with the line running through the whole page. The insertions in this paper cost 30 sous for thirty lines, and 7 sous per line when the article exceeded thirty lines. As may be imagined, under the reign of monarchs like Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth, the *Gazette* was allowed no liberty of opinion, and a vigorous censorship was exercised over its contents. In 1702, the *Gazette* appeared twice a week, and cost 12 livres a year. The title was changed to *Gazette de France*, and the royal arms were printed on the first page.

It is a curious fact, that in England as well as in France the writers of newspapers, that new institution so eminently useful to the interests of the nation, were at first looked upon with great disapprobation,—and Ben Jonson and Shilley treated them very contemptuously in their comedies. Mille de Longueville, afterwards Duchess of Nemours, wishing to be kept au courant of the weekly news in Paris, enlisted Lorent, one of the poets of the day, in her service, who undertook the task after a somewhat original and difficult fashion. He printed his *Muse Historique* in short rhymed verses, in 1652. Two years previously he had distributed his chronicle in manuscript,—but this new form of *gazette* was so eagerly sought after, that he was obliged to put his popular newspaper into type, and for fifteen years it continued to appear periodically. It is still a very curious collection, containing in more than 400,000 verses all the principal events of that epoch.

The political newspaper, as we understand it now, was not then known,—and if it had been

attempted France would have been too hot to live in; but in 1672 sprang up another literary paper, *Le Mercure Galant*, which under the successive names of *Nouveau Mercure* and *Mercure de France*, lived long enough to reach the enormous bulk of 1,800 volumes, and expired only at the beginning of the present century. From the latter end of the seventeenth until the middle of the eighteenth century, a great many other weekly and monthly journals were published in France, but all of a literary or scientific character.

The first daily political paper was the *Journal de Paris*, on *Poste du Soir*, published in 1777, seventy-five years after the first London daily newspaper, *The Daily Courant*, as it was called, of which the first number bears the date of March 11, 1702. The French editor took his hint and borrowed his title from the *London Evening Post*. Anterior to the *Journal de Paris* as a political paper was *Le Chef de Cabinet des Princes de l'Europe*, called also *Journal de Verdun*, commenced in 1704, and officially suppressed in 1776; but it only appeared monthly, and did not therefore answer to the necessity, more and more felt by the public, of possessing some daily information regarding the political events of Europe.

The first name that attracted attention in France as the political editor of a newspaper was the celebrated Linguet, who sustained his position for twenty years, and whose writings were exceedingly troublesome to the Government. In 1774 he became manager of the *Journal de Politique et de Littérature*, better known under the title of *Journal de Bruxelles*, although it was published in Paris. His attacks spared nobody—ministers, parliament, princes, philosophers, all came under his lash. Two years later he was forced to retire, and a less violent politician undertook the editorship, but the paper fell to the ground altogether in 1785. Linguet was obliged to escape to Brussels, and then to England, where he published his "Annales Politiques," full of virulence and party-spirit. At length he was enticed back to Paris, where he was arrested and put into the Bastille. He remained there two years, and regained his liberty only to terminate his life soon after on a scaffold.

But before we arrive at the periodical press during the French Revolution, let us stop for a moment to consider a new phase of critical journalism in France. For five or six years public attention had been divided between the stinging articles produced by Linguet and the *Courrier de l'Europe*, on the staff of which we find the celebrated names of Morande, Briost de Warville, and the Count of Montlosier. This Anglo-French newspaper began to circulate in London in 1776, when England was yet almost a *terra incognita* to the rest of Europe. The political life, the laws and institutions of the country, were generally ignored. The projector of this new journal, which was published in French in London, promised, among other novel features, to give faithful extracts from the fifty-three newspapers which appeared every week in that metropolis. The *Courrier de l'Europe* was announced for publication twice a week, at the annual cost of 48 livres, or 6d. a number. It was in this paper that France and the Continent learned the details and the political complexion of the war with America, and it was instrumental in promulgating many of the revolutionary principles. In 1789 it ceased to exist.

For some years past the tide of that mighty ocean, Public Opinion, had been rapidly ascending, and it was destined in its course to overthrow all barriers against the free expression of popular hatred towards an oppressive

government. From May, 1789, until May, 1793, at least a thousand different newspapers appeared.

"In the space of a few months," says Louis Blanc, "France was inundated with printed sheets of every tone and description—weekly, monthly, quarterly; royalist, radical, moderate, and frantic; distilling poison or emitting abuse, disseminating error, encouraging calumny, proclaiming facts, echoing every expression of passionate anger, irradiating every awakening idea." The titles alone of these periodicals occupy three pages of the work we are examining. It would be impossible in our limited space to enter into any detailed account of them; but many very curious particulars are recorded by M. Eugène Hatin in the fourth volume of his *'Histoire de la Presse'*. Nearly 500 pages are filled with extracts and comments, which give an excellent sketch of that fearful period when shameless and unbridled passions availed themselves of the daily popular journals to propagate the most abominable and the most vindictive principles. Such a state of things could not last long, and the famous 18th Fructidor was the Saint-Bartholomew of journalism. It was revived under the First Consul; but only existed in a very despicable state.

The work of M. Hatin is remarkable for its careful research, and for its impartial investigation of the various sources of information. The book will be read by those who feel an interest in that most powerful, popular and political engine, the Press.

A Handbook for Travellers in South Wales and its Borders, including the River Wye. With a Travelling Map. (Murray.)

It has been said of Wales, that she was conquered for her grain and subdued for her advantage; and though pretty phrases are not invariably based on truth, these well-sounding words are really as susceptible of demonstration as a mathematical problem. Some three centuries ago, the country was still panting after the exhaustion of long and savage wars. Its subjection did not suddenly turn to its profit. Between the period of its conquest under Edward the Second and the new administration of the province under Henry the Eighth, the valiant little Welshmen only sullenly acquiesced in the condition of things imposed on them, and had not yet learnt to turn that condition to advantage. They had been an essentially fighting race; to bear arms and to use them indicated their natural condition. They were not a producing people; and they hardly knew that vocation to take up, since their old one was to be exercised only under healthy restrictions. But this transition state at last found its limit. In 1560, one Richard Hanbury, a London goldsmith, tenant at Pontypool of a piece of land, for which he paid 9s. 4d. annually, discovered iron beneath the surface. He was obliged to smelt it with charcoal, and, in consequence, to denude the hills of their timber; but thenceforth commenced a new career for the whole Principality. We are now in 1860, and a more glorious tri-centenary was never celebrated by lucky country. Wales was no longer to be merely martial, but she was to be rich in some of the sinews of war. Her treasures of iron would have been of comparatively small value to her without her vast coal-fields, with the excellence of which our amiable neighbours, the French, are so well acquainted, that they are amongst the best customers in that particular market.

South Wales most abounds in these minerals; but the working of them has been pre-emptive of great profit to the Principality at large. The latter has been opened out both

for commerce and pleasure; and where men once assembled to cut each other's throats, and where only a solitary timid traveller was once occasionally to be seen, the sons of honest toil, with the gentlemen who profit by them, now assemble in larger numbers than were to be found in some of the old armies got together by native belligerent princes; while excursionists swarm over the land, and travellers wand'ring or tarry without fear of brigands, though not without molestation from beggars, who love not the Saxon.

It need hardly be said that the "improvers" of Wales have had numerous adversaries. Coal and copper have made a thriving place of Swansea; but the more there was long conservative; and last century, when a great coal-owner substituted waggons for pack-horses for the transfer of the mineral through the town to the quay, he was menaced by the people with prosecution, "for turning the beer in their cellars sour by the jolting of his heavy carts."

Altogether, proprietors here have been men of great spirit and energy where the furtherance of their interests was concerned. Thus, the mineral districts used to be considered practically useless; but about a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Craze discovered that, by using hot instead of cold blast, the anthracite made excellent iron,—a discovery which has subsequently built up many a fortune. Of the mineral districts and their population, the author of *'Murray'* thus speaks:—

"The vast population, which occupies the mineral districts offer a never-failing market for the farmers for many miles round; those who are near enough supplying the more immediate agricultural producing while those of Cardiganshire traverse the country with their light carts filled with salt butter and bacon. Until lately the mining population was a great deal too busy in the pursuit of the earth to think of what might be done on the surface; but within the last few years a great saving must have been effected by the enclosure of large quantities of waste land, on which good though rather late crops are grown. Even Merthyr, smoke-blackened and coal-grimed, has produced its Agricultural and Horticultural Association, the effects of which have been in many instances to cover the desolate-looking 'tips' and rubbish-heaps with rows of potatoes or turnips. Besides the actual amount of produce, it will be easily imagined what a softening influence such tastes and occupations have upon the hitherto rude miners and colliers. The character of this section of the Welsh population has wonderfully improved in the last ten or fifteen years, which must be a source of congratulation to those who remember the lawlessness and ignorance which characterized the district, and the fearful rise to which it gave birth. Of course when the amount of labour is so enormous, misunderstandings will often arise, which if not adjusted cause strikes and bitter feelings between master and man; but even these latter, unfortunate as they are, are seldom or never marked by appeals to physical force. This improvement must be ascribed principally to education and the force of public opinion, which amongst this class of people is a powerful motive. It must be confessed that Dissenters have been the principal agents in humanizing and softening the mass, the Church of Wales having been, with a few honourable exceptions, deplorably backward in seeking their flocks. Throughout the whole of the country a very great change is apparent; the number of churches and schools have very much increased both in the dioceses of Llandaff and St. David's, and to more earnest spirit is apparent both amongst clergy and laymen. Whether the Church has done very much in coping with Dissent seems doubtful; and it is to be feared that not very much will be done until the hostility of feeling evinced by many of both parties, but principally of the latter, a considerably mitigated might be naturally expected, the number of dissenting chapels is very much greater

in the mining districts than in any other part of Wales, and indeed bears a marked superiority to buildings of the Episcopal Church; but then it must be remembered that these are the very districts which have far outgrown any parochial ministrings; and that, as a private speculation, it is far more easy to run up a meeting-house than it is to provide a church."

So far of the "ministry," but what of the proprietary? Let us look into Merthyr-Tydvil, which, in the last half-century, has risen from an insignificant village to a town of 70,000 inhabitants.

"It might have been supposed that a large portion of that wealth, which has so long found its way to each class in its degree, would have manifested itself in the arts of cleanliness, and that the metropolis of the iron trade would have exhibited in a pre-eminent degree the characteristics of a well-built, well-ordered town. This, however, has been the case to a very limited extent only; and, although the apathy of the inhabitants has, within the last few years, been stirred up, and public opinion has ashamed the wealthy proprietors out of their neglect, much remains to be done. The streets are now lighted and drained, and the superior quality of a Local Board, and a suburb of neat villa-like houses has sprung up in the south portion of the town; but the rows of workmen's cottages which form the mass have still many deficiencies, and more particularly that of water. Although the town is surrounded by clear and copious springs, and the Taff flows through it, clean water is still a desideratum, which it is to be hoped will be soon supplied, as there appears to be at last a chance of the establishment of large water-works, a *quarto* rents which has agitated Merthyr for the last ten years. As it may be expected, the usual sequences of such a state of things has followed: fever, smallpox, and cholera have from time to time reaped a rich harvest amongst the inhabitants. From calculations of the Health of Towns Association it appeared that, while at Treparan in Cardiganshire, the most healthy district in South Wales, 12.1 per cent. of the population live to between 80 and 90, in Merthyr only 2.6 per cent. attain to it. For this state of things there was no excuse. It stands 500 ft. above the sea, open to the sun and wind, and of declivities almost steep, with the aid of the frequent rains, to keep the streets free from all accumulations. It is surrounded by lofty mountains on every side, from whence at night the view is wild and vivid in the extreme, the whole valley being lighted up with the glow of the different works."

As great a contrast between things past and present offers itself at Cardiff. In the castle there, during three dozen years, Robert, the rightful heir of William the Norman, suffered weary imprisonment. Around the once desolate spot there is now a teeming life of freemen. The late Marquis of Bute so clearly saw the importance and the certain prosperity of Cardiff, that he staked his whole estate in projecting and carrying out the great Bute Docks. The Stuart family improved the property they obtained by marriage with an heiress, and the head of the house is of more importance now than was the old owner in ancient times. When the Lord of Coity was compelled to follow the Lord of Cardiff wherever he went whenever he came in the neighbourhood of Coity to hunt, Cardiff was once only noticeable for its dullness and its poverty; but in these more lively days it is a bustling and prosperous town, reckoning its exports of coal and iron by millions of tons, its shipping by thousands, and their tonnage, again, by millions. Having thus glanced at the land, let us now turn to some of those who have figures upon it.

To people who see, in the places where great men have been born, or where they distinguished themselves, shrines worthy of excursionist-pilgrims, South Wales is pecu-

liarily attractive. These great personages embrace a wide variety of individuals—from the not over-orthodox Pelagius to the truculent Judge Jeffreys; from Crookback Richard to that other Richard, the irresistible Dean Nash. At Swansea was born the father of English poetry, Gower. Near Carmarthen, at the farm of Ty Gwyn, Steele is said to have written his "Constant Lover"; and from Welsh scenery Dyer derived much of the native beauty which has conferred life upon his verses. South Wales is, however, less proud, perhaps, of any of these than it is of De Barri, that Giraldus Cambrensis whose birthplace, at Manorbier, once the pleasant locality in all Wales is now so drear and desolate. In this portion, too, the Principality Wesley first preached, laying the foundations of that dissenting edifice and strength, in comparison with which the Established Church, however willing, appears in Wales so weak and unenergetic. While the immediate followers of that great Reformer were doing much for religion in the Principality, a strolling company of "vagrabonds" was doing something for the stage. Old Roger Kemble, with his children, born here and there, in public houses, or in uncertain homes for the nonce, was giving new voice in Wales to the old and neglected dramatic poets. If the Welsh celebrities are thus of great variety, it is further to be seen that the same variety may be discerned in distinguished members of the same family. Vaughan of Dunraven was an assassin who built up a fortune by holding out delusive lights to ships in distress, which he plundered when, trusting to his false guidance, they had run upon the rocks. But these Vaughans seem to have become civilized by courtly favours, and one of them, the Earl of Carbery, gave refuge, and more than refuge, to Jeremy Taylor, when an asylum and protection were of the utmost importance to that celebrated scholar and divine. In illustrious thieves, also, South Wales is remarkably rich or unfortunate, according as people look upon these personages and their doings. Some of them were as witty as they were unscrupulous, great rascals only because their incomes were uncertain. When they could get hold of an heirship with some valuable acres of land and a fixed revenue, the plausible rogues settled down as respectable married men, subscribed to local charities, and went duly to church.

This last process, however, did not call for much sacrifice of time, that is, if many districts enjoyed the same privilege possessed by the people of Bedwely, who had a right to have a sermon preached to them once a month, if they chose to ask for it.

Before leaving this matter of great men, we will remark, that Usk cannot be (as here suggested) claim Edward the Fourth for one of its native sons. His common designation of Edward of Rons, by which he is called in old histories, clearly points to another birthplace. We will also direct the author's attention to one or two passages which will require to be revised for a second edition. The introduction of the Flemings into Wales seems to be variously accounted for. They are said, in one place, to have been invited from Flanders by Henry the First; in another, to have been driven out of their own country by inundations. So, of the death of Llewellyn, the last of the native princes of Wales, two accounts are given, at pages 76 and 108, where not only do the details vary, but the dates differ by ten years.

We have spoken of the wit and the impudence of Welsh thieves; and there is something laughable in the fact, that throughout this book the like qualities are to be traced nowhere

except in the Bishops of the see. Here is a striking record:—

"Llandaff is a place of high antiquity, and if not the Christian base erected in this island, was certainly the seat of the first British bishopric, having been founded early in the fifth century. The first bishops were Dubritius and Teilo, still revered as holy persons throughout the Principality. Bishop Urban, consecrated 1108, consecrated the cathedral (though perhaps all that he built was a portion of the presbytery), which he completed by his successors down to Bishop Marshall. The see was utterly impoverished at and soon after the Reformation, when the Bishop caused himself to be announced at court as the Bishop of 'Aff,' informing the sovereign in the quaint humour of the age that the land was taken away. Although many of its later prelates held considerable Church preferment elsewhere, none of their wealth has been given or bequeathed to the restoration of their cathedral. About 1717 Llandaff was in serious danger of being abolished altogether, the proposition having been entertained of moving the see elsewhere. In 1780, however, the sum of 7,000*l.* was collected for the purpose of preventing the whole building from going to ruin, and sufficient evidence of the villainous manner in which this money was expended is given in the Italian doorway and spire which at present shut off the choir from the nave. Brother Ems was the last Dean of Llandaff, in 1820, and from that time for more than 700 years that office was vacant until the appointment, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, of Dean Knight, by whom the new works were begun."

As a parallel, or a contrast, with the above, the following brief history of St. David's, and an illustration of the character of one of its Bishops, are not less striking:—

"The history of the see commences about the end of the fifth century, when St. David, who had succeeded the holy Dubritius as Archbishop at Caereion, removed the see to the wilds of Menevia, though by some it is supposed that St. Patrick carried the name of Christianity to still earlier times. Amongst the people attracted by David's learning and piety were St. Aidan, St. Teilo, and Paternus, the patron saint of Llanabbad. It was about this time that the Pelagian heresy was checked by the preaching of St. David at the cathedral now known as Llanedwini Bred. The present cathedral was built by Bishop Peter de Leia in 1176, after it had 'been often destroyed in former times by Danes and other pyrates,' although in successive years it became much dilapidated, at one time by the fall of the tower, which crushed the choir and transepts, and at another by an earthquake, to which the very insecure-looking bulging of the north wall of the nave may be attributed. At the hands of different prelates it underwent different degrees of enlargement and decoration, according to the devotion or architectural capabilities of each, though of all the long line of Bishops, Gower, who flourished in the fourteenth century, did more to adorn it than any other. In contrast with whom stands Bishop Barlow, in 1536, who not content with alienating much of the Church property, is said to have stripped the head of the Bishop's Palace as well as from the castle at Llanedwini. In order that he might provide portions for his five daughters, who married five bishops."

Neither Episcopacy nor Dissent has rooted out a certain belief in old traditions, or a certain modified observation of ancient customs. St. Gower's poetical of red clay are still held specific for certain complaints. The fissure in the mountain near Abergavenny is still believed to have been caused by the earthquake which attended the Crucifixion; and the resting of a corpse on a stone, with the psalm sung over it, to release it from evil ere it is consigned to the grave, is supposed to be a relic and a modification of some old mortal fashion of the Druid priests and Celtic people.

Of the old families who have long held land in Wales, this volume contains many interesting

notices,—among them are the Nevilles who have been seised of the lordship of Abergavenny uninterruptedly since the reign of Henry the Third; and the Myricks, who hold an exhibition-house, with a charge of admission tariffed at one shilling per head. For its notices of families alone, the book would have a certain value; but, in fact, its interest is of a more general character. The traveller, with these pages in hand, may go over the country in intelligent companionship, who may be his object; and when his travels are concluded for the season, the "Handbook for South Wales" will serve to keep up in his mind the memory of many a fact worth cherishing.

NEW NOVELS.

Lady Aubrey; or, What Shall I Do? By the Author of 'Every Day.' (Saunders, Olney & Co.)—*Lady Aubrey* is a thoroughly "amiable" novel,—all the persons contained in it partaking more or less of warm milk and water. *Lady Aubrey*, the heroine of the tale, is a remarkably pleasing young woman, less than a highly fashionable life in London, and spending the greater portion of her time in continually asking her question,—'What shall I do?' Her husband (a very "nice, kind man") and her father, Mr. Colville, partners in a large banking-house in the City, become suddenly impoverished, and *Lady Aubrey* answers her question by submitting with æsthetic patience to live at "a beautiful villa," near B—*—* Park. She even cheerfully puts up with the inconvenience of possessing only two carriages and four horses, "six women servants, a butler and footman (who has to go out with the carriage), a coachman and groom." In addition to these hardships, *Lady Aubrey* has the mortification of finding that her quondam friends are less *expressed* in their invitations than on former occasions, and is constantly overhearing rather cutting remarks upon "the folly of a woman whose husband is ruined" appearing in the park in London, so, for the future, she very wisely determines to remain at home, where she devotes herself to her mother, and converts her court-trains into cloaks for her baby. No sooner, however, has *Lady Aubrey* been brought, by dint of these misfortunes, to a state of mind bordering upon raptures in London, so, for the future, she unexpectedly makes his appearance upon the stage, and very soon dies, leaving her in possession of his "almost boundless wealth," which she, of course, employs solely in works of charity and benevolence, and becomes, we are delighted to learn, "a practically religious character." So much for *Lady Aubrey*! But we have also the history of another family, of the name of Hall, who appear to have no connexion whatever with the Aubreys, unless the circumstance of their suffering from the failure of the same bank can be reckoned as a very remote one. The young ladies of this family are, of course, all pretty, grace accomplished, the young gentlemen are equally good-looking and prepossessing, but have an unfortunate tendency to enter the army, get into difficulties, and meet with severe accidents. However, they are blessed with devoted friends, who go about paying all their little bit of fortune pour in from obliging uncles, and they meet with no lack of moneyed ladies, who fall in love with them on the spot, till each member of the Hall family is finally provided with a suitable partner, a country-house, and a good fortune, so that we are left in no sort of anxiety as to the future welfare. Altogether, '*Lady Aubrey*' is a pretty story, told in simple, unaffected language, and the characters have the merit of converting very much as real, live men and women might do, under similar circumstances, though they certainly say nothing very original, nor do anything particularly exciting. The moral of the book seems to be contained in the lines of Longfellow, quoted at the end—

Oh! fear not in a world like this,
And thou shall know, ere long,
Kind, loving friends, who think it is
To suffer, and to be strong.

If, however, a woman has no other so greater

"suffering" in the course of her life than the very misbegotten who which befell Lady Aubrey and her friends, she may consider herself a singularly fortunate person. Indeed, we fear she must be painfully weak, if she is unable to meet such adversities with becoming fortitude and even "sublimity."

The Daughters of Meriville. By S. J. West. (Newby.)—The author of this volume is entirely incompetent to her undertaking. There must have been, we suppose, some reason why she attempted the task of writing a novel: we have only to record that she has not succeeded.

The Man of Destiny: a Romance of Modern History. By L. A. Chalmers. 2 vols. (Newby.)—There are three romances jammed together in these volumes, without any other natural connexion than their propinquity. His Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon carries on his share of the book,—from his election as President of the Republic to the moment when he is proclaimed Emperor: he minds his own business, and is barely on speaking terms with any of the other characters. Mark Aveling is a revival of Mrs. Trollope's American hero, John Jefferson Whitlaw: he has dealings with a lawyer, who is as like Ralph Nickleby as if he were his brother; and there is a revival of poor old Newman Noggs in the person of the attorney's clerk. Leonard Wray and his half-sister are two remarkably foolish individuals, as destitute of character as of colour,—mere white sticks, to be shuffled about as the incidents of the story drift them. The sister is a dandy, whom her father and brother omitted to set free before his death, because her brother objected to recognizing the fact, that she was not born free! The whole story is a wonderful jumble of old novels and old newspapers, as incoherent and ill contrived as bad workmanship can make them. The story reads like a melodrama which has been cut down to fit certain pieces of scenery, and to finish off the various acts with striking situations or thrilling incidents, entirely regardless of the sense of the dialogue or the intelligibility of the story. It might be made into a play for a theatre where the audience care for what they see more than for what they hear.

Caroline Rectory: a Story. By George Graham. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—George Graham, or the young lady who writes under this name, has no vocation for writing stories: she has nothing in the world to tell, and she tells it stupidly and ill. "Caroline Rectory" is not up to the lowest level of common sense. We have read charming tales made out of materials quite as slight as those which make up the story before us. A young clergyman, who does not quite know his own mind, after hovering undecided betwixt two young ladies, chooses the prettiest and silliest,—though he has reason to believe his flirtation with the other has won as much of her heart as a discreet young woman will allow to go on an uncertainty. Of course, he repents his blindness at leisure when too late,—poetical and practical justice is rendered to his slighted love by a young baronet, of more virtues and revenues than he could need,—the young clergyman is jilted by the lady of his choice,—who is, in her turn, disappointed in her aspirations after a court-dress and diamonds, and is left at the end of the book a disconcerted spinster, alternating between Bath and Cheltenham. There is not a lively page in the book, not an individual in whom the reader feels the smallest interest,—the style and story are alike flat and foolish.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Life of the Rev. Thomas Coke, D.D., &c. By J. W. Etheridge, M.A. (Macmillan.)—Dr. Coke, a good, zealous man, was during many years, in which Methodism was struggling to consolidate and arrange for itself a separate existence among religious sects, Wesley's right-hand man. Thus, materially, he was by no means bystander, looked to as Wesley's successor; by other more jealous folk questioned and sifted and appraised, as one given to take too much on himself. Now, when the facts of his life—its casual mistakes—its constant industry in missionary proselytism—its occasionally impatient outbreaks of self-righteous indignation—of patient apology—come to be set in order, we

perceive that he was a man of the second class. Whatever may have been Wesley's motives, stations, cleavings to Orthodoxy and Dissent in the same embrace—autocratic attempts to control and asport opinion and faith,—whatever there may have been empirical in the orator's practising on the nerves of excitable people about him, the English Methodist movement was a great work. —Dr. Coke was a good man, a zealous imitator, indefatigable in disposing of his life and energy,—but in no respect (to judge from this record) qualified to wear the mantle of any departed Prophet. He was trusted by Wesley,—he went, as vicarary of the Methodist mission, several times to America. He wished, when an older man, to promulgate the views and tenets of his sect in India, and died during the passage. But, seeing (to trust our author) that there have been sundry biographies of Dr. Coke already written and acknowledged by the Convention, we are not here brought by any honour or detail or facts added to facts now before us to perceive the need of an improved and enlarged life of Dr. Coke.

Life of the Rev. Charles Edward Herbert Orpen, M.D. By Mrs. Lafanu. (Weston.)—This biography of another of the philanthropists is less valuable than the life of Dr. Coke's, precisely because it is more amusing. That with all Dr. Orpen's good intentions, his character was marked by a certain instability may be gathered from the story of his life and labours. For many years, as a Dublin physician in considerable practice, he occupied himself in founding the National Deaf and Dumb School, with every success by way of result. Then some dream of educating his sons in a peculiar manner made him throw up his practice in the Irish metropolis and establish himself as a schoolmaster at Birkenhead, over against Liverpool. This scheme not answering, he and the sons, during the last years of his life, officiated as clergyman in one of the settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. Dr. Orpen is described by Mrs. Lafanu as always earnest to do good; but she writes of her friend in that enthusiastic spirit which will not allow the soberest and wisest of men to be without warlike exaggeration which pervades this book inevitably destroys our trust in her powers as a biographer.

History, Theory, and Practice of the Electric Telegraph. By George B. Prescott. (Tribner & Co.)—This scheme, not less surprising than the last, was a very national view of the questions connected with the discovery and science of the Electric Telegraph. He professes to have investigated the claims of the several inventors and improvers with elaborate care; and has evidently mastered the literature of the subject, besides being thoroughly qualified in a practical sense; but he cannot, to all appearance, avoid giving way to an intensely American partiality. This must always be allowed, indeed, when a sober writer quotes dogmatic glorifications of his countrymen, and allows ballad-mongers to disfigure the seriousness of such a subject. A year from this date, however, Mr. Prescott's work is one of utility, as bringing together, in a manual form, accompanied by a synoptical table of contents and an alphabetical index, the main facts and figures which bear on the origin and development of the Electric Telegraphic system in Europe and America. The first section, entitled "Preliminary Notions," deals with the general theory of electricity, illustrating it in ample detail. The second treats generally of electricity as a telegraphic power. The third contains a full and interesting account of every apparatus which, whether in the New or in the Old World. A fourth is devoted to submarine and submarine lines. In a fifth, Mr. Prescott shows the actual state and progress of electric telegraphic enterprise. He then discusses the various applications of the principle, the difficulties to be encountered, whether in earth New, and, reverting to earlier efforts in pursuit of the same object, closes with a chapter of intelligent remarks on magnetism.

Lord Brougham's Law Reforms: comprising the Acts and Bills introduced and carried by him during his Legislature since 1811, with a Critical and Analytical Review of Them. By Sir John E. Easley.

Willmot, Bart. (Longman & Co.)—A horse that would keep up a dearly pace for a thousand miles might afford some idea of the rapidity and endurance of Lord Brougham. Whenever the time shall arrive for a review of his whole life (which time, we trust, may still be far distant), it will be found that his history is the story of our entire social progress during his period, and that the present volume gives us an outline of his career as a law reformer, and shows an amount of work done which would appear too great for any one mind; but which, in fact, has formed but a portion of the labours of Lord Brougham, whose idea of rest, as Sydney Smith said, is to do the work of only three men. This publication is but a reproduction of a portion of a former work, which was reviewed in the *Athenæum*. That work was swelled to an enormous size by the addition of all the Acts and Bills themselves, and was of the size of a large family Bible. We have too good an opinion of the public taste to suppose that any person peruses an Act or a Bill voluntarily. We, therefore, consider the alteration which has omitted the Acts and Bills in the present volume, retaining the summaries, to be a vast improvement. In its present form, it is a bit of useful material for the review of all who would learn how much may be effected by the constant activity of a single mind.

Pauline; or, Buried Alive: a Novel, by the Author of 'Monte Christo,' translated by J. Hay Hodgson (Hodgson), is a bit of melodrama in seeming rather than reality, fierce and thrilling. Feeble blue-fire is not to be endured—a storm that affrights nobody is apt to be rather duller than the most laden of entire calms. This novel,—the eighth of a new series issued by the publishers of 'The ParLOUR LIBRARY,'—is better translated than the average; but it was not worth translation.

Mr. Barnard Smith has published a series of Examination Papers, entitled *Exercises in Arithmetic*, Part I. (Macmillan), and adapted to his treatise on that subject. It is scarcely necessary to add that the exercises are carefully selected examples, which may be used with advantage by all.—Little need be said of Mr. J. A. Meen's *Historical and Descriptive Geography of Palestine* (Sunday School Union). We decidedly prefer the work on the same subject by Messrs. Chambers's "Educational Series." The illustrations and general getting-up of this volume are of an inferior order.—An excellent *German Reading-Book*, consisting of *German Tales, Anecdotes, Fables and Poetry*, by W. H. Just (Longman & Co.), has lately appeared. The pieces selected are of a more entertaining cast, and, at the same time, more judiciously arranged, with a view to suit the gradual advance of the learner, than is often the case. We should have preferred to have the meanings, which are given at the bottom of the page, at the end of the book.—It is a sufficient commendation to say of Mr. Meen's *Second French Book* (Longman & Co.), that it is a fitting sequel to his 'First French Book,' which it resembles in general plan and arrangement. The lessons for translation both ways are well adapted to illustrate and impress upon the memory the grammatical principles, which are stated with great accuracy and clearness.—There is also, much valuable matter in *French Studies*, by A. Havet (Stimpson & Co.); consisting of graduated conversations, easy exercises to be done at sight, and reading-lessons from standard French authors. The chief fault in this, as in other works by the same author, is, that it is too large to be got through in any reasonable time.—The Rev. J. Hunter is determined candidate for Civil Service Examinations shall not fail for want of assistance from him. He has lately supplied them with editions of Shakespeare's 'Henry the Eighth' and Johnson's 'Rasselas'; and now he appears with an *Interpretation and Explanation of Picta et Dignata* (Longman & Co.), which contains copies of letters written in the public offices and extracts from other official documents, as exercises for practice in the art in question. There is very little in the directions and explanations and given which will not be tolerably educated youth would prefer to be told.—*The True Distinction between Adjectives*

mean temperature of the earth would be increased, and the distribution of heat over its surface rendered far more uniform. HENRY HENNEST.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, Sept. 18, 1860.

ONCE again, last night, the streets of Florence were ringing with exulting *Viva*s and clash of patriotic hymns, flickering with torches, gleaming with lamps and banners from every window, and echoing to the tramp of thousands of feet till long past midnight. The tide of great events has been pressing on of late with breathless speed. Surge after surge of mighty tidings sweeps up the Peninsula from the rocks of the Faro and of furthest Scylla, and ever and anon some towering " ninth wave," dashing even to our feet, leaves us breathless with awe and exultation. The Deliverer stands triumphant in Naples, from whose walls the Bourbon has slunk away, signalling his flight only by a gracious remission of a third of the penalties justly awarded to the robbers and murderers now undergoing their sentence at the galley in what was late his kingdom. (Garibaldi, with not a file of his own soldiers to bear him company, flings himself into the heart of the great tumultuous city, which pours out its tens of thousands to welcome him; and that teeming, vociferating, volcano-passioned population, whose fiercer and blinder elements were but a few years back, a stumbling-block and a terror to the better among their rulers, and a fearful implement of vengeance in the hands of the worse, needs no iron curb to keep its huge impulses in check, and, through all its huge labyrinth of crowded streets and alleys, unwatched at last by the *stirco* and the *agente*, presents not one solitary act of violence to break the full rejoicing of the day, on which it stands face to face with the Dictator.)

But the news from Naples, glorious as it was, and deeply as it rejoiced all Florentine hearts, was yet far from availing in them that keen enthusiastic delight which was kindled last night by King Victor's noble Proclamation and the march of the Army of Italy over the Roman frontiers to rescue the luckless cities of the Marches and Umbria from the cold, tyrannous cruelty of the priest and blood-stained orgy of the mercenary. The wild enthusiasm of last year's campaign seemed to have come over us once more. The words of the Proclamation were in every mouth; those especially of the eloquent, manly postscript, which, as was soon known, had been dashed off by "Vittorio nostro" himself, when the statesman had done their work, and cautiously though firmly indicated the first part of the Proclamation. We all could swear we saw the flourish of his brave right hand, and the clear, frank glance of his honest eye, as we read the lines he addresses to his soldiers. And a paper of this same postscript, I must mention the ludicrous quibble, with some of our *Costi* gone, the attempt to impose on the credulity of the more illiterate of the people in Florence. The King says, "They call me ambitious. Yes! my ambition is to restore the principles (*i principi*) of order." &c. Now, by the subtraction of one, the word "*principi*" is changed into "*principe*" (prince), and the *Re* *Chastantissimo* is made to pledge himself to "restore the Prince of the cause of Order" (Heaven save the mark!), whereby, of course, are signified the trio of *ci-devants* who late held sway in the Duchies. It is a literal fact, for which I can personally vouch, that the contents of the postscript were thus garbled into the mystification of a great number of persons of the lower classes; and, when some one a little better informed remarked that the spelling did not quite tally with the pronunciation of the words, the answer of the *Costi*-teacher was, that the second *i* was only an error of the printer! The Proclamation was, with unequalled impudence, actually read aloud after this *improved* fashion, on the Ponte Vecchio, to a large assembled group, in the course of the evening, but the reader was treated, in return, to such a *solenne* *schiaffetto* (regular good hosing), that he speedily ascended from the postscript to the *principi*.

Another very significant incident, which will be useful as a warning to the partisans of Mazzini,

occurred between nine and ten at night, when the two great crowds, each with bands, torches and banners, which had been perambulating the city, met near the Piazza della Signoria, and moved on to the Pitti Palace, so fiercely they compelled the Prince Carignan to appear twice on the balcony and acknowledge their thundering *Viva*s with smiles and bows. Just as the two crowds met, an overzealous Republican (a Perugian, it is said) was mad enough to set up a shout of "*Viva la Repubblica*." Whereupon, instead of the encouragement he probably looked for, he was severely reprimanded by the crowd that had not been rescued, at some personal risk, by a few National Guards, and carried off beyond the reach of his assailants, he would probably have been made a martyr to his ill-timed profession of faith.

The news received today from the Roman Marches is not of a kind to damp the fiery exultation of last night. Before the Italian troops had been twelve hours across the frontier their work of deliverance was gallantly begun. Two Tuscan regiments, under General Cialdini, took the little city of Pesaro by assault, made prisoners the 1,200 (the security of many a country) who defended it, and who had the impudence to demand "the honours of war" on their evacuation of the fortress, which, it is needless to say, were peremptorily refused them. Our Tuscans behaved admirably, thus once again triumphantly refuting the silly parol-cries of reproach for lack of spirit, which are too often set up by such as know nothing of either the country or people. Many from our Apennine slopes and valleys are lying stiff and cold at this moment under the walls of Pesaro; but the city is free from its long bondage, and its ill-famed *Belmonte*, *Montesano*, *Baldi*, who had, in a true evangelical spirit, given leave to the garrison to *pillage the town* just before the Tuscans came up, has been sent off a prisoner to Turin. At Fossombrone, a new edition of last year's slaughter at Perugia has been enacted by the barbarous horde of ruffian soldiers in garrison there. Helpless old *Belmonte*, *Montesano*, *Baldi*, who stood in the walls, and the excesses which have been committed cry aloud for the Avenger, whose coming will not be long delayed. The garrison of Orvieto has surrendered to a body of a few hundred insurgents. Urbino, Fano, Sinigaglia, and many another place, which girdles round the triple city, have at this moment from their ancient towers; and, perhaps, even before I close this letter, we may have heard of the deliverance of brave old Perugia, which only a few days back was groaning and writhing again under "a rigorous state of siege," the police engaged in preparing a "list of suspected persons" to be dealt with summarily, and immense quantities of pitch being stored up in the fortress by *Lamarmore* for the avowed purpose of burning the city in case of attack!

In the midst of the tempestuous thunders and dazling lightning flashes of this latest act of the great Italian drama, the idea of a steadily gaining ground on every side, that this "Flower of all cities, city of all flowers," will be long be called to the high destiny of becoming the capital of united Italy. Between Rome and Florence the choice will certainly lie,—and mighty though the prestige against which girdles round her of the Seven Hills, the manifold objections which lie in the way of her supremacy need no formalizing to mark their importance. Even were that shadow of the Papal throne which now darkens the Vatican removed, as once before, to a domain beyond the Alps, yet the very idea which girdles round her of the Seven Hills, as the Metropolis of the Peninsula exists in the deadly malaria which for six months of the year renders it pestiferous to foreigners and perilous even to its Italian population. Centuries of improved drainage and enlightened cultivation may indeed lessen or remove the evil,—but meanwhile the *malum* Italy must have her capital, and money and weighty are the reasons which mark its site here. Shall we, indeed, see Dante's beloved little city of the narrow zone queening it among her storied sisterhood! Were the answer to be balloted for in Italy just now, I think it very probable that the answer would continue to be given by the future capital were to be chosen by the vote

of the Italian cities on the principle of election by which the Grecian general of old was chosen, that is, by the majority of second votes, there would be little doubt as to the result, for though Milan, Turin, Genoa, Rome and Naples doubtless would each give five hundred votes, yet the rest of each would assuredly be given to Florence.

Th. T.

OUR WEEKLY Gossip.

We hear that the Council of the Medical Benevolent Fund—which has made a disinterested appeal to the professions for aid, in place of holding its usual biennial dinner—have obtained in answer to their call, after paying all their expenses, the handsome sum of \$500.

We are glad to hear that the Somersetshire gentlemen who have carried out, with care and success, the plan of placing Blake in the Sizer Hall at Taunton, have resolved to have a companion bust of Locke. We shall be pleased to hear, from time to time, of their success—and all the more if the local patriotism proves itself independent of class. The case of Blake was perfect in all its parts. A bust of the greatest of Somersetshire heroes was gratuitously designed by the greatest of Somersetshire (as, indeed, of English) sculptors, and the necessary funds were raised by subscriptions among Somersetshire men. Something of this kind we should like to see repeated in the case of Locke.

Mr. Davis who, for four years past, has been employed, by order of the English Government, in excavating the remains of Carthage, has returned to his country. The results of his toil, which are of great antiquarian and historical interest, will be immediately published. Mr. Davis has made arrangements, we understand, with Mr. Bentley for his work, "Carthage and her Remains," being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa and other Adjacent Places.

Mr. Staines, the Engineer of Goods Stephenson, has engaged upon a similar task with respect to one of the earliest English engineers, Sir Hugh Myddleton.

The following notes by Dr. McDermott on a statement made by Lord Palmerston in a recent parliamentary conversation on the subject of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien, from Caledonia Bay to the Gulf of San Miguel; and whether the Government would co-operate with the Emperor of the French, who has offered a vessel of war and a staff of engineers to survey the line, which His Majesty has declared to be perfectly feasible! Lord Palmerston replied, that there was no political impediment whatever to the execution of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien; but that, on the contrary, the British, French, and American Governments were very desirous that the project should be carried out. After paying a just and well-merited compliment to Dr. Cullen, the energetic and enterprising projector, his Lordship further stated, that "the report of the engineer-in-chief of the expedition in 1854 was, that the canal was impracticable." Having been engaged on the project as the Engineer-in-Chief of the Egyptian Expedition, and having previously accompanied Commander Parsons, of Her Majesty's surveying ship *Scorion*, on his survey, I beg to state a fact, of which Lord Palmerston was not aware, and which totally nullifies, as it were, the report of the engineer-in-chief. As, namely, that the engineer-in-chief had left for England in April, 1855, to report the impracticability of the canal, Commander Parsons discovered and took the bearings of the valley, which the engineer had failed to find, and laid it down in his chart of Caledonia Harbour and Port Ezecon, published by the Admiralty in September, 1855. The entrance of the valley, which is the valley, the entrance of which looks towards the

north-west end of the Lessor Islands in California Bay, completely removes all doubt of the practicability of the canal; for, with the exception of about three miles of the country, which are crossed by the Cordillera, the rest of the line presents every facility for the excavation of a canal. Now, since the Cordillera, though appearing from a distance as a "backbone," is really intersected opposite California Bay by a deep valley, all that is wanting is a canal difficult to dig, and the original statement of the existence of a valley in that position, published by Dr. Cullen in 1852, as the result of his perilous and persevering explorations in 1849, 1850, 1851 and 1852, is proved to be accurate. Having myself seen the valley, and having tested Dr. Cullen's statements, which led to the organization of the expedition, and invariably found them to be accurate, I have no hesitation in repeating the opinion I long ago expressed, that, if Dr. Cullen had been permitted to guide the exploring party, or if the engineers had taken the course pointed out by him as the result of the expedition would have been completely successful.

"I am, &c.,
"WILLIAM McDERMOTT, M.D., F.R.C.S.L.,
"Surgeon, R.N."

Though not an author of books, or a painter of pictures, Joseph Locke claims a passing word of peace and remembrance from the *Athenæum*. As President of the Institution of Civil Engineers his name has been prominent for the last two or three years in these pages. The creators of the railway system are rapidly passing away: Stephenson is gone, Brunel is gone, and now Locke is gone. All these men have died comparatively young in years. Locke was only fifty-five. Dying in middle life, these engineers have, nevertheless, left the world more changed in appearance—its inhabitants more changed in manners and customs by their individuality than the century has been by the deaths of statesmen during 500 years. This is their best monument. The death of Mr. Locke has left the Presidency of the Institution of Civil Engineers vacant.

The following note refers to the earthquake in Kent, mentioned by Mr. Rogers last week, and referred to in the communication of Mr. Hickson in another column of this day's impression:—

"Dartford Heath, Sept. 19.
"Having read in the *Athenæum* of this week an account of an earthquake in Kent, it may interest Mr. Rogers, the writer, and others who read the book, to know that it extended to Dartford Heath, about four or five miles north of Lullingstone, the place mentioned by Mr. Rogers as the furthest point north where it was observed. I was lying down upstairs, in a room with no other above it, and heard, as described by Mr. Rogers's son, who was also in a top room, a sound as of a wagon passing; at the same time, I felt myself moved from east to west, and again to east. I got up to see what heavily-laden conveyance could have produced the motion and the noise that ceased so suddenly: there was nothing to be seen; so I concluded in my own mind that if the Dartford Pottery Mills had not been up, it must have been a slight shock of an earthquake. I had almost forgotten the circumstance, until I read of it in your paper. The time of day was the same as mentioned by your Correspondent.—Yours, &c., M. F."

The second edition of Mr. Poole's collection of the Earth and Man—claim publication of which we announced last week—is greatly increased in bulk. About a third of the matter is new, bringing down the story of ethnological and philological research since the date of the first edition.

Mr. Knibbs, of Chester, writes to complain of a misdescription in an advertisement which was pretty certain to mislead a country bookseller. This kind of misdescription is unfair:—"The glorious events that have been, and still are, transpiring in Italy are demanding the attention and the sympathy of the world, and the possession of information, and of maps of the country of the most authentic character, has become such a necessity that the issuing of false information and spurious maps, like the utterance of base coin, is a gross fraud upon the community at large. As a bookseller, a few days since I ordered from my

London agent a good cheap map of Italy, representing the land and passing events. The sent in an error map bearing, in large capital letters upon its front, the words 'The Seat of War in Italy,' and published by Messrs. —, of Fleet Street. I sent it to my customer, who yesterday returned it with a note, from which I make the following extract:—"Have you no better map of Italy than this one? You may notice that the partition line of the present movements in Italy. Publishers who resort to such means to take advantage of the public deserve exposure, and the public lose all confidence in productions issuing from firms guilty of such mendacity. If Mr. Wyld, or Mr. Stanford, would issue a good shilling map of the Seat of War, showing the progress of Garibaldi's army, and of Garibaldi and the Sardinians on the mainland, the authenticity of the work proceeding from them would be thus guaranteed, and the public would show their appreciation by readily purchasing the map prepared."—Frank is a hard term, and scarcely deserved. The words on the map, "The Seat of War in Italy," probably refer to the War of last year, in which case the description was then true. But as it is no longer so, it assuredly ought not to be used.

Mr. Panizzi recently stated, that wishing to ascertain if the galleries of the British Museum containing works of Art or natural productions were most visited by the public, he had the numbers of persons present in each section counted at the same moment. This was done for four weeks, and the result was, that there were more persons present than the last time the collections were increased of attendance on Saturday. The consequence of the early-closing movement has been very slight. Mr. Panizzi thought the public were not generally aware that that day is a public day at the British Museum. There are more readers on Friday than on any other day. He anticipates plenty of visitors if the Museum were open on Sunday.

The last post from Africa brought the sad news to Hamburg of the death of one of the most distinguished citizens of that town, Dr. Roscher. The bold traveller met with an untimely death. On an expedition for a further exploration of Central Africa, Dr. Roscher had arrived at one of the large inland lakes, on the western part of Zanzibar, where he was suddenly attacked in the night by two natives of the country, and killed in his bed by a poisoned arrow. His servants took to flight, and brought the melancholy news to Zanzibar. Their depictions were fully confirmed by a negro chief who arrived at Zanzibar a few days later. He had made the two murderers, who belonged to his tribe, prisoners, and delivered them up into the hands of justice. Their punishment was to be future travellers' food. Roscher, in the mean time, added another to the long list of scientific martyrs.

The General Meeting of the German Society for History and Antiquarian Science, which will assemble on the 18th-21st inst., will take place in the Royal Opera, which has been placed at its disposal for the purpose.

The *Paris Moniteur* communicates several letters from the correspondence of Napoleon the First, which the present Emperor has collected and will have published. The letters from this collection, now printed by the *Moniteur*, are from the year 1299. One refers to the Egyptian Expedition, and are meant to prove that General Bonaparte undertook the expedition not in the sense of a conquest only, but that he looked at it, or, at least, wished others to look at it, in the light of an act of civilization.

The *Moniteur* informs us that M. Chacornac, of Paris, discovered, on the 12th inst., in the constellation of the Whale, another new planet, of the ninth or tenth magnitude, the fifty-ninth of the group of Asteroids.

The French papers have published the pro-

gramme of the great Paris Art Exhibition, to be held in 1867. The Exhibition is to take place from the 1st of May to the 1st of July, and will consist of all nations—painters, sculptors, architects, engravers—are admitted. No artist, however, is allowed to exhibit more than four works. The objects for exhibition must be sent between the 20th of March and the 1st of April, 1861. Besides a great medal of 4,000 francs, smaller medals of 1,600, 500, and 250 francs will be awarded. Painting alone is to be honoured with twenty-one medals.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S Picture of "THE FINDING OF THE BAYLEIGH OF THE TEMPLE," contained in Jerusalem in July 1851, is now on view at the GERMAN GALLERY, 105, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.

MILLES, ROSA BONIHEUX's Pictures of SCENES IN SCOTLAND, SPAIN, AND FRANCE, are now on view at the GERMAN GALLERY, 105, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.

ESPLANADE HALL, FINCHLEY, entirely Redecorated.—Will Commence on MONDAY, October 1, HAMILTON'S EXHIBITION to the CONTRAST and BACK to BACK, HILTONS, on roads to Italy, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and the East. The Exhibition is a series of pictures, by the most eminent English and Foreign Artists, and is a most valuable and interesting collection, and is the most complete and complete collection of the present century.—(Glasgow, Mr. LEITCHER BECK, INGLAND. The National Museum by H. TOLLER, &c.)

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, MUSIC AND ART.—Will Commence on MONDAY, October 1, HAMILTON'S EXHIBITION to the CONTRAST and BACK to BACK, HILTONS, on roads to Italy, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and the East. The Exhibition is a series of pictures, by the most eminent English and Foreign Artists, and is a most valuable and interesting collection, and is the most complete and complete collection of the present century.—(Glasgow, Mr. LEITCHER BECK, INGLAND. The National Museum by H. TOLLER, &c.)

DR. BAUCHOPPE, F.R.S., Sole Lessee and Manager.

SCIENCE

Remarks on the Final Causes of the Secularity of Plants, with particular Reference to Mr. Darwin's theory 'On the Origin of Species' by Charles Daubeny, M.D. (J. H. & Jas. Parker.)

ALTHOUGH put forth in a mere pamphlet, it is well that the Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford should record his opinion of Mr. Darwin's theory, regarded from its botanical side. Estimating the discovery of the sexuality of plants as the greatest step which has ever been made towards obtaining an insight into the secrets of the vegetable organization—a principle which has of late been almost elevated to the rank of a demonstrated truth by minute observations,—he proceeds to say, that—

"those who believe with the Author (Mr. Darwin), that all animals, as well as plants, have sprung from not more than four or five progenitors, will trace in the sexual system the cause of the existence of all but the lowest forms of life; not indeed in the sense in which the vulgar understand it, as if no fresh individual of a species could have been called into existence by any other and simpler agency, but because no deviation from the primal type, and therefore no progress towards a more improved form, could otherwise have taken place, except indeed in a few exceptional cases, under the influence of different external conditions. For my own part, I am unwilling to be set down as rejecting an entire and well-qualified assent to the doctrine when pushed to its extreme consequences; for although I must leave it to Naturalists more equal to the task than myself, to enter the lists against an antagonist furnished with so vast an armory of facts, and gifted with as singular a versatility of applying them to the purposes of his theory, I must demur at considering the distinctive faculties of the beings that stand in higher ranks of the creation as mere developments of those which exist in the lower. I can hardly bring myself to believe, that the activity, the quick perceptions, the various instincts, which we observe in the vertebral class, have been elaborated out of the dull vegetative faculties of the invertebral class; and still less that the reason, the imagination, the moral sense of man, can have been owing to a mere expansion of the brain of the Gorilla."

Towards the conclusion, Dr. Daubeny adduces a counter-argument to the proposed theory which, though employed by some naturalists in the controversy, has not been perhaps as yet sufficiently estimated. The foundation of Mr.

Darwin's reasonings on the achievements of human skill in the domestication of animals, and the facts connected with domestication are those to which he constantly refers with confidence in support of his theory. "All the rest, however appropriate to the development of his argument, however well calculated to remove objections, or to impart a degree of probability to his speculations, seem either to lie beyond the range of actual experience, or to lend him only that indirect support which may be afforded by their accordance with the hypothesis, once assumed to be true. . . . But," continues Dr. Daubeny, "although human ingenuity has doubtless introduced many very striking deviations, both in plants and animals, from the original type, it has never yet, I believe, proceeded so far as to give rise to what naturalists would regard as a new species, that is, an individual incapable of producing a fertile progeny with any other member of the parent stock."

In connection with this pamphlet, may be read the summary of the arguments of Prof. A. A. Gray, which we presented in *Athen.* No. 1710. Thus the reader will have the calm pleadings of two distinguished botanists for and against the ingenious Theorist now taking his trial in the Court of Natural Science. Both botanists, however, agree that Variation and Natural Selection are "probably inadequate to the work which they have been put to."

MEDICAL BOOKS.

A Manual of Human Microscopic Anatomy. By A. Kölliker. (J. W. Parker & Son.)—Prof. Kölliker, of Würzburg, is undoubtedly one of the foremost of the anatomists and physiologists of the present day. His contributions to anatomy and histology during the last ten years have been constant, and have won for him European reputation. He is not only an original inquirer, but a systematic teacher, and amidst all his other labours he has found time to write, in German, two very considerable works on the subject of human microscopic anatomy. These were respectively entitled a 'Manual of Histology' and 'Microscopic Anatomy.' The former was translated in 1854 by Prof. Buxk and Huxley, with considerable additions from the latter and notes of their own, for the Sydenham Society. As this work was confined, in its circulation, to the members of the Sydenham Society, Prof. Kölliker has been induced to prepare a special work for the English public. The translation of the work was entrusted to Dr. George Buchanan, who has executed his task to the satisfaction of the author. The work, in fact, in its present form, may be regarded as a translation of the third edition of the author's 'Manual of Histology.' With the aid of the translation of Messrs. Buxk and Huxley, there can be no doubt that the present volume possesses an advantage in having been so recently published. In seven years many important observations have been made, and new views have been opened up with regard to the nature of the ultimate tissues of which the animal body is composed. No one living is more competent to give an exhaustive account of all that has been done for anatomy by the aid of the microscope than Prof. Kölliker; and the English student must regard it as fortunate that he should, himself, have undertaken the task of writing and superintending the translation of his work for the English reader. It is not always that a translation of a German work can be recommended as a text-book; but, in this instance, there can be no doubt that Prof. Kölliker has produced a volume that should find its way into every anatomical class-room in Great Britain.

On Obscure Diseases of the Mind and Disorders of the Mind. By Forbes Winslow, M.D. D.C.L. (Churchill.)—This work will, perhaps, be more acceptable to the general public than to that portion of the medical profession engaged in treating diseases of the mind. To the latter the subjects treated by Dr. Winslow will be found more or less familiar, at the same time, as each man's experience

is individual and peculiar to himself; all who are engaged in treating diseases of the mind will be glad to compare notes with one who has had so much opportunity for observation. Dr. Winslow deals in this work principally with the incipient and dissipated stages of the mind, which is so important for society that all should understand. It is one of the melancholy facts of every-day experience, that had those states of mind which lead to crime and other disastrous results been detected in their commencement, the evil deplored might have been averted. Instead of this, however, the result of a peculiar organization more a sudden development of mental obliquity, but comes on as the consequence of causes more or less under the control of judicious human agency. It is only as society becomes more or less alive to this fact, that we can expect to control the increasing tendency or diminish the large number of those who are the permanent occupants of our madhouses and insane asylums. Perhaps there are few men who have devoted their attention to diseases of the mind who are so capable of interesting the public on this subject as Dr. Winslow. His own long experience gives him a mean order, long accustomed to the use of the pen, and with observant habits of mind, he has produced a work eminently calculated to command the attention of the public. Without treating the subject technically, he has gone over the whole range of mental phenomena, and indicated those symptoms which betoken incipient disease, and the most important means of avoiding the development of fixed and irreparable disease. This work was originally written as an introduction to a more searching production, on the pathology of those structures more particularly involved in diseases of the mind.

Mind and Brain; or, the Correlation of Consciousness and Organization. By Thomas Laycock, M.D. (Edinburgh, Sutherland & Knox.)—Dr. Laycock has distinguished himself by his numerous contributions on the subject of the relations of mind and brain, and in this work he has endeavoured to give a systematic form to his views and speculations. The subject is one that has been increasingly attracting the attention of both metaphysicians and physiologists. The former have felt that the phenomena of mind with which they have exclusively dealt, are closely related and bound up with the phenomena of the brain, and the latter have exhibited; whilst the latter have seen that the more closely they have investigated the functions of the body, the more they have been drawn on to the region which the metaphysician has exclusively regarded as his own. Many rash attempts have been made to bridge over the gulf which has hitherto separated these two classes of inquirers; the most successful of these was the system of phrenology, which, great as were its defects, had, at least, the merit of attempting to combine and unify the two opposite classes of inquiry. The union, however, of physiology and metaphysics could never be effected by so shallow and superficial a system as that of Gall and Spurzheim. A body of facts, indicating the relation of matter and mind sufficient to command attention, should, at least, comprehend all the general laws that had been established by the physiologist with regard to the functions of the nervous system, and embrace the great laws of mental action which had been established by mental philosophers. Such a body of doctrine Dr. Laycock has endeavoured to lay before his readers in the volume before us. That he has solved the great questions that lie on the boundaries of this inquiry we cannot admit. But he has made a brave effort, and his work will repay attentive study. The great fault of his work is, that he has aimed to be too comprehensive. He has also written too exclusively from his own point of view, and the difficulties of his subject are not unfrequently rendered him obscure. Nevertheless, the book is highly suggestive, and cannot fail to add to his reputation as a mental and physical philosopher.

Cure of the Sick not Homœopathy, nor Allopathy, but Judgment. By John Spurgin, M.D. (Churchill.)—In this little volume Dr. Spurgin enters his protest against the system of curing the sick by hypotheses rather than the judgment that flows

from experience. Every right-minded medical man is as indignant at the charge of being an Allopath as he is at those who profess to practice as Homœopaths. The fact is, in the hands of its skilled practitioners, medicine has passed from the condition of an art, upheld by unscientific hypothesis to that of a science based upon precise principles. The schools of Homœopathy and of Allopathy, if there be such, belong to a past age; and their disciples are only to be found amongst the ignorant and the designing. Such doctors as Dr. Spurgin may serve to let a little light in on the minds of those who are led astray by the words, and who never rightly consider the true office of a medical man in the cure of disease.

Glycerin and Cod-Liver Oil. By W. B. Willmetts. (Baillière.)—This work, by a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society, contains a great deal of very valuable information about two important medicines, and will be found useful to those wishing to make themselves acquainted with their physical and chemical properties and therapeutic virtues.

Skin Diseases and their Remedies. By Robert J. Seaborn, M.D. (Churchill.)—This is a short account of diseases of the skin, and the author has made diligent use of the works of others, and seems to have fulfilled his intention of making his work "serve as a handy book for reference."

A Handy Book of Hydrography. By Joseph Constantine. (Wright & Co.)—This book, by a non-medical writer, is an epitome of the rubbish contained in larger works on hydrography, and may be found useful as indicating in some cases out of ten a course of treatment that ought certainly to be avoided.

FINE ARTS.

Handbook of Painting. The German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Based on the Handbook of Kugler. Enlarged, and for the most part re-written, by Dr. Waagen. With illustrations. (Murray.)

EVERY successive editor of Kugler has brought new material to the edifice; and those which were but little Handbooks have got larger and bigger until at last, in the instance before us, the simple volume has doubled itself, and appears as two volumes. There were many shortcomings in the old Kugler; and yet never was there a better foundation to build upon for a critic who might be ambitious of becoming an Art-historian and dispenser of immortality to bygone painters. Considering his "lights" and the opportunities of study afforded him, Kugler had produced a marvel of a book. But Dr. Waagen, not only by his official position and weight of personal standing, but by the very consideration of his dead predecessor's errors and shortcomings, had the signal advantage of finding the road beaten level for many a weary league of study and observation. His own opportunities and travelled experiences have been greater than those of the man whose book forms the foundation of his own; and, whatever may be the value of his opinion as a man of taste, there can be no doubt that for research he has hardly an equal in Christendom. Accordingly, he has taken poor dead Kugler's book all to pieces, honestly telling us as so on the title-page, and produced what is really a new and very superior work, as far as research and wider experience could render it so. This is a new Kugler, in fact; and, as a text-book for reference as to facts, more reliable than its predecessors. In keeping pace with the revised 'Italian Schools,' as edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Murray has done well to produce these volumes.

In mere bulk, it will be seen that much has been done; for truly the book appears undisturbed in its contents as a deliberate attempt of the peculiar branch of Art, and not as a Handbook, which was the law under which its predecessor

had birth. We find, with regret, in many places mere verbiage and self-indulgent digressions interpolated upon the well-known and often testy, yet we should do less than our duty if we did not state that, in very many more, novel information is inserted, and most of the statements as to dates, &c., appear to have been verified with creditable care. Kugler gave his attention with rather too much exclusiveness to the earlier masters of the schools he was treating upon. In the German section of his labour, at least,—for this cannot be said of him in that relating to the Italian painters,—that Dr. Waagen states it just. In comparison with the degree of labour bestowed by the late Dr. Kugler upon the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a large number of eminent painters of a later time may be said to have been far too scantily noticed. Thus, while several pages were devoted to Albrecht Altdorfer, such a painter as Cuypp was dismissed with a few words, and not one of his works referred to; and another great landscape-painter, Philip de Koninck, being omitted altogether. After this, Dr. Kugler gave a salvo, in the admission that his knowledge of painting, as well as sculpture and architecture, was such "that it is easily credible he should not have had time to devote to that close study of the later Dutch painters which they deserve."

Confessing in ourselves a preference for Albert Dürer over Teniers the younger, we cannot but feel that the school in question has had scant justice done to it. Although we entirely disagree with the estimate given of this famous man, yet, considering the general uses for which such a book as this is intended, we are thankful for the information that he married, first, the daughter of Jan Breughel, Rubens being one of the witnesses to the ceremony, and, secondly, Isabelle de Fren, daughter of the Secretary of State for Brabant. The old edition tells us that he became Director of the Academy at Antwerp: a statement to be found in the rest of the work. We observe, too, that the date of his death is rendered differently,—1600 in the earlier, 1604 in the later; in which latter statement we find Immerzell, one of the best authorities, to agree. Throughout, considerable differences are to be found in these statements of dates. Thus, according to the earlier editions, Rembrandt was born in "1606"; in the later, "at Leyden, on the 10th of June, 1606, in a malt-mill, half of which belonged to his father." The authority just referred to states the date to be "der 15 Juni, 1606."

To return: it was too bad of Kugler to omit entirely such a painter as De Koninck (or Koninck), whose wondrous perspectives and views over the vast Dutch levels, with their colour, force and tone, as such as render him, when worthily seen, second to few landscape-painters we know. Dr. Waagen supplies only half a page about him; but, considering his remarks in the Preface, is barely enough to justify him in laying down his predecessor so completely. As a landscape-painter, this artist is the rival of Rembrandt—in some respects, we are bold to say, his superior. Only in warmth of tint Rubens surpassed him. Yet we are inclined to think that for the peculiar effect aimed at by all three in the works where they can be compared, Koninck transcended either of his competitors, if they can be called such. Long, long stretches of level land, as far as the eye can see, hedges, tree-rows beyond tree-rows, for miles and miles of interminable length, that lose themselves in indistinct, yet ever-repeated line outstretching line;—overhead the pale grey cloud and thin-edged roofs of mist that cast no shadow;—through the level

a long river, in great reaches, stretches to the sea, farowing the plain like a wistful plough, daunted out of it to left and right, and having frequent villages upon its banks. Conceive all this, told upon a canvas in so narrow a space that a span broad will hide a province! Well may Dr. Waagen say, "These pictures are very attractive for their surprising truth of nature, for the sense of distance they convey, for their admirable drawing, warm and generally clear colouring, and for the spirited but finished execution in admirable impasto." We must differ from the author, if he means "finish," to be, as the word is generally understood, mere manipulation and elaborateness. De Koninck is by no means to be called a finisher in this sense,—his finish we could hardly ever discover to be in the foregrounds, which indeed are often weak, and unwrought to a certain extent; but the true finish is in that amount of thought and knowledge of effect and chiar-oscuro which is invariably to be found in the mid-distance and horizon of this singular painter's works. In the same time, his landscape-painter is seldom faithful in drawing, and often objectionable in colour,—leathery to us, rather than aliphary, as Dr. Waagen has it. His works are rare, the best to be found in England,—of which a notable example was at the British Institution last year. There is one in the Aremberg Gallery, one at the Hague, and one in the Uffizi. He was born 1619, died 1680.

Dr. Waagen does well to refer his English readers to examples of pictures for the most part in collections in this country, and to those in preference which are most accessible. He takes great credit to himself, at times well merited, for the care with which he has supplied information respecting those painters who either engraved, etched, or designed for woodcuts from their own compositions. In the case of Martin Schongauer, one of the most remarkable of this class, much information has been added, as well as several engravings executed in a very accurate manner. It is a pleasant acquaintance with the subject has enabled the present author to make, what it were unpardonable to omit, an acknowledgment of the peculiar humour of this great pupil of Rogier van der Weyden the elder. We opine he hardly does justice to the extraordinary element of the fantastic and terribly grotesque, so peculiar to this phase of German Art-culture,—which, in the case of this painter, approached the high imagination and great strength of Albert Dürer. Indeed, we suspect that his influence is to be found,—it does come in the form of plagiarism—in the work of that marvellous man, the crown of German Art. Vasari's statement, that Michael Angelo made a sketch with a pen from Schongauer's 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' shows the estimation in which he was held by the great Italians.

Much valuable information is to be found in these volumes upon the illuminated MSS. from the sixth to the sixteenth century, which afford a connecting chain for the history of Art. It is not often, however, that an author like Dr. Waagen contents himself with only the second place of merit in treating a subject. The reader will admire the following:—"The merit of having first traced this course belongs to D'Agincourt, in his well-known work. Next to him, I may venture to say, that I have pursued the same road, with still greater research, having given, both in my work on the Treasures of Art, in Paris and in England, as well as in an article in the German *Monatblatt* of 1850, a close description of a number of manuscripts with miniatures. After me, Kugler may be said to have entered the same lists." Considering the real value of Dr.

Waagen's labours, probably this might have been better left for his critics to state, unless he really meant to reserve his claim entirely to the chronological order, and not the merit of them. We have taken upon us to examine some of these statements that are so highly self-appraised by their author, and have chosen a handy opportunity afforded by the reference to the MS. Poems of Christina de Pisan, of which a magnificent illuminated copy is preserved in the British Museum (Harleian, No. 4431). A writer of Dr. Waagen's pretensions should, at least, carefully examine the work he refers to, especially when the point is of some importance in the history of Art. He refers to this MS. in the following terms, after speaking of what is really an admirable specimen of its order, the Prayer-book in the same collection (Additional, No. 16997), by a Netherlands artist:—

"Another MS., also in the British Museum, viz. the Poems of Christina of Pisan (Harleian, No. 4431), contains various good pictures by a Netherlands artist, who has chosen specimens of the conception of secular subjects, and also of subjects borrowed from mythology, are very remarkable. Among them are, a pretty young woman kneeling before a man, and the Marriage of Pelene, in which the feast is spread on three tables of the form of the time."

Now, we find near the end of this same MS., if we recollect rightly the penitential drawing, an illumination, the beauty of which should have led Dr. Waagen to appraise more highly than he does the productions of the period. This represents two lovers in a garden, leaning upon a rose-climbed trellis, while behind are the trimmed bushes proper to the time. As a work of Art, this is beyond any other example in the same volume, and as much in advance of the Prayer-book for which more praise is found by our author. The expressions are such that we know hardly any equals for them, and certainly no superiors. We admire this for drawing, grace, ease of design, and, to a certain extent, colour, beyond any illumination which has met our eyes. It indicates a far finer power than any of the others referred to in these volumes, suggesting that the illuminator was therein stepping out of his conventional trammels and becoming an artist in the better sense of the word. Let us commend it to Dr. Waagen's future study and admiration, in hopes that he will see fit to be more liberal to the school in future. A characteristic summation of the labour of other men treating his own subject follows this. It is sufficiently self-complacent, while the author acknowledges himself indebted to all.

Dr. Waagen's summary of the early history of what he calls the Teutonic Style in its second epoch—from 1450-1520—is so interesting, philosophical and so succinct, that we let him speak for himself:—

"The Brothers Van Eyck.—The Netherlands school, which, in the previous periods, had greatly distinguished itself in the art of painting, was also the first completely to work out its peculiar Teutonic element. This element manifested itself in the endeavour to express that spiritual meaning which these artists so strongly felt, through the medium of the forms of real life; rendering those forms with the utmost distinctness and truth of drawing, colouring, perspective, and light and shadow, and filling up the space with scenes from nature, or objects created by the hand of man, in which the smallest detail was carefully given. The great importance of such a development of the realistic feeling in painting, which had never been sufficiently acknowledged, may be thus explained. To it owe the purest evidence of that peculiar enthusiasm, both for Art and Christianity, with which the Teutonic race was imbued. As respects the Italians—the great leaders in Art among the

Romanesque nations—the relation to Art, as well as to the Christian religion, appears of a totally different character. The national peculiarity of their ecclesiastical painting rests, namely, on very different grounds from those on which that of the truly Teutonic Netherlands was based. The antique Roman race constituted the foundation of the population of Italy. Those Germanic hordes who poured into the Peninsula contributed but a portion to this population, and were gradually absorbed with it into a new form of unity. The Teutonic feeling for Art, and its conception of Christianity, became therefore strongly modified by the prevailing classic element. In addition to this, the existence of numerous monuments of antique Art in the country exerted from time to time a strong influence upon all artistic development. But though the combination of these conditions happily resulted in the finest productions of Christian Art, yet, when compared with the antique, and especially with Greek Art, they exhibit no such thorough originality as that displayed by the painting of the early Netherlandish schools, but must be rather considered as a happy cross between antique and Teutonic feeling. In the circumstance, therefore, that early Netherlandish Art, in its freedom from all foreign influence, exhibits to us the contrast between the natural feeling of the Greek and of the German races in the department of Art—these two races being the chief representatives of the cultivation of the ancient and the modern world—and exhibits this contrast in a purity and distinctness not traceable in any other form; in this circumstance consists the high significance of this school when considered in reference to the general history of Art. While it is characteristic of the Greek feeling to idealize not only the conceptions of the ideal world, but even that of portraits, by the simplification of forms, and the prominence given to the more important parts of a work of Art, the early Netherlandish, on the other hand, have conferred a portrait-like character upon the most ideal personifications of the Virgin, the Apostles, Prophets, and Martyrs, and in actual portraiture aimed to render even the most accidental peculiarities of nature. While the Greeks expressed the various features of outward nature—rivers, forests, fountains, hills, trees, &c.—under abstract human forms, the Netherlanders endeavoured to express them as they had seen them in nature, and with a truth which extended to the smallest details. In opposition to the ideal, and what may be called the personifying tendency of the Greeks, the Netherlanders next developed a purely realistic and landscape school. In this respect the other Teutonic nations are found to approach them most nearly, the Germans first and then the English."

We are informed that the author found his idea that a realistic school of sculpture existed, and had made considerable progress towards the middle of the fourteenth century was correct, and established on examination of certain monumental reliefs at Tournay. If Dr. Waagen had been as well informed upon architecture as he unquestionably is upon painting, he would not need to have doubted this point for one moment; any architect of the smallest experience could have found him scores of examples of sculptural art dating even before the time of the Claes Sluter, who wrought for Philip of Burgundy, in 1396; the statues that decorated the fountain of the Chartreuse at Dijon, which "show even a development of the realistic tendency and a knowledge of nature which places them on a par with the pictures of the Van Eycks." Our author's words thus applied to Sluter are applicable to many a sculptor before his time. How the carvings are there about our despoiled Cathedrals even in the Early English style, which erinocence as much knowledge as is here claimed for a sculptor who lived when the Perpendicular was going to decay! We do not speak of finish or elaboration, though much of that might be claimed, but of simple knowledge of nature. How many con-

hels, how many effigies are there yet existing, the realistic tone of which is as evident as such a thing can be. Our author would gather from the conclusion thus arrived at, "that sculptures in the Netherlands, as well as in Italy, took the lead of painting; and, as we are historically informed that the painters of Italy studied Lorenzo Ghiberti's celebrated Bronze Doors of the Baptistery at Florence, so we may safely conclude that a similar course was pursued in the Netherlands." The conclusion is not unfair, certainly; but we are not to imagine that Lorenzo Ghiberti was the earliest realistic sculptor Italy can show. Even if he were so, there exist plenty of instances of earlier date where the same end was aimed at, not with the same artistic felicity, but with none the less vigorous effort for all that. The fact is, this realistic tendency was but an exponent of the spirit of that age which found vent in literature as well as in Art in all Europe. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" afford a pregnant example. Men were getting to love Nature for her own sake, and the earnest Gothic spirit was breaking out in the North as well as in the South.

An elaborate analysis of the merits of Menging will be found in its due place in the history of the progress of Art, wherein full justice is done to his feeling for beauty and grace, also to his artistic excellencies—appreciation for half-tones in flesh, and the improvement he effected in aerial perspective and chiar-oscuro, as well as drawing. We do not find a sufficient recognition, however, of the spiritual element that underlaid the constant efforts of this painter or his master Rogier van der Weyden, and which informed with deep feeling all their realistic tendencies. Great credit is given to the pupil for his intensity of expression, which is as it should be. We can hardly agree to give Jan van Mahoe the priority awarded to him by Dr. Waagen, for "a solidity in carrying out of every portion such as few of his contemporaries attained." Indeed, it seems to us that the chief fault of this fine painter's works is a want of solidity of execution; they are elaborated enough to satisfy the most stringent of critics, but the treatment looks extremely thin and unsolid to our eyes.

The summaries which head the sections in these volumes are, probably, the portions which display Dr. Waagen's powers in the fairest light. Having traced the history of the German school down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, he examines the causes of its peculiarities. He states its inferiority to the best Italian masters, Raphael, Leonardo and Correggio, in ideality of conception, simplicity and beauty of forms, and grace of movement, to be partly owing to a difference in their innate feeling for Art, partly to the less favourable condition of beauty in man, nature and climate,—which causes are not enough to account for the difference he judges, and thus continues:—

"The taste for the fantastic in Art peculiar to the Italians, though it engaged the clever and spirited works, was still unfavourable to the cultivation of pure beauty. This taste, which the Italians had long thrown off, found, even in this period, favour with the Germans; scenes from the Apocalypse, Dances of Death, &c., being among their favourite subjects for Art. On the other hand, the pictorial treatment of classic literature, a world so suggestive of beautiful forms, was no little comprehended by the German mind, that they only sought to express it through the medium of those fantastic forms, with very childish and even tasteless results. We must also remember that the average education of the German classes of society, of princes, nobles, burghers, which the Fine Arts require for their protection, stood on a far lower footing in Germany than in that them

favoured land which, from the beginning of the fifteenth century, had taken the lead of all others. In Italy, consequently, the favour with which works of Art were regarded, was far more widely extended, and entailed a far higher standard of merit. This again gave rise to a more elevated personal position on the part of the artist, which, in Italy, was not only one of more consideration, but, owing to its pecuniary rewards, of incomparably greater independence. In this latter respect Germany was so deficient that the genius even of an Albert Dürer and Holbein was miserably cramped and hindered in development by the poverty and littleness of surrounding circumstances. It is known that of all the German princes no one but the Elector Frederic the Wise ever gave Albert Dürer a commission for pictures, while a writing addressed by the great painter to the magistrates of Nuremberg, tells us that his native city never gave him employment even to the value of 500 florins. At the same time his pictures were so meagrely paid, that for the means of subsistence, as he says himself, he was compelled to devote himself to engraving. How far more such a man as Albert Dürer would have been appreciated in Italy and in the Netherlands is further evidenced in the above-mentioned writing, where he states that he was offered 200 ducats a year in Venice, and 300 Philipinegulden in Antwerp, if he would settle in either of those cities. And Holbein fared still worse: there is no evidence whatever that any German prince ever troubled himself at all about the great painter; while in the city of Basle his Art was so little cared for, that necessity compelled him to go to England, where a genius fitted for the highest undertakings in historical painting was limited to the sphere of portraiture. The crowning impediments, finally, which hindered the progress of German Art, and also perverted it from its true aim, were the Reformation, which narrowed the sphere of ecclesiastical works, and the pernicious influence of the great Italian masters which ensued."

We believe that the innate feeling for Art, that is, recognition of the religious duties of the artist and the man, lay really at the bottom of all this difference in the works of the German school. In Italy, Art had ceased to be a purely religious exponent; and the fine spirituality which culminated with Fra Angelico vanished with him. Art thenceforward wrapped herself in somewhat ethnic robes, and departed more and more from nature in her simplicity in search of an ideal that was almost as concrete as that of the Greeks. But in Germany, especially with Albert Dürer, the thing was otherwise, and remained like a national interpretation of the feelings of the artists themselves, in expounding which they were contented, in their earnestness, to adhere to the simple nature around them. This could not be so ideally beautiful, but it was far more intense. As to the education of the princes and nobles in Germany, it must be remembered that education began with the middle classes. Hence the extensive sale of Albert Dürer's engravings to a larger but comparatively poorer class. In Italy, it was the well-blooded men who studied and were patrons of Art.

Dr. Waagen's appreciation of the works of Albert Dürer is not less than just and discriminating, high as it is. The peculiar Teutonic character of imagination that broods deep in thought in those most admirable works of this master—"The Knight, Death and the Devil" and the marvellous "Melancholia"; those perfect poems written with the etching-needle,—not, to be sure, with sufficient skill upon it. It is the abundance of this sweet fascinating quality that renders these works so ineffably great, and marks the mind of their artist inferior to none in the world for intellectual elevation. Nor do we find much notice of Dürer's merits in composition—a quality, amongst the highest in Art, in which he

exceeded. The examination of Lucas Cranach is more complete. What is meant by the statement that Hans Burgkmair and A. Altdorfer were the first Germans who wrought out the detail of their landscape-backgrounds in accordance with nature, we can hardly conceive. We cannot but join in the lament over the destruction of Holbein's frescoes in the balli's house at Lucerne, or the loss, if they be lost indeed, of the wonderful pictures of the Triangles of Riches and of Poverty, which Zuccherro placed on a level with Raphael's works. In the history of the decline of Teutonic art, the merits of Sir Antonio Moro, as a portrait-painter, are done ample justice to. We should like to see, amongst the list of the best of his works, some mention of that fine Jeanne d'Arche portrait in the National Gallery, which is, indeed, a masterpiece of handling and feeling for nature. This favourite of ours is not ascribed to some one else than Moro, according to the provoking way of Dr. Waagen.

Few critics will assent to the statement, that Van Dyke surpassed Rubens in intensity and elevation of expression given to profound emotion. Rubens's feeling was incomparably beyond that of Van Dyke. When the latter represented a person weeping, it was in rather a blubbering fashion, far from the natural dignity of his master. How the works of Van der Meulen could be said to exhibit anything like "all possible truth" or "great truth" is beyond our conception. Rembrandt's millions of admirers will rejoice to find justice done to his personal character, showing him to be no miser or gross spendthrift, as one or other slander has it, but an unwise collector of works of Art. This—which is proved by the Catalogue of his collection in the Court of Insolvency at Amsterdam (for to this did he come), is no novel discovery, nor claimed as such by Dr. Waagen; but we are glad to see it in a popular work nevertheless. Rembrandt was a liberal connoisseur, and bought Andrea Mantegna's works, as well as those of Titian, Raphael, Lievens and Brouwer. Most extraordinary of all his purchases were the Laocoon, an antique Cupid, and busts of Homer and Socrates. We feel a great disappointment at finding less than a page given to the etchings of Rembrandt.

That Gerard Dow possessed anything very wonderful in the quality of faithful imitation of Nature, least of all in *real fidelity of colour*, beyond mere minuteness and stippling, we cannot assert with Dr. Waagen. The secret of colour as developed by the Venetians was only half understood by this man or any of his kind. Hence his draperies look lifeless and heavy, not lighted up with the lustre of silk or satin or sheeny velvet, because they possess so little of the intense variety of colour—that variety in unity which marks the masterpieces of the Art, and the true rendering of Nature. In truth, there is more real thoughtful finish, though it may be less stippling, in a single inch of Titian or Giorgione than in all these Dutchmen put together. Indeed, our opinion is, that putting aside the laborious mechanical *polish* of their works, there is less real finish in them than in the old illuminators, whose finish is entirely that of clever handling and scrupulously skilful touch, far other than finish in its best sense, where the measure of thought and knowledge. Nor can we agree in the estimate of Ruysdael as a truthful painter, whatever may be said for his poetic feeling. Equally impossible is it for us to assent to the opinion of Dr. Waagen upon the works of Ludolf Backhuysen. There is something absurd in what is said of his early education, "his hand being previously exercised

with no common skill in the art of calligraphy," if he overcame the technical difficulties with such success as to paint a large number of pictures, which are satisfactory in every respect." This painter appears to us least to deserve his fame of any mortal man. We regret that the plan adopted by Sir C. Eastlake in the Italian Kugler of giving an Index of places referred to, is not followed in these volumes; also that the Index is very incomplete. To such a book the importance of a perfect Index is ineluctable; half the student's trouble is saved at once by it. In all books an Index is indispensable; but for a work professing of reference to be deficient therein is unpardonable. Many woodcuts have been added to this edition, which enhance its value considerably.

FINE-ART GOSSET.—The work of restoration is going on rapidly in St. Paul's Cathedral; but it will be some time before all the contemplated improvements are completed. The organ-loft has been removed, and an uninterrupted view has thus been obtained from the great western door to the altar-window at the eastern extremity of the choir. A splendid marble pulpit has been presented to the Dean and Chapter, and it will henceforth occupy the place of the unsightly wooden structure which stands on the northern side of the choir. The Grocers' Company have subscribed 200*l.* towards the alterations in progress; and it has been intimated that the Merchant Taylors' and other wealthy City companies will follow the good example with their characteristic liberality. A new organ has been purchased, and it will be placed in a suitable part of the Cathedral, under the direction of Sir F. Osney, Professor of Music at Oxford, and other distinguished organists. The general decorations of the Cathedral are under the care of Mr. Rouse, the architect, with the advice and assistance of a Sub-Committee, consisting of Archdeacon Hale, Mr. Tite, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Bunning the City Architect, Mr. C. R. Cockerell, and other gentlemen.

A fine stained-glass window has been presented to the Choir of St. Paul's, and has been determined on placing it in the nave of the Cathedral.

A collection of ancient Italian, German, Flemish, Spanish and French pictures, of very mixed character, has been for some time past exhibiting in the upper rooms of the French Gallery, Pall Mall. Amongst them are a few noticeable works. These would be the more estimable, but for the number of bad copies and ancient repetitions of famous productions. It astonishes one a little to find 'La Belle Jaconde' amongst them, unquestionably a tolerably good and old copy of the work in the Louvre, the background varying considerably from the original, the flesh-tints rather cold and heavy, but the expression reproduced with great felicity. A Titian, so called, hangs by, entitled 'The Holy Family,'—a portrait of the Madonna of the artist, says the Catalogue, a remarkably bad picture. The Slaughter of the Innocents, by Callot, is a curious and valuable picture, worthy of attention. A Vernet, 'Seaport, with Figures in a Landscape,' may please those who admire the artist. A good portrait of Catherine de' Bora, Luther's wife, attributed to Holbein, is decidedly a valuable and interesting example. Painted in black and white, is a Gerard Dow, a doctor examining a wounded cavalier, whose wife is weeping behind him: shows some very successful foreshadowing and vigorous drawing, and, of its kind, successful expression. A portrait of a man seated, supporting his left hand with books, holding a scroll of parchment in his right, is attributed to Tintoretto. With much more probability is a second example, 'Family Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman, with two Children,' so designated. In this good colour is found a wealth of the character of the master's work. In addition to these, the Catalogue contains the names of Fra Bartolomeo (Portrait of Savonarola), Vandyke, Correggio, Teniers, Cyp. Rembrandt, Wouvermans, Sassoferrata, Deryghen,

Spagnoletto, Albert Durer, Rubens, Ruysdael, Mieling, Veronese, Claude, Giulio Romano, Guercino, Martin Schöen, and many another name of note.

A Correspondent relates thus the death of Decamps, from an unquestionable source. It will be seen how characteristic of his ardent mind even this last incident of his career was:—"Every five days there is in the Forest of Fontainebleau an Imperial *Chasse de la Vénérrie*. Decamps, who has an active *passion* of all his life, used to attend the meet, and, alternately rode two horses on the occasions,—one was rather a vicious brute, an *cheval de remonte*, as they are called. Decamps's son, a young fellow of fifteen, had ridden this horse the day before, and tried to dissuade his father from trusting his bones to his vicious propensity, saying that he had attempted to run away with him. Decamps, always rather fond of danger than the reverse, insisted on mounting the brute, as the other horse was ill. He started from his house, which is close to the high road leading to the Forest, and when within a few yards of the stable, the horse set off at a gallop. Being in the high road, Decamps not only gave the horse full swing, thinking that there was no danger, but, according to his wont, drove the spurs deep into his flanks; when suddenly, at an unexpected turn of the road, something alarmed the animal, which swerved round a corner, catching Decamps with his full weight, and flattened his head and entire body against a tree. He fell, and was crawling painfully along the dusty road, furrowing it with his nails in agony, when two Englishmen came up, and were the first to give assistance to poor Decamps, who was brought back in a dying state." In 1848, the first productions of the great painter, the series of nine drawings from the Life of Samson, were for sale at Messrs. Colnaghi's, and might have been purchased for 100*l.*

A subscription for the publication of photographs from Alfred Rottel's historical sketches has been for some time open, and we are informed, for the benefit of his widow. It is needless for us to say how magnificent his works are. We cannot hesitate to regard him as one of the soundest and best painters of the modern German school.

Those who have visited the young Cathedral for some few years past are invited to do so whenever they may next pass that way, to admire the beautification wrought in that interesting but most irregular cathedral by the introduction of new painted glass, in addition to the ancient windows. There remains now so little to do that the decoration may be described as complete. The gain is hardly to be overrated by those who recollect the patches of crude daylight which used to exhibit the incoherences of the building so mercilessly. Yet the new windows are liable to the charge brought against modern taste by a correspondent the other day. Some of the glass is too pale and pretty, in particular that of the solitary window in the Romanesque apse, which demanded the richest and deepest tints to conceal its want of tracery. The effect is now that of a gap covered by a delicate tint blending in a gratifying manner, but that an extraordinary admission of light was necessary in that place. Some of the new lateral windows, however, are very good.

The foundation-stone for the enlargement of St. Sepulchre's Church, Northampton, was laid on the 11th inst., by Lord Hensley, M.P. for the borough. This church possesses many architectural and archaeological peculiarities. It is one of the four round churches which are still existing in England, and is the only unrestored one. The other three churches of this style are, the Temple in London; Little Malvern, Worcestershire; and St. Sepulchre's, Cambridge. This last is oldest, probably, but that in Northampton comes next, being assigned to Simon de St. Liz, Earl of Northampton, who died in 1115, while returning home from a second pilgrimage to the Holy City. About sixty or seventy years after this, the northern wall of the chancel was cut through to the east end, and the addition of a northern aisle. Owing to this it became necessary to erect some buttresses, which led to the failure of the round, and the sacrifice of the old triforium and clerestory. The church thus remained

have pronounced result. I had not heard the more wondrous applause little less given to the utterly worthless singing of Madame Borghi-Mamo in the *Sorolla*, from 'Otello'—defective in execution—out of time, out of tune, and out of taste—applause which nothing could have prompted save blind faith in the brightness of a star far fetched and cheaply bought. Miss Palmer sang one of Mr. Davison's *Song* songs so finely as narrowly to escape an *error*, though the canonist might have been thought too grave and delicate for such a concert. In the second act, Mr. H. Pierson's effective setting of 'Ye Mariners of England' was sung by Scotch, far better for worse, are our *notabilities* of the first evening.

Wednesday morning's moral music—which consisted of the Dettingen 'Te Deum' and Spohr's 'Last Judgment'—was endangered by one of those strokes of inconsiderate neglect which ought never to occur on an occasion of such importance. Changes in the programme had been made without the artists concerned being apprised. In consequence of these, Mr. Wilby Cooper had to sing a song in the 'Te Deum' without preparation, and Mr. Santley the other base part in Spohr's *Grandioso* lied at sight. Both did better than creditably. Handel's air, 'When thou lookest upon thee,' lies too low for a tenor, but it was exceedingly well given;—while Mr. Santley's first appearance in sacred music at Norwich, which might easily have been as disastrous, amounted to a success with all, and to a triumph with those to whom were known the circumstances and the extreme difficulty as to interval and intonation of Spohr's music. Thanks, in great measure, to the skill and presence of mind of these two singers, the two works went without a halt. The Norwich chorus is extremely cheap, and puts its Miss Palmer to the test. The Spohr's music. The composer was virtually 'brought out' in oratorio there, and the amateurs of the town remember the fact with that true English constancy which so distinguishes us among the nations. Nowhere else in England, or we suspect, in Germany, was the choir of the singing of the choir nor did we ever feel its many weak points so small a drawback on its few individual beauties as on Wednesday morning. The impression made was deep and well-merited by the skill and expression of the choral performers. The singing of the choir at Norwich was hardly up to the level of the chorus was to be felt, though some of its individual players alone brightly.—Mr. Harper especially, as taking the difficult trumpet part in the 'Te Deum,' could not be overpraised. Such perfect execution is rare in its instrument. My Wednesday evening's concert, Dr. Bennett's 'May Queen' went smoothly and pleased fairly. Miss Arabella Goldlad played her best, and was *encored*. Madame Borghi-Mamo in no respect improved on her Tuesday's performance, and fell nearer her right level in the estimation of her audience. Conductors and committees will do well to say come who they may, the singing of singing will not pass in cases when expectation has been so highly raised as in hers, save by a rare chance. Middle, Tietjens and Signor Giuglini have heard to advantage; the latter, to our thinking, is far more in the value of the orchestra than the other. Mr. Salton was the other instrumental solo-player.—Of Thursday's novelties, Herr Molique's 'Abraham' and Mr. Benedetti's 'Undine,' we shall speak in detail next week, both being works of no ordinary interest.

SABLER'S WELLS.—On Saturday, the tragedy of 'Coriolanus' was revived, Mr. Phelps, of course, performing the hot-headed hero. This he did with no lack of spirit—indeed, with more fire and vigour than usual. The caste in many particulars was a new one. Mr. Verin made an excellent *Antonia*, and Mr. Barrett, as *Ménenius*, identified himself with the character while Mr. Rayner, as *Cominius*, acted with great elocutionary propriety. Mrs. Atkinson sustained the part of the noble mother with befitting dignity. The house was very full, and the revival received with great favour. The scenery and costumes are new and beautiful.

SECRET.—At the re-opening of this house on

Saturday, two new pieces of the usual kind were produced. The first was an adaptation of a tale in one of the journals, and entitled 'Ralph Gaston; or, the Three Lives.' It is a violent melodrama by the Author of 'The Flower Girl,' and intended apparently to exhibit the hero in that variety of costume which is considered a source of theatrical effect in pieces of this kind. *Ralph Gaston* (Mr. Crewick) is, indeed, a rough sort of hero, reduced to the level of a very primitive taste. His life is devoted to revenge,—for his sister has been seduced by one Sir Edward Dudley (Mr. Fernandale), who has also seduced the brother of robbery and procured his transportation. Having served out his time, he leaves Australia in company with his wealthy master, *Clement Rathbone*; but the ship taking fire, Rathbone perishes. Gaston contrives to save Rathbone's papers, and on his arrival in England assumes the name and personifies himself of his property. This he employs in his task of vengeance, and ultimately revenges himself on Sir Edward, and rescues his sister's child from penury. The second piece, entitled 'The Veteran and his Son,' is an adaptation from the French. Mr. Mesphers enacts the principal part with liveliness the refined and general delineation of the action. The house was crowded, and the pieces and players received with great demonstrations.

OUTRAGE.—'Savage as a Bear' is the title of a small drama, by Mr. H. Wigan, adapted from 'Un Tigre de Bengale' which has received but a moderate welcome. It goes over again the ground of jealousy, which Mr. Robson has so frequently illustrated in its comic and tragic and its tragic-comic phases. Mr. P. Robinson, an actor of a more serious and less various turn, supplies his place in this instance, and made a more straight-forward affair of it, so that the part went for just so much as it was worth, and no more. The plot is simple. Mr. *Jujubes* (Mr. H. Wigan), fond of mignonettes and cigars, excites the jealousy of his opposite neighbour, Mr. *Gregory Griffin* (Mr. Robinson), who claims that his doing the deed of the action are intended for telegraphic signals to Mrs. Griffin. The lady writes to *Jujubes*, imploring him to discontinue such proceedings; and *Jujubes* thinks it incumbent to step over the way to apologise and to explain. Nervous to a fault he places Mrs. Griffin in greater peril. She could condemn him from her husband's rage, but he is sure always to leave something behind him to provoke suspicion. When enough fun of this kind has been produced, the parties are brought to a proper understanding, and over eternal friendship.

STRAUD.—Messrs. Yates and Harrington have given a new and noisy farce to these boards, entitled 'Hit him—he has no Friends.' The motive for all the comic mischief is slight enough. A nervous man is identified by his neighbours and acquaintance with another of the same name, who is reported in the newspapers as having deserted his wife and children. His mistress, her brother, the magistrate of the place and the people of the neighbourhood upon him as the delinquent, persecute him in ever conceivable manner, until he is made to act like a lunatic. Mr. James Rogers personates the character to the life, and to him the success of the piece is owing.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—The receipts of the Worcester Festival are said to be more than ordinarily satisfactory.

Some difficulty, it is understood, is likely to arise next year, owing to the new fashion of Monday Operas, and the circumstance that the Philharmonic Concerts are always held on the second day of the week. It was evaded this year, we believe, by commencing on the part of the managers, under the reasonable consideration that their intentions had not been sufficiently taken to heart by the instrumentalists engaged. Next year, as is no less far to their own purpose—no further accommodation of the artists was to be wished, we think. The Philharmonic Society has three alternatives:—to change the evening of its performance, to engage a new band (its orchestra as it stands having been quietly and steadily thinned during late years),—or

peacefully to sink into the 'tomb of the Capulets.' Should the last of the three events happen, 'His name is soon made.' The protest of its existence for some years past has been the opportunity afforded to its subscribers of hearing the nine Symphonies of Beethoven, &c. So little, however, has the execution of them kept pace with the increase in knowledge of our time that their greatest amounts now to a mere tradition.—As for the production of novelties, since the Wagner experiment it has amounted to a fuss about trials, followed by no after-performance of the works approved on trial, if the Philharmonic Society, which in less enlightened years performed its function, now of favouritism and misdirection, all lovers of what is conservative or progressive in Art, (or both in one) may well sing in chorus, 'Requiescat!—' 'The days are gone when his work was well done.' We understand that it is the intention of the management of Covent Garden Theatre to produce the 'Faust' of M. Gounod in its form of grand opera,—that is, with song recitatives;—the English paraphrases having been last year completed.

How widely the cultivation of Part-singing is spreading here may be proved by almost every paper and opinion of the kind, and of the kind, as testified by Mr. Henken; in another, monster gatherings by Mr. Martin; in a third, experiments and projects by some one else: all contributing to the increase in cheap publication of good new vocal concerted music. How requisite to those who know these facts,—and the two countries,—will seem the patronizing paragraphs put forth in certain French journals, congratulating the English on having, at last, wakened up to the pleasures of united singing,—thanks to the visit of M. Delaporte and the *Opéra-Comique*.—There are still such curious people as French music of standing and influence, who will ask the Englishman, as they lounge down the Boulevard des Italiens (cognizant of few other highways in the world), if "there are any chorus-singers in London!"

A History of the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Declamation (Paris), by M. Lesca, bathic, like M. Elwart's book on the Conservatoire Concerts, is worth attending to,—though it may not contain any such amount of continuous reading as will recommend it to the general public.—An exact and comprehensive record of the musical schools of Europe presented without predilection, would be of great account value; since a stir is being made on every side in furtherance of good education; owing to the scarcity of which certain branches of the art are notoriously deteriorating. M. Lesca's little offers little more than notes. One of his instances may be adduced in encouragement of young artists disposed to depend when success is deferred. No less a person than Madame Saint-Hubert (afterwards the Countess d'Entraigues, so mysteriously murdered with her husband in this country) was sent away from the Grand Opéra of Paris, where she had been engaged to become the queen, as hopelessly inferior,—after four years of trial. She was taken back in a fifth year as passable, and only in the seventh year of her service was found excellent. Something like this was Madame Pasta's story; but, between the lesson and the golden age of her dealings with the public, she disappeared and secluded herself for hard, private study.—Rousseau, who was already an excellent musician, when he entered the Opéra House, was five years there ere he made his mark.

In No. 1710 of this journal mention was made, in reference to some letters by Piron, the author of 'La Métempsuchose,' of his tilt with Voltaire (Piron's victory being there recounted by Piron's self), and of Grimm's testimonial to the writer's quickness in sharpening point with his tongue. A proof of this last turns up in some account of a dinner given by Piron not long since found and published at Lyons. In these the Dijon wit "hit off" the Dijon musician, Rambeau—a musician to whom (it is possible among other chances) popular attention may return; though as a man he was not lowly, if we are to believe the words of some of the great men of the day found myself sometimes in the Garden of the Tuilleries at the same time as Rambeau. He would see me first, half a good way off, and come running to me;—I could see him come, thanks to

THE GREAT CENTRAL SLATE AND SLAB COMPANY OF GERMANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £12,000, in 12,000 Shares of £1 each; deposit 2s. 6d. per Share; and 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment.

MAJOR-GENERAL PEMBERTON, York House, Chelsea.
JOHN COOPER, Esq., 34, Coadesley-square, Ilkington.

DIRECTORS

HENRY GOTTIER, Esq., 1, Clifton-street, Finsbury.
GEORGE CYPRIAN HACKER, Esq., 33, Grove-road, St. John's Wood.

With power to add to their number.

Solicitor—AUGUSTUS FREDERICK SHEPARD, Esq., Moorgate-street, City, E.C.
Auditor—JAMES TYLER, Esq., of the firm of Goodchap, Tyler & Co., Accountants, 12, Gresham-street.
Bankers—THE BANK OF LONDON.
Secretary—MR. WILLIAM GUYON.

Offices: 38, MOORGATE-STREET, CITY, E.C.

THIS COMPANY is incorporated under the Joint-Stock Companies' Acts, 1856, 1857, with limited liability, and with special articles of association, which confer upon the Shareholders and the Company power over all the Company's proceedings, and limit the pecuniary liability of each Shareholder to the amount of the Shares he subscribes for.

The principal object of this Company is to complete the purchase and more fully develop the workings of a very valuable and extensive formation of Slate, situated 2½ English miles from Widdagen (to which place a railway is proposed by the Government, in the parish of Kilsnoo, in the principality of Wales), Northern Germany, and known as the Helmsbach Slate Quarry, within nine miles of a station on the Camel and Frankfort Railway, which communicates with all parts of the Continent. It has been worked on a small scale as a considerable profit. The proprietor not having the necessary capital to efficiently work the vast property, he has deemed it advisable to dispose of it to the promoters of the present Company, on the agreement to take the greatest portion of the purchase-money, and to complete the purchase. The Directors, with the assistance of a few private friends, shareholders, deemed it advisable before any great outlay was incurred to employ a clever practical quarryman to go and fully test the property previous to introducing it for public support, and they have now the satisfaction of being able to arrive at the following conclusions:—

1st. That they have a most valuable formation of Slate, possessing natural facilities for working at a small cost.

2nd. That they can get abundance of labour at from 6s. to 7s. per week.

3rd. That the cost of raising, planing, and sawing will not be more than 4s. per ton.

4th. That there is a great demand for it on the spot at from 4s. to 5s. per ton, which in large towns a far greater price can be obtained.

5th. That there are contractors and builders who are ready to receive it in large quantities, at as low a price as heavy freight from England for all they require. The Directors have consequently sent out machinery, with directions to the Manager to increase his staff, and doubt not but they will, ere long, be able to forward to the Shareholders a most satisfactory report.

The area of the Company's proposed operations is very extensive, and the mineral property held of the Government of Walsdorf, Germany, at a rental of 12s. per year in perpetuity, and a royalty of one-tenth of the value, which can be commuted for an almost nominal sum.

The vein of Slate is upwards of sixty yards in thickness, and from the annexed Reports of the practical men who have lately visited the property on behalf of the Directors of the Company, and the specimens received from the quarry, it is acknowledged to be of the most valuable description, being of great durability, of a dark-blue colour, and capable of taking a high and lasting polish.

The Managing Director having determined that no incorrect statement should go forth to the public, he has himself visited the quarry, in company with a shareholder and friend experienced in such matters; and he can most satisfactorily attest to the correctness of the Engineer's Reports. He has also ascertained the existence of a very great demand for the Slate in Germany, at higher prices than those quoted in the English market. As regards the little, the Solicitor for the Company has obtained a direct grant from the Government.

The Directors have purchased the whole of this very valuable property for the sum of 6,000*l.*, of which the sum of 300*l.* only to be paid in cash, and the remaining sum of 5,700*l.* to be paid-up shares of the Company.

The deposit of 2s. 6d. per share must be paid to the Company's Bankers on making application, as per annexed Form, and no application will be considered till the deposit is paid.

Seven shillings and sixpence per share will be required on allotment, which the Directors consider will furnish a sufficient capital to work the quarry.

The deposit will be returned if the application for shares be not accepted to.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF MR. EVAN EVANS.

GENTLEMEN,—In compliance with your request, I have now prospectively your Quarries in Germany, and the following is my opinion thereof.—First, the Slate Quarry is partly opened at the foot of a very high hill, and the vein of Slate lies at least sixty yards thick, of a very beautiful deep-blue colour, fine-grained, free from iron or sulphur; and what I have to do, take a first-rate polish. These Quarries are situated on a very advantageous spot; so that you may divide your property into four different sets of quarries, so as to form galleries one above the other, and each will have at least thirty yards' depth on the vein of solid rock of the slate, with ample room for the debris or waste.

EVAN EVANS.

Inspecting Agent,
Feynberg, North Wales.

Widdagen, July 13, 1856.

THE FOLLOWING IS A COPY OF THE REPORT OF MR. JOHN LANE.

To the Directors of the Great Central Slate and Slab Company of Germany, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to submit for your information the following Report on the Helmsbach Slate Quarry situated in the Principality of Walsdorf, Germany.

The Quarry is situated immediately adjoining a good road, about nine miles from the Camel and Frankfort Railway, leading to all parts of the Continent, and is opened at the foot of a very high hill on a vein of slate upwards of sixty yards thick, of a dark-blue

colour, and of a very fine and equal quality. The position of this vein is very advantageous for its being properly and economically worked, as several sets or quarries may be simultaneously worked one above the other to the top of the mountain, each having ample depth upon the solid vein of slate, with room for any amount of debris or waste.

The circumstances which, in my opinion, cannot fail to render the development of this property a highly remunerative undertaking, are, the nominal rental of 12s. per annum; the low rate of wages for workmen (about 6s. per week); the inestimable supply of material; and the ready sale on the spot for any amount of the manufactured articles at good prices; and the comparatively small amount of capital required to be invested in the necessary plant and machinery.

So soon as the Quarry is systematically opened out, and the proper machinery erected for working the same in a regular manner, which could be completed in about six or eight months, it would be capable of raising and making fit for the market about 800 tons of slates and slabs at a total current cost not exceeding 250*l.* Now, as the slates and slabs readily sell on the spot at an average price of 50s. per ton, there results a very large margin for profit, interest on capital, and incidental expenses.

I estimate the total cost of opening out the Quarry, together with the necessary Plant and Machinery, including two Water Wheels, Planing Machines, Circular Saws, Cranes, Iron Rails, Wagons, &c., for working 800 tons of slates and slabs per month, would not exceed 1,500*l.* The detailed estimate from which I obtain the foregoing figures is sent herewith.

I am, Gentlemen, yours obediently,

JOHN LANE,
Superintendent of Slate and Slab Works, Leith.

Plant and Machinery required to make marketable 800 Tons per Week.

	£	s.	d.
To five Planing Machines, at 90 <i>l.</i>	450	0	0
Two Water-Wheels, and Frames	130	0	0
Four Circular Saws and Rating	100	0	0
Ten Wagons, at 10 <i>l.</i>	100	0	0
Three Hundred Yards of Iron Rails and Sleepers, &c. ..	60	0	0
One Hundred Yards of Chain, &c.	20	0	0
Two Cranes, and lifting, &c.	40	0	0
Eight Months' Work opening out the Quarry, at 35 <i>l.</i> ..	280	0	0
Underdone expenses	500	0	0
	£1,500	0	0

Labour and Materials required to Raise and make Marketable 800 Tons of Slates per Week.

	£	s.	d.
To 18 Men raising, at 8s. per week	72	0	0
9 Wagons Men, at 8s. per week	72	0	0
3 Tipping Men, at 8s. per week	24	0	0
6 Sawing Men, at 8s. per week	48	0	0
6 Planing Men, at 8s. per week	48	0	0
6 Splitting Men, at 8s. per week	48	0	0
10 Labourers, at 6s. per week	60	0	0
8 Smiths, at 1 <i>l.</i> per week	8	0	0
1 Carpenter, at 1 <i>l.</i> per week	1	0	0
1 Smith, at 1 <i>l.</i> per week	1	0	0
Oil, for the Machinery	6	0	0
Coal for Smiths	8	0	0
Rent, &c.	4	0	0
Carting to Water Power, 150 tons of Slates, at 1s. ..	7	10	0
Management per week	3	0	0
	£38	10	0

According to the above calculation, the Slates will not cost more than 4s. per ton, and can readily be sold on the ground for 2*l.* 10s. per ton. This leaves a net profit upon the 800 tons of 461*l.* 10s. per week; or, for 26 weeks, 23,750*l.*

N.B. Although 6s. is the average wage per week, it has been put in the above calculation, in order to secure the best workmen.

JOHN LANE.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the Great Central Slate and Slab Company of Germany, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—I hereby request you to allot me Shares in the above Company; and I hereby agree to accept such Shares, or any less number that you may please to allot me, subject to the Company's Articles of Association.

Dated this _____ day of _____ 185 ____
Name _____
Address _____
Profession or Occupation _____

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LITERATURE

Report of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, 127, Euston Road. Printed for the Association. (Judd & Glass.)

THE blind leading the blind has been an axiom of contempt from the first dawn of wisdom to the present day.

It is not pleasant, in a general way, to have a fixed idea or a fundamental principle upset; it belongs to the phenomena of earthquakes; nobody can tell what will be shaken next. We like to have something finally decided, about which men's minds need be no more in doubt; a little bit of certainty, like a morsel of the true cross, ready at hand for all emergencies; a chip of truth, short, decided and portable. The motto about the blind leading the blind has long been one of these precious beads, which all the faithful might tell in perfect peace of mind. They must do so no longer. — Miss Gilbert has broken the spell. And who is Miss Gilbert that she should have done this thing? Miss Gilbert is a lady of position, fortune, and intelligence, a daughter of the Lord Bishop of Chichester. She is blind. Like the feeble hand of Florence Nightingale, the blindness of Elizabeth Gilbert has been providentially turned to the good of a wide and suffering class.

We went the other day to Miss Gilbert's Asylum, in Euston Road; and there we saw a blind man set off on an errand to the other end of London. We saw another messenger just returning, and giving an account of his mission with so much brightness and intelligence, that we had at first no suspicion that he could not see. In reply to our inquiries how he could be trusted abroad, the Superintendent said: "Oh, they will take a message to any part of London, even to the most crowded parts of the City."—"But do they never meet with accidents?"—"No; hardly ever." Some odd notions suddenly gave way. We had so long thought of the blind either in the figures of Samson Agonistes or the Bard of Scio, or in those of the poor wretches of our London streets who ask pity in a bit of pasteboard, or while at one end of a string which terminates in a dog, that we felt something like a genuine surprise at seeing those sightless human beings walk and work like any other men and women. "And they go without a little dog in a string!"—"Oh, yes." In fact, we found "the blind man's dog," as to any true need there may be for it, to be a touching myth, something like the tradition of Belshazzar begging by the wayside for a penny. The blind, when they go out, have a staff to guide themselves. The little dog is only a stage property.

With the desire to bring the blind into community with the rest of their fellow men, the Association in Euston Road has been founded by Miss Gilbert. Early impressed with the conviction that the sense of isolation felt by those who were deprived of the use of any faculty was the worst part of their lot, she desired to make them as much like other people as possible,—to naturalize them in the ranks of industry. This has been the aim of all her efforts;—that blind people should be able to live and work like their neighbours, instead of feeling that there is something else for them, as a general rule, except to go out with a dog or a string, or to stand with a board round their necks appealing to passers-by for "Pity to the poor blind."

Miss Gilbert devoted herself and her fortune

to this excellent work. She began very quietly, not wasting any of her funds in machinery to set her work in motion. She took a small house with a shop-front in the Euston Road, where the articles made by blind people who had learnt to work at any trade should be sold at the usual retail prices charged by other dealers in the same wares. This was a sound principle to begin upon, and has been one secret of the success of her plan. It is a mistake to try to make Charity do the duty of Justice. It would be unfair to undersell the regular dealer; it would be foolish to expect general customers to give more for articles than they were actually worth—more than they could be purchased for elsewhere. Moreover, it would have been making the blind workman a permanent burden on the sympathy and philanthropy of his neighbours, instead of being a competent workman who deserved and received the fair price for his labour. Charity did not come lawfully in at that stage of the business. Charity must do her own work, or else suffer as a busybody, doing mischief instead of good. There was plenty for Charity to do; the only hope was that Charity would be unwilling to "never tire nor stop to rest," as Good Dr. Watts sings. What was it then that Charity could and fairly might do?

We will explain. Although many blind persons are taught in schools, asylums and institutions, some handicraft (there are very few within scope of their powers, and those not very remunerative), when they leave the walls of their charitable home they have no connexion, no regular employment; they are thrown into the great struggle for a livelihood in which nine-tenths of the people of England have to contend to keep their footing as best they may. The blind workman is not on equal terms with his neighbour who can see. He does his work at a disadvantage; there is no sight to direct the hand to the tool which has been laid down, or the material that has to be gathered up. All must be done by the touch, which, however delicate, refined, or even preternaturally sharp, it is and must be more deliberate in its operation than the faculty of sight. A blind person, no matter how skillful, consumes more time to produce the same result than a workman who can see,—and time is money in matters of work. A blind person, then, is not on equal terms with one who has the use of his eyes, and even supposing he could find customers for as much as he can do, he could still earn but half a living. At first when he begins to work, friends and neighbours will exert themselves to procure him employment. They feel that he has a claim on their sympathy. It is an appeal which spurs their benevolence. But benevolence cannot stand any long-continued or heavy strain upon it. It is the peculiarity of charity and generosity that they resent any dependence upon them. The blind *protégé* becomes a burden, and sinks down either into a licensed beggar, in favour of whose helplessness the shame of begging has been remitted, or else he is swept into the workhouse without any place in the world and of no use to anyone in it—an item in the permanent burden which those who work have to carry. We imagine that the unexpressed feeling of "being of no use" is the true secret of the intense dislike the generality of poor people have to "coming on the parish,"—not to the hardship, not to the confinement, but to the sense of degradation from uselessness.

Here comes in the work of Miss Gilbert's Charity. She seeks to supply the inequality betwixt the seeing and the blind worker. She

called her house "An Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind." She gave 2,000*l.* as the beginning of its endowment. She worked for twelve months silently; she agreed to take as much work as the blind who followed a business could produce, to the amount of 8*s.* 6*d.* a week to men, 7*s.* 6*d.* to women, paying them the full retail price for all they did—giving them the profit that the retail shopkeeper considers remunerative. The goods were sold again at the same price,—the endowment of the founders going to work the establishment, and to supply the extra profit allowed to the blind workman. The regular retail dealer has nothing to complain of. He is not undersold in any way; the public derive no more advantage from dealing at the blind depot than by going anywhere else; it is only the blind workers themselves, who from the enlightened exercise of a just benevolence, receive the materials for their labour at the cost price, and are paid for their work exactly what it is worth in the retail market: the society bearing the expense of the shop without making a profit on the goods they sell.

At the end of twelve months, Miss Gilbert made an appeal to the public to enable her to develop this small beginning into an establishment on a larger scale. She made ever the entire control of her institution to a committee of influential and able men, who, eighteen months afterwards, gave the society its full shape, and decided upon a body of rules marked by quiet and sound good sense. These rules work well.

In addition to the first idea, that of simply disposing of the work of such blind persons as had learnt a business, the object of the institution was enlarged to teaching those unacquainted with a trade some industrial art, and to introduce other trades hitherto unsupplied by the blind; also to support a circulating library, consisting of books in various kinds of relief printing. Those individuals who are very indigent are allowed access to this library for nothing; those able to afford it pay a small subscription; but the same principle works throughout,—to make them as little objects of charity as possible, and as much like general members of society. There are few things so calculated to develop morbid thoughts and sentiments, and to make persons incapable of the beautiful exercise of the faculties they enjoy, as the idea of being in an exceptional condition and objects worthy of pity. The more blind persons, and all others who labour under specific afflictions, can be made to forget that their case is exceptional, the better it is for them. When they have accepted whatever privation may have been sent to them, as the condition under which they have to lead their lives as well as they can, the bitterness and the self-consciousness are taken away, and half the hindrance is relieved.

The superintendent of the institution, Mr. Hanks Levi, is blind; well calculated, therefore, to understand and help those under his guidance. He has greatly developed and improved the available resources of the institution. He has made journeys over England, and even to France, to learn any improvements in the mode of working the usual blind occupations, and to discover fresh branches of industry in which the blind may be profitably employed. He has added seven new trades which the blind never adopted before, and he has greatly improved and developed old trades.

The establishment has been enlarged by taking in additional space. Some of the work can now be done on the premises, and there is a home attached, for those of the workers who have no

proper place to live in, on the payment of a moderate rent. With increased funds increased accommodation could be given; at present, the number of those who can be received is very limited. No expense has been incurred for ornament or cheerful decoration, for objects of beauty are of no use to inmates who live in perpetual darkness.

Beyond the front shop, there is a long room, where, behind a substantial counter, a number of men are at work, making brooms and brushes of various kinds, from the humblest scrubbing-brush to the dainty velvet or best brush. The men are working fearlessly and dextrously with edge tools of very formidable appearance—gigantic shears for dipping the brushes, sharp knives for fashioning the bores of the brushes, and lathes for turning the backs. Except that, as we said before, the blind workman requires more time, his work, as work, is equal to that done by the workman in the full possession of his sight.

We were taken upstairs to the women's room, where a number of women sat or stood engaged in rather ornamental work. One was making little objects in coloured beads on twisted wire, so pretty that we were not until we had left the room that we recollected that the worker could not see! Some were plaiting straw; others making objects in stamped leather, extremely pretty; others were making hussocks; but, excepting one, all bore melancholy traces of their affliction. The eyes of most were disfigured, crippled,—all but one, who, though sightless as the rest, retained a bright, clear, intelligent pair of eyes. It required some assertion to make us believe that she shared "the total eclipse" of her companions.

In another room we saw a man deaf as well as blind. He had been quite deaf for more than three years, and had almost forgotten how to talk; he was cheerful, intelligent looking, and working hard at some job of carpenter's work. We were taken into the schoolroom and library. At a table sat six or eight youths, with their teacher, taking a reading-lesson: their book, the Bible, printed in relief. A piano took up one side of the room; but none of those then present were musical. A large glass-case contained objects of natural history, by the handling of which those born blind are able to form some idea to themselves of what birds and insects and animals are like. Those of our readers who may have any stuffed birds or small animals that they are disposed to give away, would be turning them to real use, and giving great pleasure, if they would send some of them to the little Museum, at 127, Euston Road, near St. Pancras Church.

Waste land reclaimed from sea or moss has an interest independent of its actual worth, as a trophy of man's industry and skill; how much more precious, then, the skill and intelligence reclaimed from conditions that seemed to make its exercise impossible, that seemed to doom the possessors of intelligence to the gradual blotting-out of the faculties they possess for want of the means to exercise them! Every human being in this institution is so much waste faculty reclaimed, cultivated and turned to profit. Blind people, we were told, are very sociable and affectionate in their disposition; they frequently marry amongst themselves, neither hand nor wife ever seeing the face of each other or of their children. How sad and touching is that picture of the blind husband and father in Rushton's lines—

To love the wife you cannot see,
To be a sire, yet not to know
The child that clings upon your knee!

The children, however, rarely inherit the blind-

ness of their parents. Recent statistics tell us that the number of blind persons in Great Britain is upwards of thirty thousand, and not above the average of five in a hundred have the means of living without work,—the rest are dependent on what they can earn, or upon national or private charity.

Miss Gilbert's Association, though it aims at raising the inmates out of the condition of dependents on charity, is not, and from its nature cannot be, self-supporting, because the usual retail profit goes to the work-people; their work pays them, but the expenses of the concern have to be met and sustained from donations and donations. The more business the establishment can do, the more work-people can receive employment; there are upwards of two hundred applicants at this moment: rejected for want of space and means.

A Hand-book of Motives borne by the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Public Companies, &c. Translated and Illustrated with Notes and Quotations, by C. N. Elvin, M.A. (Bell & Daldy).

THE family motto, whatever may have been its original purpose and signification, is now little more than a pretty riddle, whereby people may be perplexed in their attempts to discover its affinity to the individuals to whom it belongs. Sometimes it is intelligible enough to fairly describe the bearers; at others, it is a record of the honour of an ancestor which has been tarnished by his heirs. Now and then it is to be found curiously in antagonism with the qualities of the present owner; and even where this is not strictly the case, it is as often an epigram as an emblematic truth. The most edifying mottoes is no more a rule of conduct among ourselves, than the obligation of "noblesse" in France was binding on men to the observance of the virtues by which alone nobility is illustrated.

If some of these devices would puzzle a whole coterie of sphynxes, we may conjecture that they would find no less difficulty in determining the origin of the motto itself. The national war-cry may have commenced the fashion. The terse religious invocation, the superscription on the banner, the legend on the temple, all these are of the order. What belonged to the nation may have become appropriated by families or individuals. If Laïs had her riddle over the portals of her house at Saïs, why should not sentences as pregnant with meaning, yet often as mysterious, be adopted by heads of houses? To deserving members of "houses" they are now awarded by those quaint officers, the Herald's, who, with equal equality or indifference, will prepare arms and legends for heroes or for very unheroic personages who have become millionaires. As for the origin of it all, the Herald's probably know as much about it as the sphynxes.

To the oracular we leave the explanation of the oracles. "I am all that hath been, that is, and that shall be, and no mortal hath lifted my veil," puzzled the pious and profane people of the days of Laïs, as many a motto in the Peerage and cognate books might those who would seek to penetrate the mystery. Mottoes, however, have their comic aspect, fortunately; and we prefer dwelling on what is amusing rather than fruitlessly engulging our brains with what is abstruse. The aspect is to be found in the mottoes which humorously refer to the name of the bearer. Occasionally, when this is effected in French, there is a betrayal of imperfect training in that language on the part of the founder of the house. Thus, in the various branches of the Jameses, we detect a slippery pronunciation, as in "A jamaica" of the Dublin

Jameses, and in the still worse "Jamaica jamaica" of another branch sprung of the illustrious root. Here is a good sprinkling of similar pungenices:—

"A jamaica. For ever. JAMES, of Dublin, bt. A la bonne heure. In good time. BONSIEUR. A more fervent. J. (MOORE) flourish according to my custom. MOORE.

A wight man never wants a weapon. WIGHTMAN. Adde colour. Apply the spur. SPURRIER. Aime ton frere. Love thy brother. FREEE.

FREEE. Always answer fervent. May the Alder always flourish. ALDERSTY. Love God and keep his commandments. SYNROT.

At spes solamen. Yet hope is my solace. HOPE, of Balamoy. Audeo ero. I will be bold. BOLDERO.

Auxilio Teuero. Under the auspices of Teuero. TUCKER.

Βολαντος Διτινπο Βαλλα. The tree drops acorns. BALLY.

Be in the van. BEVAN. Bene factum. Well done. WELDON.

Bien qui bien fait. Well is he that does well. WELLS.

Bonne est belle assez. Good is handsome enough. BELLASTRE.

Cavendo tutus. Safe by being cautious. CAVEN-DISH, on which this motto is a play.

Cheris l'espoir. Cherish hope. CHERAT. Clavis forequet. I am bright (i.e. Clair), and I cherish. CLARE. Crest—A sun.

Cœur fidèle. A faithful heart. HART. Cum can. Wisdom without reproach. COR-CANON.

Corde serrata pando. I lay open locked hearts. LOCKART.

Cooper, fait grandir. Cutting causes growth. COOPER.

Credo cornu. Trust the horn, or Trust Hornly. HORNBY.

Cressa ne carcat. Let not Cressa (Cresswell) want. CRESSWELL.

De hirundo. From the swallow. ARSDELL. De marino. From the (Mare's) bulrush. MARSH.

Deum cole, regem serve. Worship God, revere the king. COLE, Earl of Enniskillen.

Dieu est mon roche. God is my rock. ROCHE, bt. Dieu pour la Tranchée, qui contre? (If) God (be) for the Tranche, who shall be against them?

LE POET-TRENCH. Do even good. DUYER.

Eto fidelis usque ad finem. Be faithful even to the end. FIDELL.

Et opere et facti fortiter, Romanum est. Both to do and to endure bravely is a (Roman's) part. ROMER.

Fabula et vera. A story, but a true one. STORY. Fare fac. Speak, do, i.e. Say it and do it. FAIR-FAX, B. FAIRFAX.

Fides montium Deo. The trust of the Hills is in God. HILLS.

Fight on, good! FIGHTON. Finis est opus. The end (or Finis) crowns the work. FINIS.

Firmus in christo. Firm in Christ. FRIMM. Flammis rursu ferimus. We rush on like a brood. RUSHROOKE.

Fons et origo. The Fountain and source. LA FOUNTAIN.

Frere aime frere. Frere love thy brother. FREEE. Gare la bite. Beware of the beast. GARRETT.

He who looks at Martin's eye, Martin's eye will look at him. MARTIN. Crest—An ape looking in a mirror.

Homo sum. I am a man. HOMAN, bt. MANN. I am a man. LOVE.

Lato curi foveat. They flourish in glad air. AYRE. Latet anguis in herba. The snake lurks in the grass. ANGLINE.

Manus justa nudus. A just hand is a precious ornament. MAYNARD, v.

Mare virgineis et. Thou Mare (den) as length art the conqueror. MAREDEN.

Monachus aulicior. A monk (house) shall be saved. MONKHOPE, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mors crumrum regies. Death is rest from

Millicans. MERRY.

Mo ligna regit. Custom rules the law. MORLEY, bt.

Non irascere lenis. Do not exasperate the lioness.

LYONS, b. LYONS, of Ledestown.

Paros cum paribus. Like to like, i.e. pairs; in allusion to the name—PARIS, of Hopewell, co. Derby. FIRTH.

Pleper non in spe. Not poor in hope. POORE.

Rosa peti odium. The Rose seeks heaven. ROSE. ROUS.

Salvus in igne. Safe in fire. TRAVITT, of Pennsylvania.

Scemper hilaris. Always merry. MERRY.

Scemper siccus. Always thirsty. DEBOUGH.

Set on. SETON, of Fordingbridge.

S'ile te mordant. Morals lie. If they bite thee, bite them. MORLEY, of Marrick Park, Yorkshire.

Sumus. We are. WEARE, of Hampton.

Templa quon dictata. Temples, how beloved. BUCKINGHAM, d. NUVENT, b. TEMPLE, bt.

Terrere nolo, timere necesse. I wish not to intimidate, and know not how to fear. DERING, bt.

Toujours gai. Ever gay. GAY, of Thurning Hall, co. Norfolk.

Toujours jeune. Always young. YOUNG.

Tout hardi. Quite bold. McHARDIE.

Tu n'as recré. TRAYOR.

Turris mihi Deus. God is my tower. TOWERS.

U palma justus. The righteous is like the palm. PALMES.

Venabula vinco. I conquer with hunting spears. VENABLE.

Vernon semper vivit. Vernon always flourishes.

VERNON, b. VERNON, of Hanbury Hall. This motto, though appearing at first to assert somewhat arrogantly the un fading fortune of the Vernons, still, when discoloured (Ver non semper vivit, The spring does not always flourish), warns them that human prosperity, like the fairest season of the year, is liable to changes for the worse.

Vincenti dabitur. It shall be given to the conqueror. VINCENT, bt.

The last of the above is not the least appropriate of the whole; but the list might have been enlarged. By way of instance, we will point out the motto of the Holdens. The crest is a cross, round which is a hand, and beneath the most happy legend, "Teneo et Teneor"—I hold and am held-in. We might adduce many others.

Occasionally, the compiler illustrates the mottoes by quotations from various sources. The following is a sample, wherein he seems to level a hard blow at the selfish cution of the Scotch:—

"*Audi, vide, sile.* Hear, see, be silent. TIL-
LARD.

Any, free off has' your story tell,
When w' a bonon cronie;
But still keep some o' your secrets
Ye scarcely tell to one.
Consent yourself as w'ed's ye can
Free critical discussion
But keep 'em 'er' your other man
WT sharpened sly inspection.—BUCKAN.

Other mottoes are illustrated by anecdotes:—

"*Every bullet has its billet.* VARNALL, of Milford, co. Southampton. These words were used by Col. Spencer Varnall, when leading on his troops to the assault of Monte Video, in order to encourage them under a severe fire. Scarcely had he spoken when a bullet struck and killed him. His family, in consequence, assumed the sentence for their motto, and received as an augmentation the breached bastions of a fortress with the words 'Monte Video' above."

Again:—

"*In promptu.* In readiness. DUMBAR, bt. TROTTER. According to a family tradition of the Trotters, a brother of Lord Giffard being suddenly sent for by James II. of Scotland, rode from his

manion, which lay at a considerable distance from court, on a fast trotting horse. Having presented himself before the King sooner than he was expected, James asked in surprise how he came there so quickly. 'I trotted,' said Giffard; and in remembrance of this reply, and of his zeal, the monarch gave him the name of Trotter, with the motto 'ready!'

To some he does not ascribe the full number of boasters. "Luceo, non uro," for instance, was conferred on Lucien Bonaparte when he came to England during the First Empire. It is true that a satirical meaning was connected with it; and the Prince himself was unwilling to own that he "made a great show, but without much reason for it."

It is pleasing to find many mottoes perpetuating the memory of how the fortune of the founder of the house—which persons, by the way, is not the first known—was made by family, but the first who became wealthy—was reared into a double greatness, namely, its own and that which it conferred on its owner. Of these is the device of the Astons, of Bescot, who made a fortune by coal-mining: "E tellure effluuntur opes"—Our wealth is dug out of the earth. Such, too, is the "Ex andore vulnus" of the Swettenhams, whose earliest respectable, that is fortunate, ancestor was a deliver. In one sense, such also is the "Favente Niunine Regia servatur"—By the favour of the Deity the Queen is preserved, of Capt. Micklethwait, who having rendered some agreeable personal service to the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria at St. Leonards, in 1832, was created a baronet in 1838. The legend, however, is not an historical truth; the bearer of it rendered no service to a "queen." It would be nearer to fact had it run, "Favente Regiâ Micklethwaye honoratur." To literal verity we come once again, however, when we meet with the motto of the Guests, "Ferro, non gladio," which distinctly indicates that by iron works and not by military achievements was the great wealth of that family built up. So, the history for a crest and the words "Incidendo sano"—I cure by cutting—show equally well by what surgical process wealth worthily came to Kincaid, of Kincaid. Finally, "Ways and Means" excellently describes the Buckinghamshire Lowndeses, whose first great man was for many years Chairman of the Committee so called in the House of Commons.

Mr. Elvin gives a long list of owners of the motto, "Malo mori quam fediari," but he omits the original bearer, namely, Ferdinand, of the illegitimate branch of Arragon, the ruler of Naples some four centuries ago. It is also the *quintessence*, as the French would call it, of Mr. Bantley, the publisher. Another publisher, Mr. Triebner, has adopted this fashion, and on his title-pages we now read, "Habent libelli sua fata,"—which we take to be especially addressed to the critics. We will observe, too, that while some crests agree, the mottoes differ. Of this the compiler has not taken any notice. The crest of the Gilberts, of Eastbourne, Sussex, is a squirrel quizzically engaged with a nut, and below is the British legend "Teg y hadoch." Peace is pleasant; the same cross belongs to the Hausers, also of Sussex, but the motto is "Qui nucleum vult nucem frangit"—Let him break the nut who wants the kernel.

From what we have above written and cited our readers will have gathered that this is a pleasant and useful book; we have only to add, that it may become still more so by some enlargement of plan and greater copiousness of anecdotal illustration.

Correspondence of Giuseppe Giusti.—(Epistolario di Giuseppe Giusti, &c.) Arranged by Giovanni Frassi, and preceded by a Life of the Author. 2 vols. (Florence, Le Monnier.)

A few years back we called attention to a complete posthumous edition of the works of the politico-satirical Tuscan poet, Giuseppe Giusti,—a man to whom Italy owes much, both for being among the first who helped to infuse the grace and vigour of the popular idiom into the worn-out platitudes affected by the old Cruscani, and for having, by his trenchant satires and the lofty tones of feeling pervading his writings, powerfully quickened the movement of her social and national regeneration. Giusti died in the very summer-time of his age, while more than half his work lay untouched before him, in the March of that fatal '49, whose blighting breath of disappointment too sorely quickened his way to death.

No one could have been better qualified to fulfil minutely and lovingly the task of Giusti's biographer than Signor Frassi, united as he was by twenty-four years' close friendship with the subject of his memoir. Their intimacy began, in 1836, at the University of Pisa, where both were students, light of heart, head and pocket, and both eager, fervent patriots, ever ready to protest against the drowsy despotism which then hung over their country. Signor Frassi has accordingly executed a clever sketch, clearly outlined and tenderly touched, and abounding in the slight but decisive touches which attest the truth of the likeness. It commences with a few pages of autobiography, found among Giusti's papers, and as yet unpublished, containing a fragment of the memories of his early childhood.

Having once before given, in the article above alluded to, some jottings of the Poet's life, we shall not linger over the pleasant matter this fragment contains further than to give our readers Giusti's description of the priest to whose care he was entrusted at seven years old, when his childish propensity for idleness and breakneck exploits had already become so strong as to make his father consider a change from the home-atmosphere as the best remedy for him. Little Giuseppe's education when he went to him was not in a very advanced stage, and of somewhat miscellaneous composition, for he says: "The first things my father taught me were the notes of music and Dante's episode of Count Ugolino." With the *rigime* of his reverence, however, came a very different sort of intellectual drilling, as will be seen by the following passage:—

The priest was at bottom a good man; he had a smattering of learning, and was above all a man of the world. He had been a tutor at Genoa and Vienna for fourteen years, and whether his scholars had caught anything of his ways I know not, but assuredly he had caught something of theirs. Moreover, he was vehement, choleric, perfectly German in his mode of teaching. I was sent to him to be taken care of and instructed, and he, on the contrary, set to work to break my spirit. . . . I was then seven years old, and scarcely knew how to read after a fashion, and to scrawl my own name. I stayed with him for five years, and brought away a good many floggings and a perfect knowledge of the spelling-book, not a shadow of the Latin he taught me in those five years, and a small glimmering of history which he had not taught me, and, into the bargain, a good deal of fruitfulness and distaste for everything, and an entire persuasion that I was good for nothing. The priest had a good number of books, and I was always thumbing them over for the sake of the portraits and vignettes they contained; but I read little or nothing. . . . His reverence used to walk a great deal, and dragged me after him for miles

and milos, which bored and wearied me immensely. In after life I became and now am a great walker, and a passionate lover of solitary rambles, especially in the mountains, and assuredly this passion I owe to my old master. He had a habit of sleeping after dinner in summer, and as he would not trust me alone, and had no one in whose charge he could leave me, he used to keep me shut up in the dark in the room where he took his siesta. Children have no mind to sleep, and I, thus condemned to be shut up there like a chaffinch, had no other comfort but that of racking my brain and building such castles as a child may. This love of romance-spinning, which I have ever since had, and which I shall surely carry to my grave with me, undoubtedly took its rise at that time. On the evenings when the priest did not remain at home, he spent the time with other priests, with whom he sat muttering over the Breviary. I, in sheer desperation, used to pull out the first book I could lay hands on in those bookshelves which were twin sisters to the famous library of Fra Coccuzza; and there I would read away, half yawning, half crying. Among the books I thus chanced upon, I performed the lives of the Saints, especially such as were Martyrs. . . . When his reverence did not go out, in order that I might not rest of staying in doors, he made me repeat his Office with him; and this was so much to my taste that it is a mercy if later in life I did not acquire my faith in memory of the torments I then went through.

The two volumes before us contain upwards of four hundred letters, a great part of which are addressed to names of European celebrity; among them we find Sismondi, Manzoni, Azeglio, Niccolini, Peorio, Ballo, Gioberti, &c. Giusti's epistolary style is a model of Italian prose, simple, pithy and playful. The letters seem dashed off at a heat,—yet the fact is, that they were, like all his compositions, the result of much thought and unwearying correction. Signor Frassi says that he never wrote a letter of any kind without first making a rough draft of it; and that when the letter was one that he really cared about, he would make two such rough copies, full of errors, of which he would say, he is known to have gone through this copying process three times before finally transcribing and posting the letter, and he would even correct the rough copy left in his hands after the letter itself was gone!

Giusti was wont to gather much of the materials in which he wrought from the lips of his fellow-townsmen of the pleasant, little, old city of Pescia, and from the peasantry of the beautiful hill-country around it. While he counted among his intimates nearly every man of intellectual note of his time in Italy, Signor Frassi tells us that—

two of his dear friends at Pescia were Benedetto (Cuccio), the shoemaker, and Lorenzo Marini, the baker. From those and similar worthies he was enabled to collect, not only the living forms of our language, but also a store of shrewd sayings, which are everywhere the offering of many, and because they die not in time if the writer does not rescue them from the attacks of it, by placing them where they can produce a good effect. Giusti's skill in making one of these smart sayings come out to advantage was often as admirable as the inventiveness, which would seem like a gem set by Bonaventura Cellini.

Poets in their apprenticeship may here learn about what manner Giusti wrote his famous satires. "He would compose," says the biographer, "at any time, in any place, walking about, humming to himself perhaps. He would be sketching the outline of a *schizzo* [Giusti was wont to call his cutting assaults on the evil geni of his country *schizzi*, or jests] whilst seeming to listen to some serious discourse,—say, I think (say the ladies pardon me!) that sometimes he would even string a strophe together while sitting beside one of their fair

sisterhood." Like Molière, Giusti was apt to try the effect of his first sketches on the first he could lay hands on. He would read them "to his friends, male or female, to people of the lower classes, to any one. Like the great French dramatist and many another fellow anatomist, he drew much wisdom from experimentalizing in *corpo vivo*. After these first trials, "he would put away his work and try to forget it, that he might form a better judgment of it afterwards. When some time had passed, he would return to his labour, doing and undoing, writing and re-writing, wisely weighing the construction of the whole, from the ideas down to the commas, which sometimes under his hand became ideas. The *lima labor* was no plague to him, but rather a pleasure; and few have known how to use the file with so masterly a touch as he, so gently and so well as to leave no traces behind." As a sample of Giusti's patience in correcting his poems, Signor Frassi gives a fac-simile of two of the stanzas of a piece called "Sant' Ambrogio," all trilled over with erasures and intricate corrections, which supply bear out the truth of the statement. The result of this persevering and patient retouching (let young aspirants of the unkempt rough-and-ready school give ear!) was a style at once so powerful and so pliable, so graceful and vivid, yet so free from affectation, that it opened up new and living veins of harmony in his beautiful mother-tongue, and was eulogized by Manzoni in the assertion, that were there only ten such writers as Giusti in Italy, the regeneration of her literature would be complete.

Giusti has much in common with Béranger as regards his aim, and some of the means he used to reach it. There is the same shrewd sagacity pointed with greater terseness of expression,—the same fervent, patriotic spirit,—the same passionate attachment to the unadorned vernacular idiom of his mother-tongue which animated Béranger, when he exclaimed in his "Biographie," "La langue! la langue! c'est l'âme des peuples!" But the Italian is the choicer nature of the two,—higher, less selfish, more refined. He has less of joyous *verve*, of spontaneous geniality,—less flickering of vine-crowns and clashing of cyphurs in his verse,—less of brilliant colouring, but a more thoughtful mingling of chiar-oscuro,—less of brilliant sparkles, more of steady fire,—less of the Gaul, more of the Tuscan, in short. And, moreover, there is the shadowy charm of a great sadness, the inalienable brightness of all the true genius of his time and country, lying at the foot of his brightest poetic creations, and doubling their beauty by reflection in the mirror of his bitter waters.

The following fragment of a letter addressed by Giusti to Béranger in 1847, and probably found among the rough copies which, as we have seen, he so carefully preserved, will show how strong was the Italian satirist's admiration for the great French *chansonnier*.—

I have long had a lively wish to write to you, both as an admirer of your genius, and as a writer of *verses* of the lighter kind, which, although they cannot be said to owe to you their birth and outward likeness, yet may assuredly thank you for so much part of their nurture. You, born of the people, the people's friend, whose words of praise alone, have been able to give to the popular song of France the vigour and soaring flight of the ode, without change of string, without affecting to transplant it from the *Caveau* to the *Académie*, without letting the people as they sing it guess at the growth of its wings. Happy you, who have been able to see the fruit of your labour in the days of July, and to twine the civic crown with the laurel on your venerable head! I, who was born under very different conditions, but who love

my country as you do yours, have felt myself urged on from my boyhood to gibe at the errors, prejudices and baseness of all kinds that fell in my way, either from inborn aversion to them or from a rebellious disinclination to follow the leading of the crowd. With a strong desire to keep to the ruled lines of this man or that, without any secret reverence for such words only as have received the baptism of printer's ink; I have tried to walk by the help of my own legs, and to handle to my purpose the language I found on my lips.

We must make room for two more extracts. The first shall be from a letter addressed, in 1843, to the poet Niccolini, just after the publication of his great tragedy, "Arnaldo da Brescia," had stirred up the wrath of every priest, and despot in Italy. Out of what a far distance do such sentences as the following seem to come, when only the other day we heard of the finest scenes of this noble play being acted on the boards of Turin and Florence theatres, the actors welcomed with shouts and half-smothered with flowers; and in the latter city the venerable octogenarian poet himself sharing in bodily presence the honours paid to his greatest work!—

I have been able to get your "Arnaldo" honoured by the prohibition of the temporal power, as it will assuredly be before long by that of the spiritual. Such should be the fate of a book which pelts out the plague-sore afflicting both, in a country governed by such parasitic rulers as can neither hold nor lay their subjects. In the iron age, when wrathful potentates fell out, the sacrifice over which they made peace was human life; in this paper age among quarrelsome impostors the sacrifice is—a book. As regards the intellectual side of the question, I can add nothing to what you have said; and I will confine myself to congratulating you on your courage in writing thus, at a time when folks are raving about popes, priests, nay, even friars! These notions are dead, and the very essence of the body social, will not, I believe with you, ever again attain to such a growth as to kill it utterly; but it is well that from time to time there should come an arm ready with knife and hatchet to cut them out. Our country doctors, when they find one of their silly notions, as it were, prevailing, are seized by a disease they are subject to, are wont to say that it has "turned friar" (*fratificato*), and the same might be said of the Guelphs *redivivi*, who do much honour to our times and to human reason at large. I should be curious to see what effect your book will have at Rome, where they are in fear of being forced to drop the laurel from their gawwied till now. Worthy of you, too, as a fervent, but not blind lover of your country, are the hearty lazzos you bestow on the historical German scholar and its manufacturers, who choose to call themselves Romanticists, and whose madness has reached such a pitch that they enjoin artists when painting sacred subjects, to so to speak, to paint the pious (wooden-fleshed) Madonna and smoke-dried Christ, which are left to us by the Greek school, of the time of the Lower Empire. . . . These fellows pretend to arrive by a process of reasoning at the same point which our good ancestors reached by the impulse of faith!

The last passage we have marked for extract occurs in a song left to an intimate friend, whose Christian name only is given in the heading as Signor Pietro. It gives a full and highly amusing description of a pedestrian tour made by the poet and a college friend of his in the picturesque and beautiful hill-country which lies between Pescia and San Marcello. The narrative concludes with a sketch of a rustic ball given by a country Notary, to which the two friends were especially requested to come "in velvet jacket and thick shoes." The following description of the worthy Notary's refreshment-room on the grand occasion is a clever bit of Dutch painting.

The room appropriated to the *buffet* was the kitchen. In one corner it stood the maid Betta, deeply engaged in picking a quantity of thrushes.

Further on were other women, with their heads over the meal-trough, kneading dough; by the fire stood a country fellow, with his shirt sleeves turned up, and an apron as big as a royal proclamation (*fascia propria*), roasting chestnuts—to be sure the apron had a spot or two of blood upon it, but the blood does not spoil the simile. Against the wall was a huge rack full of micropans, pots and trenchers, wreathed and intertwined with laurel. On the opposite side hung against the wall a range of kettles, saws, grubs, frying pans, spades, pick-axes, shoes of undressed leather, macepans, long rapiers and halberds, and under these was posted up an almanack, the ballad which begins "Panna da casa e fatissimi" [a Tuscan version of "Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my lad!"]—a sonnet for the festival of the patron saint, and, hard by it, a picture of St. Anthony and Company. In the middle of the kitchen, a great table was set out with flasks, half-pint cups, decanters, uncut cheeses, plates of *brigidini* [a sort of crisp water-cake of high antiquity], a large napkin for the *polesta*, and a grater, and a hat [the grater was probably intended for stewing the *parmigiana* cheese over the *polesta*; but it is difficult to conceive what could have been the use of the hat]. Meanwhile, either on account of some draught of wind or of the strong flame that caused a movement in the air, the smaller fashions were flying hither and thither, on the plates, on the glasses, into the fire, and the pan in which the chestnuts were roasting; and this caused great offence to the chestnut-roaster-in-chief, who calls out to the maid, "I say, in all the years you have been plucking birds, haven't you learnt to do it better than that?"—"What's the matter with you, I should like to know!" answered she, short and sharp—"What's the matter? I ain't you sending all your feathers about the room!"—"Marry, come up! is it I that send 'em! I suppose you must have something to growl about, I suppose. You'd better look after your chestnuts there, and not overcast them, as you always do!"—"Mind your own business, chestnut-roaster! I'll be to your feathers again! Pull the basket further that way, stupid! Don't you smell what a stench they make! Everything will smell of burnt feathers!" Meanwhile, in the next room, there was a great hubbub raised; but we were listening to the above dialogue, and did not pay attention to it. It was the Notary who had come back with the guests that he had gone to fetch; and into the kitchen he came, fuming and fuming, and driving before him three great strapping country wenches. "Oh, are you here, gentlemen!" said he. "What's the matter now? I hold your tongues! [to the maids] what is the use of scolding? Come, girls! make haste and take something. Betta! take care with those birds! you'll cover everything with feathers!"—"There! you see; I told you so," cried the chestnut-roaster triumphantly.—"I tell you what!" cried Betta in a rage, "anybody may pluck the birds and eat them; I'll have nothing to do with 'em!"—"I'll pluck them myself," quoth the Notary, drawing out his words. "I'll pluck them. No great matter, truly! Beg pardon, gentlemen; but really with these people it is such a wretched look-out. Girls! I say, eat something, or drink; there's plenty here of all sorts; I can't do Maria's work and Magdalene's too!" [a common Tuscan proverbialism when the speaker has more on his hands than he knows how to manage]. And in a moment he had matched the thrush out of Betta's hand, and seated himself with the basket between his knees. The five or six birds that were left were plucked in no time, and he would have thought the Notary had done nothing else all his life long.

There is abundance of clever and characteristic notices of contemporary literature and Continental politics scattered up and down these volumes; and we can confidently recommend them to all who care to trace the hopes and struggles of the Young Italy of '48, enfolding as they did the germs of the fiercer and less feverish nationality now astir throughout the Peninsula, with such bright promise for the future. As a specimen of style, too, it would be hard to name any modern Italian writer

more worthy the attention of such as desire to make a careful study of the language.

Shall the New Foreign Office be Gothic or Classic? A Plea for the Former. Addressed to the Members of the House of Commons. By Sir Francis E. Scott, Bart. (Bell & Daldy.)

AMONGST the host of pamphlets on this theme none is likely to be so effectual as this offering from Sir Francis Scott, armed as its author is with long previous study and travel, as well as earnestness, and the eloquence which comes from it. This question is of far deeper interest than the style in which a particular edifice shall be built. For a question so confined, the great public would never care; nor should we, as servants of the public, dream of extending our approbation or disapprobation beyond a line. But a deeper interest is at stake. The question is—shall the Gothic style, which on every side is reviving around us, be put to the official ban? Shall the national style be publicly repudiated and condemned? Every man who lives in a house must feel his interest in such a fact.

Lord Palmerston has taken up arms against Gothic; and to him Sir Francis Scott replies. Our readers will be glad to have a summary of what he has written. His exposures of Lord Palmerston's ignorance of the history of Gothic and Classic architecture will amaze and amuse the public.

Sir Francis's objections to the Anglo-Classic style we condense, and applaud for their supreme common sense. Its ornamentation is additional, not constructive. It is deduced from a corrupted foreign style. It ignores the use of brick and beauty of constructional colour. Its soul is conventional—in a conventional building the supports, in a simple one the materials. It is indebted to book-pedantry rather than Nature for ornament. It uses cement—the ground-work only for colour in real Classic—to hide vile materials, to the ruin of constructive honesty and decorative taste. Dealing with these shams has degraded the architects who practise it. Heartily, for our own part, do we subscribe to the necessity of an architect being something of a workman, and practically studying outline, relief and colour. The knowledge of these can be got by practice. What should we think of a composer who was ignorant of instrumentation? Very effectual are the gentle means who plier and combine odds and ends to make the patchwork of old styles mis-named Anglo-Classic. Let them be content, Sir Francis Scott advises, to carve, paint and chisel, before they build and plan—as Giotto, Orcagna, Brunelleschi and Buonarroti did. To what result of humbug the present system has got let our author speak.

"The Neo-Classic style appears to have forgotten that proportions and lines are no more architecture than rhyme is Poetry, and does not choose to perceive that the more diversity there is in the wants and requirements of modern life, the more varied in range and power of expression should that style be. It attempts to deal successfully with modern buildings. Whether it is Belgrave Square—with each side trying to look like a 'noted manum', while the separate and independent doorways give the lie to the uniformity of the floors above; or the British Museum, the pride of Bloomington—with the melancholy, dingy, iron portico, that gives one a cold in the head to think of, the pompous meanness of its sham grandeur, its poverty staircase which you are 'requested not to touch its lath-and-plaster ceilings, painted in imitation of what they are not;—private buildings or public, one is as false as the other; and Anglo-Classic has a deal to answer for."

Such is Anglo-Classic. Greek and Gothic

are the only perfect styles as requiring the union of painting and sculpture in due subordination. Their construction and ornamentation were governed by one leading idea, by one essential principle, so that the whole is in harmony with its parts, and inspired with the same objects, feelings and intentions. As symbolizing a higher and holier thought, Gothic transcends Greek in its religious phase; which, being more indelible, is less self-evident, but equally effective to the Christian beholder. "Hence arises a noticeable peculiarity, that, whereas in early and genuine Greek Art invention and execution are generally on a level,—in Gothic, even in the Italian branch, the executive faculty is never equal to the conceptive."

How the *Quattro-Cento* is but transitional, and rather a phase of painting and sculpture than a definite architectural style—albeit of the loveliest, tenderest and most refined nature—is next insisted upon, and its decadence to the *Cinque-Cento* pointed out; the last being the re-introduction of the Orders of Imperial Rome, and equally demolished princes and nobles. Thus is what the Premier wishes us to follow:—

"Fantastic and overcharged with Bernini and Longhena, maniacal under Borromini, it sank at last to the confectionery churches of the *Jesuiti*, its patrons, and the dead level of the eighteenth century, when national architecture had perished out of every land."

By its lineal descent, through the transitional style, from the Anglo-Norman, the English-Gothic, with an endless freedom of local variation, progressively developed as it grew—its constructive and decorative features dictated by convenience and not caprice—became, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, more mount, and indeed alone in the land, and adapted itself to our climate and requirements of use. We know when and how, under those patrons of all falsehood and pretension, the Stuarts, the Neo-Classic came in; but the domestic Gothic is, without a date, gradually developing itself with the requirements of the ages as they passed, and keeping an idiosyncrasy of its own, distinct enough from foreign custom, temporary examples, by peculiarities of outline, detail and plan. If these matters of history do not show Gothic to be, in the strictest sense, our National style, it would need, we must say, more powerful cranning than Lord Palmerston even has submitted his candour and good sense to, to see what can be called a National style.

Sir F. Scott holds, that Gothic is the style of liberty and economy. Because its verticality and power of free lateral extension are equally in harmony with its principles of construction; its exterior are expressive of the interior uses, and not according to a formal canon of lifeless symmetry; one floor may show an arcade of glass, the next three-parts wall and but one of window; no material is too costly, none too humble. Let us think how a pure Classic building, in what is questionable our national material—brick—would look! Its language and expression vary with the latitude. Its ornamentation is free,—its elevations know no law, save that of intelligent adaptation to internal convenience and conformity with the requirements of climate and common sense; its *facades* accommodate themselves to all irregularities of curve or unevenness of site with equal facility, beauty and success. Thus much for its liberty; for economy, take the plainest Classic work—say Baker Street—and compare it with this:—

"With a pointed discharging arch—over a flat-headed entrance-door—filled in with ceramic colour;

with a band of tiles to mark the floor; with varied grouping and size of windows with chamfered jambs, and perhaps a mullion; with dormer windows in a high-pitched roof and here and there a gable to the street; and area railings in tough wrought iron; you would see Gothic by a right application of the commonest of materials, almost equal even this wretched Anglo-Classic specimen in cheapness, surpass it in convenience, and offer—instead of sad and wearisome confusion, variety of colour, picturesque outlines, and evidence of thought."

In economy of ornament, Gothic architecture never produced anything so wasteful of labour as the decorations of the sham round-headed arches of the first-floor windows at the so-called "Rag and Famili," or the balustrades above. Supposing it were worth looking at, the ornamentation of the Pall Mall Club is thrown away by its situation beyond vision. Our author's remarks on this head are conclusive of the subject:—"It stands to reason that all the clumsy devices attendant upon the use of a trabec and column must be more expensive than a fenestral style must be more expensive than the mere decoration of constructive features." The length of the bearing of the entablatures at the "Carlton" is an example of the destructive effect of such a system. With reference to expense, Sir Francis Scott suggests to Members of the House that, when Lord Palmerston brings "a pet column plan" in his pocket, and attempts to force it on their indulgence, *without being tendered* for, merely giving a verbal guarantee that it shall cost less than Mr. Scott's plan, they shall, "in the name of all that is business-like," reject it at once. He is not, like many critics, able only to pull down, but has a practical idea of his own, which any architect will indorse. Thus:—

"I unhesitatingly assert that recessed and moulded doorways, figure sculpture and foliage-carving, or as-reliefs in sunken panels, near the eye of the spectator; great mouldings, such as the capitals, the shafts, and the cornices in coloured tiles and bricks; a corbelled eave-course to carry the gutter and terminate the roof; buttresses (if requisite) to relieve the walls and cast a shade; and the temperate use of constructional colour, will give a richer effect to a Gothic edifice, than gorgeous arcades and layers of pile-up columns and entablatures, redundant friezes and ponderous cornices (with their useless and dangerous projection) can possibly give to a Classic one,—at infinitely less expense, and with this triumphant advantage in principle (which just makes the difference between right and wrong) that the Gothic ornaments its construction, and the Classic constructs its ornamentation."

As to the excess of cost over the estimate for the Houses of Parliament—pet cry of the Neo-Classicists—we are reminded that the estimate was for less than half the present building; that successive powers extended their demands upon the architect for decorations, ventilating towers, increase of accommodation, &c.; that the workmanship is admirable; and, yard for yard, it has cost less than the new Louvre, and is more imposing in outline at a distance, and more satisfactory in detail when we are near. Admit that the principles of Gothic architecture were unrecognized when the former was designed in 1836, and that it professed an imitation of the Later Perpendicular style when that was decaying, "and let us wonder that the only demerit of such a Palace is its want of repose!" Taking Barry's work on the conditions under which it was constructed, no one can deny that it is satisfactory. It is not less so and restless as it is, only compare the New Westminster Hotel with it for dignity, beauty and true constructiveness! But Barry was not a Gothic but an Eclectic architect at heart, and made his work according to order. We heartily agree with the following estimate of "Barry's

Pinafore"; and would add to the second example the admirable Schools for St. Martin's parish, erected by Mr. Wyllie, in Brownlow Street, Long Acre. A noble and perfectly showing what may be done in brick on Gothic principles, and, before it was spoilt by filling in the openings of the roof arcade, elegant and grand, and economically constructed:—

"But would it not be futile to expect first-rate Gothic design from the architect of the Treasury-buildings in Whitehall? As that is but a re-facade, there are others to blame: but in front of the new wing of the two-story Banqueting House of 1629, it is feeble and contemptible indeed. That eternal stately treated as a story, the useless columns on it cut in half by the projection of the window-caps, the frivolous and expensive stone-cutting in frieze and cornice, the rows of inaneless vases up among the chimneys—really, the whole front is a warning to Anglo-Classic architecture not to meddle with that which Anglo-Gothic has made peculiarly its own, viz. the artistic and natural treatment of ranges of small rooms: as is so beautifully exemplified in the college-fronts at Oxford. To conclude with an example of the worst of ornament, roof of type of like, on that scale, if reduced to plain walls and windows; and I hope she will confess that she is not fit to be seen unless when got up regardless of expense."

The author then proceeds to show that, historically, Gothic is the style of liberty. This is done by an enumeration of dates. It was completed in England in 1226 (date of Salisbury Cathedral); developed itself in the thirteenth century, and was domesticated for a third; died out under Henry the Eighth, before 1540. In France perfected itself about 1170 (Paris and Chartres); died under Francis the First. In Flanders it came later, and lasted till 1520. In Germany and Spain adopted in 1200 and 1220, and died under the paternal government of Charles the Fifth before 1530. Those who patronized the successor of Gothic, *Renaissance*, we need not name. The same thing holds good in Italy; and beyond denial the following is true:—

"The Gothic Broletti and Palazzo Pubblici of Italy, the Trade-halls and Town-halls of Flanders of the fourteenth and first half of the fifteenth centuries—models of magnificence, truth, convenience, and construction—were erected by the most democratic communities the world has seen since the foundation of the modern republics of Italy. The life, the soul, the meaning of Gothic Art is Liberty!"

Sir F. Scott does no injustice to the revived Classic style in its best examples; but protests against the slavish adoption and ill application of its principles amongst us. Some eloquent remarks on Greco-Roman work, and on the ancient use of brick and its wonderful durability, also on the beauty of terra-cotta window dressings, and facilities for coloured combinations, follow this. There can be no doubt that Gothic manages honestly to own the chimney, which Classic hides and is ashamed of; that it is favourable to Sculpture:—

"We will take the lateral porches of Chartres Cathedral, circa 1300, against the facade of St. Peter's at Rome, of 1612, and that of St. John Lateran at Rome, of the date 1750. Now, will any Donatello, or Titie, or Pennonello, with any professional candour of the thirteenth century, dare to say, that the grave, expressive, solemnly disposed figures of the former do not more excite our reverence and awe, and are not a mere coral and noble tribute to the worth of sculpture, and its

due position in architectural compositions, than the lewdly sportful of the later style attitudinizing along a balustrade, or its dancing-master salutes prouetting on a pediment!"

Here is a receipt for a Neo-Classic building:—"Take a square wall of the cheapest attainable bricks, cut rows of equal holes in same for windows, add on stories, per pattern, as required; and tell a lie in common parlance over front and flanks, and score with stone like joints to make it a good one—this will give the necessary construction. For ornament serve up triangular or circular-headed pediments in stucco for the windows, paste on a plaster cornice—it is immaterial whereabouts, for cornices, in Palladian, are independent of a roof, and semi-columns or pilasters in brick, coating the same thickly with cement; run entablatures across in lath and plank, with mouldings in plaster, and abstain from sculpture and colour as much as possible. N.B.—If a Pediment be ordered by the customer—as in this style they are merely a facade to the front and not the termination of a gable—back the same with half and broad slate roof to neutralize the raking lines, and open window in centre of tympanum to show that it masks a story. If you get an unlimited order, you may add more pediments at the sides (as at Spencer House), and wherever there may be room."

Trenchant is the comparison between the times when Gothic and its rival flourished: we commend it to the advocates of the latter. An accusation of unfairness and jobbery is made against Lord Palmerston, inasmuch that he is not content with his legitimate influence as Prime Minister, but has got himself represented by the Chairman at the Board of Works which supervised the Foreign Office plan, and a Gothic design his Lordship has decided, he will oppose with all his power. He is no judge, but a partisan:—

"Lord Palmerston's influence in the House, and out of it, is overwhelming; his denunciations of Gothic architecture, in season and out of season, have been unsparring; and so, as a fair specimen of his Lordship's historical and artistic acquaintance with the subject, I beg to offer a quotation from his speech of August 18, 1859, on the new Foreign Office arrangements, charitably concluding that the Premier stumbled while being 'examined':—'The Gothic style might be admirably suited for a monastic building or a Jesuit college. It was not suited, either externally or internally, for the purpose to which it had now been proposed to apply it.' Now this assertion reads like a joke, and happens to be absolutely wrong both in theory and in fact: Neither in Italy, Sicily, nor Austria,—the strongholds of Romanism,—are there, I believe, conventional buildings in occupation in any other than the Classic style. And for a Jesuit college in Gothic, as in the case of the Lord perhaps is not aware that the Order was not founded and Ignatius Loyola appointed General till 1540, under a Bull of Paul III.; at which date Pointed architecture was on the eve of extinction in Spain, and in Italy had been defunct a hundred years. The Gothic style have been stifled under the rules of Jesuitism; which admired in the practice of the Classic Revival a spirit akin to its own! Indeed, in modern times, the Ultramontane party (Jesuits included) have formally protested, by means of their organs in the press, against the use of Gothic architecture, as being heterodox and alien from the practice and customs of Rome. And, as regards the latter half of the above quotation, History shows that the Pointed style, and it alone, was applied to the very purpose for which we now require it, by the most intelligent, artistic, and independent of Christian nations at the summit-level of their autonomy and freedom."

Of course a contradiction is all that need be given to his Lordship's assertion, that Gothic "was imported from abroad"; the telling appeal to the reader, he knows so well how to make:—"But what can you expect from a noble Lord who calls the monotonous aggregations of dingy bricks and dingy stucco, in the Kensington suburbs, 'beautiful buildings in the new parts of London!'"

Lord Palmerston's motive in the pertinacity he displays, which is beyond the mere wilful spirit of party opposition to a project that originated on the other side of the House, is next inquired into, and presumed to be an objection to the self-dependence and freedom from the official routine and red-tape system which Clotiear exhibits. We are gratified that this personal distaste, founded upon pure caprice, is not to have power, but the decision of the question left to the House, and not to the whims and fantasies of the Prime Minister for the time, but for which, indeed, the Foreign Office would already be a reality. We hope it may be so; but the autocratic way in which the subject has been treated, in perfect contempt of the House of Commons, looks ill for the wish.

Narrative of the Embassy of Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo to the Court of Timour, at Samarcand, A.D. 1403-6. Translated, for the First Time, with Notes, a Preface, and an Introductory Life of Timour Beg, by Clement R. Markham. (Printed for the Hakluyt Society.)

A rare fragrance of old travel is in this volume. It is redolent of the days when men believed in castles built of solid gold, in nations of Amazonian archers, in kings pavilioned on the plains of Tartary more august and powerful than all the buried Cæsars. The good knight Clavijo, of Madrid, arrived awhile in the East when a Christian Emperor still sat on the throne of Constantine, when a giraffe had never yet been seen in Spain, when silken Samarcand was a cynosure, at least on the ripe side of the earth. The world had then half-forgotten the Goths: it had scattered irreverently the ashes of Greece and Rome, whose mortuary urns were more precious than the splendours of Byzantium or the never-glories of Castile; but it was full of admiration for that other Hæsar, sprung from the rainless farts of Central Asia, which spread its dominion from Damascus to Delhi, and ruled even beyond those imperial limits. Spanish literature was then in its germ. Santilla had not yet composed his 'Serranas'; no great historian or poet had appeared; not a single traveller of veracity or importance had written. Clavijo, therefore, stands on the threshold of a dimly-lighted epoch; and, with the aid of reports at Rhodes, rumours at Trebizond, courteous guides and sandal-wood torches, we journey with him to the Court of the great Lord Timour Beg, there to see wonders, to eat horseflesh, and to behold the justice of the mighty illustrated by the hanging of certain malefactors in the midst of a sumptuous festival.

It was in the year 1403—as a romanticist have it—that Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo, with two colleagues, was despatched to Timour's Court, and he laudably determined to write a full, true, and particular account of all the countries he passed through. We have, therefore, an itinerary of his voyage from Cadix to Constantinople, and across the Black Sea,—of his journey from Trebizond to Samarcand, and of the spectacles he there witnessed. He did not go, however, merely to see marvels; but had sundry Spanish bonds to sound in the ear of the giant Tartar. He told him of the King, his master, followed into the field by six thousand knights with golden spurs,—of a bridge in Spain forty miles broad, on which thousands of sheep found pasture—alluding to the land upon which the Crusades have still to appear again,—of a city surrounded by fire and built on water, meaning Madrid, which was encircled by a wall of flint and abounded in springs. Still, he could say little or nothing to excite

the surprise of a potentate who, beginning with chess and horsemanship, ended among the most dreaded kings of men. It is curious to note how respectfully Clavijo enumerates his conquests before opening the narrative of his own mission. On a May morning he embarked in a carack, with his colleagues, at the port of St. Mary, near Cadix,—rowed away under a castle-fretted coast, was beaten about by a great storm,—amid which lambent flames played on the masthead, and the voices of men were heard in the air,—visited Rhodes to hear news of Timour, and reached Constantinople at the end of October! There, in a lofty, carpeted chamber, softened with leopard-skins and embroidered pillars, they had audience of the Christian Emperor, and in the churches inspected a variety of relics, which Clavijo devoutly describes, repeating all the lore attaching to them. He saw, of course, the garment for which the knights of Pilate cast lots, and the tears of the three Marys; and he put faith in whatever he heard. Thus he listened to a story concerning the late Emperor, who made war against his son, in alliance with a Turk, whose son was also in revolt. The young men were captured. "When this happened, the Turk put his son's eyes out; and the Emperor had compassion on his son, and did not wish to hurt him, but ordered him to be put in a dark prison, and finally caused him to lose his sight with hot brass." From the capital of this interesting monarch, the ambassador, after some critical navigation, arrived at Trebizond, where the Emperor was hospitable, and where the Spaniards indulged in an analysis of Greek heresies. Among other naughtinesses, the clergy marry, though, it is true, not more than once, and with virgins. "When their wives die they do not marry again, but remain widowers, and they are very unhappy for the rest of their lives. They err, moreover, in the doctrine of St. Mary, and when any one dies who has done evil in this life, and is a great sinner, they dress him in cloths, and change his name, that the devil may not know him."

In Armenia they fell among Turks, and were most hospitably entertained. The Turkish cavaliers in the various towns on their route sent them abundance of meat, bread, milk, cream, eggs, and honey, with "much fruit," and an immortal superfluity of wine. At Arsinga, indeed, "the lord of the city," a magnate in blue silk robes, with a crest of gold, delighted to see his attendants tipsy, and would have enjoyed the sight of three ambassadors delicious. This Arsinga, by the way, was situate on a plain, "near a river which is called Euphrates, which is one of the rivers that came from Paradise." And here the Knight Clavijo began to learn something personal, by hearsay, concerning the magnificent Timour Beg: for example—how he conquered Arsinga. He marched to the town with an immense army, and demanded tribute, declaring he would shed no blood provided the gold and silver were laid at his feet. This being done, he requested the principal citizens to visit him in his tent, and not violating his promise to shed no blood, he buried them all alive, pillaged the place, and pulled it down. The admiration of the Spanish envoy, upon hearing these particulars, was unbounded. Thence they advanced to the city of Calmarin, "which was the first in the world after the flood, and there, as elsewhere, they were well entertained, and the people gave the ambassadors lodging, and food, and horses," "for all the land belonged to Timour Beg." Thence they came to Khoi, in the Persian province of Azerbaijan, still the flourishing centre of a rich and fertile district. Then they met an embassy proceeding from the Sultan of Babylon to the Court of

Timour Beg. Among the presents to be delivered was a giraffe, "which creature is made with a body as large as that of a horse, a very long neck, and the forelegs much longer than the hind ones." It could eat the leaves from the top of a tree, and "to a man who had never seen such an animal before, it was a wonderful sight." From this point they began to traverse a beautiful country, full of orchards and vineyards, arriving at Tabreez in June, having already been thirteen months on the way, and finding there a palace, "in which there are twenty thousand chambers and apartments." Thence, hastening towards Samarcand, they were smitten on the plain with a wind "so hot that it seemed as if it came out of hell,"—passed the towers built of mud and human heads,—left behind them the mountain-glades whose soil is sown with turquoise,—found the great iron everywhere whipping the populace to stimulate their courtesies to the strangers,—crossed the region of the Turcomans, and planted their feet beyond the Oxus. Here began an oration to the representatives of the Castilian king; and penetrating the hills styled "gates of iron," Clavijo was moved to rapture. "Say if a great lord, who is master of these gates of iron, and of all the land that is between them, such as Timour Beg, is not a mighty prince!" Moreover, he believes that there actually were, in former days, iron gates swung across the passes. But we never reach Samarcand, early in September. The ambassadors entered in the state; they passed under superb archways; elephants with castles on their backs, banners, regiments of troops, and other glorifications, attended their progress, until they arrived in front of a beautiful palace. There, sitting on the ground, under a portal, was the Terror of the East:—

"Before him there was a fountain, which threw up the water very high, and in it were some red apples. The lord was seated cross-legged, on silken embroidered carpets, amongst round pillows. He was dressed in a robe of silk, with a white hat on his head, on the top of which was a spiral ruby, with pearls and precious stones round it. His eyesight was so good that the eyelids had fallen down entirely."

They afterwards began to feast:—

"They brought much meat, boiled, roasted, and dressed in other ways, and roasted horses; and they placed these sheep and horses on very large round pieces of stamped leather. When the lord called for meat, the people dragged it to him on these pieces of leather, so great was its weight, and as soon as it came within twenty paces of him, the carriers came, who cut it up, kneeling on the leather. They cut it in pieces, and put the pieces in basins of gold and silver, earthenware and glass, and porcelain, which is very scarce and precious. The most honourable guests had the first of the food, but without the leg, and they placed portions of it in ten cups of gold and silver."

A basin, so large that one man could not carry it, was placed before each guest, with salt, gravy, and thin wheaten cakes; and whatever he could not eat he was bound to send to his lodging, and the people were to take it before them, that if they had taken it away it would have lasted them for half a year." Then they went home, with knights as their attendants, and Timour received the Castilian presents, among which Gibbon says there was "a suit of tapestry which eclipsed the pencil of the Oriental artists." However, nothing could eclipse their luxury. Clavijo was enchanted with it, and can scarcely command language to speak of the palaces, the silken tents, the gold and silver tables, the rose-coloured hangings, the tasselled canopies, the pearls, emeralds, turquoise, and the people's heaving all. And what high jinks at the Court of the sublime Timour? At his dinner-parties an attendant kneeled before the guest, plying him with cups

of wine, telling him he is guilty of bad manners if he refuses; bidding him wash down the roast horse and rice with unbroken draughts, and citing their master as an example. The consequence of these "big drinks," as the negroes would have called them, is stated by Mr. Markham to have been that "in three days nearly all the Mohamammedan sovereigns of Central Asia died of *delirium tremens*." We can well believe it, unless Clavijo exaggerated monstrously. The festivities of Samarcand, indeed, were characteristically barbaric. After a feast, "one of the Meeras of the lord came with a silver basin full of their silver coins, and they scattered them over the ambassadors, and over the rest of the company; and when they had done this they put what was left into the skirts of their clothes." But these festivities were as nothing in comparison with the grand October celebration, near the camp of Timour, on the plains. Streets of tents were pitched, and in the midst an incomparable pavilion, "three lanes high," supported by twelve poles, "each as large round as a man measured round the chest," and there were silken turrets at the corners. "This pavilion was so large and high that it looked like a castle. At one of the revels, when Timour's wife was present, "the drinking was such that some of the men fell down drunk before her, and this was considered very jovial." They also brought "great quantities of roasted sheep and horses, and other dressed meats, and they ate all this with much noise, tearing the pieces away from each other, and making game over their food"; but Timour found the celebration rather monotonous, so he ordered a number of galleys to be set up among the tents, and selected certain people to be pleasantly and expeditiously hanged, to encourage the others. The first was a defaulting chief magistrate; a councillor offered 400,000 pieces of silver for his pardon, which "the lord" accepted;—but after taking the money he ordered the councillor to be hanged up by his feet until he died. Thus a little variety was introduced into the jubilee. Another relief to Clavijo's narrative is the portrait of a Tartar queen at the beginning of the fifteenth century:

"She had on a robe of red silk, trimmed with gold lace, which was long and flowing, but without sleeves, or any opening, except one to admit the head, and two arm-holes. It had no waist, and fifteen ladies held up the skirts of it, to enable her to walk. She had so much white lead on her face that it looked like paper; and this is put on to protect it from the sun, for when they travel, in winter or in summer, all real ladies put this on their faces. She had a thin veil over her face, and a crested head-dress of red cloth, which hung some three feet down the back of her head, very high, and was covered with large pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, and it was embroidered with gold lace, on the top of which was a circlet of gold, set with pearls. On the top of all there was a little crest, on which were three very large and brilliant rubies, surrounded by a tall plume of white feathers. One of these feathers hung down as low as the eyes, and they were secured with golden threads, and, as she moved, they waved to and fro. * * * Three ladies held her head-dress with their hands, that it might not fall on one side."

Towards the end of November the ambassadors quitted Samarcand, well pleased with their entertainment, but doubtful whether so much eating and drinking were good for body or soul. In March 1406 they reached the Court of the King of Castile in Alcala de Henares; and in due time, in the year 1482, this narrative was "printed" in Seville, in the House of Andrea Pescioni. It is one of singular historical interest, as involving the birth of a literature of travel in Spain. Mr. Markham has performed his task well, supplying many

necessary elucidations in the notes. A map accompanies the volume, tracing the route of the Clavijo Embassy from Cadiz to Samarcand.

An Introduction to the History of Jurisprudence. By D. Causfield Heron, LL.D. (Parker & Son.)

Jurisprudence, or the Science of Laws, is a subject the study of which has been grievously neglected amongst us. Our practising lawyers are too much pressed in the professional scuffle, and too fully occupied in acquiring a knowledge of the Statutes and judicial decisions which are from day to day working momentous changes in our laws, to give much thought to jurisprudence. They are too busy in ascertaining what the laws *are*, to afford time to the consideration of what they *should be*. They do well if they can keep the chart by which they sail corrected to the present state of the ever-changing legal sands. Our politicians are too much engaged with party warfare during the session, and too busy in sporting, or travelling, or talking to their constituents, during the recess, to give any time to such matters. The consequence is, that the great scientific jurist may be sought for in vain amongst those who make and those who administer our laws. Perhaps we should not expect more from these men of business than that they should adopt with discrimination and carry into effect the suggestions of men who have more time and capacity for the consideration of the science of the law than themselves. A philosopher like Bentham *thinks* upon the law of evidence; his views work in the minds of the more practical men; after many days certain legislators procure the adoption of his ideas as law; and to the world at large the M.P. is the law-reformer, and the thinker is hardly known by name. Such, we believe, is the history of most of the improvements of our law. But there are alterations frequently made of a different character; and these usually originate in the mind of the legislator, and at the same time abundantly attest the absence of all knowledge of jurisprudence, and also the evils which this ignorance produces.

The present volume is an introduction to the study of the history of this important subject; and although the author modestly assures us that his work is in great part a compilation, it is impossible to read it without recognizing the great ability of the writer and the vast amount of care and research which he has bestowed upon it. The object of this book, as stated by the writer, is, "to give an historical review of the great authors who have scientifically cultivated law, combined with a sketch of its internal development." In pursuing this object, the author has not allowed himself to be checked by any limits either of time or space. He begins with the philosophy of ancient Greece in the fifth century before the birth of Christ, and he pursues his subject to the present time. The opinions of the philosophers of Greece, and those of Italy, France, Spain and Germany, as well as of those of England, are all comprised in this extensive work. In each case a short biographical sketch of the author whose opinions are under consideration, and in some cases a few observations as to the age and state of society in which he lived, are given in the first place; and then follows an outline of his opinion as set forth in his more important works. It is obviously a task of no small difficulty to give in a small space an accurate idea of the views set forth in writings of this nature, but in our opinion that task is in general performed with singular success.

The nature of the book renders it impossible

to support our opinion of it by laying extracts before the reader; but we advise those who desire to judge for themselves to peruse the chapters which relate to Machiavelli and to the Philosopher of Malmesbury respectively, as embracing subjects of no small difficulty, and affording fair examples of the author's work. We have no doubt that a careful perusal of this book will afford a general notion of the workings of the human mind upon this subject, which could not otherwise be obtained without a sacrifice of time and labour which few can afford. Yet such a general knowledge is most important, and should always be required from those who are subjected to legal examination. The spirit of Blackstonism—that whatever is law is right—has too much influence amongst us, and has wonderfully retarded our law reforms. The error of others who lean to the opposite conclusion,—that whatever is in wrong is not one which presents any peril to the legal mind of England as at present constituted.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Old People: Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. (Routledge & Co.)—In this new volume for young readers, Capt. Reid has exhibited his customary tact in selecting the most attractive subjects, and treating them in the lightest possible manner. He is careful, with all his didacticism, never to be dull, and contrives to set the stamp of wonder upon most of the "old people" whose habits and manners are delineated. Prominently "old" are the Bushmen of South Africa. Next to these are the Indians who dwell among the mysterious forests, creeks and lagoons, on both sides of the Amazon. There are also, particularly "old," the Maudrus, or Bebeders, a special tribe of Ammonites; the Fesjies who eat "long rice" otherwise named the Osums; who feed during certain seasons of the year, on clay; the Yamparicos, or root-diggers, with the picturesque Guarcos, or Palm-dwellers, far up the Orinoco, in the land of floods, the dwarfs of Fuego and the giants of Patagonia. Out of all those, and others, as may readily be imagined, Capt. Reid has extracted materials for a book which may fascinate school boys, and not be despised by less precocious inquirers into the progress of human society and civilization.

Sunshine and Clouds in the Morning of Life: a Tale. By Anna Bowman (Routledge & Co.)—The beginning and middle of this story may be guessed from the end. It is written to prove that good temper, good sense and sound religious principles can smooth all the petty difficulties and certain trials of life, and create that harmony which is the only happiness of the world. There are merry and brilliant wedding-dances, Lucy, at length, dresses with propriety; Emma moderates her propensity to boisterous laughter; the baronet is softened; the maiden aunts forget their asperity. But it is not to be imagined, because the climax is seen every-day in its colour, that the narrative itself is unexciting. As the story proceeds, there is an abundance of adventure, at home and abroad, with scenes in Crimean camps and Russian palaces; and the family marriage-tables are not spread before every one who sits down to them is a hero or a heroine in one way or another. The tale is prettily told.

Agnes Lowther; or, Life's Struggles and Victory. By Joceline Grey. (Tinsdale.)—Agnes Lowther's is one of those useful little works, that profess cunningly to combine amusement with religious instruction,—an evident continuation of the old nursery system and principle, upon which we are indebted to mothers and nurses, and maids disguised in a spoonful of currant-jelly. Young ladies who are not allowed to read the novels of Sir Walter Scott or Miss Austen, may yet be permitted to extract as much romance as they please from the pages of any trashy story which appears to be proportionately bespiced with tedious and moral reflections. To such innocents maidens, "Agnes Lowther" will, indeed, prove a

extent of one or two miles; and in the case I have supposed, viz., that the earth is not a rigid body, the first day's whirl would make the new position of the axis again a permanent position—permanent, at least, until again disturbed by the upheaval of another mountain mass, capable of producing another change. I hope I have correctly represented what Mr. Airy admits, and that we have now got the problem into a form which will enable us very readily to discuss it.

And first, as to the magnitude of mountain masses as they now exist, I grant that there is no existing mass that can produce more than a scarcely appreciable change. But the present mountain masses represent but fragments of their former bulks. The great range of the Andes, with the whole continent of South America, is probably the most recently elevated mountain range upon the face of the earth; the whole has been raised to its present great height of about five miles within the most recent geological period, and the greater part of it has been raised several feet within our own time. And I know of no reason why it should not continue to rise until it reached a magnitude which would produce a sensible change in the position of the axis of the earth. But although it simplifies the conception of the problem to suppose the elevation of one mountain mass, we need not depend upon the elevation of one only for producing the effect; for if, with Sir C. Lyell, we suppose other configurations of the continents and seas, and that another great continent with its mountain ranges, like the Himalayas, rose simultaneously with South America at the other side of the globe, whilst other lands in opposite directions are sinking, it is obvious that under this supposition the effect might be quadrupled.

But, it may be asked, Can this elevation of mountain masses be supposed to continue to proceed to an indefinite extent? Certainly not; their attaining a certain magnitude would lead to results which would rapidly produce the reduction of their bulk, if it did not destroy them by altogether.

The great geological epochs of which we have been treating are separated by intervals of what may be called the periods of tranquil disposition of nearly horizontal strata, and those periods of disturbance, during which the strata have been thrown into great systems of undulations, and whole races of animals and plants utterly annihilated or annihilated over the whole world, and the climate changed for the succeeding period of tranquillity.

These tranquil periods have been of such long duration that no geologist ventures to say what number of years they occupied; a period of millions of years ago is but as yesterday in geological chronology, and the vast periods of time required for mountains to attain a magnitude sufficient to disturb this state of tranquillity, is necessary to, and consistent with, the hypothesis.

We must not investigate this problem, therefore, under the supposition that the earth has been suddenly made their appearance in any given positions. Their increase, as measured by the chronology of man, is so slow that we could not possibly expect that astronomical observation could detect the effect of the increase in their magnitude in disturbing the position of the axis of the earth. The effect of this slow increase may, by a rough analogy, be compared with that which takes place when the base of a great iceberg is slowly dissolved, until eventually the whole mass gives a roll, and settles into a new position of equilibrium.

Let us next suppose that a mountain mass may possibly have attained to the required magnitude to produce the change, and that at the critical period, or turning-point in its history, the earth given such a whirl as the Astronomer Royal speaks of. We must first endeavour to imagine what would be the effect upon the strata composing the crust of the earth consequent upon the movement of the protuberant equatorial mass; the strata would be thrown into undulations in quasi-torodromic lines, such as have been described by Humboldt and others.

And what we must next inquire would be the effect upon the great volume of water in the sea in which the strata were being deposited. The

water would be thrown with irresistible violence upon the continents, whole races of animals and plants would be simultaneously destroyed, and the surface of the earth ground down by the water heaved, and to the forcing along of vast masses of detrital matter over it; and finally there would be such a change, be it small or great, in the position of the poles of the earth, and in the inclination of its axis, as would produce a change of climate in every part of the world, but more marked in the Arctic and Temperate regions than the Tropical. We have but to suppose this repeated again and again to account for all the observed phenomena.

In weighing the probability of the truth of this theory, we must take into consideration the fact, that no other theory has been before advanced which would account for these so intimately related phenomena being produced by one and the same cause; and I still hope that some at least of my scientific friends will admit that I have given them in it a valuable "write-up."

HENRY JAMES, Col. R.E.

Glasgow, Sept. 24.

I have now fully satisfied myself as to the origin of the error into which Sir Henry James seems to have fallen. It is a mistake about the meaning of the word "Principia," which I saw in his quotation. "Principia," I could not recollect that Newton had ever pronounced any views upon the question under discussion. I felt assured, moreover, that, in so far as Newton could have examined the problem, his conclusions would be right.

The word "globe" has two different meanings attached to it—one geographical, whereby it signifies the spheroidal planet in which we exist; the other is mathematical, signifying the solid described by the revolution of a circle about its diameter. Our discussion refers to the first; Newton referred to the second. On opening the "Principia," third edition, at the passage referred to by Sir Henry James, and reading the entire corollary, you will find that Newton most distinctly defines the globe to which he refers, so as to admit of no doubt as to its nature. He says: "Pone globum uniformem et perfecte circinatum in aqua libere." &c. It is a perfectly circular globe, and not a spheroid, that he treats.

The second sentence but one before that quoted (in translation) by Sir Henry James is as follows:—"Si globus plano quocunque per centrum sum et centrum in quod vis diglutaris transcutit, dividi intelligatur in duo hemisphaeria; urgent scilicet semper vis utrumque hemisphaerium equaliter et properterea globum, quod motum rotationis, nullum in partem inclinabit." However the division takes place, the hemisphere must have the same mechanical effect. A perfectly circular globe would undoubtedly be subjected to evagation of the poles, from the projection of any small irregularities over its surface; but this could not occur in the case of a spheroid, unless the irregularities were of the same order as the outwelling of the equatorial regions of the spheroid. Newton's object in this corollary was manifestly to pave the way for his more complicated investigation in the Third Book, where he treats of the rotation of the earth, in connection with precession, and where the earth is treated not as a circular globe, but as a spheroid.

HENRY HENNESSY.

P.S. For "M. Plautus," in my last, read *M. Plana*. The conclusion to which I refer, as being confirmed by the great Sicilian mathematician, is the increasing oblateness of the interior strata of the earth, as a result of the passage of the interior fused matter to the solid state during the process of gradual refrigeration.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

With the veteran Brogham for President, and Glasgow for the place of meeting, it would be strange for the gathering of any Association not to be a success. The men of Glasgow are not given to fail, and having invited the Social Science philosophers, they determined to give them a hearty and enthusiastic welcome. Nearly 3,000 persons have been booked for the meeting, and the railway train from London brought the President; and on

Sunday the strangers were quite sufficient to be noted for their presence in the Cathedral and kirk of the various popular preachers. Several of the clergy preached sermons bearing on the approaching meeting. President—verbal, for his grey hairs and long services to the cause of Social Science. His reception was quite an ovation: the whole audience rose as he entered, and he took his seat amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. In a feeble and somewhat tremulous voice, which, however, maintained its power marvellously to the end, he delivered an oration which lasted two hours. It was Broghamian: no offenders were spared from the House of Commons and the House of Lords to the Emperor of the French and the King of Naples; and all good efforts for the advance of knowledge and the bettering of the condition of the poor were warmly praised.

Lord BROGHAM, the President, opened his business on Monday with an oration, of which we give the substance:—

In the outset of our proceedings we are led to mark the progress of social science in past times, as well as in the days to come. We shall not ascertain the progress of our science by casting an eye over the history of the parties which have divided both the rulers and the people, and cherishing what attention was given to it, and how far it entered into their controversies. In the early part of the last century, after the restoration of peace with France, and the suppression of the first rebellion in Scotland, the contests of party turned chiefly upon personal grounds, whereof the chief was the proportions in which the power and the emoluments of office should be shared by the great families, and the individuals chiefly interested were closely connected with the Government, and had acquired distinction in Parliament. Ministries were formed, or even broken up, not upon any questions of policy, foreign or domestic, but upon the claims of some persons to office—namely, occasionally upon the claim of some individual to one particular office—and the continuance of many of these questions to single individuals at the helm of affairs, and his removal, formed the sole objects of the two great parties in the State, both of their chiefs in Parliament and their adherents in the country. If measures were considered, they were viewed only in their bearing upon the personal question, but the conduct of persons occupied all men's minds far more than the merits of their policy, or its results upon the welfare of the community. It has often been observed that Sir R. Walpole had uncontrolled power for twenty years, and that yet no great measure—no change in our institutions, either for good or evil—can be ascribed to him during that very long reign.

His personal merits as a ruler have, by all well-informed and considerate persons, been fully acknowledged. He saved the Revolution settlement, when assailed by the most formidable adversaries, with a majority of the clergy and the landed interest; he gave England the German quarrels of two successive sovereigns; and he preserved the peace with some of the most powerful neighbours. But the only measures of which he was the author were his Excise scheme, in which he was defeated by the devices of a faction setting on the multitude; and his Spanish war, into which the same faction of the same mob forced him. That men of rare endowments flourished in these times—indeed of the highest qualities ever displayed in public life—is undeniable; and that their talents fitted them for government in an extraordinary degree is as certain as that by their eloquence they were masters of debate.

Public opinion of the first class distinction forced an onset, and Boilingbroke, according to all tradition, the very first of modern times. But their lives were in council devoted to the intrigues of party, in the senate to party eloquence, in office to preserving all things as they had found them; and when Henry Chatham, so-called for his warlike and military affairs, either in opposition or in the ministry, not

only where his whole attacks upon his adversaries confined purely to party grounds, but his own policy shows him so little in advance of his age that, as regarded France, it was grounded upon the narrow antiquated notion of *raison d'état*, and expediency; and in America, upon the equally narrow and antiquated notion of natural sovereignty. To work out those great principles—to attack all invasion of the one either in alliance or in war, and of the other in government—was the object of his life. Yet so powerful is habit, such the force of routine, he seemed wholly unable to comprehend that it is our first duty by all means to cultivate peace with our nearest neighbours as the first of blessings to both nations, each being able to do the other the most good in amity, the most harm in hostility; but he could only see glory, or even safety, in the precarious superiority grasped by a successful man. In like manner, as often as the idea of American independence crossed his mind, he instantly and utterly rejected it as the destruction of our national existence, instead of wisely perceiving that to become the fast friends of the colonies which we had first planted and long cherished, such protection would benefit both ourselves and them the more by suffering them in their full growth to be as independent as we had always been. Was Lord Clatham singular in these feelings? Not at all; but he was not at all wiser than others. The American war had raged for years before the world was separated from the life of any man; either house of Parliament, the mismanagement of the war and ill-treatment of the colonists being the only topics of attack upon the Government from those whose avowed object was to prevent the necessity of separation. But out of this war and this revolution arose fundamental differences of opinion upon the great questions of allegiance, of popular rights, and generally of civil liberty—opinions carried still further by the great Revolution (not unconnected with that event) which convulsed Europe a few years later; and parties became marshalled according to principles thus entertained by many, professed by more; and the issue of the century was distinguished as had been the greater part of the century before, not by the absence of all party and personal combination, but by important principles in matters of Church and State becoming the ground of attachment or opposition to persons, or of ties that hold parties together. The issue of the century was the Commonwealth and the exiled family, and afterwards between the two branches of the family, was not—like the disputes between the two Roses, the houses of Lancaster and York—a merely personal controversy, having no real foundation in principles and unconnected with conflicting opinions; but there were real and important diversities of sentiment involved in the controversy, although the game of party was played with its usual abuses, and in its unavoidable excess. The interests of individuals being involved in the maintenance of certain principles; these are, in many cases, sacred, and in all cases, the game of faction is entertained, yet continue to be professed after they have ceased to influence the mind. Opinions are used to marshal politicians in bands and separate them from others. Place is the real object; principle the pretext we put in. Opinions become the counters with which the game of faction is played. It cannot be denied that the combination of men to act in concert for the furthering of their honestly entertained opinions may produce salutary effects in resisting oppression or in recommending a useful policy, and has often this operation. But, often, the contrary result has attended the abuse of party. The appearance of the century, examining the history of most of the great controversies which have divided men at various periods. The party which, in opposition, was for retrenchment and peace, transplanted into office cared little for either. Bills of indemnity, suspensions of the constitution, proposals by which the government was passed by themselves when to their adversaries they had succeeded. The very party which, when in power, made acts of attainder and acts of indemnity its favourite measures, deprived of power was the enemy of both; so that it seemed as if each faction had the privilege of directing to its adversaries their line of policy by simply adopting one

for itself. This mode of dealing with principles and opinions is most pernicious to the morals—not of leading politicians only—but of the whole community. A sacred regard for truth, the foundation of all rectitude, is thus lost, and a momentary impulse is propagated unthinkingly, and the most insignificant feelings are habitually gratified, it being constantly found that men will both deceive and slander for their party's interest; who are incapable of such faults for their own; and yet they are sinning for their own behalf when they so further the interests of their party. Nor let it be a momentary impulse that of late years, when such high professions have been put forward of being governed by great principles—pretensions unknown a century ago—there have not also been petty controversies resorted to, petty intrigues and tricks to promote a friend as ruler, or to get rid of an adversary in that station—intrigues as petty and as vile as any that can be found in the days of the Walpoles, the Pelhams, and the Pulteneys. The late disclosures in the correspondence of Mr. Pitt's friends throw a lurid light upon some of his favoured adherents and their intrigues, and the combination of unbounded real for a patron, with the hatred of his adversary, and an intense love of themselves. While the holding certain opinions, and acting upon certain principles, more or less mixed with personal or party feelings, gives these opinions and principles a weight in the public estimation greater than their intrinsic importance would justify, we have, therefore, what we have, without any exception, of such a description that they lent themselves to the policy of conflicting parties. But, in the course of time, and the improvement of men's views touching their real interests, their attention was turned to opinions and principles among themselves, and particular classes could not fasten so as to appropriate them, because they so plainly concerned the whole community, or were of such unquestionable soundness and truth, that no dispute could arise respecting them, any diversity of views being necessarily confined to their intrinsic importance, and not to the particular views they were placed by the field of party conflict. The duty and expediency of philanthropic policy in one sense comprise all the subjects belonging to this class; but even in a more restricted acceptance it embraces some of the most remarkable features of the century. These subjects, as we have noticed, their not lending themselves to party controversy. Another, and equally striking, is their not being held by those who are specially interested in them. Their professors might be benefited with the rest of the community, but in every other respect were entirely disinterested. Indeed, some principles were unconnected with any benefit, even to the community at large, and might involve a sacrifice of its interest to the higher feelings of duty. The subject belonging to this class, the earliest in date, is also the one that most truly falls within this description of having originated in justness of mind, and in the highest degree of humanity—the extinction of slavery and abolition of the traffic in slaves. For the first time statesmen and orators were seen directing their exertions to a subject which no party in the State could turn to its account, upon which all men were agreed as to the merits of the question, and which only differed regarding the time and manner of its solution. The subject was first urged upon the attention of the legislature by men who belonged not to its body, and whose opinions differed with those of the Government; and it was welcomed by Members of Parliament formerly attached to the question—were even parties to the self-centred policy which the issue of the question extends was it mixed in any manner or way with the conflicts of party, while they ranged more fiercely than in any former period, and the men engaged in them were on all other questions the most avidly praised and the most ungenerously assailed. This identity in the great question, and not attended it in the New World. Slavery is not merely a ground of party division, but it is the great and paramount way, almost the only ground both of conflict in every State of the Union and of the differences between the States themselves. The grand question of the election of President (now approaching) depends entirely upon the prin-

ciples expressed by the candidates respecting slavery; and this question involves all other disputes, inasmuch as, to the unequalled misfortune of that great community, the appointment of all public functionaries, from the national and local, depends upon the election of the chief magistrate; and all may be removed on their party being defeated at that election. As regards the subject itself, the issue of the contest is most important; for the question is, whether slavery shall be perpetuated or extended, by adopting the principle that the institution is so national and so humble, or regarding it as local only, and authorized by the law of the particular districts. The revival of the African slave trade is by no means an impossible result from a victory of the Southern States, where it has been not very faintly announced; and the struggle which they so vehemently maintain with the North may even bring about the disruption of the Union—one of the greatest calamities that could happen to America and to the world; to America, as ending, if it did not begin, in civil war; to the world, as shaking the credit of all popular government. And other calamity is also very unlikely to be caused by the conflict—the liberation of the slaves by insurrection: a consummation to be earnestly deprecated, as much for themselves as for their masters. When Dr. Johnson astonished the friends of Church and King at Oxford, by proposing as a toast "The speedy revolt of the slaves in Jamaica, and success to them," he had not lived to see the dreadful consequences to the unhappy victims of our sordid oppression, in the misery far worse even than that oppression, brought upon them by the insurrection, which shook it off in the French islands. He might feel little compassion for the masters, the supporters of what they term "the institution"—and might ask them to show how the King of Dahomey should not plead the immemorial custom of his country requiring the slaughter of hundreds, that he might feast his cause in human blood, as the appointed tribute of filial affection at his father's funeral. But these matters are not the only parties to be considered when there is a question of slave insurrection; and we must contemplate with horror the fate of the negroes, from the worst of ills, civil war in its worst form—civil war in the Slave States, and most regretted as benefit of all claims to be ranked among the most heinous crimes of our age and perverts views of personal advantage, lend themselves to measures by bare possibility leading to such hideous scenes.—

As usual without kin or house he be—

Ullt for public rule or private care.

The wretch who can defend in civil war,

Whose trait is murder, and whose horrid joy

To lose his country and his kind destroy.

(Maid, II. 60.)

But let us devoutly hope that no such fate impends over our kinsmen in the New World—their great scheme of social polity will retain a blessing to all classes, master and slave. But the improvement of one class cannot be effected without the oppression, and breaking the chains forged for them by ignorance, is a work of equal importance, though of less renown, and as they who devote themselves to it are not influenced by party views, their principles have generally been little affected by that disturbing force. The progress of education in all its branches, and especially the extending it to the humbler classes, by such means as may secure good instruction at an easy cost, and without breaking in upon their independence, has been a favourite pursuit of those who most regard the interests of society. On that have done there have arisen party differences, but no class of persons either in Church or State can be found at this day to deny the importance of generally diffused knowledge, or to promulgate opinions in favour of ignorance. The subject, however, gives rise to the most interesting inquiries upon the mode and manner of attaining what all have said in view, and we need but to ask our eyes over the names of those who both now and in former years have presided over this department in our Association, to be satisfied how little it can be regarded as a party question in any of its various branches. One master has never been so warmly and so justly, at any of our meetings—to what extent, if to any, the

education of children should be compulsory. That ignorance is the cause of crime, directly and indirectly, is not denied. Those crimes are punished by the magistrate. Then, does he perform his duty if he does nothing to remove the cause, and trusts to the indirect operation of penal enactments? In some countries, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, he compels parents to make their children attend school. No doubt, these are chiefly States under the discipline of a government more absolute than ours. But in some having a free form of government, regulations amounting, if not to compulsion, yet substantially leaving the parent no choice, are found to prove successful in enforcing education without encroaching upon liberty. It is much to be desired that this question should engage the best attention of the Education Department of the Congress, and that all information should be brought together which the attendance of foreign Members may enable us to obtain. Another subject, deserving of immediate and full consideration is the great defect existing all over the country in providing and superintending of teachers for the middle classes and the due encouragement and proper control of those teachers. The upper and middle classes enjoy this benefit—the former from the great schools and Universities, the latter from the Privy Council's requirement of a certain qualification in teachers, and the superintendence of inspection; but no attention whatever is given to the middle-class teachers, though under those the most important part of the community receives instruction. Petitions complaining of this neglect were presented to Parliament last year signed by 49,000 persons, of which I presented 129 to the Lords. The answer given by the Government was that the Privy Council had not the means of extending the system to the middle-class teachers; yet upon the best calculation that could be made of these classes, there are little more than half a million, and having 120,000 children of school-going age, only 1,200 schools would be added to those under the Council Department. The whole subject of the teachers' position and qualifications deserves to be thoroughly examined, and especially with the view of raising in public estimation that most important class. But there is another subject, again, imparting sound knowledge, religious and moral, and exalting the character, as of rational beings, is the most important of all our duties towards the humbler class of our fellow-citizens, it is by no means to supersede the care of their temporal welfare, or to be taken as a substitute of the other imperative duty. Nothing can be more gratifying in this, and in every other view, than the success of the great measure which the working classes themselves have lately adopted to provide for their comfort, to husband their resources, and to protect them from imposition, by the formation of co-operative societies, and happily these have greatly multiplied, especially in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Such societies are of two kinds. The one has for its immediate object to expend the income of each member to the best advantage for himself; the other to enable him to obtain the largest return for his capital and industry. Sixteen years ago, forty Rochdale artisans, desired to establish a society of the first kind, amassed by a weekly subscription of 3d. from each member the sum of £28, hired a room for a store, laid in a stock of necessaries, and began to trade, selling not only to members but to all who would buy. The enterprise provoked laughter. A neighbouring shopkeeper boasted that he could carry away the whole stock in a wheelbarrow. Now, however, that single room is multiplied into many distinct shops, spread over the town, and the weekly vend of the society exceeds £2,700. Every member is a shareholder, the owner of five shares of 20s. each, the permitted maximum being a hundred such shares. The capital is paid in by small weekly or quarterly instalments. All the transactions of the society, whether purchases or sales, are for ready money, the entire absence of credit being the cornerstone of the institution. The customer, whether member or stranger, is charged at the same price as at the ordinary shops of the town; but at the end of each quarter a dividend of net profits is made, and

he receives his quota according to the amount of his purchases. To arrive at net profit, the following deductions are made from the gross returns: the cost price of the goods, the current expenses of the store, including the wages of the manager and his assistants, rents, repairs, a proper allowance to a depreciation fund, and 5 per cent. for interest on capital. The residue is the net profit, from which is deducted before it is divided among the customers, 2½ per cent. is deducted for the maintenance of a library and news-room. The society is governed by a committee elected from the members, which meets weekly, when it gives patient attention to all complaints. If real cause of dissatisfaction exists it is removed; if the complainant is in error he is reasoned with; and so successful has been the course taken by the committee that, although the arbitrators have been appointed from the first, pursuant to the acts under which the association is registered, yet it has never been necessary, even in a single instance, to arrange for their service. The benefits derived to the individual in the expenditure of his income upon this plan are manifold. It is enough to enumerate a few. First, antagonism of interest between buyer and seller is annihilated. All motive, therefore, to adulteration, or in any way to lower quality, for the satisfaction exists it is removed; if the price is put on the goods to pay the rent of shops in expensive situations, nor for the plate-glass or other costly fittings, nor for the loss occasioned by the expensive articles in the windows to attract customers, nor for advertisements. Indeed, such is altogether discontinued, and what cost is spared to insure high quality in the articles themselves, no money is wasted on the means of attraction. The exact price of the article, too, is very material. If the price is high, the customers' returning profit is also high, and vice versa. But not only economy is consulted, the improvement of the character and habits is incalculably promoted. The workman is stimulated to the exercise of self-control beyond his reach in ordinary circumstances. He must refrain from anticipating his income by running into debt, in order that he may be able to pay ready money, and also to acquire capital; he is urged when his habits are extravagant, neatly and neatly set forth by his brother members, and more than all by the example of the body of which he forms one. Finding, then, strict economy a necessary consideration to his maintaining the rank to which he has aspired, he casts about that he may so exercise his thrift and abridge his expenditure, only in what is not essential to health and comfort, and soon discovers that his abstinence from drink and tobacco not only subtracts nothing from his well-being, but greatly adds to it. But a working man, out of debt, acquiring capital, however slowly, and abstaining from stimulants, is on the road to happiness, and with a prospect of attaining it as bright as is vouchsafed to any citizen of the State, even the highest in the land. The second class of these institutions, namely, those which have for their object to enable each member to augment his income, are at present but few in number, and their experience has been short. At Rochdale a society was founded four years ago for spinning cotton yarn, and weaving it into calico. The principal distinction as regards financial arrangements between the two classes is, that the net profits are divided among the artisans, instead of the customers, each in proportion to his or her sales, the shares being fixed according to the rate of payment in the mills of the district. The disastrous years of 1857 and 1858 severely tried this infant establishment, but it withstood the storm successfully; and although during a period of fifteen weeks no sales were effected, or sales only to a limited amount, yet the shares were never paid, the shares being fixed according to the rate of payment in the mills of the district. The disastrous years of 1857 and 1858 severely tried this infant establishment, but it withstood the storm successfully; and although during a period of fifteen weeks no sales were effected, or sales only to a limited amount, yet the shares were never paid, the shares being fixed according to the rate of payment in the mills of the district. The disastrous years of 1857 and 1858 severely tried this infant establishment, but it withstood the storm successfully; and although during a period of fifteen weeks no sales were effected, or sales only to a limited amount, yet the shares were never paid, the shares being fixed according to the rate of payment in the mills of the district.

giving to every man the benefit of his own industry, skill and economy. Co-operative leaves his votary to freedom; whereas communism, which makes him receive according to his wants instead of according to his merits, extinguishes the ordinary motive to exertion, and falling as it always has failed to induce men to work from higher motives must, if it cannot be acted on full back upon coercion. Communism is in truth slavery in disguise, but as the slaves are also their own masters, they quickly emancipate themselves, and that being done the communities of socialists come to an end. Such is the appointed lot and fate of the kindred association arising from strikes, even when these are carried on without law, and in what is, without in any manner exercising compulsion, directly or indirectly to obtain the increase of members. This most interesting subject will certainly occupy both our General and Judicial Departments.

At our last Congress, great attention was given to the important subject of Temperance, and especially to the necessary measures which experience daily proves more and more clearly to be required for lessening the consumption of spirituous liquors. The great source of pauperism and of crime has hitherto only been attacked by palliatives; and, although the Government has been urged to do so, if there be any means not exposed to serious objections by which the evil may be extirpated, the gain to society would be incalculable. No measure of absolute repression can, of course, be recommended until the public mind has been not only prepared, but strongly interested for it. But the proposal of the Great Alliance well deserves a careful consideration—the plan of enacting a certain proportion of the inhabitants in every district—a proportion considerably above the commercial majority—to give the magistratus authority for placing the district under general Repression, and, under the sanction of the Government, to give the Act's provisions, may be allowed in the peculiar local circumstances. A very extensive adhesion has been given to the proposal in the great districts of Manchester and Birmingham; and this, besides its intrinsic merits, will, in our Departments—Sanitary and of Jurisdiction. That it deeply concerns both need not be added. But which, of all our departments, does it not most deeply concern? Remember the memorable expression of the great philanthropist, our eminent colleague, the Recorder of Birmingham, "Whatever step I take," says Mr. Hill, "and into whatever direction I may strike, the drink demon starts up before me, and blocks the way." This is an interest which, with us, has never, in any respect, been brought within the dominion of party, either civil or religious. Such, however, is the most remarkable illustration of the evils which afflict the United States from the practice of their constitution maintaining in every part of the country an incessant canvas, caused by the distribution of patronage and change of offices. Every subject of a nation is interested in the success of the cause, and a great diversity of opinion, becomes the ground of controversy to contending parties; and so the Maine Liquor Law became a question upon which governors were chosen and removed. The evils which the suspension of the Law occasioned, in the great increase of pauperism and crime, had, under its beneficent operation, been reduced within an incredibly narrow compass, but which now rapidly revived, so seriously impressed men's minds with the mischief of having made it a party question, that a resolution was passed at the State Convention against ever so treating the subject hereafter; the bill of the Suspension Law was affected, and all attempts against the Maine Law were afterwards defeated by reference to the Resolution of the Convention. Nothing can redound more to the honour of the American people than their thus firmly persevering in their just and righteous determination. But it is in the future, and not in the past, that the progress of this country, to be free from this source of such disturbing forces upon our most important measures. We discuss them freely on their own merits, and

apply to the consideration of them those principles which are mere matters of science; but science reduced to practice should guide the inquiry and dictate the conclusion.

If from the Session of 1860 we have derived little benefit to our great cause of Social Science, we have, at least, received the most salutary and salutary warnings; and of these two are of considerable practical importance. In the first place, the necessity of a Minister of Justice has become manifest; what before was deemed highly expedient, is now plainly shown to be requisite. It can hardly be doubted that any one of the late failures, of which all men now complain, would have been prevented had we possessed the inestimable advantage of a department responsible for carrying the measures judiciously selected, and with care and skill prepared. No one can deny that, to take the most remarkable instance, the Bankruptcy Bill, dismembered of the provisions which were little more than enactments, but formed a huge, an appalling mass—relieved from the clauses most objected to, and entrusted to those who had no other work and were answerable for its passing through the Commons—would have reached the Lords in time to be considered and adopted;—if, indeed, it had not, as most probably would have been the case, been first brought into the Lords at a period when they had little to do and the Commons were overwhelmed, or acted as if they felt overwhelmed, with work. The like would have happened with every one of the other bills, as well as those which failed as to which passed in debate, or with an amount of discussion barely decent. But further illustration was given of such a department's importance in conducting the important duty of deciding in the exercise of the high and delicate prerogative of mercy. Does any one not affect to doubt that it should be vested in a Minister? The sole subject of a Department of Justice has long been in the hands of our able, learned, and excellent colleagues, the late Chancellor of Ireland, who, indeed, obtained the sanction of the Commons to a resolution which he proposed; and we may truly remark, without any reflecting person not being able to doubt upon the question except as to whether the undivided responsibility of a single Minister should not be preferred to the advantage derived from the concurrence of several, and from the greater weight thus possessed, as well as the fuller investigation of details questioning the wisdom of the measure, offered by the late session relates to the Consolidation of the Law. Bills carefully prepared by successive Committees of the Lords, with the aid of the able draughtsmen, and after the fullest discussions attended by experienced criminal lawyers, and after reports of Commissioners upon all the details—bills which embodied a consideration of the law upon the most important heads of crime,—were sent down to the Commons; and it was found impossible to proceed a single step in the consideration of them. Not utterly hopeless as any such attempt must have proved in the past session, and with its weight under the labour, there was presented to the minds of all reflecting persons, in a stronger light than ever, the absolute necessity of performing this important work in one way, and the utter impossibility of ever accomplishing it in any other manner. The Commons, in consequence of their confidence in those who had prepared the bills digested, especially the Lords, who had examined, considered and approved it; thus adopting the consolidation as prepared, and not discussing it in detail. The debate of some hundred clauses of a code in a House of some hundred Members, comprising lawyers in either kind—bar and attorney—scrivener of boroughs and corporations, Justice giving ear to the town clerks, chairmen of sessions and other magistrates, county gentlemen instructed by their solicitors, bankers and merchants with sons at the bar, dilettante law reformers—presents to the mind some picture of confusion, of confusion, of confusion, civil and common, that the bare aspect is enough to induce slumbers in the least somnolent, or confuse and turn round the steadiest head. All men are now agreed that the only question is, shall there be a Consolidation or not, parcel of and preliminary to a complete Code or Digest of the Law? In other words, shall the Government of this country perform

its high and imperative duty of bringing the people under its rule acquainted with the laws made to protect their rights; but also the laws to which it requires their obedience, enforcing that obedience by the severest penalties. If the affirmative answer is given, there can be only one manner of working the system, or rather of deciding what to make it. It is discussed in detail, that is, the clauses merely stating what the existing law is, without proposing any change—whenever insists upon discussing the dictum adopted in framing these clauses (for that is all)—has a shorter and simpler mode of declaring the fraction, or rather of deciding what to make it. Its real meaning is, that there shall be no Consolidation, no Digest, no Code. It is to be expected that the Department of Jurisprudence will examine these two great subjects,—a Department of Justice and the Consolidation of the Law,—with the care which their paramount importance so manifestly prescribes. At our first meeting, in 1857, the subject of Judicial Statistics was brought under consideration in the able and useful papers read by Mr. Leone Levi; and, in consequence of the discussion which took place, very considerable improvements were introduced into that department of the Treasury; so that, at our last Congress, hopes were entertained of such complete and regular information being afforded as the Annual Report of the Minister of Justice presents in France. A most important step has since been made in that direction. The Meeting of the International Statistical Congress has been held, under the Presidency of the Prince Consort, who, opening Address, marked by the sound sense, the accurate information, and the general ability which distinguish all His Royal Highness's exertions, is in the hands of all our Members. Having been previously represented in the judicial department, and having afterwards, in His Royal Highness's absence, presided at the General Meeting, it was a great satisfaction to find the unanimous adoption of the plan which it became my duty to report, embodying the resolution in full detail upon the whole subject; and, as there was a strong recommendation to the effect that the Government should appoint a permanent Statistical Commission. The Report has been presented to the House of Lords (where, indeed, I had several years before brought forward the resolutions which formed its groundwork this year), and it is now among the business of the session. The Government is naturally present at this International Congress eminent men from various parts of the Continent; and, in announcing the assembly of the present Meeting, I took the liberty of inviting those distinguished foreigners, with whose presence, I trust, we are now honoured. Among others was a negro gentleman, of great respectability and talents, Dr. Delaney, who had attended different departments, and, in his able address, had communicated useful information and suggestions. When inviting him to this Congress, I informed him that I had the satisfaction of visiting the country which first declared a slave free; the instant he touches British ground, Dr. Delaney's forefathers were African slaves; he is himself a native of Canada. It is truly painful to reflect that although his family have been free for generations, yet his own race, and the race of his victims, white men and Christians had enslaved him; he would be, in the land of Transatlantic liberty, incapable of enjoying any civil rights whatever, and would be treated altogether as an alien, the iniquity of the fathers being inexorably visited, not upon their children, but upon the graves of their victims, to all generations—children whose only offence being the sufferings of their parents, whose wrongs they inherit with their hue. Connected with statistics is a subject which occupied our Sanitary Department last year, the defects in our public records of sickness and mortality, and the valuable papers of Mr. Farr, which were the subject of much discussion. The Council appointed a committee to investigate the question, and resolutions were agreed to, on which a communication was opened with the Government. There can be no doubt that the present system will receive extension and improvement. Unfortunately, as most cannot be said respecting the Report of another

committee named by the Council, on the defects of the Census of 1851, and their valuable suggestions for its improvement in 1861. These were kindly received by the Government, and attention to them was promised; but the Act, as passed, does not provide for any material improvement. On one matter alone the real cause is no doubt; the returns for the three kingdoms ought to be every account to be made uniform. It is to be hoped that the success of the National Congress may lead to a still more important international assemblage on the assimilation of commercial law.

Of the great necessity of legal accidents lately to be decided, the railways recently up to demand attention, and their causes cannot be fully investigated without the suggestion of some preventive. It is remarkable that the evil is confined to Great Britain. In France, the greater discipline, and more careful administration, even more than the lesser speed and the want of precautions, is probably the reason that grave accidents there are all but unknown. The other class of injury to persons, often fatal, is that of careless or foolishly and adventurous travellers being severely hurt, often losing their lives, in attempts to climb or descend dangerous passes, in neglect of the safety of their guides' advice. The misery thus inflicted on families—the public injury thus occasioned—should be impressed upon men's minds, and the guilt incurred by their carelessness or obstinacy. A life thus thrown away is by self-slaughter, not by murder; and the crime lies in the relation to suicide that manslaughter does to murder.

Unhappily, the number is small of European States in which a popular government affords the security of measures being proposed by the rulers calculated to benefit the people as well as themselves. But the diffusion of knowledge has led to manifest the tendency of enlightened policy to promote the interests of the community, and thus, in the result to serve the Government also, that the attention of absolute sovereigns has been drawn, if not driven, to such causes as must increase the welfare of the subjects, and, consequently, their own resources, and, in some cases, promote the comforts of the people, for which they probably cared little, unless as tending to preserve order and quiet without the control of force. Such sovereigns, too, have facilities for making and moulding laws, and effecting changes in the institutions, and the system of the State facilities which made the French sect, the Economists, prefer what they termed a legal despotism to a popular form of government, and made even Bonaparte regard such a system with envy, when pressed by the difficulty of carrying forward his plans for the improvement of the State facilities. It is unnecessary to dwell on the grossness of the delusion arising from such one-sided views of the subject; but we may admit that some compensation is thus afforded by despotism for its great and various evils. The Russian Government is in form the most absolute of any in Europe, surpassed only by a few of the Turkish despots; yet would be difficult to point out any difference in substance between that and the system of Austria and France, except that there the subject enjoys the inestimable advantage of a pure administration of justice, which, also, in certain cases, imposes some restrictions upon the arbitrary power of the sovereign, though very little in those of a political description. But in Russia, greatly to the honour of the present Emperor, a resolution has been taken to effect the entire emancipation of the serfs, which had only been partially adopted by his two predecessors. The difficulties involved, not only by the prejudices of the landowners, but by the other parts of the government, are very formidable, and most persons acquainted with Russian affairs are impressed with the belief that material changes must precede this just and politic measure, which had only been an important measure capable of being carried into execution the serf freedom could not be permanently established without serious changes in the whole political state of the country. It is, however, a most fortunate thing that the attention of the government and of statesmen should be fixed upon this important measure as one having for its object the raising from

enable visitors to examine more favourably those portraits which had hitherto been hung furthest from view. The Gallery will re-open to the public without necessity of tickets as hitherto. During the winter months, it will close at four o'clock.

Halifax, after the manner of Leeds, is about to erect a new Town Hall, with the loyal addition of a statue of the Queen. Why should not Leeds and Halifax become as quaint, as noble and picturesque as Nuremberg or Frankfurt? Perhaps it is only a question of time. Rome was not built in a day. York was not planned by a single generation. Of late years we have seen with the deepest interest a desire spring up to adorn the cities of trade and manufacture with characteristic public and private edifices. Manchester has put on a new face. Rouen is not so much changed in appearance. Lyons is not so much improved. The warehouses of the last twelve years are palaces. We only wish they had been a little more English in style. In a few years Manchester will have a character—a beauty—an attraction of its own, as strong perhaps as those of Paris or Vienna. Commerce should be able to vie with Monachism, at least in the opulence of its taste. Leeds and Halifax are so adding to their architectural attractions as not to lag far behind the Lancashire city.

In noticing the death of Mr. Locke we should have said that he retired from the Presidency of the Institution of Civil Engineers in December last. Mr. Bidder succeeded him in the Presidential chair.

Mr. Charles Knight has laboured for five years past on the 'Popular History of England,' and has brought it down to 1793 with only three slight breaks in his original proposal as to times of publication, and with no break at all as to continuity of style and substance. At this point he claims from his readers an indulgence which will be readily conceded to him, as it will tend even more to the readers' interest than to his own ease. In future he wishes monthly issues — so as to gain time for closer thought and more extensive research. He promises, however, that the work shall be completed in the course of next year.

We are grieved to hear of the loss of Mr. Herbert Ingram, founder and proprietor of the *Hindus' London News*, together with his eldest son, in the fearful accident on Lake Michigan. Mr. Ingram was the other day a living illustration of the flexibility of our institutions and national manners. He had made his own fortune, and every one knew it. By his enterprise and talent, he had risen from the position of a country newspaperer to the responsibilities of a newspaper proprietor, a Member of Parliament, a deputy-lieutenant, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. To-day, he is gone from among us, leaving the power he created in other hands. The story of his rise in life—of his merits and of his mistakes—will be a most interesting study for writers like Mr. Craik and Dr. Smiles as an encouragement to the young.

While the kingdom of Italy, which, though yet unknown to diplomacy, is shaping itself at Naples and Turin, Mr. Wylid has published a new map of that kingdom—will be a most interesting study for writers like Mr. Craik and Dr. Smiles as an encouragement to the young.

We have also on our table a Map of Tasmania in 1859, by Mr. James Spent, from original surveys and drawings made on the spot, and engraved by Messrs. Johnston, of Edinburgh. The map, which shows a recent desert laid out with an English partition, parted into shires, dotted with towns and settlements, fringed with ports and harbours—is admirably designed, and will bring credit to the local geographers and artists who have contributed to its composition. Such a work is a proof of the enterprise and success of Tasmania.

This suggestion speaks for itself.—

"Michaela, Sept. 29.
"A few years ago, I urged, through the *Athenæum*, that the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court should be photographed; and very well they have been done. As a specimen of modern

Art on the grand scale, I would suggest to photographers Elys's 'Joan of Arc,' the three compartments—a fine work, the most ambitious, if not the most successful, of the artist. I believe it is now at Manchester."

"I am, &c.

W. B. MORGAN."

A Correspondent writes:—

"Kingston-on-Thames, Sept. 29.

"I notice that frequent reference is made to the French Canadian song, called 'A la Claire Fontaine,' in the letters of the Correspondents of the *London Journal*, who accompany the Prince of Wales in his Transatlantic tour. They say it is played at the balls attended by His Royal Highness, and wherever music forms part of the entertainment, and is sung to him by the boatmen on the St. Lawrence and other waters, to the accompaniment of their oars. It has always had some pretension to the honour of being the national air of Canada, and I suppose that its present popularity will establish it in that position. As it is probably unknown to most of your readers, I send a version of it as I have heard it sung on the St. Lawrence; but would observe that the 'refrain' is different from that given by the *Times* Correspondent, viz., 'Il y a longtemps que je l'aime, j'aima je ne l'oublierai.' O. F."

A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Gai loi la, gai loi, le roi,
Gai loi la, &c.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné;
Au dessus de son toit
Le roseau chantait,
Gai loi la, &c.

Au dessus de son toit
Le roseau chantait;
Chante, bel élan, chante
Tel, qui la a cour gal,
Gai loi la, &c.

Chante, bel élan, chante
Tel, qui la a cour gal;
Et ne perds ni maître,
J'ai perdu m'en consoler.
Gai loi la, &c.

J'ai perdu m'en consoler,
J'ai perdu m'en consoler;
Que je lui refuse,
Gai loi la, &c.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refuse,
Je vendrais bien que les roses
Furent encore au rosier.
Gai loi la, &c.

Je vendrais bien que les roses
Furent encore au rosier,
Et que ma belle maîtresse
Fût à mon côté.
Gai loi la, &c.

M. Alexandre Dumas, sen., has been named Director of the Museum at Naples and of the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum. He has also received an order from the Dictator to publish a large illustrated work at Naples.

Dr. Wylid, died at Frankfort-on-Main, in the seventy-third year of his age, the philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer. He had just time to revise the second improved and enlarged edition of his work on 'Die beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik,' now being printed at Leipzig, by Brockhaus. The Preface to this work shows that he remained true to the last of his life in his hatred towards the 'University philosophers.' Schopenhauer's literary fate was one most remarkable. His principal work, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung,' remained, ever since its appearance in the year 1819, completely unused for a whole quarter of a century, till, during the last ten years, the general attention of the public was suddenly given to it,—of a public, too, which generally kept aloof from philosophical studies. The long neglected author had the satisfaction, in the eve of his life, of seeing his philosophy made the subject of the most extensive literary interest; even his adversaries contributed to his importance, by making the inquiry into the scientific value of his philosophy a prime theme.

The commission for a dramatic prize, which has been constituted on the occasion of the Schiller-Fest, met for the first time, at Berlin, on the

15th instant. The commission was formed of distinguished men of science, as the Professors Boeck, Hanko, Mommsen, Gervinus, Droysen and Curtius, and some representatives of the theatre, as Hans von Holten and Deers, none of Karlsruhe. It has to meet every three years, and to point out to the Regent the most prize-worthy drama which has appeared within this period. The prize consists of 1,000 thalers and a gold medal. The commission is said to have pronounced, this time with a great majority, that among the dramas of the last three years none had been found quite worthy of the prize. Should the Regent wish to award the prize nevertheless, it would recommend Herr Freytag's 'Die Falsch,' or Herr von Puttli's 'Das Testament des grossen Kurfürsten,' as most deserving of the distinction. If this summer be true, it savours very much of German indecision and want of resolution. In our opinion, the prize judges ought to select among those dramas that do exist, the best according to their taste and conscience. What does it mean to pronounce none quite worthy of the prize? What is the standard to which they go by? Do they demand an absolutely good drama? And are dramatic writers to be rewarded with the prize so long as they do not come up to the Schakspere, Goethe or Schiller standard? In this case, the Regent may perhaps save the 1,000 thalers a long time, although able pens have not so much to spare, the author who will be favoured now with the prize, after the judges have pronounced none quite worthy of it, may welcome, perhaps, the 1,000 coins, but the pride and pleasure of having obtained a prize will be lost.

Herr Hermann Kurz, the author of Schiller's 'Herrn Wulst,' and other meritorious works, acknowledges in the *Asperburg Allgemeine Zeitung* the receipt of a testimonial from the Schillerverein, consisting of 250 thalers (about 371.10s. sterling). The tone in which the acknowledgment is delivered seems to imply the desire on the part of the receiver to shield himself against a suspicion, as the donation also mentioned might be regarded by some as the light of an almsgiving. We quite understand and sympathize with Herr Kurz's feelings in this respect, knowing full well how low in Germany is this manner of appreciating an author, and remembering what curious notions on the subject of literary patronage are still current in the mind of a Schiller Festival by a distinguished Berlin servant. The learned Professor disapproved highly of the fund for the support of literary men in need, expressing an opinion that such support must necessarily tend to increase literary rubbish, and that a really deserving author would never stand in want of support. We do not intend entering here into any discussion on the subject, although it would be easy enough to refute Prof. Grimm's opinion by a multitude of examples from the history of literature: we only wish to advise our German neighbours that, if they would adopt the English custom of which they were aware, to do it in the English spirit; they must not even hint, as was done in the letter from the Committee to Herr Kurz, "that the donation was meant as a proof of esteem and respect, and not as a support, of which they were aware." Herr Kurz should not be so much alarmed. 'Esteem' is not quite applicable here, yet something of it is felt by the receiver of the gift, as in this way of acknowledgment plainly shows. In his letter, the intended honour, the "cup of kindness," will always be mixed with too much of the bitter herb of the suspicion of the needy. It is true that the Schillerverein has been instituted with the view of supporting deserving authors who may be in want of support; it follows that the same hand which gives the testimonial also distributes the necessary alms. This would explain somewhat the above-mentioned allusion in the letters of the Committee, which strikes the reader as wanting so much in tact. However, it seems to us, this might easily be remedied, by giving as much privacy to the one as publicity and a sort of solemnity to the other office. A public dinner (always provided this did not cost the amount of the testimonial), a speech, —as things are managed in this country on such

occasions,—would go to familiarize the German mind with the true nature of a testimonial, and we should soon find the difference and shyness with which such a distinction is now received wear off.

MR. HOLMAN HENRY'S Picture of **THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR** in the Temple, commenced in April in July, 1851, is NOW ON VIEW at **GERMAN GALLERY, 101, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.**—Admission, 1s.

MIDDLE ROSA BONHETTER'S Pictures of **SCENES IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE** are NOW ON VIEW at the **GERMAN GALLERY, 101, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.**—Admission, 1s.

Now Open the ITALIAN GALLERY, at the UPPER ROOMS, 101, Pall Mall.—ORIGINAL ANCIENT FIGURES of Indian, Chinese, Persian, and Russian Artists, Carvings, Italian, Japanese, &c. A valuable Collection. Open from Ten to Half-past Five.—Admission, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Finsbury.—WASHINGTON FRIEND'S TWO HOURS in AMERICA, Italy, at Three and Eight, with his original Maps and Globes, notwithstanding his great success. WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE on SATURDAY, Oct. 11, never to reappear in London.

BOYTTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, entirely Refurnished.—On Commencement on MONDAY, October 1, HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS to the CONTINENT and BACK in TWO HOURS, on roads to Italy, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Switzerland, and the Rhine; painted on 20,000 square feet of canvases, by the most famous artists of the world, who have resided in the principal Continental Cities of Europe since the greatest empires. On MONDAY, Mr. LEITCH, F.R.S., & INGLETON, The National Museum by Mr. TUCKER, &c. The day ends at 10, from Ten till Five, on Saturdays, they shall, numbered and reserved, can be taken, 3s.; Arms, 1s.; Gallery, 1s.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, MUSIC AND ART.—Open Daily, Morning at Twelve; Evening at Seven.—Admission to the whole, One Shilling; to the Music, 6d. **THEATRE** will give their NEW DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT every night this week, Morning, 5; Evening, 5. **DR. BACHOFFER, F.R.S.,** Sole Lessee and Manager.

SCIENCE

Reply to Professor Tyndall's Remarks in his Work "On the Glaciers of the Alps," relating to Rendu's "Théorie des Glaciers." By James David Forbes, D.C.L. (Edinburgh, Black.)

A British traveller (as we have somewhere read) was one day sitting in the common room of a Swiss inn, when he suddenly heard two young Germans, who had previously been engaged in earnest and apparently amicable colloquy, raise their voices to a high key, and, at the same time, their hands, in token of mutual dislike and defiance. "Yes," exclaimed one of the disputants, "you have indeed injured me; from this time forth we are no longer friends; we part; we part!" Anxious to prevent further hostilities, and, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between those who had been so lately friends, the British tourist tendered his good offices; and, upon inquiring into the cause of this deadly quarrel, after some delay, he discovered that it was grounded upon a question in the theory of Glaciers!

Now, Dr. Forbes and Prof. Tyndall are much in the same position upon the same subject; and we might profit our own good offices, did we not remember that they are not separated merely by a table, but by the Tweed. Their difference is proximately about a bishop who wisely concerned himself not *de hæretico comburendo*, but rather *de monte obscurando*;—and the gist of this controversy is, whether Dr. Forbes had, in his writings on the Theory of Glaciers, done due honour to the worthy bishop, rendered due acknowledgments to him for scientific pre-eminence, and made him sufficiently known to that effect. Prof. Tyndall,—the first and more popular portion of whose new book we have very recently noticed,—wishes, in its second and scientific portion, to convey to his readers (to use Dr. Forbes's words) "the apprehension that the Memoir of M. de Montigny Rendu on the Glaciers of Savoy has been almost entirely overlooked by English writers and readers on this subject; that the descriptions of it have been inaccurate and even deceptive, the extracts partial and not characteristic; so that when, after several years of study of the science of glaciers, his own attention was distinctly drawn by a Swiss friend, to Bishop Rendu's work, he was sur-

prised to find evidence of extensive knowledge, close and accurate reasoning, and an extraordinary faculty of observation, together with a constant effort after quantitative accuracy and a presentiment concerning things as yet untouched by experiment, which belongs only to the higher class of minds." Nor was he less struck to find that the Memoir contained passages of "cardinal import" which previous writers had "overlooked," and that it should devolve on himself to call attention to them "nearly twenty years after their publication." After this, Dr. Forbes gives in detail the reasons why, says he, "I feel my credit involved in those allegations so as to induce me to withdraw from the neutral attitude which I have generally adopted towards Prof. Tyndall's criticisms." The allegation of suppression or omission the Doctor considers "is an odious one, whether made explicitly or by inevitable implication. It requires to be openly met by the person whose character is really in question more than his originality." Dr. Forbes works out his self-proposed exculpation at length, by means of quotation from his own works, the bishop's Memoir, and other sources; and, finally, endeavours to turn the table, or rather the bishop, upon Prof. Tyndall. "The claim of Rendu," he contends, "viewed by the light of Prof. Tyndall's extracts, amounts to no more than I had previously cordially admitted, and had also been (I may say) the first to proclaim,—that of having made a sagacious anticipation of a true theory from limited observation of no great precision; and he addresses to Prof. Tyndall "a not-unneeded warning how mistaken zeal on behalf of even a deserving client may take too strongly a forensic tone, and may even wear the appearance of detraction and hostility to another."

We have employed the words of the respondent in this controversy in order that we may not seem to take either side in it, but simply to lay it briefly before readers interested in this subject in the most authentic terms. We had previously reviewed Prof. Tyndall's paper; and now, with Dr. Forbes's pamphlet in our hands, we may simply express our opinion, that both philosophers politely display a strong *animus* in this matter, and appear to attach an importance to points of priority and personality, in which few besides their own immediate friends will share.

"As an example," says Dr. Forbes, "of the minuteness of Prof. Tyndall's criticism, when my 'Travels in the Alps' are concerned, he has thought it worth while to signalize *three times* in as many pages the numerous public errors of the True North being set off on the compass-card of my map of the Mer de Glace on the wrong side of the *Magnetic North*, according to which (as it is stated in the text) the map had been laid down. Yet he allows that the error was corrected by myself nearly ten years before he had any chance of detecting it." We have no concern with this alleged unfriendly minuteness further than to submit that we are all liable to err; that even Prof. Tyndall himself has been suspected of one making some such slight mistake as writing *wine* hours for *ninety*, and that, as respects Dr. Forbes and the above error, our only wonder is that any Scotchman could have made any mistake about the North. Popular opinion attributes to all his countrymen an exact knowledge of that point of the compass. We agree with Dr. Forbes that it was a "venial error," and the more so as it is generally a Scotchman's inclination to get a few degrees towards the South. A common aphorism intimates that a Scotchman is too far north for an Englishman; while here we have merely a reversal of that foolish saying,

since the Englishman is due north, and the Scotchman edging away from it.

It is a true observation of Prof. Tyndall's, that "the extraordinary number of reviews which have appeared upon the subject during the last two years show the interest which the intellectual public of England take in the question"; but we do not think this same intellectual public have any beyond the smallest concern about the personal claims or disputes imported into these discussions. At the same time, Dr. Forbes could hardly let the present occasion pass without endeavouring to correct what he considers an unfounded statement or implication. If we, as mere overlookers, might presume to offer a "not-unneeded warning," it should be to this effect:—

Accept, dear friends, well-meant advice:

Whoever you walk or write on ice,

Subject and substance must be tried;

Coolness and courtesy are best;

Try not, but add a sliding border;

Better hold up than base each other.

In *Athen.* No. 1641, we presented a sketch of the state of glacial theory, together with an abstract of the chief topics under personal discussion, and a notice of Prof. Tyndall's Lecture. That gentleman has considerably enlarged and strengthened his statements in the second part of his book before noticed. Indefatigable as an inquirer, and dauntless as a mountaineer, he has examined for himself and has brought together a mass of facts and observations which render his volume of permanent value. He re-examines the prominent features of Dr. Forbes's theory—the viscosity of glaciers; endeavours to show that the "viscous theory" has assumed various forms since its first promulgation, and interprets it "as furnishing the principle from which the facts flow as physical consequences—that the glacier moves as a river, because the ice is viscous." If viscosity be defined as "gluey tenacity," and glaciers be supposed to possess such tenacity,—or, in more philosophical terms, "the power of being drawn out when subjected to a force of tension," the substance, after stretching, being devoid of that elasticity which would restore it to its original form,"—then Prof. Tyndall cannot find, in fact, confirmation of such a theory. "The quality of viscosity is practically absent in glacier ice. Where pressure comes into play, the phenomena are suggestive of viscosity; but where tension comes into play, the analogy with a viscous body breaks down. When subjected to strain, the glacier does not yield by stretching, but by breaking; this is the origin of the crevasses, which are produced by the continual strains to which the glacier is subjected. When marginal, they are produced by the oblique strain consequent on the quicker motion of the centre; when *transverse*, by the passage of the glacier over the summit of an incline; when *longitudinal*, by pressure from behind and resistance in front, which causes the mass to split at right angles to the pressure.

Some of the phenomena of Swiss glaciers which have attracted the attention of scientific observers have been carefully examined and aptly illustrated by Prof. Tyndall. It was long before he cleared his mind of doubt regarding the origin of lamination. "When on the Mer de Glace, in 1857, I spared neither risk nor labour to instruct myself regarding it. I explored the Talfer Basin, its cascade and the ice beneath it. Several days were spent amid the ice-falls and cliffs at the lower portion of the lake. I suppose I traversed the Glacier du Géant twenty times, and passed eight or ten days amid the confusion of the great cascades." "I afterwards went to Zermatt, and, taking up my quarters at the Riffelberg, devoted eleven

days to the examination of the great system of glaciers of Monte Rosa. I explored the Gôrner glacier up almost to the Cima dei Jazzi, and believed that on it I could trace the structure, from portions of the glacier where it vanished, through various stages of perfection up to its full development. I believe this still; but yet it is nothing but a belief, which the utmost labour that I could bestow did not raise to a certainty. The more I pursued the subject, the stronger my conviction became that pressure was the cause of the structure." Afterwards, he finds the evidences he sought, and "it this, perhaps, was the most pleasant day I ever spent upon the glaciers: my mind was relieved of a long brooding doubt, and the intellectual freedom then obtained added a subjective grandeur to the noble scene before me." Yet, a year after his return to England, the Professor finds that another indefatigable and able observer, M. Agassiz, had preceded him in observation, and had figured in the Atlas to his 'Système Glaciaire' a case of stratification and structure cutting each other. The established conclusion, therefore, is, that the lamination of the ice of many glaciers, which in weathered portions renders them cleavable into thin plates, and in sound portions displays itself in blue stripes drawn through the general whitish mass of the glacier, and is then known as "veined structure," is produced by pressure, which acts upon the ice as it has acted upon rocks, exhibiting the lamination technically called "*cleavage*." Further, this pressure produces partial liquefaction of the ice. The liquid spaces thus formed aid the escape of the air from the glacier, and the water produced, being refrozen when the pressure is relieved, helps to form the blue veins.

There are several other points of interest to glacial students, which we should have touched upon if they could have been rendered generally appreciable without considerable elucidation. On these, however, Prof. Tyndall's book should be consulted. In laying down Dr. Forbes's pamphlet, we observe that the late Bishop Rendu, as if in anticipation of the Doctor's literary execution, administered to him extreme literary unction, as may be seen in the words of the Bishop's letter to the Doctor—"Votre théorie de la marche des glaciers finira par être la seule adhésion—parce qu'elle est, selon moi, la seule vraie." &c. After administering this extreme unction, the Bishop could hardly regard the Doctor as having flished his laurels. Such is Dr. Forbes's conclusion, and the conclusion of his pamphlet; while ours is, that our respect for the attainments of both these accomplished philosophers is unaffected by anything we have sportively said of them, or they have seriously said of one another.

MEETING FOR THE ENSING WEEK.

Mr. Entomological, &c.

FINE ARTS.

SOUTH KENSINGTON GREEK ART.

ONE department of this very varied establishment deserves more public notice than it has hitherto obtained. Immediately at the general entrance, and turning to the right, a few steps lead up into an office for the sale and display of photographs, established for the multiplication of useful works of Art under Government auspices. A glance at these photographs, of all kinds and of all sizes, as they hang neatly mounted in frames on the walls, awakens considerable interest. The centre of the room is occupied with stands and brackets supporting casts from Greek and Roman work, together with modern fabrications in imitation of recognized works of older times, and also a few independent productions of the present day,

of which Government approves the taste and authorizes the multiplication at a cheap rate. These various branches have been, in a measure, channelled and kept apart in different portions of the building, and will enable the reader more easily to follow us as we enumerate some of the most striking objects of the Exhibition. In no branch hardly has the perfection of photography for purposes of imitation been so evident as in the copies which have been taken from the richest engravings. At the same time, however truthful the result may be for artists and amateurs in general, dealers and collectors can never be deceived, as the sense of touch would at once terminate all question. In the actual impression the printing ink would remain projecting, and rough, according as force or drawn out of the hollowed line in the metal. In the photograph, on the contrary, everything would be perfectly flat, and as smooth as glass. Many of the rarest prints and some of the most beautiful drawings preserved in the British Museum may now be seen in a photograph at the cost of a few pence apiece. At first, however, they were sold by the Trustees of the British Museum at a much higher cost. At South Kensington the same plates cost pence where shillings were charged before. Mr. Thurston Thompson's Cartoons of Raphael we have already commented upon. They are particular heads or groups in graphic detail have been admirably chosen; and it may be asserted, that Raphael's great series was never before, and never will be, better understood than by these results of Mr. Thompson's labour and discrimination. Size alone begins to be an objection. Many who might enjoy Raphael, and who could muster a sufficient amount of money, are not always able to afford a sufficiency of space. Seven of the cartoons, each averaging four feet in length, is a serious consideration, far more so indeed than the price; for the whole set costs something less than £1, whilst the entire series in the smallest size is supplied at a price under £4. These are, indeed, times of important changes; and we may hope that those for whom the benefits are intended will profit by the opportunity. As the original drawings by Raphael from the Collection in the Louvre are less generally known, we propose to specify some of the best, and, to name, at the same time, for the better understanding the photographs, the nature of the materials with which the originals were wrought. These points the photograph rarely indicates sufficiently, and, indeed, the real colour of the chalk or ink has often much to do with giving spirit or tenderness in the first instance. As the photographs have been made in an office at Cambridge sold to the visitors, the numbers are appended to the descriptions which follow:—

1. One of the most beautiful of the Louvre drawings is the first study for the St. Catherine, in black chalk heightened with white. The picture, formerly in the Aldobrandini sale, and now in our National Gallery. A beautiful sketch, consisting of the features only, was in the Lawrence and Woodburn Collection of Drawings.

2. The Annunciation, from the Lawrence Collection: a beautiful oblong composition, in pen outline, apparently from the prick holes for pointing, employed for the predella picture now in the Vatican Gallery. It was originally one of the compartments forming the base of Raphael's picture of 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' executed, in 1505, for the Church of San Francesco at Perugia.

11 and 12. Heads of the Avenge Angeli in the Vatican fresco of Heliodorus, large and very fine.

23. Pen and ink studies for the figure of John the Baptist, admirably sketched in pen and ink, with fine clear lines. The artist seems to have experimented upon the effect of the action of drawing the figure seated as he really stood. The name "*Raphael*" appears distinctly written with pen and ink.

6. The very elaborated drawing from the Lawrence Collection of the Piety or Piety of the Saviour, inscribed by the Virgin and other figures, in a beautiful ink in point drawing and touch; but the delicacy of the original is lost in consequence of the yellowish colour of the ink turning to black in the photograph.

10. Two naked men, very finely drawn in red chalk, are evidently studies for the two figures in 'The Transfiguration,' the young man bending forward to gaze upon the demoniac and the Apostle next to him, who points away to the summit of Mount Tabor, and whose figure in the painting is peculiarly encumbered with drapery. This drawing belonged to Crozat, and was engraved by Count Cayrol.

24. A superb study in red chalk of Venus with both hands raised, a turban instead of a tiara on her head, and Psyche at her feet holding up the vase. The Fornarina was evidently the model for this beautiful naked figure, and is recognized in one of the compartments in the Fornarina Palace, which Raphael decorated for his friend, the banker Chigi.

26. A fine pen-and-ink drawing, cross-shaded, of the Virgin, seen to the knees, holding the naked Infant on her lap. Both look into a book which she holds.

18. Chalk drawing of a standing female figure, with short dress, and her left arm raised. A study for one of the Caryatides which decorate the walls of the apartment in the Vatican containing the 'Heliodorus.' It is painted in chiar-oscuro, and supposed to personify Commerce.—(London, pl. 194.)

29. The Virgin seated and about to take up the Holy Infant, a spirited sketch, in red chalk, for the Madonna in 'The Holy Family,' which Raphael painted, in 1518, for Francis the First. Formerly in the Stella, Crozat and Mariette Collections. It is engraved in London's series of Raphael's Works, pl. 217.

25. A fine sketch, seemingly the first thought for the principal figures of the circular Holy Family at Bridgewater House, known as 'The Madonna with the Palm.'

17. A female portrait, in pen and ink, seen to the elbows, with her right hand crossed over the left. More likely Raphael's sister than the Fornarina, but most probably Maddalena Doni, whose portrait is at Florence in a similar attitude.

25. Madonna and Child, a fine tinted drawing for 'The Madonna del Balduccio.' The face of the Virgin exhibits a striking affinity to the type adopted by Da Vinci.

35. The Calumny of Apelles, the celebrated composition in pen and ink, shaded with bistre, comes from the Modena and Crozat Collections.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

LITERATURE

Outlines of British Fungology; containing Characters of above a Thousand Species of Fungi, and a Complete List of all that have been described as Natives of the British Isles. By the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A. (Reeve.)

Of first thoughts it might appear as difficult to get philosophy out of funguses as fun out of sea-weeds. Nevertheless, the case is not so hopeless when a cryptogamic botanist like Mr. Berkeley takes it in charge. Although he gives us a good deal of scientific nomenclature and specific characters, we shall not concern ourselves about these, and shall not attempt to distinguish between species which are "floc-culoso-membranaceus," and those which are "carneo-carosus." No general reader will be rash enough to deny that *Crucibulum* has "a flat furfuraceous cover," or that another species has a "squamoso-fibrillose" stem. These are safe assertions as regards nearly the entire community. The language is much more innocent than some of the things it is designed to distinguish. Nobody can be hurt by a hundred or two of hard technicalities, but many may be poisoned by a few mistaken mushrooms. The kind of philosophy we wish to get out of funguses is more general and more generally interesting,—and for this Mr. Berkeley is as informing a companion as any plain man who would use plain English in place of barbaric Latin and Greek.

The fungus is a kindly friend, a fearful foe. We like him as a mushroom. We dread him as the Dry-rot. He may be preying on your roses or eating through the corks of your claret. He may get into your corn-field. A fungus has eaten up the vine in Madeira, the potato in Ireland. A fungus may creep through your castle, and leave it dust. A fungus may banquet on your fleets, and bury the payment of the fleet in lime. Fungi are most at home upon boles of old trees, logs of wood, naked walls, pestilential wastes, old damp carpets, and other such things as men cast out from their own homes. They dwell also in damp wine-cellars, much to the satisfaction of the wine-merchant when they hang about the walls in black powdery tufts, and much to his dissatisfaction when a particular species, whose exact character is unknown, first attacks the corks of his wine-bottles, destroying their texture, and at length impregnates the wine with such an unpleasant taste and odour as to render it unsaleable; more still to his dissatisfaction when another equally obscure species, after preying upon the corks, sends down branched threads into the precious liquid, and at length reduces it to a mere *caput mortuum*.

In addition to such congenial places as these, we find fungi where no one would have expected them; as on our window panes and the lenses of microscopes, and even on smooth metallic surfaces. Not many years ago it was a decided saying, even amongst men of some pretensions, that fungi could not grow upon healthy substances; it is, however, now sufficiently established that the most healthy tissues may be affected by them so as rapidly, under their influence, to become diseased. They are not uncommon on the dressings of amputated limbs, and have led to ill-grounded charges of chirological negligence; and it is singular that they are capable of growth in substances which are, in general, destructive of vegetables, such as tannin, and many species prefer spent tan to almost any other substance. More than one species of fungus is developed

on extracted opium, and the factories in India have greatly suffered from their presence. Solutions of arsenic, sulphate of iron, and sulphate of copper, though highly concentrated, do not prevent the growth of some fungi of a low order, though they are at once destructive to other species. An obscure kind of mould is sometimes developed in Madeira wine, and a few years since a little mould was discovered in the solution of copper employed for electrotyping in the department of the Coast Survey of Washington, and proved an intolerable plague to the men of science. Rapidity of growth as well as locality is very remarkable in certain species. Fungous mould will sometimes appear in the inside of bread a few hours after it has been baked, as was once notorious with the coarse "pain de munition" or harrack bread at Paris, in which a beautiful red mould appeared in an incredibly short time. It was found upon examination that the spores (reproductive cells) of certain fungi would endure most heat equal to that of boiling water without parting with their power of germination. Perhaps the most curious habitat of a fungus was that discovered in America by Schweinitz; viz., a piece of iron which had been red hot only a few hours before. Mr. Berkeley answers for the true nature of this product, as he possesses a portion of the original specimen. He has seen specimens of another species growing on a leaden cistern at Kew, from which it could derive no nutriment. No depth that man can descend to seems too deep for these plants, and we ourselves have discovered a luxuriant crop of them fifteen hundred feet underground, in one of the deepest coal-mines. No height that man can ascend to seems too high for them, and they appear in due and different orders in the hissing hot valleys towards the base of the Sikkim Himalayas, while higher up are sub-tropical species, and as you ascend, multitudes of species identical with, or closely allied to, northern European species; nor do our parties with their power of germination of 15,000 feet. Of cockney heights it may be mentioned that a particular species has been found on cinders, in about the last habitat we should expect, on the outside of the dome of St. Paul's.

It is very difficult to say where fungi may not be found, since they are sometimes developed in situations apparently excluded completely from the external air, as in the potato mould, in cavities of the fruit of the tomatum, in hazel-nuts, and even in an egg. How they have gained entrance to such habitats it is impossible to say, though it is known that the spawn of fungi has found a hidden pathway through the closest structures. The depth to which fungous spawn penetrates, and the speed with which it spreads, are often astonishing. In a few months, and in a damp situation favourable to the development of fungi, the most solid timber will sometimes show unequivocal traces of spawn. Elm trunks, which were perfectly sound when felled, have been penetrated by the end of the second year with spawn to within a few inches of the centre; and, in this instance, vegetation must have proceeded in the trunk for nearly twelve months before any fungi could establish themselves. The growth and extension of the too famous Dry-rot are known to everybody. In fire-built ships it is the species of fungus named *Mercutius lacrymans*, while in oak-built ships it is the *Polyporus hybridus*. Instances have occurred in which dry-rot has penetrated solid structures of brick. It is curious to note that the spawn of this fungus can often elude and defy the artifices and skill of the most sagacious

human being. It can eat out the heart of his ships and the foundation of his houses. This almost intangible product of one of the lower orders of vegetation can silently render most fragile what was once most solid, can sap the very floor on which man stands, the very table round which he gathers his family and friends, and the very couch on which he reposes. While he sleeps it grows; while he rests it advances; while he is at peace with all the world it may be at war with him; and while his "wooden walls" are calmly riding at anchor, unless he has taken all due precautions, and employed approved preventives, this despicable fungus will prove itself a secret foe, more formidable, perhaps, than the open hostile army of a mighty nation. Wonderful are the powers of man to subdue Nature to his service—wonderful is the mechanical genius of this great nation—wonderful is the penetrating power of conical bullets and modern shells,—but it may not be extravagant to affirm that the little Dry-rot fungus in its silent ravages is more wonderful still, more penetrating, and when once firmly established, more difficult to repel and dislodge. England may smile at an invasion of Frenchmen, but she might well tremble at an invasion of funguses!

Ireland, indeed, has already trembled at such an invasion; if it be correct to attribute the Potato Murrain to fungous growth. At all events, Mr. Berkeley remarks,—“In potatoes affected with the mould which bears so great a part in the production of the Potato Murrain, I have seen instances in which the tissues were almost entirely replaced by the spawn of the fungus. In fact, this spawn attacks the tissues of the plant in almost every direction, being present in the tubers and stems as well as in the leaves. It has a peculiar property of causing speedy decomposition of the tissues with which it comes in contact, and hence induces rapid—sometimes inconceivably rapid—decay.” Nor are the remedies otherwise successful applicable in this case, and, at present, we cannot be said to know anything which effectually checks its progress, although almost numberless plans have been suggested. A formidable host of fungous foes is known under the general names of Smut, Bunt, Mildew, Rust and Ergot, and the more particular designations of the Hop Mould, the Rose Mildew and the Vine Mildew. The cultivation of the vine has almost entirely ceased in Madeira from this cause, and it is everywhere precarious. Hundreds of similar foes attack hundreds of other plants and the human race, but as the cause of a large pestilence has been written by Robin illustrative of their effects upon the latter. Certain species of fungi are promoters of diseases, and although it is not probable that they actually originate disease, it is pretty certain that they frequently aggravate it. The influence of others in the promotion of certain cutaneous disorders is now placed beyond all doubt. Insects are probably more injured by particular fungi than other members of the animal kingdom. Some of them attack insects in the pupa or larva state, and, as it is thought, while they are still living. One West Indian species is developed on a perfect wasp, which dies about with its vegetating burden until the latter grows too heavy for it, and weighs it down to death like an overburdened Sindbad. Our author believes this to be a fact, upon the authority of one who has had an opportunity of ascertaining the real state of the case. While this species has such a remarkable power of weighing down others, as the common mushroom, have an equally remarkable power of lifting up, so that it is

associated that large flagstones have been raised by their irresistible incursions.

We have certainly some compensation for this destructive efficacy of the fungi in the circumstance that several of them are edible. If they frequently destroy our food, they might also frequently contribute to it, if wisely selected and pleasantly served. Being highly nutritious, we should expect them to be highly nutritive. Not only do savage tribes, like the Fuegians, adopt particular species as their staple food during many months, but civilized Europeans consume them largely when fresh, and preserve them in casks for winter solace. Yet, even respecting these trifles and truffles, there are singular national prejudices; and we, who never scruple to eat the true mushroom, may be surprised to learn that the Italians carefully exclude this species from their markets; while, on the contrary, with the exception of the truffle and the morel, it is said to be almost the only one which is allowed to be exposed for sale in Paris. Both there and at home these three kinds of fungi are the chief articles of commerce. The extent to which mushrooms are employed in the form of ketchup will be quite surprising to those who have never given a thought to the subject. A single ketchup merchant, in consequence of the enormous produce of mushrooms during the present season, had no less than 800 gallons of this savoury sauce in stock; and the whole has been prepared from mushrooms collected within a radius of some three or four miles.

It would seem odd enough that any one should become enthusiastic about funguses in relation to food; but they who wish to recreate themselves with such enthusiasm should consult Dr. Badham on 'The Esculent Funguses of England' and his twenty plates of those which may be safely eaten. A lady also displays a like fervor for funguses; and there are no less than 140 coloured plates in Mrs. Huxsey's 'Illustrations of British Mycology,' besides some excellent receipts and a great variety of information, the result of actual experiment. A mushroom meal might seem more provocative of anger than appetite; but we have yet a good deal to learn and a good deal to eat, if we did but believe it. Who will set the fashion of cultivating and cooking excellent mushrooms? Why not have a *fungarium* as well as an aquarium?

A curious origin is attributed to a species of agaric eaten at Naples (*Agaricus Neapolitanus*). A few years ago the nuns of a certain convent in Naples were in the habit of throwing their coffee-grounds into the shady corner of their garden after each day's meal. A new species of mushroom was observed to shoot up from this substance while in a state of fermentation. Having been found excellent food, its cultivation has spread rapidly over different parts of Italy, according to Quatrefages, who is our authority, and it has since become customary to raise this esculent fungus in many parts of Naples in an unvarnished flower-pot, which is constantly kept in the shade, and in which coffee-grounds are collected. From this soil mushroom-like funguses shoot up in about six months. This may be a mere state of some common form of fungus. Another kind (Polyporus) is raised for food in Italy from hazel-stumps, by partially felling them, and then supplying them with a proper quantity of water. A certain species (*Polyporus tuberosus*) springs up in Italy from conglomerated masses of earth and spawn, called Fungus-stone (*Pietra Fungifera*), when placed in a conservatory.

There are also economical as well as edible uses for some species of fungi, as for snuff, for German tinder, for dyes, for anæsthetic pro-

perties like those of chloroform. Operations, indeed, have been successfully performed under such influence. Some can be employed for intoxication, some to destroy flies, and others make excellent razor-strops—probably from containing minute crystals hard enough to act upon the steel. The turners at Tunbridge Wells can get a beautiful green tint from the spawn of one species. Medical science likewise can find something in this order of plants. Ergot grain, which owes its origin to a fungus, is a most valuable medicine in the hands of the regular practitioner, and most dangerous when abused. Domestic affairs are indebted to fungi to some extent, since an important use is made of a particular condition of certain species of mould in the preparation of fermented liquors under the form of yeast. This consists of more or less oval bodies, which continually give off joints so as to produce short, branched, necklace-like threads. These joints fall off, and rapidly give rise to a new generation, which is successively propagated till the substance is produced which is known under the name of yeast. Placed under proper conditions, the joints undergo a further change, and give rise to two or three species of mould.

We have put together these curious facts, believing that they will be novel and interesting to many who have little suspected how much of destructiveness, of use, of ornament and of nutriment lie hidden in this humble order of plants. It will be admitted that

—hog and marsh and fen

Are only poor to underlining men.

But we may properly ask,—What is their office and service in the grand economy of creation? Such office they have, and such service they perform, though cast out and trodden under foot of men. "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." So saith the Preacher; and the fungologist adds to his discourse what he has observed by studying the fallen tree. Of itself, it would long cumber the ground, and lie also in the way of the wind. But the invisible spawn of the fungus draws nutriment out of its dead mass, and begins to grow upon this ligneous tomb, and to thrive upon the decay which it hastens and aggravates. It is life, even though of the lowest order, springing out of death. It is birth and increase coming up from the very mass of decay and diminution. The tree rot into powder, the fungus flourishes and spreads out until it forms a new soil. Floating and flying seeds drop down from the wings of the wind and find a lodgment here, and begin to sprout and bring forth leaves. Companions are added to them from every passing breeze; and, finally, where once the dead tree lay prostrate, a vegetable blank in the midst of green life all round it, up come herbs and plants, and the kindly earth is rid of one great useless burden, and ready to bear again the leaf and stem, and perhaps the flower and fruit.

As Mr. Berkeley's handsome volume, so richly illustrated, has evidently not come forth with the rapidity of a mushroom, so we feel assured it will far exceed the tenure of mushroom vitality. Fungologists will find it to be a valuable text-book, and even common readers may discover in some of its preliminary pages such singular facts as we have noted. For the reverend author himself, we may express a sincere desire that funguses may never attack his personage or his potatoes, or seize upon his corks, or dry up his wine. Notwithstanding the popular prejudice against them, he may cleverly extract from them many a simile for his sermons, and many a proof of Wisdom and Benevolent De-

sign,—a course which we believe will not produce but prevent mouldiness in his pulpit.

The English Volunteers: a Glance at the English People and the English Oligarchy—[*Les Volontaires Anglais, &c.*] By Ach. Genty. (Paris, Librairie Française et Étrangère.)

Is a short pamphlet, that is really worthy the attention of the curious, M. Genty tells the world a few things about the English people and the Volunteer movement, which are calculated to enlighten the mass of our fellow countrymen scarcely less than foreign nations. In geographical extent, England is only a fifth-rate power, ranking after Russia, Austria, France and Turkey; but by the energy of her people and the wisdom of her rulers, she has risen to be one of the two or three first powers—if not the first power—of the world. She has a noble army, a fleet the finest history has ever witnessed, incalculable wealth, a brilliant reputation, and in every quarter of the globe wide and populous territories.

Having taken this bird's-eye view of British greatness, M. Genty proceeds to examine the means by which it was acquired, and to describe the interior working of our social system. England, it appears, has been up to the present time, and still is, the prey of an oligarchy, having for its special objects the degradation of the Queen and the slavery of the people. This oligarchy is composed of two sections, the Tories and the Whigs, who under a thin veil of simulated antagonism, are ever playing a dissuasive game of self-interest and shuttlescock with crowns and nationities. To them "*les peuples et les souverains sont des hochets*." There is, indeed, another party, *l'école de Manchester*, striving for political power, but at present it has produced so slight an impression on the brutified multitudes of the country, that it is dismissed by M. Genty with a brief comment. The supreme power in the British Empire is the Tory-Whig oligarchy. The source of all our greatness and weakness is a Derby-Palmerstonian Treason against the dignity and rights of the Queen and the interests of humanity. The infamous conspirators have, it is admitted, the wealth and intellect, *l'école de Manchester* excepted, in their ranks; and their policy is not more remarkable for want of principle than for sagacity. They sow dissension and scatter the seeds of decay in every region of the earth. On the Continent they disturb the nations by revolutionary propaganda; in China, they debase human nature with opium. By thus effecting the weakness of their rivals, they acquire their own unshakable strength. The defeat of friendly powers is their success. At home, the conduct of the oligarchy is not less diabolical than it is abroad. Through their influence assassination is in London exalted to a virtue, and studied as one of the fine arts, and the Queen and Prince Albert are marks for suspicion and insult. Prince Albert, simply because he cherishes the noble "idea" of liberating the masses from a state of serfdom, is an object of suspicion and hatred to the oligarchy. The populace is systematically taught to hold the person of the Queen in disrespect, and to regard an attempt on her life as venial. Indeed to stimulate "*la monomanie républicaine*," the penalty affixed by law to the crime of murder is remitted by the oligarchy in favour of those who attempt to kill our Sovereign Lady. Five times during her reign, says M. Genty, has "*l'adorée Victoria*" been the mark of attempted assassination; and on each of the five occasions the oligarchy have sent away the culprit unpunished. "No," adds M. Genty, recalling himself, in his despo-

to be accurate in all that relates to such astounding revelations.—“Non, en 1860 le complot fut condamné. Mais à quoi condamné? à sept années de transportation. Un acquittement n'eût-il pas été moins dérisoire?” The instruments by which the Whigs and Tories address the people are various, but they all do their task effectually.

The army is governed by the lash. Ireland is fertilized with dead bodies. In India, the most apathetic of populations have been goaded to the rebellion of despair. In England the poorer classes do not suffer under an extreme of poverty: they for the most part have enough, and more than enough, to eat; but that they may be kept in a proper state of subjection, they are seduced by oligarchical machinations into excesses of debauchery, that render and retain them the fit tools of an unprincipled usurpation. The men, as a rule, are drunkards, and the women prostitutes. The English press, M. Genty assures us, is no interpreter of the intelligence of the people. Indeed, it would be impossible for it to be so, since the people have no intelligence of any kind to be interpreted. It is a mere sham, a trick, a dishonest machine set in motion by the oligarchy, and used by them to dupe the public.

Such being the condition of English society, the history of British greatness, the road of course, foresees that M. Genty's inquiry into the cause of Volunteer movements ends in a discovery that England has armed in order to carry out the ambitious policy of its rulers. To divert the attention of the people from the Lords' rejection of the Bill repealing the paper duty; to be in a position to unite with Germany against France; and to pursue its established course of alarming and dividing Europe, are three of the main reasons assigned to the oligarchy for instituting Rifle Corps. The first of the four “motives” starts by its truthfulness and common sense. M. Genty says, “The Oligarchy consider it most prudent to be provided for every contingency.” M. Genty may rest assured that in these last words he is right. “L'Oligarchie” and “le Peuple” alike agree with him.

The perfect accord subsisting between the victims and their tyrants, the people and their oppressors, troubles M. Genty not a little. He is compelled to admit that the Volunteers believe themselves to be well governed, and to belong to a nation blessed beyond all others with prosperity and beneficent institutions. Truly M. Genty has cause for wonder. He is regarding some of the strangest social phenomena the world has ever witnessed. A leading power (we, as besotted victims, are inclined to think it the leading power) of the universe, whose greatness has been effected by the action of an unprincipled aristocracy on a people composed of drunkards and prostitutes; a grinding oppression, regarded by those who live under it as political liberty; suffering believed by the sufferers to be happiness; moral depravity not visible to those who live nearest to it; a people priding themselves on their loyalty, and yet accomplices in treason against their Queen; an entire nation voluntarily arming to maintain the tyranny that enthralms them: these are some of a few of the many points of interest in M. Genty's “Coup d'Œil sur le Peuple et l'Oligarchie Anglaise.”

It is a good thing for men every now and then to be told in plain honest terms what they really are, to be roused from the torpor of egotism, and to have the ugly facts of their lives pointed out to them. M. Genty has done this for us. He has dispelled the illusions of self-esteem; and routing the falsehood of national vanity, has given us the gift to see

ourselves as others see us. It only remains for us to profit by his revelations, to turn his counsel to advantage, and set our houses in order. What shall we do? Acting on the naive suggestion of M. Genty, shall we place “la marine Anglaise à la disposition de la France,” so that the Emperor of the French may be the better able to beat “la traversée le moule le flâneur de la civilisation”? Or, since we believe ourselves to be well governed, shall we, infuriated and besotted wretches that we are, leave *bad alone*, since, in our eyes, it has so close a resemblance to “well,” and continue our habits of intoxication and debauchery? But enough. Who are we that we should discuss this subject? Are we not a portion of the British Press, hired by the Oligarchy to blind and mislead the British Public?

A Handbook for Travellers in Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire: Including a Particular Description of the University and City of Oxford, and the Decent of the Thames to Maidenhead and Windsor. With a Travelling Map and Plans. (Murray.)

THIRTY years ago the nearest boundary of either of the above-named counties was at a considerable distance, in point of time, from the metropolis. No one at that period would have dreamt of going down to any one of them, passing the best part of a day there, and returning to town to dinner. Now, however, Berks, Bucks and Oxon are the suburbs, and not the very remote suburbs, of London. A man can as easily spend a holiday in either of them as could once be done in Richmond or Greenwich. They are not, indeed, so far from us now as those last-named places were a few years ago; and even at this present time one man can “rail” to Oxford sooner than another can walk it from the West-End to Leadenhall Street.

Taking them as suburbs, the trind of shires named at the head of this article form the most beautiful and interesting environs, as far as they enter into that character, that could ever, or can now, be found in the vicinity of any capital. For palaces, colleges, mansions, royally built and nobly inhabited, sparkling rivers dear to the artist, scenes that touch the heart and attract the artist, shrines and always and castles of olden time, battle-fields of heroes, ground hallowed by good and great men, birth-places of sages, scholars, poets, artists, statesmen, divines—heroes too in their several heroically pursued avocations,—we really know no district which embraces such a richness in this respect as these neighbouring counties. We were about to point out examples of these, but at every page the number so increases, and the grandeur and the glory of the scene and the actors become so intensified, that we can but refer to these teeming pages themselves. At every mile the wayfarer finds himself in the footsteps of some celebrity of our land,—often of the world. Turn whither he will there is ever something of interest claiming his attention, and the very downs, bleak and desolate as they may appear at first sight, are full of bustle and of life in the well-compiled pages of this—

one of the most interesting of the series of Mr. Murray's Handbooks.

With such a volume, a traveller, while procuring health of body, may secure also that vigorous health of mind, of which the latter is always conscious when it is easily absorbing new nutriment in the shape of information. To the best-read man this work will probably furnish something new, and will certainly represent to him many things he must needs have forgotten. To the less instructed, it exhibits the

landmarks of a vast amount of our English history; and we cannot fancy any one perusing the incidental and necessarily brief notices of local customs, country legends, social history, and great or subordinate actors in events of national importance, without being possessed by the desire of increasing his knowledge on these and, indeed, many other points to which we have not alluded. In sum, it reflects the chief interest of such volumes; and if these do not excite such desire, the work itself fails in what should be its best and most useful purpose. Judging it in this light alone, the Handbook before us is a “great success.” We turn to its pages to show, as far as extract can do so, that it is so deservedly. The following refers to East Hendred, Berks:—

“At its entrance are the remains of a monastery called ‘Jeux of Becheben,’ which was an offshoot of Sheen, near Richmond, consisting of an old stone chapel with some fine perpendicular windows, and the small monastic house attached to it, having a richly-carved bargeboard to its gable. Proceeding on the right is an ancient two-gabled house of brick and half-timber, a beautiful specimen of village architecture. Beyond this are the gates of Hendred House (Charles Eyston, Esq., which is adorned with ancient monograms, and which has remained in the hands of the old Roman Catholic family of Eyston from the thirteenth century. Attached to it is the Chapel of St. Anne or Anne, remarkable as one of the only three (the others being Stonor and Hatfield in Yorkshire) which have always been devoted to the service of the Roman Catholic Church. Its existence is known as early as 1291; and it was open to all comers till the invasion of William III., when while his army was passing over Golden Mile, one mile distant, some of the soldiers defaced and plundered the chapel; and, ‘taking some of the church stuffs with them to Oxford, dressed up a mannequin in it, and set it up on the top of a bonfire.’ The chapel is disused, and its fate is a monument to the dissolution; but its ancient glebe is still called ‘the Church Furlough,’ and the abode of its priest, now a farm-house, is still ‘St. Annan’s.’ The building is Early English, with walls of immense thickness. In one of the windows is the effigy of Hugh Farrington, last Abbot of Reading, and the old library ascription is preserved the tomb of Robert, first Abbot of Pochey. Coins of ‘Ædred, rex Anglorum,’ have been picked up near the chapel. The Eystons are the direct descendants of Sir Thomas More, through the marriage of his son ‘Jack More’ with Anne Crisaker, the heiress of Barnborough, in Yorkshire, which remained till quite lately in the hands of the family. Among the relics of Sir Thomas preserved at East Hendred are his drinking-cup, a very fine original portrait of him by Holbein, and two curious portraits on wood, of Sir T. More and Cardinal Pole, which were in the library in the time of the late Earl of Arundel. In the room in which these are also one of the huge and curious pictures of the More family, of which there are four others in existence, viz., those at Bled in Switzerland, Nocton in Yorkshire, Cokerthepe in Oxfordshire, and that belonging to Lord Petre. Among the figures seen here, but not always included, are those of Palsgrave the fool, and Heron the servant of Sir Thomas. The figure of Mrs. More was unfortunately cut off while the picture was at Barnborough. Another relic preserved here is the ebony staff of Bishop Fisher, which supported him on the scaffold.”

Among the many legends here are two that are worth without interest for spirituals and realists:—

“The last inhabitant of Lady Place was the brother of Admiral Kempenfelt, and here he and the Admiral planted two *thorn-trees* which he took a great pride in. One day on coming home he found that the tree planted by the Admiral had withered away, and he said, ‘I feel sure that this is an omen that my brother is dead!’ that evening came the news of the loss of the ‘Royal George.’”

The second has its scene at Bisham Abbey. The Lady Hobby, there named, was the sister of Lady Bacon and Lady Burleigh:—

“Here is a picture of Lady Hobby, with a very

white face and hands, dressed in the coif, weeds and wimple, then allowed to a Baronet's widow. In this dress she is still supposed to haunt a bedroom, where she appears with a self-supporting bust making before her, in which she is perfectly trying to wash her hands; but it is remarkable that the apparition is always in the negative, the black part white, the white black. The legend is that, because her child William Hobby could not write without making blots, she bent him to death. It is remarkable that twenty years ago in altering the window-shutter a quantity of children's copy-books of the time of Elizabeth were discovered, pushed into the rubble between the joists of the floor, and that one of these was a copy-book which answered exactly to the story, as if the child could not write a single line without a blot.

It is, of course, not possible to publish a Handbook comprising so many various details without some errors,—the naming of which will be rendering a service to the editor. We notice, in the first place, as a page which needs revising, that in which is given the old legend touching Amy Robsart and her alleged murder at Cumnor Place. What with personal enemies, ballad-mongers, novel-writers, antiquaries with more zeal than discretion, and the authors of popular burlesques, the Earl of Leicester has been most unjustifiably pilloried in the face of the world. With all Dudley's faults and crimes, he certainly was not the murderer of his wife. When Cumnor Place is again under the hammer in a future edition of this volume, there should at least be appended to the "old, old story" some reference to the Inquiry concerning the Death of Amy Robsart, published last year by that indefatigable unroller of mummified legends, Mr. T. J. Pettigrew. In that Inquiry the author proves that the marriage of Lord Robert Dudley with young Mistress Robsart was public, distinguished, and attended by a considerable amount of jollification; and further, that Leicester is a little clung to with a death which appears to have been accidental, as was Anthony Forster, who, out of a very worthy country gentleman, has been converted into a miser and hired assassin. Mr. Pettigrew has established what is due to the characters of these two men; and whenever the legend concerning them is repeated the truth should be annexed, though it be only by way of appendix.

As an error of less importance, but yet to be amended, we would refer to some of the specified contents of the Plate-Room at Windsor Castle, and which are really to be found only in the Armoury. Again, the editor is not invariably correct in his references. He borrows from "Filia Dolorosa" a description of Hartwell, the residence of the exiled Bourbon royal family in this country, and appends to it the name of "Romer." That lady, however, as we learn from a printed notice in the copy of that book in the British Museum, wrote only a few pages of the work, and the authority for the passage in the Handbook should not be "Romer," but "Doras."

It is hardly generous, perhaps, to notice errors of omission, as well as of commission,—but we are, perhaps, equally performing our duty to the editor by taking such a course. One of the attractions of his volume consists in the amount of rhymed illustrations which it gives of local customs and incidents. All these were well worth preserving, and we are grateful for the number and value of those the editor has collected. But he might have increased his collection. We will only point out, on one instance, which he will perhaps bear in mind when preparing a second edition. He will hear of the following lines still about the old Inn, though they were addressed to the landlord of the Orkney Arms at Maidenhead, a century and a quarter ago:—

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange, you that live so near Beer,
Shouldn't set up the sign of the Year;
Though it may be an old one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

—To which suggestion honest Isaac forthwith replied:—

Indeed, my friend poet, your reason's but poor,
The Vine would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door,—
'Tis a sign there's but liquor within.

Let us not leave this neighbourhood without recommending the traveller to obtain a glance of the old house of the family of Norreys, at Ockwell. The first of the family was Queen Elizabeth's cook, who seems to have been as commonly renowned as William the Conqueror's, both on land being the recompense for platoon pleased and person duly served. Ockwell must have been an exquisite place in the days of the knightly cook and his lovely daughters; almost as exquisite as Frank House, Kent, liberally open to visitors. Farm-house as it now is, and sadly neglected and dilapidated, it has a noble air of the olden time about it. A glance is all the wayfarer is likely to obtain of this quaint old building, for its guardian dragon cannot comprehend its increasing beauty and "the greatest plague in life," Ockwell is a visitor. Lucky will he be, if he be permitted to stand at the threshold and look down the corridor. The rule now prevailing is to turn him into the by-road, if he presume to pass the garden-gate and beg, never so meekly, for leave to go further. There is something, however, to be said for this grim guardian. Some time since, the chief glory of the place consisted in an ancient window, all embellished with heraldic memorials of the Norreyses, in glowing colours. This ancient window has been removed, and the good man's mind has perhaps been soured at it. The owner of the window has illustrated the old saw about being curst with a taste, for he has fixed the grand ancient memorial into the walls of a modern dining-room in an impertinent new house. It is as appropriate there as a guest might be at a dinner-table with a fifteenth-century helmet fixed above the neck of his white waistcoat. And it is proper to something disagreeable, here is a sketch from an excellent description of the City and University of Oxford—of the ancient "Town and Gown":—

"The tower of St. Martin's is ancient, and was lowered in the reign of Edward the Third, because the scholars complained that, in time of combat between town and gown, the townfolk, retreating to the top of it, as to a fortress, were wont to smite the students with arrows and stones. All the silence of those violent times was shared in the fullest degree by the students of Oxford. North against south, Scotch against Irish, both against Welsh, town against gown, academics against monks, nonsensical against ruffians, juniors against seniors, the whole university against the bishop of its diocese, against the archbishop of its province, against the chancellor of its own election,—were constantly in array one against another. The citizens were formed into a species of line or national guard to repress the excesses of the academic mob. When the council of the nation assembled in Oxford, orders were issued to the students to absent themselves during its continuance. Carfax, the point of junction between the two hostile parties, was turned into a fortress, and thither, at the blowing of horns, the townsmen collected, either as a rendezvous for attack, or as a stronghold whence to annoy the enemy with volleys of arrows or stones. Thence too the tocsin was sounded by the town, as from St. Mary's by the university, when the two parties met in hostile array; pitched battles were fought with war-stunners unselected, some in the streets, sometimes in the adjacent fields;—of one of these bloody contests the memory was long preserved in 'Slaying lane.' One of these, in the reign of John, in which

a woman was murdered by the students, led to the execution of three of the supposed culprits by the chancellor, and, in indignation at this alleged injustice, to the migration of a great body of the students to other seats of learning. In the reign of Edward the Third, when these riots were at their climax, there is one described in colours of which nothing in our own times can remind us, short of the wild scenes of the Continental capitals in 1848— the city gates barricaded, the chancellor interposing in person, a savage mob of two thousand countrymen burning in, headed by black flags, and uttering wild cries of 'Slay, slay,' 'havo, havo'—Oxford given up to pillage for two days, and the cause of the students finally avenged by the demolition of the great tower of St. Michael's church, in which the insurgents had for the time intrenched themselves. The fight between town and gown was still kept up, in a minor degree, on the 5th of November, and several succeeding evenings."

We conclude with a notice of a man who, having made some figure in history, suddenly disappeared, and who has been brought to light, as they think, by the good people of Minister Lovel:—

"The adjoining church, of the same age and style, possesses many beautiful points, and in a country so strikingly unpicturesque as this, is especially remarkable. It has escaped restoration, and the stains of time blend harmoniously with the remains of colour on the walls, while the original oak seats are left, almost dripping to decay, and a beautiful alabaster monument with an arched effigy whose feet are resting on a dog, overgrown with green mould. It is said that this tomb is that of Francis Lord Lovel, who rose to great power and became Lord Chamberlain in the reign of Richard the Third, whose coat blue bear, the badge of the Lovels, was the common English sign. One Colingbourne was executed in this reign for being the author of some verses on the king and his ministers, Sir R. Hatcliffe, Sir W. Catesby, and Lord Lovel, which began:—

Lord Lovel, the rat, and Lovel our dog,
Ruled all England under an hog.

This Lord Lovel, having the house of Lancaster, afterwards joining the impostor Simnel, and was one of his chief confederates at the battle of Stoke, 1471. His fate is not clearly ascertained; some writers say he was slain, others that he endeavoured to escape and was seen in the act of trying to swim his horse across the Trent. A tradition, however, still universally held by the inhabitants of Minister Lovel, tells us that he contrived to escape and secreted himself here, where he was sustained in a vault by the devotion of a female servant. This servant suddenly died without betraying the secret, when Lord Lovel was starved to death, together with the dog which was the faithful associate of his captivity. The body of a man, said to have been his, is in a vault, in rich clothing, seated in a chair, with a table and man-bearer before him. The body was entire when the workmen entered, but upon the admission of air soon fell into dust. Thomas Lovel, who espoused the opposite party in the same battle of Stoke, rose to great favour under the Tudors, and was buried at Hailwell, Sherbrooke, with the epitaph:—

All ye sons of Hailwell,
Pray ye both day and night
For the soul of Sir Thomas Lovel,
Whom Harry the 7th made knight."

We leave our readers to take this book further in hand. With it, they may have rare days in the three pleasantest of counties, and rare memories for many a day after.

The Corsair and his Conqueror: a Winter in Algiers. By Henry E. Pope. (Bentley.)

We are not yet satiated with books concerning Algiers. This one by Mr. Pope is decidedly agreeable, full of details of customs and descriptions of scenery, conveyed in a pleasant and, on the whole, unaffected style.—Music, women, coffee-houses, baths, magicians, negroes, Israel-

ties, all Mr. Pope's pages,—with here and there a passage of contemporary history. On the first two topics he is not an encouraging witness. Detestable, says he, are the noises which pass among the Moors for delectable melodies; but Algiers is not solitary in the East. The barbarism of the Orientals—in some of their customs, in some of their religious opinions, in advance of sundry civilized folk—is one of those enigmas which, be it unridable how it may, is damaging to a theory of a connexion among the arts. Without its solution, we can make nothing of the music of the ancients: with it, very little.—Nor is Mr. Pope very reverential to the obese bundles of uncouth drapery which travellers have dared so much. Of course, however, the tourist, let him have ever so much of Peeping Tom in his composition, must rely mainly for what he knows of "the sex" on female testimony. Who needs he reminded of the height and depth of woman's charity to man, and of woman's wisdom, thus, in an odd business, that if described in the following extract, he not an exceptional one?

"The visit of a European lady to a Moorress is looked on by the latter as a kind of amusement, and welcomed with as much zest as children welcome the squeak of a French and July maw. * * * The Moorish ladies soon get tired of the comparative inactivity of trying to understand and make themselves understood, and they begin to look to the actual. They first pull you about and examine your clothing. You have on. Next they divert you of your walking baldric and dress you up, if you will permit them, after their own fashion. A French lady, curious to see to what lengths they would really carry their passion for investigation, determined to give them a taste of the enigma of a 'Moorish' family on whom she was making a 'morning call.' They commenced by cutting her front hair short in a twinkling, and then while one painted her eyebrows with colol, a second dyed her finger-nails with henna, and a third stuck little gold bangles over her face. To attempt to envelop her in a black veil, she thought, would be such a bore, however, she resisted vigorously, anxious to see herself the trustee of that mysterious and illimitable 'minute' during which ladies ask you so ruthlessly to wait while they are 'putting their things on.' And then they clapped their hands with the greatest glee at the drop appearance she made. She stood not a moment, she suddenly recognised her own face in the glass, and she thought that her nearest relation had known her at that moment. Colol takes at least a week before it can be removed, while henna can only be eradicated as the nail grows and is cut. The lady perceived at once, as she dolefully endeavoured to put her doctress to rest, that as a thick veil would be necessary till the effects of the masquerading had worn away with time."

Here is something newer in quality. Mr. Leighton, in his clever drawing of a negro *soirée*, showed us how the "blackamoors" (as the word ran in old times) disport themselves; but negro rites of worship have not been often described, nor depicted:—

"On As Wednesday the whole indigenous population of Algiers were in a great state of excitement, indeed, however, not by a suddenly conceived reverence for an occasion so sacred, but by the circumstance of the most important negro ceremony of the whole year—that of the inauguration of the first bean—falling upon that day. The Arabs, Moors, Negroes, Negroesses and Moorish women, dressed in their gayest, flocked from the Bab-el-dou end of the town into the country, being conducted thither in some cases by the little cambeaux, and preferring in others to make use of their own feet. Each Negro carried a couple of pointed candles and a gigantic vry (that of the pointed end being the largest) and straggled along inside her haik by way of embellishment to her crew, but which had at the same time a string

semblance of blinkers. Curious to behold bea-
sties performed within sight of a railway which
was actually commenced, I jumped into one of the
little vehicles, and was soon whirling like a fire-
engine along the dusty littoral. I must say my
fingers were very sore, and I was obliged to
help my fellow-passengers, of whom the following
was the complement. Opposite me sat a Moorish lady
whose hands were dyed all over with ehol, the
finger-nails alone being tinged with henna. Now and
then the intense heat compelled her to open for an
instant the folds of her dress, which was covered
with an embroidered corset richly decorated with flowers
was exposed. Next to her was seated her husband,
a Moor; and close to me were three attendants,
Negresses in blue check haika, each with a paint-
taper in her hand. An English lady and gentle-
man, a French couple, and a young Arab, who was the driver, and a well-
dressed Turk who sat next him on the box. We
alighted on a rising ground just above the sea-
shore and near the ruins of the Marabout Sidi
Belal, from which a capital view of the ceremonies,
and the state of the festival, could be obtained.
Four or five marabouts were pitched
up, and were attended by some Moorish families of
distinction, but whether they came with a view
of witnessing the rites is rather doubtful, as
the tents were kept tightly closed, the whole
time of the festival being a most anxious and
unpleasant one to those who are unaccustomed
themselves with little else than devouring kou-
kous. On a conspicuous flag were engraved in
white letters on a blood-red ground the device
"Vive la France, abolition de l'esclavage," a
Moorish man, by reminding the assembled
people of the state of bondage to which, a few
years previously they had been merged, and at the
same time of calling to their mind the debt of
gratitude they owed to their deliverers. The
European spectators, for whom chairs had in many
places been placed, were seated on the level of the
mentioned rising ground, and on the slope sat the
Moorish women cross-legged, to the number of two
or three hundred, and looking in the distance like
many stacks of flour stored in rows. On the sand
behind sat a large circle of Negroes and Negresses,
and in the foreground, in the centre of the assem-
blage, and the former half naked with a fillet of
upright feathers around their heads. Shortly after
our arrival the ceremonies commenced. Two
powerful Negresses plunged into the sea, and
swimming out cast the water high in the air, and
then, with a great display of agility, they
within the circle beat drums with drumsticks of
curved cane, and the same number gongled each
a pair of double iron castagnets, while one played a
bamboo reed-flute, a certain regularity of measure
being however detected in the barbarous hubbub.
The music was accompanied by the shouting and
clouds of incense were arising, and with their feet
thitherward three or four Negroes executed a kind
of religious dance, which consisted in leaping
frantically up and down, their limbs and heads
being swinging like a side like pieces of limp flesh
in the time the knees were bent, and they fell
a time exhausted and rolled with frightful convul-
sions in the yielding sand, upon which the whole
assemblage rose, joined hands, and danced wild-
ly around them. Then the organists took short clubs
and, with a great display of agility, they
changed as the clubs clashed against each other,
and the performers jumped madly up and down e-
n masse. It was just the scene that Robinson Crusoe
might have been supposed to witness when he
peeped from his hiding place and beheld the cat-
astrophe of his shipwrecked crew, and the un-
fortunate brethren. Apocryph of the subject, how
melancholy must have been the thoughts of poor
young Robinson as he pinched his flesh and won-
dered whether he should ever live to be undone! Their
frantic movements were continued for up-
wards of an hour, and then the dancing
flowers was led by the horns once or twice round,
followed by three or four gaunt high priestesses
and the musicians, the procession being closed with
the now jaded dancers. One of the high priestesses
was of enormous height, measuring not less than
seven feet, and she was dressed in a blue robe
looked short by her side. Three cows were

sacrificed and the omens examined. These being found to be propitious, a shrill note of joy issued from the women, in which the Mauresques joined, and which seemed to prolong the sound far over the sleeping sea-lake in the distance. Then the bull was thrown down on the sand and its throat cut by the gleaming sword, the attendant priest, who was holding it at the same time with one from among the slaves. Whether properly or not, the operation was but half performed, and the poor brute staggered once more on its legs with the blood streaming from it, and then fell and expired. The women, who were standing round, and another joy-note, rendering the air announced the second time the omens had proved favourable. Then a priest waved thrice aloft the sacrificial knife, and with muttered prayers sprinkled the adherent drops of blood upon the faces of the women; and again the two Negresses broke from the ranks, and, kneeling on the sand, raised the steers, casting as before the water high above their heads towards the land. The ceremony was now concluded, the bull was cut up, and a fire was lighted upon the spot, over which it was roasted and eaten. And not the least picturesque part of the sacrifice, as the natives accounted it, lay in their red cloths curveting about on the sand and forcing their horses to take leaps that would have dismounted any but an Arab, for the purpose I suppose of proving their horsemanship before the imposing 'sacks' within which it was so difficult to be seen. The ceremony, as I have already in this term, was concluded. According to the account of the Negresses, who seem to know little more concerning their ceremonies than the mere name, and perform their parts almost like automata, the sacrifice was instituted for three reasons. Firstly, to propitiate the powers of earth and air; secondly, in honour of the great spirits, and thirdly, to insure the rate the first lean of the season, no matter how premature, that is discovered to be ripe. Sidi Belal, according to the legend, was the slave and afterwards muzzlin of Mohammed, and being betrayed by him emigrated to the part of Raby, where he became a priest, and built a mosque. His Mosque was erected over his remains, a few white-washed walls being all that now point out the sacred spot. Little or no connexion seems to exist between the trifle objects of the sacrifice, and their incongruity can only be reconciled by the legend of Sidi Belal. The first time the sacrifice was first to have introduced the peculiar yellow lean into Algeria which forms so staple an article of consumption among the native races, and by a simple union of ideas his soul might even have been supposed after death to have taken up its residence in the *tythagora* had not the priests with no connexion among them, and his disciples were far too wise to burden their consciences with the notion of having devoured their grandmothers merely for the pleasure of eating a dish of beans. The Mohammedans are firm adherents to the doctrine of transmigration, and every bird or beast is supposed to be the soul of a departed man, supposed to be animated with the spiritual essence of departed relations, and regarded therefore as sacred. The same superstition consecrates as a matter of course the vegetable creation, and every tree or shrub in holy places is venerated. It is in the idea of the intimate connexion of those elements with the ripening and developing of the fruit of the soil, are doubtless supplicated for their propitious influence upon the bean-harvest, and the answer of the unknown deities, favourable or not, is to be understood in the disposition of the omens. The splashing of the water towards the sacrificers is evidently intended as a lustration, the purifying propensities of salt, whether crystallized or in solution, being too well known to need comment. No precepts with regard to these sacrifices are mentioned in the Koran, and strict Mussulmen yet no other portion of the *indigènes* ever take part in them."

Here, again, are some paragraphs and pictures, in addition to those already put forth, about the "Aissoua," whose singular ways and

them all over with their tongues they placed them between their lips, holding them firm with their teeth, and leaping for a few moments still higher in tune to the unintermitting thunder of the tympanum. A large scorpion was now brought in on one of the tambourines, and as I touched it with a stick en passant it darted up its poisonous tail, leaving no doubt as to its vitality. One of the Arabs took up the reptile by its head, and held it still higher in the air, swallowing it, making a horrible crunching noise in the process of mastication. How he escaped the effects of its sting is more than I can imagine; but, at all events, the unnatural meal seemed to give him new life for the maddening orgies. One of the dancers now stepped forward with a dagger about a foot in length and lifting up his eyelid thrust it some way in just over the eyeball, and walked about with the weapon thus apparently sticking out of his eye. Then he drew it slowly out, and the host at my request having handed it to me for examination I found that it was sharp as a needle and perfectly solid. The voices of the women at this period were louder than I had heard them before, and so long did the shrill applause continue that the Arabs looked up hastily and said 'hash' in the same sort of contemptuous tone with which a charity-school master endorses to the class of a lesson, and the obedient chorus instantly subsided. Half-a-dozen cactus-leaves were now brought in, and the moment the dancers perceived them they left off their frantic gestures and grovelled like dogs on their hands and knees. The African cactus, or Barbary fig, grows round Algiers into a regular use of twelve feet or so in height, and the leaves are of course large in proportion, being generally about a foot long and half an inch thick, and are very thickly covered with strong prickles of an inch in length. These prickles are as thick as a druggist-pin at the base, and very firm, so that the handling of the leaf is a matter of difficulty and pain, and should the point of the prickle break in so doing it forces itself beneath the skin and causes excruciating agony. The Arabs crawled adroitly towards the man who held the leaves, baying like the dogs they imitated, and as he held one forth they thrust their heads forward and took rapid bites, devouring it amazingly without the slightest inconvenience. The green fluid expressed from the herb flowed in streams over their long boards, and I noticed that when they accidentally touched each other they gave a low growl like cubs who are gorging. The applause of the invisible ladies was great, but by no means so enthusiastic as before, the tambourines were again silent, and the performers fell to the ground as if the superhuman stimulus to their exertions had been removed. One of them continued impassive for so long a time that it was feared life was extinct. Happily, however, he revived, and was thus mercifully prevented from a death in the midst of such disgraceful orgies. Kouss-kous was again brought round to fortify the enthusiasts for a repetition of the ceremonies which were to be kept up till six o'clock in the morning. Finding that it was midnight I rose and uttered the *passion aléikoum* ('peace to all who hear'), which salutation was gravely returned by 'alaama' (good bye). I drew a deep breath as I left the house, like one who has by a timely awakening been relieved from the incubus of some terrible nightmare, and as I threaded again the narrow streets the delicious night air cooled and refreshed me."

With the above bit of repulsive, fierce life we will close our dealings with Mr. Pope. The Conqueror of the Corsair does not seem yet to have done for the conquered all that he might in reducing a strange barbaric district to order. Life is still too insecure beyond the verge of cities, — communication is still too difficult, witnesses the wretched voyage to Oran described by Mr. Pope in his eleventh chapter. — Too much of the lawless and licentious population of France, we suspect, is drifted, and drifts itself, off to Algiers for the chances of rapid improvement to be favourable. Meanwhile, the state of slow transition has contrasts and a picturesque of its own, — and we do not

remember to have seen them often more shrewdly noted than by our tourist.

The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers.
By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. II. *Anti-Sophist Dialogues.* (Macmillan & Co.)

We are glad to hear of the success, as reported, of this series by Dr. Whewell, and the result of which is before us in another volume; not only because it confirms our own judgment early expressed, but because good work in a good cause deserves prosperity. Dr. Whewell supplies us with a translation and commentary in one, entreaching only (but never without explanation) such parts as might weary the younger reader of Plato and frighten him away altogether. But he does more than this; for he connects the Dialogues by a thread of narrative and disquisition which helps us to understand Plato's intellectual labour through life as a whole. The difficulty of this task, which is one that cannot be performed to everybody's satisfaction, is well known. But if what is done towards it here be compared with what else of the kind is accessible to the "English reader," we have no hesitation in saying, that it deserves the first place in general estimation.

The group of Dialogues in this second volume comprises such as, in the Doctor's own words, "are mainly occupied with discussions in which persons who have been called 'Sophists' by Plato and by his commentators, are represented as refuted, perplexed, or silenced."

It is of great interest to know that Dr. Whewell believes many of the so-called "Sophists" to have had hard measure from Plato's commentators; and the following passage will be read with pleasure by all admirers of Mr. Grote, whose labours in this direction are familiar to men of letters:—

"Of such persons," he says, "there will be found in the following pages, Protagoras, Prodicus, Hippias, Gorgias, Polus, Callicles, Ion, Euthydemos, Dionysodorus, and Thrasymachus, who is, however, more prominent in the First Book of the Republic. But though these persons are all included by some of Plato's admirers under the term *Sophists*, — are all involved by many commentators in that charge of false reasoning and sinister purpose which we imply by that term, — and are looked upon by many persons as a sect or party who made common cause, corrupted the moral principles of the Athenians, and were unmasked and put down by Plato; they were, in truth, most diverse in their tenets, characters, position, mode of discussion, and objects; and were, several of them, as strenuous inculcators of virtue and as subtle reasoners as Plato himself.

This results from what we know of them from all quarters, and indeed from Plato's own representations. That this is really the case with the so-called Sophists, is a proposition which has been proved and illustrated by Mr. Grote, in a manner which combines the startling effect arising from great novelty with the solid conviction arising from plain good sense; — a very remarkable combination to find introduced, in our own day, into one of the most familiar periods of ancient history. I think that the reader of the following pages will find in the Dialogues themselves, and in the remarks upon them, sufficient evidence of the general truth of this position. I would, however, refer the reader for a fuller confirmation and illustration of it to the eighth volume of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece.'"

We consider this the most important part of what the translator has, this time, to tell us in his own person. It only remains to say a word of the translation itself. We think it delightfully clear and readable; and would especially draw attention to the style of the opening passages of the "Phaedrus." The familiar elegance of that Dialogue requires a hand at once strong and tender, and has found such a hand here.

My Norfolk Note Book; or, a Month in Norfolk.
By a Lady. (Westerton.)

THE Lady's month in Norfolk was a lively one; and the most was made of it. 'My Norfolk Note Book' abounds in cottage and pony, meadow and dairy sketches. It exhibits no antipathy to briar rose or rough travelling, and is written in the manner of one qualified to enjoy a picturesque excursion. Thus, in fact, did it fare with the Lady; and she took kindly to the Norfolk simplicities:—

"The domestic arrangements of the house were most primitive; our beds consisting of box-like bedsteads full of hay, on which were placed their feather-beds. A colony of mice had taken up their abode in the hay which formed my bed. The house, however, was clean, as it had been only recently built, and we had a large room on the ground floor full of windows. There were six of them without curtains or shutters, but with moveable screens made of split lambswool, which we could place before them. The gentlemen had two small rooms upstairs. The maids consisted of a remarkably dirty old woman, with two girls (*maids*, girls) to help her. They spoke no good English, and their manners were more civilized parts could hardly have understood their *patois*."

Everywhere, the crudity of the entertainment was atoned for by the opportunities of observation. For instance, at "the station-house," — very different from a "station-house" in England:—

"In these an English household would be horrified with the state of the floors, which are of wood, and without any carpeting. But then their household weapons are very insufficient to wage war with either dust or spider, their only brooms being either a bird's wing, or a few feathers tied loosely together. The mistress of the Ny-Ovna station is a woman of a very contented, looking as if life were a very comfortable, very different from the usual cheery Norwegian type; her children, too, were always crying, and one of them, poor thing! was deaf and dumb, and could only make its wants known by harsh, fretful cries. But with the exception of the annoyance these gave us, we were very comfortable. The sitting-room was a very grand one, with an American rocking-chair and two hard sofas in it. The food was very good, trout and reindeer steak, which last we all liked very much. They gave us 'Frieder groot' for breakfast; this is a kind of porridge made of wheat flour, with what richest cream poured over it whilst boiling, which the best cooks to look like melted butter. It is eaten with fresh cream and sugar, and is too rich for ordinary use. 'Hæfer groot,' which is commonly eaten by the poor, is made of oatmeal. They also gave us some cake-like bread very close and white, and some strongly flavoured with what tasted like cocoa-nut; but I do not suppose it could really have been that. I was much amused with watching the servant girl bringing out of the store-room the supply of flat bread for the consumption of the household that day; it was piled up on her arms as high as her chin, in huge slabs, so large that she could just hold them with her arms outstretched."

We question whether the steel of Ny-Ovna is "the best in the world"; but the Lady's notice of the place is interesting:—

"Ny-Ovna is a first-rate station, so we halted here to-day. The landlord to whom it belongs unites *carver* beautifully, and also *carves* all sorts of things in wood. The rice and the *maids* make it of the best in the world. They showed us a very handsome knife, the handle of which was of reindeer's horn, and the blade was of the finest tempered steel, and would cut through a piece of iron. Almost every Norwegian peasant wears one of these knives hanging to his girdle. They are a good humour, asphatite race, and their knives are seldom if ever used, save for peaceable purposes, more especially now that the selling spirits has been so forcibly put down by

the Government; except in the towns no one can get a licence for selling spirits. At one of the stations, we wished to buy a little brandy, our solitary bottle having been broken the second day of our carolling, but the master of the house said he was not allowed to sell us any, but would give it to us with pleasure. For their own private use, the bonders procure it from the towns, but the peasantry are perforce obliged to go without. I dare say this rule is not very trifling, and the difference it has made among the peasantry is very great, for whereas drunkenness used to be quite the national vice, we have not as yet seen one tipsey person out of the towns. A spirit called 'Trendhjem' is the only one peculiar to Norway that I have seen; it is a white kind of brandy, flavoured with herbs.

The month in Norway was well spent; and an hour will not be ill spent in glancing over these reminiscences of it.

The Swedes of Esthonia.—[*Eibofolke, oder die Schweden an den Küsten Estlands*.] By C. RUSSELL. (Leipzig, Fleischer; London, Williams & Norgate.)

UNDER the name "Eibofolke," a nation obviously of Scandinavian origin has from time immemorial inhabited a portion of the eastern coast of the Baltic and some of the adjacent islands. Compared with the mixed population by which they are surrounded, the "Eibofolke" make a very small figure; but, nevertheless, they have preserved through successive ages a nationality which completely distinguishes them from their immediate neighbours, while it is not quite identical with that of the races to whom their origin may be traced. Hence they offer remarkable temptations to the zealous ethnologist, and they have certainly found an investigator fully adequate to their importance in the person of M. C. RUSSELL, whose indefatigable industry in searching out Swedes in odd nooks of Europe may be compared with that of the renowned Castrén in discovering branches of the old Altaic stock. The work which is now before us, and which has been crowned by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, may fairly be said to exhaust the subject. Their history and topography carefully studied,—their ethnographical peculiarities, both physical and social, minutely recorded,—their legends collected in large quantities,—their dialect learnedly considered,—what could the "Eibofolke" desire further from the world of letters? Before another equally zealous and equally conscientious archaeologist shall attempt to bring them within the sphere of his observation, they will probably have slipped off the surface of the earth entirely. Indeed, closely pressed as they are by Russians, Estonians, Germans, Letts, Lithuanians, and even Jews, they have even now hard work to preserve their individuality. However, they are blessed with a certain amount of toughness (*Zähigkeit*) which M. Russell regards as a Swedish peculiarity, and this qualifies them in no small degree for their present emergency.

Only on the coast and the neighbouring islands are the "Eibofolke" to be found, and their pursuits are almost exclusively maritime. They fish, they catch seals, they smuggle, and they are not without talent for the Cornish vocation of wrecking; but in agriculture they are somewhat behind their age. How they came to their present place of abode seems a difficult matter to ascertain; and it is with an aspect almost of despair that M. Russell reviews every theory that would account for their whereabouts. While some inquire after the time of their immigration, others regard the question as altogether impertinent, and are inclined, like Topsy, to "spect they growed," or, to speak more learnedly, are autochthons,

Equally comfortable and equally hazy is the hypothesis that they formed part of the rearguard of that primal vagrant, Odin, on his march from the north of Asia, and stopped short on their road. Leaving to the curious the enjoyment of these very dark surmises, M. Russell seeks for positive information in those Chronicles of Bremen which are so instructive with respect to the German colonization of the Baltic provinces. But vain is the search, and equally fruitless is the investigation of Old Russian records. The earliest mention of the out-of-the-way Swedes occurs in a legal document, which is cited by M. Russell, and expressly refers to the Swedes of Oesel, but leaves us altogether in the dark as to their local progenitors. M. Russell is convinced that the Swedish element in these regions must have been considerably influenced by a migration from Sweden to Finland that occurred in 1157. The royal saint Eric, having destroyed the Finnish pirates who infested the Baltic, conquered Finland and Nyland, and compelled the people to undergo the rite of baptism. A colonization of the Esthonian region might easily have followed this successful enterprise.

M. Russell is, however, no mere archaeologist. The "Eibofolke" of the present day occupy even a larger share of his attention than their past; and the peculiarities and capabilities of all the districts they inhabit are stated with that business-like accuracy and in that severe form which we associate with the Parliamentary Blue Book; while there are statistical tables over which the utilitarian philanthropist may gloat with boundless satisfaction, showing how the territorial property is distributed.

For all that belongs to Folk-lore, for popular traditions and customs, M. Russell has an evident predilection; and though he tells us that the crop of legends is not scanty, his own industry enables him to get in a very rich harvest. The following snake stories may amuse some of our readers, who may be forewarned that in old times snakes were so highly esteemed in Oesel, that the captain of a ship always carried one about in a box with a glass cover, as the surest preservative against ill fortune:—

At Ridlop a boy was once born with a snake twisted about his neck. The nurse prevented those who attempted to kill it, saying, "As the snake is born with him, it has its mission from God; therefore let it live." The snake was accordingly laid in the child's cradle, and fed with milk. As he grew older, the boy made it his playmate, gave it sweet milk, and could neither live nor sleep quietly without it. In his fourth year he was sitting with a large stone near him, when the snake found a small hole, glided into it, and did not re-appear. The boy was inconsolable, wept incessantly, and constantly implored that the stone should be removed, which was actually done. A large quantity of silver money was then discovered, which was saved for the boy, who from that time ceased to grieve, and afterwards became a man of opulence. But the snake was never seen again.—One Sunday a girl went into the forest to pick berries. She was met by a little grey man, who asked her what she was doing. "I am picking berries," she replied.—"For what purpose?" asked the man.—"To sell them and buy pearls for a necklace," was the answer. Upon this the little man fastened a shining speckled snake about her neck, and said, "Here is a pearl necklace for you," after which he vanished. But the girl was compelled to wear the hideous ornament during her whole lifetime as a warning to those who, through vanity, pick berries on Sunday.—A man caught a white snake, and gave it to his servant, with orders to cook the *ed*. The servant's curiosity being roused, he ate a small piece of the snake, and took the rest to his master, who devoured it all. Going into his garden, he then perceived, to his astonishment, that he understood the language of the birds.

Some time afterwards, when he went out with his master, a flock of wild geese flew shrieking over his head, and he was so much amused by their discourse that he lost his laughing. The master's attention was roused, and he asked whether he understood what the geese had said. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "they said they were going after neighbour No-and-so's oats!" By this the master perceived that the servant had been disobedient, and asked him on the spot.—Near Kymie, in Finland, there was a large sump of water; upon a meadow, and the owner wishing to have them destroyed, offered two oxen to a well-known snake charmer to free him from the nuisance. The charmer promised to comply with his request, but first asked him, whether he had observed among the rest a large snake, as over this he had no power. Being answered in the negative, he hid bundles of branches about a small hillock, which was overgrown with birch, and charmed the snakes within the compass of the circle. He then set light to the branches; but a great white snake suddenly appeared, twisted itself about his neck, and dragged him into the fire, so that they both perished together.

These stories are thoroughly Scandinavian in their character, and the connexion between a feast of snakes' flesh and a sudden proficiency in ornitho-philology, will remind many of the ancient hero, Siegfried. Wolves are almost as important as snakes in the eyes of the "Eibofolke," and their removal is the object of a certain set of professors who are evidently regarded as belonging to the wizard species. As lately as 1851, an old gentleman, who had gained a high reputation, and not a little money, by dispersing the wolves who infested his neighbours' fields, ended his useful toils with his life. So serviceable was old Ják, as he was called, that when he fell ill, in the year 1848, the mischief done by wolves was intolerable. By murmuring certain wise sentences, and scattering about some article that was peculiarly offensive to wolfish nostrils, this great man seems to have effected his marvels. May we allow ourselves the conjecture, that of the appeal to the ears and the address to the olfactory nerves, the latter was the more effectual?

The "Eibofolke" are now good Lutherans, and as the early Christians ranked old heathen gods among the devils, so do these zealous Protestant class monks and nuns among the spirits of evil. A little of their early Paganism has, however, survived their conversion to and from Catholicism, and nowhere can we find a more striking monument of the old Pagan Yule festival than in the Julgult, or bough-shaped loaf with which Christmas is celebrated. This loaf, which is of rye, or wheat flour, is four and a half long, has combings of eyes, mouth and nostrils, and is marked along the back with four or five rows of points, made in the dough, which are supposed to represent bristles. The consumption of this ponderous delicacy does not take place without great solemnity. On Christmas-Day it is only to be looked at, not eaten, being placed on the table at the corner nearest to paterfamilias, covered with a white cloth. On New Year's Day and Twelfth Day it is again exhibited, but not a morsel is consumed till Candlemas, when half is eaten, the other half being reserved till Shrove Tuesday.

M. Russell's book is accompanied by an atlas, containing maps, popular melodies, and lithographed antiquities, among which a wooden calendar holds a prominent place.

NEW NOVELS.

Money. by a Novel. By Colin Kennardquhom, Esq. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—It is a sad pity that no ingenious mechanic has ever invented a machine for the reduction of books to a reasonable size and shape. If, by some process, the greater number

of these publications could be subjected to a very powerful degree of pressure till all the useless and extraneous matter were squeezed out of them, we might be favoured with a few good one-volume novels, worth the trouble of a note of time and labour to pick it out of the mass of rubbish in which it is imbedded. There is nothing particularly original in the plot; but we must beg to congratulate Mr. Kennequah upon the strength of mind he has shown in naming his hero "John Smith." It is one of the chief merits in the book. John Smith is an impulsive, generous, high-spirited young man, with a supreme contempt for money and money-making. His uncle Joshua, on the contrary, worships money, and spends his life in the acquisition of that article. The uncle, considering his nephew his heir, tries to assist him in making his fortune; but the nephew will not be helped, and rubs salt in difficulties. Uncle Joshua becomes (quite unexpectedly) the proud father of a fine boy; and his nephew, being cut off from all further expectation, is immediately jilted by the young lady to whom he is engaged to be married. However, John Smith soon works his way up in the world; makes a famous speech; gets into good practice as an advocate, and falls in love with a very pretty and sensible person, who has met with reverses, and has been refused to take the situation of a governess. Of course, after the manner of all governments in general, Mary Elliot is persecuted by the attentions of the gentlemen of the families with whom she resides, and is accordingly despised and trampled upon by the ladies. But everything comes right in the end—for John Smith discovers some important and long-lost papers—Mary turns out to be an heiress—they marry, and live in great prosperity—while the poor creature who was once his and his money, and dies of a broken heart. "Money" is cleverly written in parts, and the descriptions of second-rate society in Scotland are amusing, and are doubtless dictated from Nature; but we cannot but shrink that if Mr. Colley Kennequah were in a future to "stick to his point," and excuse only the long and commonplace dissertations upon "life" and "the world" which fill so many pages of these volumes, his next novel might stand a better chance of success than his first is ever likely to achieve.

Over the Cliff. By Charlotte Chanter. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—Over the Cliff is a novel that marks a very romantic temperament in the author, and a great love of adventure; there is a sense of freedom and a delight in the open air,—a power to describe out-of-door scenes with truth and spirit; but the story of the novel goes quite wild, and no reader will be able to follow it. It is like a child's attempt at drawing a picture,—the intention is there, but the result is not equal to the conception. The author shares the fault of all unaccustomed writers,—some of the details are sketchedly drawn out, while others are hurriedly sketched in. The story hinges are shrouded over altogether, or else so slightly mentioned that an ordinary reader would miss them. There are too many independent histories, which are not welded together, so as to give them a community of interest; the reader is dragged from one set of people to another, with a ruthless disregard of his feelings and powers of memory. There seems to have been large portions cut away, which leave chasms in the story that are not supplied,—as, for example, in the episode of the murder of Old Grillingham, in the lonely house in Chelsea—the criminal's steps are dogged by a woman who, apparently, has great cause to hate him, but all her previous passages with him are suppressed. She is called "the widow of the self-murdered man," but there is no account of her wrongs and sorrows. When the drama has to be wound up, the narrative does last the reader down, and is resorted to.—Alice draws the right veil from her bosom, where she had carried it apparently for many years, whilst she was walking about the

world, looking for the rightful heir; a thing that we fondly hoped was never done, except on the boards of the Surrey Theatre. There are indications of the facility to conceive detached scenes and incidents, and to narrate them with spirit; but there is a total want of all indication of the pains and hard work which are essential to writing a good story. The author needs to learn her business; if she will give the necessary time and practice, she may do well, but not without. There is no way to a royal road to novel writing but there is to learning.

My Wife's Pin-Money; or, Marriage in Extremis. By M. E. E. Nelson. (Saunders & Osley.)—The authors, in the Preface, says, that "My Wife's Pin-Money" is intended as a small tribute to the pioneers of intellect and knowledge, whose only prize is that of being contemptible to Shakespeare, Milton and Newton. If it be intended as a contribution to anything but the waste-paper basket, it will be misapplied. The story is written in a jargon that is neither French nor English; but as it is nonsense, pure and simple, it does not much signify in what tongue it is uttered; but the notes are not only foolish, they are ignorant and ill-intentioned. If a French author had written of English manners with the ill-natured ignorance with which the authoress speaks of French social manners and habits, we should only have considered that she showed an unfriendly manner, and not cared for the matter, but we are ashamed when an Englishwoman shows so much ill breeding.

The Emigrant's Daughter; a Novel, Historic and Moral, from an Episode in the Reign of Catherine II. By M. E. E. Nelson. (Saunders & Osley.)—This is a very absurd little story, written throughout like a bad translation from the French; either the author never knew her own language, or has forgotten it. The tone of abject servility which pervades the whole is something remarkable; even the illustrious Empress of all the Russias, when it is dedicated, must feel that the adulation is more proper to a professor of science than to a novel. The hero and heroine who appear there are swindlers of a more or less interesting exterior.

Helén; a Romance of Real Life. By Raymond Lock. (Saunders & Osley.)—Those who look at novel reports and read the fables of real life like the fables of the poets. Unhappy, the hero and heroine of the heroes and heroines who appear there are swindlers of a more or less interesting exterior. "Helén" is an ill-written foolish story about the loves and sorrows of various amiable and elegant persons in different families; but it chafes turn on the difficulties of a young governess and the insidious arts of a young lady who tells romantic lies, and who pretends to be her friend and involves her in an unpleasant position. The story is very mild and diluted, and has very little to interest the reader. Indeed, there is not a solitary glimmer of common sense or of ordinary talent from one end of the book to the other. It is just rubbish.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Etiquette, Social Ethics and Dinner-Table Observances. (Houston & Wright.)—It puzzles us at first to wonder what the real object of the book really is, down in sober earnest to study the rules of etiquette, and we wonder still more how any one can be found who will take the trouble to compile a scientific book upon this subject. That this task is, however, a labour of love we learn from the Introduction; the volume is before us, where the author mentions that "it is at once his privilege and pleasure to speak of the laws of etiquette," which, "though viewless as the winds, yet exercise a vast influence upon the happiness of mankind." We are further informed that, "although occasionally varying like the shifting breeze, the principles of good manners are constant, and the same, which laws are ever intrinsically the same,"—which fact makes it only the more extraordinary that so many handbooks are constantly needed for our instruction on that important question. This particular book of Etiquette and Social Ethics treats liberally of the times and ceremonies to be observed on paying visits and on receiving them. It teaches us how to give dinners, and how to eat them. It prescribes the mode of conduct to be

observed at weddings and christenings (we are a little surprised to find no mention whatever made of funerals); and it even points out a method by which a newly-married couple may best insure a tolerable amount of happiness in the journey through life—enlarging considerably upon "the pitiable spectacle presented by a young woman who goes towards the church-door on a Sunday morning unattended by her husband, alone in the midst of a crowd." What all the widows and single ladies in Great Britain may do when every Sabbath! Besides these more important and weighty matters, the Handbook of Etiquette gives us innumerable hints as to our conduct on the most trivial occasions,—such as taking off our gloves when we eat our dinner,—"preserving the strictest modesty in any mode of dress when we dance—never giggling when we are asked to sing, and refraining from consulting our watches when we feel bored. Above all things, we must not fail to find an early opportunity of calling upon all our hosts and hostesses, for the purpose of 'expressing the pleasure we have derived from their entertainment, taking leave to commend them to the selection of their company,' and 'making those remarks which are due from one well-bred person to another.'—such observations we are assured 'being highly gratifying and tending to promote kindly feeling.' The awful amount of innocent white lies which would be perpetrated by a strict attention to this rule during a gay London season is something quite appalling to contemplate. Upon the whole, it is impossible to imagine a more miserable existence than that of a person who moves, eats, speaks and thinks, entirely in accordance with the laws of etiquette, and we sincerely hope it may never fall to our lot to become acquainted with an individual who has perfected himself in this branch of his education.

The Dead Shot; or, Sportsman's Complete Guide: being a Treatise on the Use of the Gun. By Markham Longman & Co. (Longman & Co.)—This is a complacent, egotistical, talking of things known to everybody as they were known only to a few, and talking of things known only to a few as if they were known only to himself. Like most dogmatists, he has a happy knack of contradicting himself, and in the end, he has no more to say than can be called a "dead shot," who can bring down with unerring precision an October or November partridge whenever it rises within range. No matter what the line of flight taken by the bird, whether transverse, curved, rectilinear, oblique, or otherwise, to right or left, and to or from the sportsman; if there are no obstructions, as trees or fences, the dead shot will not kill it down dead and bag it; and no game is considered killed that is not lagged. Somewhat in opposition to the above, we find, at page 78,—"To constitute a 'dead shot' it does not follow that he should kill every time he presses trigger.... Let me console the ambitious young sportsman with the fact, that the most experienced and the deadliest shots sometimes miss the fairest chances." Addressing "the ambitious young sportsman," Markham says,—"When a couple of partridges or a brood of grouse are in your net.... look at them, and select one bird as your mark, and then deliberately level the gun, and down with it; then instantly choose another for the other barrel, and being equally steady and accurate, you will drop that also." This instruction is certainly of less value than the directions given to children to catch birds by putting salt on their tails. The "ambitious young sportsman" does not need to be told that if his aim be steady and accurate he will bring his bird down. "Markham" has read "The Wild Fowler," and consequently knows something about the theory of using a gun effectively, but he is no reliable guide.

Antiquarian, Ethnological, and other Researches in New Granada, Ecuador and Chile, &c. By William Bollert. (Tribner & Co.)—Students who are not deterred by the confusion of Mr. Bollert's researches will find much to interest them in the materials. The author had, at all appearance, no plan before him when he constructed his book. He stumbles, as it were, in a wilderness of relics, languages, mount-

earth's satellite," such is not the case with the Italians as regards Luna.

In the "Dizionario Geografico Universale," printed at Venice in 1826 (the only work of the kind that I could refer to before coming here), I find it stated, when treating of the celebrated *Portus Luna*,—"Di questo golfo.....vuoli che la forma circolare desse alla distrutta metropoli il nome di Luna;" which must be taken to mean that the gulf first received its name from its moonlike shape (forma circolare), and then imparted this name to the city built by its shores.

I do not purpose either advocating the correctness of this derivation of the name "Luna," or contending that the original meaning of the name "Moon" was in any way connected with the earth's satellite. It is sufficient for me to repeat here what I have said in p. 51 of "The Sources of the Nile,"—"It is not what [the name] really means, but what it may be, or may have been, understood to mean." And in the same way as over a considerable portion of Europe (*Luna* or *Lune*) means "the moon," so over almost the entire continent of Africa, south of the Equator (as is the case in Italy in my work just cited), the word *Moon*, or something closely resembling it, has the same signification.

There has been much minute verbal criticism respecting "Moonmoon," "Yunayawesi," "Wani-anwesi," "Moi," and other derivatives or forms of the word "Moon,"—all, however, to very little purpose. In Mr. Cooley's last communication to the *Athenæum* [No. 1705], he cites Capt. Burton as stating that "the Arabs and people of Zanzibar, for rapidity and facility of pronunciation, dispense with the initial syllable, and call the country and its race Mwani." This simplifies the question entirely, for it renders verbal criticism unnecessary. The Arabs and Greeks, trading with the east coast of Africa, some eighteen or twenty centuries ago, merely anticipated the Arabs and people of Zanzibar of the present day, when they spoke of the country of "Mwanahamisi"; and the geographers of those times, in like manner, anticipated ourselves in translating that name, and thus calling the mountain chain between the coast and *Mwesi*, the Mountains of the Moon.

Before concluding my letter, I may remark that, as regards the magnificent *Portus Luna*, on whose shores I now am, King Victor Emmanuel is actively engaged in carrying out the plans of the first Napoleon, who desired to make this harbour his principal naval station in the Mediterranean. When the conqueror of Italy conceived this grand idea, he little imagined that, from the shores of this very gulf and the immediate vicinity of Luna itself, the progenitor of the Corsican family of Bonapartes crossed over to Ajaccio. The present Emperor of the French, whose "ideas" are not less vast than those of his uncle, may, perhaps, hope to possess himself one day of the "Moon country" of Europe,—Lunigiana,—where his ancestors were settled in ages past.

C. B. Brix.

P.S.—The foregoing letter has been kept back till now, in order that its publication might not precede that of the review of my "Sources of the Nile," which appeared in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last.

C. B.

Florence, Sept. 28, 1860.

Italy can fight, and to some purpose, against the "Northern" of Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, and—more is the pity!—Ireland, even when captained by French valor, drilled by French military skill and science, and fortified by the mingled allurements of pillage and plenary indulgence. Once more our Tuscan, under Cialdini, have done good service. Leghorn has had more than fifteen hundred prisoners, and *fourteen priores* to boot, marched into the duces' walled city, well-bonoured the last mentioned worthies with well-deserved hisses and yells of execration as they passed along Via Grande. I think that our Florentines would be rather jealous on this score of the *Livornesi*, were it not that we can boast of having harboured for two days the devastator of Perugia, the ruthless General Sforza, whose grade of General was conferred by the Holy Father in

recompense for his conduct towards that rebellious city. Truth to tell, we never had the satisfaction of seeing the face of our hateful guest; seeing that he was, for easily-puzzled reasons, brought into Florence early and removed late on the road to Turin. But the sanguinary *Condottiero* was in *novins dashed* by his captivity,—on the contrary, he had the face to complain of his quarters at the fortress, and to demand to be sent to an hotel on parole. The authorities very politely made sure that he was perfectly safe, and to accept his parole, and permit him to remove to a more comfortable abode, but that for his *own sake* they thought the General had best remain under lock and key, with stout walls around him, inasmuch as he would probably be pelted in pieces by a mob should he persist in changing his quarters.

A Lombard friend of mine was sitting in one of our *cafés* the other evening, when a young Italian *cantatrice* entered, and regaled the company present with some caricatured *nozzoni* from the "Trovatore" to the usual accompaniment of an asthmatic harp or crooked guitar. Her song was devoted to the stout round soldier, who, in hand, collecting contributions, and as she stopped before my friend he recognized her somewhat worn but far from unattractive face as belonging to a countrywoman of his whom he had been in the habit of seeing and hearing some years back in the *cafés* of Mantua. "What a goodly way to live away from home!" he said, addressing jestingly, "Have the Austrians been too hard upon you, too?" The girl's countenance darkened over in a moment, and she turned away, without a word, to one of the other tables, while another of the sitters by remarked to my friend, "She was flogged, you know, at Mantua by the Austrians," and to a question on the subject put to her later in all kindness and sympathy by the former speaker, she replied, with bitter emphasis, "Ay, they did flog me, if you want to know. They gave me four-and-twenty lashes for no crime nor sin, and when the Austrian was no longer in Mantua, I was a stroke of Florentine popular fan is at this moment ringing up about the crowd in Via Calmajuoli, where a ragged, bright-eyed urchin, vending the last supplement to the *Nazione*, which contains the latest bulletin from the army, cries to his laughing customers, "Legghino, Signori! Legghino, Signori! un *comunicato* del nostro *generale* che ha dato il denaro di San Pietro!" which may be Englished as follows:—"Read, gentlemen, read! Here you shall see the defeat of Lamoricière...re, and to what good purpose St. Peter's pence have been laid out!"

Meanwhile, the noble old cities newly liberated of Umbria and the Marches are already beginning to wear a long-forgotten look of life, and to welcome their deliverers with blessings and festal pageants, no longer got up at the command of some crafty, purple-stockinged, *Monsieur Delegate* or some brutal military despot, on pain of a heavy fine on every member of the municipality if the rejoicings should not be carried sufficiently far, or too costly, or expensive. Perugia, as may be supposed, among the cities where the white cross has taken the place of the Papal keys, is especially demonstrative in these her first moments of freedom. An English friend, the first of our countrymen probably who has passed the Roman frontier since it ceased to be a frontier, came up yesterday from a short excursion to Perugia and its neighbourhood, and told me how sudden and sweeping a change seems to have passed upon both town and country. The people, no longer glowering together in sullen knots or lurking in dark byways and corners, even in dread of the gendarmerie and the spy, were abroad and out at their callings, hopefully, and with something of a franker bearing in eye and gait. There was no complaining of acts of lawless violence or fraud committed by the continually passing troops; no dread of pillage, such as only too often and with the greatest impunity proceed the occupation of towns or villages by Lamoricière. "No danger," said the country-folk, all agree with admiring wonder at the trains of provision-waggons which followed the army, were never tired of exclaiming, "Why, our priests told us that the 'revolutionaries' would cut us up,—like a lot of starving beggars, as they were,—but, instead of that, they pay their way

'come Signori' [kind gentlemen]; and, O! what a lot of good bread King Vittorio must have got to be able to send his soldiers such loads of it!"

In Perugia itself, thronged on its high, craggy hill, the town-folk were eager to show the gates battered down by Fanti, and to call attention to the abominably false aim taken by the Papal cannoners as shown by the traces of the balls which had grazed along the side walls of the streets and gone crashing in at the windows. They especially related with infinite gusto how, after enduring the terrors of their adversaries for a short time, the *Papalini* hung out "not a flag of truce, no, *per Bacco*, but all the table-cloths they had got, and waved them to signal their surrender." Then the stranger had to be lionized out upon the fine rocky terrace which runs round the walls, after commanding a grand prospect, which stretches away as far as Foligno and Chiusi, and told how they, the Perugini, had stood there with beating hearts and straining eyes, and traced the course of the conquerors from city to city, as each one rose to greet them, and did its best to drive out its garrison, and to plant the tricolor on the long-ruined battlements. Moreover, he was taken to see the windows from which, on the day of deliverance, some priests had fired down on the people below, killing several of them, among whom was a luckless drummer-boy, whose fate so exasperated the citizens that some of them rushed into the house, and dragging down three of the armed priests, dealt to them swift and bloody retribution by shooting them on the spot. A peep into the old cathedral, which the visitor adventured on his own account, was looked upon as a very lamentable waste of time, and the *Inglese* and his conductor, during the quarter of an hour they stayed in the large church, were the only persons present at the mass, which two priests were grumbling over with the least delay possible.

While Perugia and the rest of the cities of the Roman State, including Leretto the miraculous, are thus enjoying Florence, and the flowers in the reception of the Royal Commissioners, we are daily expecting here the arrival of a division of the Brucian National Guard, and two battalions of our own mobilized *Nationali* are on the point of starting for Milan, thus commencing the task of fusion and fraternization between provinces that have been the most bitter enemies in the almost entire defence of Upper Italy is left in the hands of these our citizen-soldiers. Great rejoicings are in preparation for the coming of the brave sturdy *Bruciani*, and heart-moving will, doubtless, be the tales they will have to tell our sympathizing Florentines,—of massacres and pillage endured by their ancient city at the hands of the Croat barbarians. Nor will princely Milan be assuredly more chary in its welcome to the Tuscan visitors who so admirably aided last year in carrying out the unification of Upper Italy, by a display of wise self-restraint and calm decision, than we shall be to our Italian brethren before.

I rejoice to say that the local councils here are just now busied with projects for the total abolition of that hideous social plague, the lottery system, according to the wholesome example lately set them by the Dictator at Naples. No one who has not seen few of our Italian villages, and the sad picture of gain to despotic governments can guess what is the amount of vice, misery and degradation to which it infallibly gives rise, and the doing away of it will be setting regenerated Italy a right good spell on her way, to make up for lost centuries of civilization and progress. Another of our reforms, the abolition of the *camorra* by the municipal councils, to which the Government has recently submitted the question, is the appropriation of convent property in Tuscany to the use of the State. No insignificant source of revenue this, when it is remembered that in Florence and its immediate vicinity alone, the number of conventual establishments for men and women amounts to upwards of thirty.

Before I close this letter I must mention a scene which took place at Siena, on the day when the news arrived there of the victory of Cialdini at Castelfidardo. The dwellers in the venerable city were immersed in their usual occupations on

that rainy, gloomy afternoon, when suddenly the deep, hoarse cawcaw of the great cathedral bell was heard tolling out, after the quietude of the day, its burden of good news. In an instant small and great rushed pell-mell into the strange, hollow, crater-like piazza to listen to the tidings, and just as the dense crowd gathered before the hoary Palazzo Communale, the heavy grey masses of rain-cloud broke away, and as a shower of molten pearls pelted down upon the waving banners, a glorious vivid rainbow bending right over the palace-tower, spanned the scene from side to side. Was it strange that with the tumultuous furore of the crowd broke forth a cry that, "God himself hang out the blessed tricolor across the gates of heaven."

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Literary Season, which begins with Mr. Murray's annual sale, promises to be one of unusual activity and excitement; one to sell very considerably to any new edition of Walpole's list of 'Notable Authors.' Dukes, earls and barons, ladies and honourables,—half the peerage is rushing into print. Inquiries made at the chief publishing houses put us in possession of the following literary news:—In History and Biography, the reading public may expect the 'Autobiography' of William Pitt,—"the Duke of Buckingham's" 'Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of William IV., and Queen Victoria,'—two more volumes of Mr. Carlyle's 'Frederic the Great,'—Mr. Dixon's 'Personal History of Francis Bacon,'—Lady Chatterton's 'Memoirs of Admiral Gambier,'—Mr. Kipling's 'History of the War in the Crimea,'—Lord Carnarvon's 'Recollections of the Druses,'—Lord Auckland's 'Memoirs and Correspondence of William, First Lord Auckland,'—the second volume of Lord Dundonald's 'Autobiography,'—Lady Llaner's 'Autobiography' by Mary Granville, afterwards Mrs. Delany,—the Dean of Chichester's 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, from Augustine to Hawley,'—the completion of Mr. McKnight's 'Life of Edmund Burke,'—Mrs. Pion's 'Autobiography,' and Lecky's 'Mr. P. P. Colburn's Life of William Cobbett,'—Mr. St. John's 'History of England under the Saxons,'—Mr. Motley's 'History of the United Netherlands,'—'The Diary and Correspondence of Lord Colchester,'—The late Mr. Leslie's 'Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds,'—a second part of Dr. Wolff's 'Autobiography,'—a 'Life of Jerome Bonaparte,'—the completion of Mr. Hazlitt's 'History of Venice,'—and Mr. Trollope's 'Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar.' In Travels and Sport, we shall have Mr. Hind's 'Narrative of the Canadian Red River, and Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expeditions,'—a first volume of 'The Voyage of the Novara Round the World,'—Mr. Bowser's 'Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria,'—Mr. Lee's 'Six Months' Season of the Tropics,'—Mr. Granley Berkeley's 'Western Prairies,'—Miss Bremer's 'Two Years in Switzerland,'—Scribner's 'Valley of the Yosemite,'—Mr. Collyer's 'Chase of the Wild Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset,'—Sir Francis Head's 'The Horse and his Rider,'—Mr. George Borrow's 'The Sleeping Bard.' In Miscellaneous we shall have Mr. Emerson's 'Conduct of Life,'—Mr. Davis's 'Carriage and its Remedies,'—Mr. Jodrell's 'Treatise on Human Jurisprudence,'—Mr. Grote's essay 'On Flattery,'—the 'Doctrine of the Rotation of the Earth,'—Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife, by the Author of 'Paul Ferroll,'—Mr. Newton's 'Researches and Discoveries,'—Mr. Wilkins's 'Political Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries,'—Dr. Percy's 'Metallurgy,' and Prof. Bentley's 'Manual of Botany.'

The Social Science Reformers closed their meeting at Glasgow with a banquet, and with bows and compliments all round, in the hale and hearty spirit

in which nearly all good work is done in this country. The result is, think what he based on the process was pleasant. Many questions have been stirred which still require some discussion, especially that very delicate and very interesting question of the Co-operative Societies. Glasgow is famous for its hospitality; and we hear of more than one philosopher who has come to town converted to a belief in the surprising excellence of the wine, not less than in the whisky of the Clyde.

Referring to what he styles our "good humoured article on Prof. Forbes's reply to my remarks," Prof. Tyndall asks us to point out where he is "supposed to have committed a slight mistake as meeting nine hours for nineteen." A reference to our previous article on the First Part of his book will make our meaning apparent; it is simply as follows:—Every Alpine reader or tourist knows that the ascent of Monte Rosa, the highest peak of which is 15,220 feet above the sea level (most of the ascension is regarded as a great mountaineering exploit. Prof. Tyndall succeeds, after starting from the high vantage ground of the Riffl Hotel, in reaching this summit, and regaining the hotel in eleven hours and a half, having had the benefit of a guide. This seems remarkable for the first ascent of a *Longhorn* mountain, and the second ascent of our special wonder. Without a guide, without a coat, and without a neckcloth, provided only with a small bottle of tea and a ham sandwich, this solitary Londoner gains the *Heckle Spitte* once more, and regains the Riffl Hotel so rapidly that, to use his own words (p. 160), "had I gone forward with the firmest of the party (met with on his descent), I should have completed the expedition to the summit and back in a little better than nine hours." This is enough to perplex the most good-humoured rover, especially if he refers to his "History" to be fourteen to sixteen hours, and this ascent described as "exceedingly difficult, far more so than the ascent of Mont Blanc." That the feat could be performed in eleven and a half hours with a guide at the first attempt is remarkable enough, but the second feat could be performed without guide, coatless and cravatless, in nine hours and more than remarkable. To solve the difficulty, felt by others as well as ourselves, we suggested as just possible, an omission of *ten* after nine. In this suspicion wrong!

Among the deaths of the week is that of Mr. Ebenezer Landells, the engraver on wood. Mr. Landells was in his fifty-third year. He was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was a pupil of T. Bewick. He was a friend of the late Douglas Jerrold, and was concerned with him in various literary enterprises; particularly in *Punch* and in the *Illustrated Magazine*. He was also one of the original proprietors of the *Lady's Newspaper*. Mr. Landells was an artist of fine taste, and in society a man of general and pleasant disposition.

Mr. George Godfrey Cunningham, who died at Winterton, on the 25th ult., in his fifty-eighth year, was a member of the public by the name of Eminent and Illustrious Englishmen, published in early life. The subsequent contributions to literature are chiefly in the departments of geography and topography. Of these, the best known are 'The Elements of Geography' (various editions), 'The Parliamentary Gazetteer of England and Wales' (1838 to 1842), and the 'Gazetteer of the World' (1850 to 1856). His retiring habits and fastidious taste made him shrink from publicity, and, except in the instance referred to, he withheld his name from his productions. Previous to his death he had been engaged in preparing an improved edition of 'The Gazetteer of the World,' his greatest work.

Mr. Leicester Buckingham has seized the place left vacant in the Egyptian Hall by Albert Smith, and, instead of treating his public to a mere climb over the summit of Mont Blanc, or a plunge through the streets of Canton, he hurries them from London to Milan, from St. Petersburg to Sebastopol. All the panoramas which have amazed the London school-boy for a dozen years seen rolled into one. There is, assuredly, plenty for your money. If the

new entertainment should not please, it will not be so much for want of variety, as for lack of novelty and concentration.

The fifth volume of the 'Correspondence of Napoleon the First' has just appeared at M. Henri Plon's, Paris. It contains letters, orders of the day, proclamations, &c., from the 22nd of September 1798 to the 15th of October 1799, thus including the whole Egyptian Expedition. We find many things of interest in this last volume, and copy as an instance, an *ordre de jour* in which Bonaparte, before St. Jean d'Acre, commands his troops to protect the Druses. The document dates from the 29th of March 1799, and says:—"The General informs the army that the villages round St. Jean d'Acre are inhabited by Druses, a tribe hostile towards the French and in unity with Djézair; they with great zeal procure victuals for the army, and take arms for our cause: therefore he commands to respect their persons and their property in all surrounding villages consecratedly; he commands to arrest and shoot those who pillage.... The success of the army and its welfare depend principally on the order and discipline which are to gain for us the love of a people that comes to meet us, and that is an enemy to our enemies." The whole collection now comes to 4,383 numbers.

Mr. Jules Girard, the Lion Hunter, has published a new book at Dent's, Paris, in which he develops his plan of exploring the Sahara by means of organized caravans.

The total amount of the auction for which the objects of Art left by the late Alexander von Humboldt were sold, is 10,000 thalers. Humboldt's scientific instruments, and the large gold and silver coins of considerable value, were not included in the sale.

Last week the Somersetshire archaeologists met at Clevedon. The attendance was good, and the subjects were local and interesting. Mr. Parkes made some remarks on the Somersetshire houses. In respect of domestic architecture, Mr. Parkes considered Somerset to be the richest county in the kingdom, there being scarcely a village in it which does not possess a house of the time of Elizabeth, or at one time or another of the houses existing in the thirteenth century which existed in England, or perhaps in Europe, was the Bishop's residence at Wells. Its arrangement was not unusual for the period. The lower story was vaulted, used only for cellars and entrance-hall, the living apartments being entirely up-stairs. The principal hall was on the first floor, and probably the chapel at the end of it. This house was found in the fourteenth century not sufficiently large on State occasions, and another palace was built by the side of it, which is now a ruin. That appeared to have consisted of State apartments, and of course a kitchen, but was not the regular dwelling house. The Bishop's residence was a most remarkable pile of buildings altogether. It formed part of a group of buildings in connexion with the church, chapter house, and clove—all constituting one magnificent conception, giving an idea of the grandeur of the Middle Ages they could hardly contain elsewhere. There were several houses of the fourteenth century in the county. One at Meare, the hall of which is also up-stairs. It was a common practice in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to have the lower story of the house vaulted, so that the cellars or store-rooms were fire-proof, and there was also a good house of the fourteenth century near the church at Martock, very curiously arranged. They had in that neighbourhood Clevedon Court, a house built at the time of Edward the Third, and which, although added to considerably, still showed the old house perfectly. The ladies' bower was over a projection, or bow window, and there was a window looking from it into the hall, instead of from the lord's apartment, as was ordinarily the case. There was a portcullis, and slight fortifications, but from the situation of the house it never could have been intended as a place of out-hill warfare. Its fortifications were merely for keeping the warden and manor, but they wandered about the country. Houses were often surrounded with a moat, and provided with a drawbridge, but with no intention to undergo a regular siege. Somerset seemed to have been, on the whole, a very peaceful

county, its fortifications appearing slighter and less numerous than in other parts of the island. There were more comfortable manor-houses in this county than anywhere else in the island. It drew attention to the proposed sale of a museum of local natural history, and read a letter from Prof. Owen, speaking in high terms of the selection, and expressing a hope that it would be purchased and retained in the county. Mr. Kinglake caused a good deal of laughter by announcing, that if any gentleman there present were prepared to himself to stand for East Somerset at the next election, he had better buy this museum, and present it to the shire. We do not share Mr. Kinglake's confidence, that no one could consider this an act of political bribery.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S Pictures of "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1856, is NOW ON VIEW at GERMANY GALLERY, 108, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—*Admission, 1s.*

MIDDELR. ROSA BONHURST'S Pictures of SCENES IN SCOTLAND, IRISH, AND FRANCE, are NOW ON VIEW at GERMANY GALLERY, 108, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—*Admission, 1s.*

THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION, 108, Pall Mall, will exhibit the best Italian paintings, including ORIGINAL PICTURES of Titian, Veronese, and other masters of the Venetian School, and the best of the Florentine, and other schools. Open from Ten till Five.—*Admission, 1s.* The whole of the Pictures are new for sale until the above date.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—HAMILTON'S CONTINENTAL EXCURSIONS, as made to Italy, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and other countries, are now on view. LIVERPOOL, LONDON, and other cities. Daily at 10 till 5.—*Admission, 1s.* Every evening except Saturday and Sunday. Open from Ten till Five.—*Admission, 1s.* The whole of the Pictures are new for sale until the above date.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND ART.—Open Daily, from Twelve to Half past Four, and from Seven to Eleven, P.M.—*Admission to the works of the Laboratories and Exhibitions, 1s.*

DR. BAUMHOFER'S, F.R.S., Sole Lessee and Manager.

SCIENCE

A History of the Birds of Europe not observed in the British Isles. Illustrated with accurately-coloured Plates. By C. R. B. M.D. Vol. 1. (Groombridge & Sons.)—This ornithological work is making rapid strides:—if we should not rather say—is winging its way towards popular favour. The present is a serial founded upon a principle of classification sufficiently distinctive to impart to it a measure of novelty, and illustrative to it of a measure of beauty that they may be fairly regarded as extraordinary for a publication appearing in shilling parts. They may be justifiably entitled "accurately coloured," as all who care to compare some of the plates with originals in our Zoological Gardens will admit. It is manifest that the author has personally superintended the colouring, and thus prevented that doubling of bright tints which is so favourable to effect and so fatal to accuracy. The addition of figures of the eggs of the several birds renders the work more valuable to ornithologists. The author, however, must take due heed that the parts do not diminish in their attractiveness as he proceeds; and he must bear in mind that he has rival candidates for popular patronage, who, if they do not profess colouring, nevertheless offer many illustrations for the same price and a considerable amount of letter-press. The textual portion of Dr. Brevé's serial consists of brief and quite unpretending descriptions of the birds. They are commonly selected and abridged from foreign naturalists, and sometimes from their letters. The author does not allow himself much scope with his pen; the following, quoted by him, is a pleasing description of the Red-breasted Thrush, which is very common in America, where it is called the Robin:—"He is one of the loudest and most assiduous songsters, his notes rather like those of our Thrush, but not so loud. Within the Arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noonday, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shadows of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose—the death-like stillness of an Arctic winter—to the animated bustle of summer; the trees spread their foliage with such

magical rapidity, and every succeeding morning opens with such agreeable accessions of feathered songsters to swell the chorus, their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they covered the desolate forests of tropical climates, that the return of a Northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauty of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedious of nine months' winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated shades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of Art, fall in prostrating that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind, which we have experienced in treading the wilds of Arctic America, when that snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain at such moments from joining his aspirations to the song, which every creature around is pouring forth to the Great Creator."

This is prettily said, and to the purpose. The Thermo-Electrical or Natural System of Medicine. By Charles Searle, M.D. (Booth.)—Dr. Searle is grieved to find so many of his distinguished medical brethren turning aside into the by-paths of mesmerism, homeopathy, chemotherapy, and hydrotherapy; but we would in all sincerity ask him in what the thermo-electrical system of medicine differs from them? They are general medical theories founded on certain facts, not mixed up with more or less of error and pretension. We can say no less of the Thermo-Electrical system of medicine. We are surprised at a man with the apparent acuteness of observation and general good sense of Dr. Searle giving into any system at all. If he knows anything of physiology or pathology at all, he must know that it is utterly impossible at the present day to pretend anything like a general law for the cause or cure of disease. This table about principles, systems and doctrines amongst medical men at the present day is very humiliating; it shows how terribly they lag behind the science of their own profession.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Sept. 5.—H. J. Stainton, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—Mr. G. R. Waterhouse exhibited the living larvae of the pupæ of *Triodonta hippida*, found by Mr. Plant in the neighbourhood of Leicester, and specimens of *Dorcadoma chrysomela*, a species new to this country, which he had bred from larvae found in rotten oaks at Richmond Park. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited some observations on the distinguishing characters of the *Dorcadoma* of Mr. Stevens exhibited *Dicranura germana*, lately found alive on houses in the town of Deal.—Mr. Pelerin exhibited a beautiful variety of *Staphylinus crevasser* and other rare Coleoptera.—Mr. Jansson exhibited *Dumetia Comari*, from Perthshire, a species only hitherto found in the mountainous districts of Germany.—Mr. Stainton exhibited living larvae of *Nemotelus scabellatus*, sent by Herr Hofmann, of Ratisbon, by whom it had been recently discovered, and who communicated some observations on the economy of the species.—Mr. O. King exhibited some Lepidoptera taken by him during an entomological excursion to Herford, Pore, New-folk, amongst which were some beautiful varieties of *Cremata paludella*, a species only found in that locality.—The Secretary read a communication from Walter Elliott, Esq., of Wiltshire, Kewick, N.B., "On the Injury done to Larch and Spruce Fir by *Heteris abietis*," which the writer considered to be the chief cause of the great mortality now taking place in plantations of those trees in various parts of Scotland.

FINE ARTS

Art Impressions of Dresden, Berlin, and Antwerp; with Selections from the Galleries. By William Noy Wilkins. (Bentley.)

Mr. Wilkins is a fortunate and a modest man; fortunate in forming a just idea of the value of his book, and modest in his estimation of it. He congratulates the reader upon its brevity, when accompanied by fifteen prefatorial pages; disclaims any connexion with those writers

"who depending on private fortune for the publication of their opinions, insult your understanding and sense of right by a mental despotism, quite as intolerable to English minds as that physical one of old." He himself has drawn inspiration from the same source as Raphael, Shakespeare, Burns and Turner, and conceives that his remarks "cannot but carry conviction with them"; he claims for them perfect originality; and is impelled to their publication by a conviction of right, and, therefore, judges that a large section of the public will recognize their value. He tells us criticism never created a fine work of Art, and calls attention to favourable notices of an earlier work.

Mr. Wilkins sets out on his mission without "any fixed idea," except an intolerance of that which he does not understand, archaic Art in particular; for this, indeed, his abhorrence ranges from the specimens of the Early Tuscan school recently added to the National Gallery to the perfection of Albert Dürer himself. The order of intelligence brought into play by him may be appraised when we add that he falls into raptures with cold, senseless, headless Van der Werf, or bone-polishing Metru, and sees only the "liveliness" of Raphael. Fancy an Art-critic comparing a feature of Dresden and an English town:—"Thus, for instance, the unsightly gasometer that once sees in our large towns in England and Belgium, is covered over here with a building that might externally pass for a temple of the Muses, yes it is but coarsely-cut sandstone and plaster." Better, we say, the grim ivy of our own works in their constructive honesty, which is not always ugly, indeed,—than a sham Delphi, though in coarsely-cut sandstone and plaster." Think of Terpsichore walking on the top of a gas-holder and Polyhymnia holding her nose beneath her own perspire. Keep the ugly out of sight—cover it with a sham—let not the beauty of the useful be seen—are Mr. Wilkins's dogmas, in preference to making it beautiful by consideration of its service. Thoroughly in the old-fashioned English style is the imperfect lamentation over the popularity of Midle. R. Bonheur with us. She is said to be "stripping the expressive Landseer of his well-won laurels."

As might be expected from a critic of this stamp, the author of 'Art Impressions' rambles from subject to subject, without order or purpose. He does not describe the works he sees for the benefit of those for whom he writes his "impressions," but conceitedly tattles along with his little opinion. "This likes me more, and that affects me less." He pours out the disjointed notes from his diary in short sentences, most of which are so blindingly absurd that should only fear a fall. Shipping, ivory-bronzing and mere elaboration evidently take his fancy. He enters enthusiastically into the merits of Serpold, Graff and Denner, at the Dresden Gallery, and almost rises into poetry upon the portraiture of the first, which "is inimitable, as though every furrow had its tale of sorrow to tell. So, also, are the pastels of Raphael Mengs, of which the portraits of his father, Ismael Mengs, are gems. Here is finish without littleness, the darkness of Eizmann's 'Chocolate Maiden' is hardly to be called a picture, because it has 'no background of any meaning or effect.' The darkness and dirtiness of Paul Veronese's works at this Gallery caused Mr. Wilkins 'not to be particularly struck by them.' They are grand in composition and expression [let us imagine what Mr. Wilkins's 'Impressions' on Composition must be], but they have a lack of paint and art about

them." If Mr. Ruskin comes across our present subject, we shudder for the fate of him, in spite of some approbation of Turner's magical 'Barnes Terrace,' though Turner's works are said—save the mark!—to be inferior to those of Canale, Canale's master, "in manipulation and criticism." We rarely cannot guess what our critic means by *material*. It must be satisfactory to Mr. Wilkins's friends, although not particularly so to his readers, that he really does like Raphael, and puts him at the tail of the same paragraph with F. Bol. Thus:—
 "This Canale has the inimitable, the essential, the spirit of nature about it, that carries one away from Art to Nature; notwithstanding too its soiled surface and position; and is in landscape much like what Raphael or F. Bol is in figure."

A rhapsodical outburst upon the famous Madonna by this great artist hardly clears up this absurdity. This reaches a climax in the section devoted to detailed criticism:—

"So much for the good in, and in connexion with, this gallery. But I have now to say a few words respecting the bad; where the directors appear to retain no curiosities, or like their music as discords to the harmony. For truly the hideous tempers of Borgonone,—the nude monstrosities of Cranach and Burgkmair,—the absurdities of Dosso Dossi,—the landscapes of Rubens, Rembrandt, L. Van Uden, or Thiele and Breydel, cannot afford either pleasure or instruction, otherwise than as charts or contrasts to what is good in the gallery; while Cranach is positively indecent and disgusting. Here indeed Pro-Raphaelism is to be seen in all its flatness, ugliness and grimace; of which Burgkmair's Altar-piece and Cranach's St. Catharine are notable examples."

We infer from a sly little passage on page 61 that Mr. Wilkins would not be inclined to reject an invitation from the University of Oxford to chair of High Art. Thus, deprecating the expression of his own opinion, he says, Art is not learnt by criticism, but by practice:

"Moreover, such criticism would have little weight, unless the writer held a high historical Art professorship; with all else, what could be said might only be open to cavil, which would beguile right, and so on *ad infinitum*: bringing no good to the critic, nor yet to the public, for whom alone I write."

Nevertheless, he will venture upon a little practical advice on methods of execution; and, after some commonplace, originally derived from the *Penny Magazine*, we believe, thus enlightens us about the 'Christ' of Carlo Dolce:

"The yellow halo round the head is made to rival our brightest chrome by mixture with gold; or else the picture is painted over gold with the 'glory' left to shine through."

What folly is this! Does not the writer know that gold, used as a pigment, under such circumstances as the first, would deepen the chrome to a greenish black tint of yellow? Gold is brilliant by its metallic lustre, not at all by any power of tint it possesses. How great are our author's powers of observation may be imagined from the fact, that he here admits himself unable to discriminate between the result of these two methods. He is so ignorant of the history of Art that he speaks of Carlo Dolce as one of the early painters (whereas he died late in the seventeenth century), being misled probably by the equableness of surface and marble-shine that painter's works exhibit, signs as these were of the decline of Art, and which our author is not able to distinguish from the archaic smoothness of the earlier schools; there being no difference, to his perception, in the spirit in which the respective examples are wrought.

BATTLE-FIELDS IN LOMBARDY.

Mr. Henry Cook received a commission from the King of Sardinia to execute a series of views of the fields of battle in the late Italian war—Montebello, Cassiglio, Palestro, Magenta, Melignano, Solferino, Cavallotti, and the Fort of Serravalle. He has executed these with his usual skill, and they are now exhibiting in Waterloo Place.

Montebello, the scene of the first conflict of the allied armies with the Austrians, is about four miles from Voghera, and already celebrated for its victory gained by Marshal Launce over the Austrians in June 1859. The drawing is taken from the Austrian position, one of great strength. The ground descends from this point with great rapidity, making the attack one of immense difficulty. The lofty companies of the monastery, that was turned into a hospital, overlooks the scene of battle; the vines are yet broken and torn from the *pergolas*; the buildings are marked with signs of conflict and ruin. Far off, the blue level of the plain spreads out, and, in the extreme of sight, the distant snowy mountains.

Cassiglio is within sight of Montebello; the towers of the village are visible to the right of the second drawing. The water that overflows the foreground ripples gently in the breeze; a broken bridge choking the current below has caused the flood. This drawing, bright and effective, although by no means remarkable for colour or force, tells well, because the artist has exactly studied it on the spot,—more than is usually the case in drawings so spoken of.—*Palestro* is the subject of No. 3, and the scene where the Sardinian army took up its position on the 30th of May under the command of the King. The Austrians occupied this town and its neighbours, Cassiglio, Venzaglio and Confienza. It is merely a group of farm buildings by the roadside that are shown in the drawing, but the old wooden gate to the farm-yard is shattered with shot, and there are long and deep marks on the walls of the buildings that tell of a terrible and a frightful fall. A narrow run over the one arch bridge leads between steep banks, which have been hard to cross under fire, and down which many an Austrian was hurled by the Sardinians and *Zouaves*. The tall companies overlook the scene of carnage, as before.—*Magenta* is the title of No. 4. The view embraces about two-thirds of the last scene of battle, the *Monte Buffalora*. A little to the right, the famous railway station where General Espinasse was killed. Beyond a wide outspread plain, and there present mountains with their caps of snow looking calmly over all.

No. 5, is *Melignano*, taken from the level side of the bridge; there the Austrians entrenched themselves with all the advantages of a strong position of already existing, though old, fortifications. We are entering here the quiet, half-deserted town by the bridge itself. There is calm sunlight in the streets; the river runs across the foreground, hurrying through each just as of old; but there is scarcely a wall, or a shutter, or a window even that does not tell of the fight that raged here, although the swift waters that bore away the traces of all keep no stain. Of all these drawings, the eye is first lost as it looks at No. 1;—it is brighter, more effective, and fuller of colour and life, what the others need greatly, more solidity of execution. In some, indeed, there are great shortcomings in this essential quality of good Art; the walls, the trees and figures have too often much the same power of telling upon the eye—a plain which is palpably absurd.—*Thiol-stained Solferino* is seen in the sixth drawing. We are standing upon the narrow ridge of hill that is surrounded by a double row of cypresses. On one side the town, the cemetery, and the famous citadel, and on the other slope away the long, long plain that the *Spiro d'Adda* looks down upon for many a league, until abut in by the mountains. The "Eye of Italy," a square brick tower, stands to the right of the picture. Over all goes in solemn and awful pomp of sadness the black sultry ranges of a world of cloud, with rain-fringes hanging low, and only one opening in its mass, where the deep blue firmament and the snowy vapours with the

seen upon them look through upon the doleful, like hope over misery. In a ghastly light the mountain sides are standing, keen, clear, hard and cold. The cloud-shadows races over the land in gloom, and a wild wind seems tearing off the short-broken branches of the cypresses,—stark stands the lonely tower, seeing far down the *Lago di Garda* and the mountains opening on the *Adriatic* of the Austrians centuries ago,—while at its feet are the white and irregular buildings of the town. San Martino, Santa Maria della Scoperta and Pozzolengo are to the right. This is the only picture in which the artist seems to have had a feeling for his subject, so as to lead him to abandon the common-place of ordinary drawing, and impart a poetic tone to his work by atmospheric effect.

Cavallotti is No. 7, and shows us close upon the cement walls looking into the little hilly street that climbs amongst trees and vines—a drawing, rather low and ineffective in tone and colour, but honestly done withal.—No. 8, is *The Fort of Serravalle*, an old fourteenth-century castle, built by Albert della Scala, the place said to have been the residence of Castiglione, some ruins of fine Roman work being reported as those of his villa. It stands on Lago di Garda. Here we notice what is really an unpardonable fault in the artist's work. The long reflections of the buildings on the shore and craft about that tremble upon the level beam of the lake, stand straight out from the feet of the objects that cast them, and are not affected by the perspective of the surface upon which they are cast. Otherwise this drawing is bright and clear.

Considering these works as a whole, we cannot say that they display any peculiarly high merits as works of Art. They are too often opaque and chilly in the shadows, and heavy, too, without being solid. The foregrounds are not studied with that accuracy and care demanded from all painters now-a-days. The trees, although their trunks are well drawn and studied enough, are rather carelessly treated in the foliage, both as regards the colour, form and detail. The skies, with the exception nearly always of much about the flat brassy tint so regularly attributed to the sky, are lamentably indulged in rather too freely. There is in general a want of solidity and relief throughout these works, in criticising which we are bound to apply other canons of opinion than such as are suitable to ordinary show-pictures.

FINE-ART GOSPEL.—Mr. Joseph Boffa, a gentleman who has interested himself very much in the dispute between the Academy and the Society of Fine Arts of Liverpool, proposes to hire the wounds both are inflicting on the cause of true Art by the long continuance of their bickering, by an examination of the two, or, to, in his own words, "adjust a union on a basis analogous to the constitution of the Philharmonic Hall." He says, "What the Philharmonic achieves for Music may surely be accomplished, with similar agency, for Painting and Sculpture. If the two Institutions were competing for public notice and reputation, the contest will continue also. That continuance cannot but be prejudicial to Art and to the cultivation of kindly feeling for it must be a hand-to-hand fight,—a fight for existence. On the other hand, if the resources of both parties be united, they will be able to place out of London which would be able to accomplish so much." He proposes that the Academy should revert to the principles upon which it was originally founded, for it is certain that the town of Liverpool cannot support both Institutions. Existing in antagonism, they neutralise each other and perpetuate the loss amongst a peculiarly zealous Art-population. By all means let it be so. The squabble has been, in many cases, carried far beyond the bounds of common sense,—much further than those of good taste and moderation.

reference in Art died a few days ago, September 14, James Fogg by name, who, at one time, was a doughty opponent to the Royal Academy, and, in league with Haydon, laid siege to Sir Martin Shee in a style like that of the "Seven before Thebes." Sir Martin died with the idea that he had really done something in opposing these men. Years ago, James Fogg

Phillips, which he is bound to produce at a given time, to Drury Lane. Mr. Tom Taylor is to fit the entire company with a drama. A trial of Shakespeare will be made, it is true, early in the year, for which Mr. and Mrs. C. Keane are engaged, and the programme goes on to promise Mr. Gustave Bosc for Easter, on his return from Australia; but for the moment poetical and imaginative drama lives only in suburban districts, at Sadler's Wells, or out of town, under the shadow of the Star and Garter,—"Ingomar" having been selected to close the season at the Richmond Theatre.

Rumour says that Authority declines to permit the Alhambra to be transformed into a cheap English Opera House. By such refusal, Authority (albeit not given to be considerate) may be saving the speculator from failure, since, to eke out his English Opera, Mr. Smith is compelled to fall back on "Norma," "Lucia," "Lucresia" in Italian. It might puzzle him to find another company of English singers, were there a home for music in English provided in Leicester Square.—"Down east" musical drama in English seems to flourish, since good accounts come from the Pavilion Theatre of Miss Fanny Tassie, who has accomplished as a musician as a linguist.

Three Italian comedies, announced at the Nydenham Palace, to utilize Mr. Smith's foreign company, have produced (and are to produce) the best-known of best-known Italian music. Any attempt to bring forward what is less familiar is, under the circumstances, impossible. We should pity the poor singers of the old hackneyed songs did we not know how thoroughly, after a time spent in this circulating career, those who have accepted its conditions become inured to the treadmill, and, like the Savoyard's white mice, go round and round in the appointed wheel without much solicitude or disappointment.—There is nothing like Art in such commerce.—The regulation manner in which Signor Rosmini's "Stabat" is for ever fitted up suggests the possibility of one other work, since all concerned might be glad of a second sacred variety, to alternate with the superb service of the Poenare maestro. Why should not the Italian "get up" (as the phrase is) Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," one of the master's latest, but also selected compositions, with the real Latin words, and not with the adaptation forced on the composition by Protestant scruple?

To return:—We fancy that the profit of the "hour system" is begun to "get up" (as the phrase is) we are glad; since we hold that not merely composers suffer by the plan of repeating concerts "cut and dried," but that the edge must be worn off the talent of every real artist, supposing him moved about, no matter how sick or sorry,—whether the climate be hot or cold,—to astonish new audiences (too often convoked by obedience to the "bazaar" of London approval) by his displays of a few old favourite pieces.

Some weeks ago, while doing our courtesies by Mrs. Ward's "Tour in the Havana," a passage was quoted from a Correspondent, characterizing the national melodies as a music that "develops as something wild and peculiar. From the same friendly hand we have now a collection of specimens which, to a certain degree, justify his description. There is some novelty in them. All collectors of national music are familiar with the one or two forms peculiar to Spanish street song. There is the strongly accented *Cachucha* sort of tune in *l tempo*, with its syncopations on the pattern whereof *Garcia*, and even now *Senhor Vradier* and *Madeira* Viadot work out such pleasant and piquant variations.—There is the rather faded and flaccid romance in *l time*, meant to be seducing and sentimental, but having little more such colour or character as mark a locality than the mambypamby "Herz, mein Herz," which by young ladies in love with German singing was thought exquisite and hearty—no matter how many years ago.—A third and wilder variety presents itself in *l tempo* in the *Zercion*, a sort of *March* time, of which specimens were to be found in a collection of "Peninsular Melodies" made by Col. Hodgson several years since,—how far noted down with any exactness it is impossible to ascertain.—The dozen ditties before us seem, so far as we can divine, to have

been made by chance, as most national melodies are. The Spanish forms are to be found in the more regular ones (instance a duett for M. and Madame Gasser which is nothing new). In others there is a use of undecided rhythm, possibly ascribable to incoherent notation, the effect of which is taking. In none are there any of the disorderly intervals, distinctive of airs belonging to countries where the instruments accompanying the voices are themselves irregular. Obviously compounded as they are, many contain germs of something which we are unacquainted with, and as such are interesting, though inferior to our indigenous tunes in variety and real melody.—Their arrival, and the great musical name mentioned, make us put a question here which has often suggested itself to us:—Why should not some of the choice music by *Senhor Garcia* be rescued from manuscript existence? He was a born melodist, as the "Lo sono Lindoro" in "Il Barbiere," quaintly appropriated by Signor Rosmini, testifies.—To put another question, totally unconnected with the above, yet relating to the subject of this paragraph, what has become of Herr Engel's renowned work on National Music?

There is not much German news. Madame Micián Carvallo is said to please the Berlin public thoroughly.—Herr Horakka, one of the minor Austrian composers, is just dead.—Herr Eckert is now in the same position at Vienna, by which the Karntner Thor Theatre loses an excellent conductor.

MISCELLANEA

The Singing Fish.—Allow me to add to the varied testimony of your Correspondents, evidence of its existence in a still more remote quarter of the globe. In the year 1845, when proceeding at night in a small sailing boat up the Swan River on the western coast of Australia, I was startled by a sound proceeding from the bottom of the boat, of a vibratory character, like that of the pedal-pipe of a small organ. The boatmen knew it well, as caused by what they call the "trumpeter" fish, which is a small sailing boat up the Swan River an apparatus similar to that of the rushing fish which they stated it resembled. But as I could never obtain a specimen, or further proof of their knowledge of the creature, the statement must be taken for what it is worth. The sound at times became more distant and feeble, varying in the manner described by one of your earliest Correspondents; but this I could clearly trace to the occasional altered condition of the boat, as its sailing powers were increased, or the reverse. The night was dark, and moderately calm. It is thought by the boatmen only to attach itself to night.

J. W. F. B.

Number of Visitors to Public Institutions.—The following table of the number of visitors at the various public institutions and galleries shows the extent to which each proves attractive. The first three may be considered as in town, and the remainder as out of town; but in December last the Vernon Gallery was removed from Marlborough House to South Kensington, and about 50,000 of the visitors to that gallery in 1859 went to it in that month after its removal. The Great Exhibition year is given to show its unprecedented numbers:—British Museum, 1851, 2,927,216; 1857, 621,034; 1858, 519,565; 1859, 517,895; National Gallery, 1851, 1,005,705; 1857, 610,905; 1858, 553,760; 1859, 789,461; Vernon Gallery, 1851, 253,152; 1857, 250,770; 1858, 238,875; 1859, 172,727; Zoological Gardens, 1851, 667,243; 1857, 389,217; 1858, 351,580; 1859, 364,352; Kew Gardens, 1851, 327,900; 1857, 361,798; 1858, 405,376; 1859, 384,698; Hampton Court Palace, 1851, 356,945; 1857, 178,710; 1858, 218,500; 1859, 208,061; Department Museum, 1857, 284,953; 1858, 456,288; 1859, 475,365.

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LITERATURE

William Grimshaw, Incumbent of Haworth.
By R. Spence Hardy. 1742-1763. (Mason).

Very few persons of the present day know anything about William Grimshaw. John Newton (Copper's friend) writes, in one of his letters, "Haworth is one of those obscure places which like the fishing-own of Gilling owe all their celebrity to the Gospel; its name would scarcely be known at a distance were it not connected with the name of Grimshaw." The case has, however, turned out exactly the reverse. Everybody has heard of Haworth, and very few have heard of Grimshaw. Yet Grimshaw was one of the Apostles of England. He did work in his day and generation which, though it may not dwell now on the surface of men's memories, has had a great influence on the hearts and lives of thousands. It is the unrecorded work men do in their appointed sphere of duty which makes the value of a country. If there were no heroes but those who receive decorations and rewards, the world must have starved out long since. The life of any man or woman would be valuable if we could only get to know it in its reality, with all the suppressed passages, known only to the recording angel; but a work of true biography is an aspiration likely to be realized, on this side of the Judgment. As a general result, we usually close a work of biography hating the writer of it with all our heart, and feeling very sorry for his subject! The Life of Grimshaw is no exception; it is as bad a piece of lath-and-plaster work as we ever met with. It is neither "all made out of the carver's brain," nor yet "out of the heart of man"; but it is made out of other people's books, and very badly put together. The style is very bad. Some of the metaphors must be either figures of speech escaped from Bedlam, or else ideas which came to grief in the confusion of tongues. Hear, for instance, how the biographer winds up his oration:—"The zeal of Grimshaw was like the glare of a meteor as it passes rapidly through the sky, startling the nations; but, in its continuance and beneficial results, it resembled rather the lightning flash of the tropical monsoon, which bursts, with one unbroken series of crashes, upon hamlet and headland, until it has cleared the atmosphere from all noxious elements, and then leaves behind it the glad earth radiant as with a sea of light, the purity of which is felt by the entire man as he breathes it body and soul." Poor William Grimshaw! Let us see if we can tell the reader something more intelligible about him, for he deserves a commendation.

He was born, in 1705, at Brindley, in Lancashire, in the neighbourhood of Houghton Towers, and educated at the grammar-school of Blackburn. In due time he went to Christ Church College, Cambridge. In his early days he had serious thoughts of death and judgment, the glories of heaven and the pains of hell, and "could recollect several awful and heart-affecting thoughts in his tender years." But these were off. He passed a wild and stormy youth and manhood; to use his own expression, "he made proficiency in wickedness," and yet he intended to take holy orders—though, as he owned, "it was for the sake of a good living." In 1731 he was ordained, and for a short period he had a return of his religious impressions; as children say, "he tried to be good," but with very moderate success. He was a jovial companion in days of high living

and boisterous jollity; his delight he owns to have been in "hunting, fishing and playing at cards"; still, as the clergy went in those days, he was of an exemplary decorum, for he did not drink to excess, and he performed his parish duties regularly. In 1735 he married a lady who had been twice a widow; she died within four years of their marriage; he seems to have been much attached to her. After her death his religious convictions returned with fresh force, and the account of his struggles reads like a page out of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'—at length, to use his own words, "he found peace." His religion became a deep, earnest reality; henceforth the sole object of his life was to convert the souls of all whom he could approach; he gave his life henceforth to do the work of an apostle in a district of England where the inhabitants were as ignorant and almost as barbarous as the natives of the South Sea Islands, whom missionaries go out to convert. His labours and industry in this district began in conjunction with a small band of men as devoted to the work as himself, civilized and christianized that portion of the land. In 1742 he became the incumbent of Haworth, and was the predecessor, twice removed, of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, the father of Currer Bell and her two sisters. Life in the Yorkshire and Lancashire districts one hundred and twenty years ago was like nothing now extant.

When Grimshaw was a boy, there had existed, within the memory of the eldest inhabitant, a jurisdiction in the Forest of Hardwick (which was in the Todmorden district) by which the Frith Burgers could condemn to death and execute summarily for thefts and slight delinquencies at their discretion. The criminal was decapitated at a gibbet,—something like the guillotine in later times. It was "Lynch law," for a previous trial was by no means indispensable. Dr. Whitaker, vicar of Blackburn, testifies that the state of morals and manners in these districts was more degraded than in any other part of the island. He calls the people "ignorant and savage, yet cunning and attentive to their own interests, under few restraints from law, and still fewer from conscience." There were no turnpike-roads in Todmorden. Horse-litters and packhorses for goods, as conveyances, were used amongst these hills till comparatively recent times. An old lady, named Lacey, who died lately, recollected the first carriage that was seen in the valley, and the country people called it "an oven on wheels." The village of Haworth is so situated that one part of its single steep street is quite inaccessible to anything like a vehicle. At the time when Grimshaw came there, the country was wilder, and the inhabitants far more savage in their habits than at Todmorden. The scenery is peculiarly beautiful, quite as picturesque as the Lower Alps. The country was very lonely; a man might travel on horseback for a whole day and scarcely see a house or a human being. Round Haworth there was an uninclosed moor, with stones reared at intervals of several miles to mark the place of the road when it is covered with snow. There were a few worsted-mills at which the people of the district worked (for Yorkshire was always famous for its woollens), and there were hand-loom weavers in some of the cottages, but cotton-mills were not then dreamt of. Todmorden and Haworth stand on the border of the same moor; but there was then scarcely a house to be seen betwixt one place and the other. Grimshaw went with some misgivings to the reception he might meet with from his new parishioners, for they were jealous of

their right, as they conceived, to choose their own pastor, and they were not particular how they treated the patron's clergyman, if they fancied they preferred any one else. The disputes betwixt the parishioners and the patron had sometimes to be settled by a party of dragoons. However, Grimshaw was graciously accepted. His predecessor had been a good man, but he had been suspended for an ecclesiastical informality, which he had inadvertently committed, and he had in some degree prepared the rough bearers to receive Mr. Grimshaw as preaching; but for three years previous to his arrival there had been no services. Grimshaw set himself boldly and boldly to his work, for strength of nerve and sinew was quite as indispensable as the qualities of heart and mind. Grimshaw was in terrible earnest. He believed in the Gospel, and he preached with all his strength. He had passed through terrible experiences of his own, and he believed that if he did not convert his hearers from the error of their ways, "they would, without doubt, perish everlastingly," and that at his hands "their souls would be required." Under the shadow of this great dread for them, he lived every moment, and no labour, or effort, or sacrifice on his part to avert it was worthy of consideration. He gave himself to his work body and soul. By degrees the rough people began to come from far to hear him, some of them coming a distance of twenty miles, and moor and mountain, in winter weather, with the snow drifting in their faces, to go the same distance back again. The church began to be crowded, and Grimshaw was obliged to stand out of doors to preach to them. It was, we are told, "amazing to see and hear the weeping and roaring and agonies many people were seized with." Some of Grimshaw's doctrines would startle ears polite, and the half-sceptical, rational belief of a more educated audience, but for the rough, ignorant, savage people amongst whom he had to labour, nothing but the most broad and tangible instruction would tell upon them. They required the realities of the invisible world to be brought before them in a material, forcible manner, which would have stunned a more cultivated community. To them the Devil existed in all his personality of horns and hoofs and tail; he would have had no reality unless they had believed he had these material weapons for their destruction; and William Grimshaw himself believed in him in this guise,—he believed and realized all the horrible phantasmagoria as vividly as it is written in John Bunyan's *Dream*, but he understood, too, all that was signified by it, which was the main thing, and if he and his hearers took both as indivisible, it did them no harm. They were all terribly in earnest to escape themselves, and to warn all whom they met with to escape likewise from the City of Destruction. It was the great period of religious awakening throughout England. Whitfield and the two Wesleys had arisen, and they were joined by a band of noble and devoted men, who gave themselves to the work of awakening in the people of England the power of belief that seemed altogether paralyzed. They had not yet separated from the Established Church; or rather the Church had not yet refused to retain them, thereby losing the one opportunity of uniting the whole religious strength of England within herself. There was no organization able to accept or direct the undisciplined force placed at her disposal. The religious revival of Whitfield and Wesley had to do its work without benefit of the clergy. And now, a century later, all the protest and confused noise are dying out, and it may be seen that all the good and holy

men of the earth, who have been working at the same object, working to reduce the mass of human ignorance and wickedness and misery, working at it as they best could wherever they found that masses have in the present days met face to face over their joint work and recognized each other, not for opponents, but as fellow-workers from different quarters of the same wide field. In the days of Grimshaw it was different. He, however, did not much trouble himself about clerical punctualities; he considered it his duty to go about preaching without consideration of parishes. He had two "rounds," in which he alternately spent the six days in each week. Twelve or fourteen sermons were his "idle week," usually preached as many as thirty sermons—going on horseback over rough paths among mountains, stopped by no sort of weather, a crust of bread and an onion with a draught of water from the streams on the hill-side were all the refreshment he needed. Although the population was so sparse, the people gathered in crowds at the stations where he was to preach: their anxiety to hear and to be taught by whosoever would make it their business to teach them, was touching. Grimshaw had the gift of speaking to them in their own language; he knew what they would understand. For example, once in reading the history of Abraham and Isaac, instead of telling them of a "ram caught in the thicket," he explained it as a "tip caught by the horns in a bunch of berries," which conveyed a definite meaning to his hearers. He had a great deal of genuine humour about him. Wishing to learn the real character of one of his own parishioners, he disguised himself, and went to a man who made a great pretence of being benevolent and kind, and for a night's lodging, which was suitably refused, to the man's after confusion. There was also an old blind woman, who professed to be very religious; Grimshaw had his own doubts about her, and going to her one day as she sat at her door, he poked her gently with a stick; and she, supposing it to be one of the children, began to scold and swear dreadfully. He had a fine cow, of which he was very proud; but finding that he thought of her when he was preaching, he announced her for sale, declaring it was "because she would follow him into the pulpit." He was of a free and generous nature. He took whatever people brought him for his church dues, and never followed up defaulters. His own dress was poor and shabby; he often had only one coat and one pair of shoes. The fare on his table was more than frugal, that he might have more to give away; but he was not in paying his debts, he would beg old clothes, and have them mended for the poor. He enlarged the church at his own expense.

The two Weseleys, and Whitfield himself, frequently preached for him at Haworth,—in the church they could not, because it would not hold the congregation,—but standing on a scaffold in the churchyard. He was once called in question by the Archbishop himself, who came to hold a confirmation, and desired him to preach from a text he gave him, that he might judge if his doctrines were irregular. Grimshaw gave his Grace a prayer and sermon such as he preached among the mountains. When it was over the Archbishop thanked him, and wished there were more like him; and Grimshaw was never again molested, except once, when he and John Wesley went to preach near Leeds, at a place called Rough Lee. The clergyman organized a mob to assault them; they were very roughly handled, but they were men equal to the occasion. When Wesley was obliged to be the founder of a sect, instead of a member of the Church, it made no break in the intercourse

between him and Grimshaw: he was too full of the great work he had to do to care for minor things. Eccentric, energetic, and with a bodily temperament that delighted in hardship and adventure, he would probably have gone mad in a more stationary and regular order of things. He could not bring his guerrilla talents into system and rule. His sermons were always very long, because, he said, it took him a long time to make his people understand him. Once, when he was to preach in a church, a polite churchwarden signified that the congregation did not like long discourses, and that Mr. Wesley never exceeded an hour. "Ah! Mr. Wesley, God bless him! can do as much in one hour as I can in two." When he met any one in his rides, he always stopped him, to kneel down and pray. "He would rive them off their horses," said one, "to make them pray." He was hearty and sociable,—his old jovial habits were turned to good account. "He was so hearty" that his personal influence was equal to his pastoral success. At last, after labouring for one-and-twenty years, William Grimshaw was taken ill of a fever, and died after a few days' illness. He was buried by the side of his first wife—he had married twice—at Luddenden, near Todmorden, and was followed to the grave by a great multitude, weeping as they went. Charles Wesley wrote two hymns upon his death; and many other hymns and elegies were written to express the great sorrow there was at his death. Some of these were printed on rough broad sheets like ballads, and sold about the country. His memory was long held in honour, and is not forgotten yet in his own district. There were been only three imitations since Grimshaw's time are much changed since his; but the same spirit still lives and works, and England is still rich in "souls as good as his."

Advice to Authors, &c. (Saunders & Otley.)

Is the dear old traditional Grub-Street days of literature the author was supposed to be ground down by his publisher. He was supposed to sell epic poems for a 3d. note, to dine behind screens for wait of a presentable coat or shirt, and to be put on dusty back parlours by grasping booksellers and their vulgar accomplices. This picture of the wretched inspired lack—the genius choking himself with a halfeenny roll—the Pegasus condemned to pull a dust-cart—has seldom varied. It always paints him sitting in a murky garret, surrounded by mendicant-looking children and battered furniture, leaning over a slip of paper and a broken inkstand, watched by his wife in the person of a bony woman, and dimmed by a milk-scow by a buxom cowkeeper. Why debtors should be so loan when they can find such creditors—how creditors can grow so fat when they trust such debtors—has never been very clearly proved to unbelievers. The same theatrical figures, with a trifling alteration of the grouping, are often used by teetotal artists, and made to form a most effective tableau of the vice and punishment of intemperance.

Whether old Grub Street was really tenanted by such scarecrows—whether all the virtue, honesty and simplicity was really on the side of the author, and all the rapacity and heartlessness on the side of the publisher, we are not prepared to determine. Small thanks are ever given to that painstaking, conscientious historian who labours to dispel the mists of popular delusions. The world likes to be deceived, and delights in feeding upon violent contrasts. The old Grub-Street picture or story is pretty good as it stands, and why should we endeavour to disturb it? If we could show

that Mr. Simmonds was out of pocket by publishing 'Paradise Lost' we should be accused of sweetening the memory of a "wretched huckster."

Warned off from this barren ground of the past—a ground in which all the walking is up-hill, and where nothing is to be gathered that the great public values or will pay for,—we are more disposed to dwell on the present, with its well-fell, well-clothed, carriage-keeping authors. The institution of periodical literature—the cropping up of organs for every class, party, pocket or palate, has given independence, freedom and full purses to the literary man. If the publisher of the last century was occasionally rather hard upon his inspired victims, his children now do penance for their father's presumed inhumanity. The supply of marketable authors has not kept pace with the demand; the article is one that cannot be raised in a few hours by any hothouse process; and although the paper-duty still sits on the chest of "Education, Science and Art," nearly 2,000 English journals are clamouring to be filled and edited. The man who wields a pen with ordinary or extraordinary facility, and who sits down resolved to write, is any barrister or physician, a choice of fields to work in, such as the old Grub-Street scarecrows never dreamt of.

Certain publishers and other middlemen of literature in the present day appear to be blind to this growth or outbreak of periodical journalism. They still believe in the unaltered popularity of the old three-volume novel system—the institution of fancy prices and the agency of libraries. They lay their heads at the feet of Mr. Mudie, they publish at him, they are drawn by his smile, and they tremble at his frown. They print productions such as no well-conducted magazine would look at, and they advertise them at one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, as their fathers advertised before them. Why do they adhere to this imaginary price, which for years has not attracted a purchaser in the body of the public? A book that is blown into three volumes when it could be compressed into one, that is to be printed by country printers upon sugar-paper, and is never remarkable for beauty of type or binding, might just as well be published at ten guineas, or any other nominal figure, as at one guinea and a half. No one believes in the amount; no one heeds it—not even Mr. Mudie. It is doubtful if that gentleman ever gave more than 15s. for any three volumes which occupy a prominent position in his library. Why should he give more for it than he can get them for? Why should he be given that if he can get them for less? What novel of any distinguished merit, since 'Adam Bede,' has been printed by any publisher and offered to the great librarian before it has been filtered for weeks and months through the pages of some popular journal? 'Framley Parsonage' will find its way, in due course, to New Oxford Street—but not till it has ceased to fill its well-paid place in the *Cornhill Magazine*. 'The Woman in White' has now taken its position amongst the three-volume novels, after a six months' existence in *All the Year Round*. If Mr. Wilkie Collins had not been a contributor to that periodical, and had offered his manuscript, or, according to the modern process, had been engaged to produce that fiction for an old-fashioned publisher, would he have got one-half the money he received for his "reprint," and would his publishers have made half as good a bargain? How long will professed traders in literature be blind to the fact, that a work may be published in a penny journal, a twopenny journal, a half-crown magazine, a library three-volume edition, a five-shil-

Eng book, and three-and-sixpenny volume, and meet with a new audience at every stage!

Advisers—like the nameless gentleman now under notice—step forward, at different times, to take the budding author by the hand, and become his guide, instructor and friend; but they tell him little that he really requires to know, and much that he is already familiar with. They dazzle his eyes with specimens of type; they review to him in syren tones of circulation, reviews and fame; they hide from him the snarling rocks on which so many literary aspirants are hopelessly wrecked, and they call themselves his well-wishers! They hang out a few tempting decoys in the shape of leading writers who have been caught in their net, and they ask him to come forward with his money and manuscript, and be chained to the long line of distinguished nobodies who support the "fashionable publishers." They endeavour to impress him with a belief that Codling is his friend, not Short, and that they have the business to be the old original Codling. They offer him their valuable assistance in distributing his works among the critical journals, and unobtainable facilities in procuring notices and attention. They talk to him kindly about the origin of printing,—about Gutenberg, Faust and Schoeffer, and the fifteenth century,—but not a word do they breathe about the value of paper and type, the mysteries of trade percentages, and the real cost of advertising. They pretend to deal out the cards which expose the secrets of their trade, but they turn them all with their faces downwards. We are hardly blaming them for such commercial prudence, but for their attempt to deceive the young and ignorant by an affected show of candour. They tell the budding author nothing about the American market—the profits of early sheets, the bad and good publishing geni of New York and Boston with their London agents;—nothing about the Australian booksellers whose purchases rival Mr. Mudie's; nothing about Germany, with its faithful Tauchnitz; nothing about anything that smacks of business. The object of their "Advice" is to feed upon the literary ambition of fools, by publishing any drivelings at the cost of the author. It aids the operations of a "house" of this kind if it has an organ of its own—a cheap and feeble patchwork of materials chiefly taken, it may be, from the *Athenæum* or the *Publisher's Circular*. There is something, however, more peculiar and dishonest in heading these stolen slabs of information with notices of books in which no word is spared that can injure the property of working authors who publish with respectable publishers. The productions of the unknown pigeon-writers who have punctually paid the expenses of their first unsold, uncut, unreviewed edition, are, of course, besmeared with all the set phrases of critical praise in the pages of such a counting-house organ.

No article that professes to point out the shortcomings of such a guide to authors as we print at the head of our paper could pass over the system of publishing at Mr. Mudie. It is a system fully developed, and has now been in active existence for some years. Its opponents are apt to overrate the importance of the great librarian, and to look upon literature as only having exchanged one bondage for another. Formerly, according to the old Grub-Street tradition, it was the publisher who ground it down, now it is said to be ground down along with the publisher, by the "monopolist" bookseller. If the distributor of any commodity had no meters,—if the month-price of 60,000 people could alter their words, then Mr. Mudie might be as all-powerful as his friends and enemies portray him. But

the charge made against him is ridiculous. A position is not made, or when made sustained in any open business by unfair dealing. Mr. Mudie, it is clear, must conduct his business upon trade principles, or his place would soon be supplied by other enterprising capitalists. As to the assertion that he suppresses good books because he dislikes them himself, it is one that his rivals in the trade would be delighted to find true. Mr. Mudie has no more power to keep a book out of his library in the face of a strong demand than he has to turn all the carriage traffic of New Oxford Street down the old channel of High Holborn.

The Plays of Shakespeare. Edited by Howard Stanton. The Illustrations by John Gilbert. 3 vols. (Koutledge & Co.)

THE ideal editor of Shakespeare is still to seek. Such qualities as one would like to see in a final edition of the Poet are numerous, and in their combination are perhaps rare. First of all, the true editor of Shakespeare must be a gentleman, gentle in nurture, generous in culture; for he must be above all suspicion of malice or revenge in what he writes. He must possess a clear brain, a quick and sympathetic heart. He must have a fine ear for rhythm and cadence; an untaught sensibility to all the musical varieties in poetic language, from the abrupt organ-stop to the lines of

Lambert catches long drawn out.

—He must be a good scholar, yet free of the common errors and failings of scholars. He must know everything about books without being a bibliographer. He must be perfectly familiar with the history of our language and our literature, and in no small degree with that of the languages and literatures of Greece and Rome in ancient, of Spain, of Italy, and France in modern times. He must know something of the printing-office, and a good deal about the stage. Nevertheless, he should be one who has his years in travel, in affairs, in the outward and visible action of the world rather than in the shade of a cloister or the routine of a library. He should know how to interpret books by life. Above all, he should be gifted with poetic insight.

If we must give of what we should like in an illustrator and editor of Shakespeare, and then turn to what we have got, our wealth in that particular will not appear very great. Instead of learning, courtesy, insight, self-denial, we have Singer, Collier, Lyce and Staunton, each yelling, each fighting at each other, in a brawl which has neither dignity nor humour to recommend it to the attention of an outside and contemptuous crowd. A gentleman who will fall to work on Shakespeare, thinking more of his text and less of himself, who will bring to his duty a great love for his author and neither hate nor fear for any of his critics, editors and commentators, may easily clear the ground of all these quarrelsome and factious labourers.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Staunton, the last labourer on the text of Shakespeare, should have been seduced into joining this editorial Donnybrook Fair. Here, to look at, is a very handsome and attractive copy of Shakespeare, printed in clear type, on good paper, and illustrated with as much variety as humour. Yet, when we open it to get the text, we find an apple of the Dead Sea, that turns to dust to those who eat it in the mouth. Now, Mr. Staunton is a clever man, who is said to have spent a good many years in reading the Elizabethan poets as a preparation for some such work as, with the aid of Messrs. Routledge & Co., he has now produced. From such a preparation

the world might have expected happier issues. Had he kept himself free from direct participation in the personal controversies connected with Mr. Collier's discoveries and publications, he might, with the help of Mr. Gilbert's pencil and Messrs. Routledge's enterprise, have produced an edition of the Plays which would have deserved to remain among the many illustrated and non-illustrated editions of Shakespeare as a special and permanent favourite of the reading world. But he has let a splendid chance go by. Art, luxury, study and opportunity are thrown away. A big book, big grown up under Mr. Staunton's hand, which his passions and violence have converted into a bad partizan tract. Preface, Life, Text, Notes—every main part of the work—is infected with the Collier-morbus. In the eyes of a few collectors, this edition may retain a certain value as one of the series of personal pamphlets which disgraced Shakespearean literature in the early part of 1860. Mr. Gilbert's drawings may even serve to adorn a better text and a juster commentary, but to men of taste and sense, who live outside the rings in which those lamentable contests have taken place, the thing, as it now stands, will remain for ever, in spite of its occasional cleverness and suggestion, a calamity and an offence.

More than this we need not say. It is useless to attempt the revival of a controversy in which the public interest is dead and gone.

Voltaire at Ferney—[*Voltaire à Ferney: Sa Correspondance avec la Duchesse de Saxe-Gotha, suivie de Lettres et de Notes Historiques entièrement inédites, recueillies et publiées par M. Evariste Bavoux et A. P.*] (Paris, Didier et Co.)

IT is four years since this journal gave account of the thousand letters by Voltaire seen by the first time published. The collection to be dealt with to-day may be taken as a complement of the former one, though edited by other hands. The letters are three hundred in number; gathered principally by M. Evariste Bavoux, whose thoughts were turned to the task during successive visits to the far-famed mansion at Ferney; which, during so many years, to so many distinct classes of observers, played the part of a lighthouse to liberal and literary pilgrims.—The retrieval, originally decided on by chance, could hardly have been more happily chosen. Voltaire was alone there, without being inaccessible,—beyond reach of the swarm of idle intruders who, in other countries (our own to name one), would have left him small leisure to work out his imaginings or trains of thought,—not jostled by rival wits, philosophers or statesmen, whose dealings with the great questions of society and politics, by an earnestness and sense of his own (however different the form of its expression), might have filled a part in the clear space which seemed necessary to the play of Voltaire's powers, and thus distracted European attention from him and from them.—It may be seen (and is readily explicable) how collation is always more or less unfavourable to persons so limitless in their intellectual vivacity as he. The *Correspondances* and *Memoirs* of the time tell us that when the Author of 'Zadig' and *Milam de Chénier* travelled the world of wit in company, their presence was felt as something oppressive; demanding that exclusive homage which acquires, as distinct from a *coterie*, pays reluctantly.—Flattering as were the advances to such a man from such a monarch as Frederick the Great, it is evident that "the brilliant Frenchman"

never fell comfortably into his place as a crown-jewel among other Prussian crown-jewels. From an early stage of Voltaire's residence at Berlin self-assertion began to write itself in criticism of his comrades, criticism of his royal patron and friend,—in brief, to bring about a gradual destruction of those illusions which, at the outset, had made him represent his court position as so enviable, equal and glorious.—At Ferney he was a little king on the territory of his own, with serfs to patronize and syndics to withstand,—with a church which he could dedicate as he pleased,—with a theatre in which he was dramatist, actor, manager, and leader of the *claque*,—with wise men who came from the four points of the compass to burn incense before him and sit at his feet. Such a man could influence Paris society from a distance far more strongly than had he been habitually struggling in its vortex.—Last of all, and this led to no understate, Voltaire's residence in Ferney furnished him with an established grievance. An exile has the privileges of a prohibited book.

There is no need to draw on the agreeably compiled Introduction for illustrations of the above slight sketch. The first division of this new volume is devoted to letters by Voltaire which show him as above described;—now in contest with the Curate of Moens, whose exactions pressed heavily on his people;—now setting about the draining of certain marsh-lands; now getting angry on behalf of young De Croze, a Protestant watchmaker, who had been maltreated by the above ill-conditioned priest “and two or three fanatics”;—now appealing against the injustice done to another vessel by billeting soldiers upon him at the moment when his wife was about to become a mother;—now busy about contrabandists, now about diseased cattle;—now pushing forward among his great connexions the watch manufacture, of which he was so ardent a promoter;—in short, playing the part of a lord of the village and a good landlord as busily as if life had no other business.—On the contrary, we find Madame Denis writing of him:—“He does a hundred different things at once.” The picture to which the first seventy-eight pages of this new volume furnish so many touches (all harmonious) is a pleasant one, and may be commended to those who have been used too exclusively to consider Voltaire as unfeeling in wit, acrid and merciless in controversy, devoured by selfish vanity, sceptically heartless.—To all these charges he might be more or less liable; but they do not represent the whole man.

But the portion of this volume which will be found most valuable to literary readers is the second, containing Voltaire's Correspondence with the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha. This is for the first time published complete, by the permission of the reigning Duke. The admiration which Voltaire entertained for this lady has been long known: she was trusted, loved, and appreciated by Frederick the Great, and did the feat which possibly only a woman could have done—of patching up the scandal of a quarrel betwixt Prince and Wit,—betwixt him who had “squeezed the orange” (every one knows the saying), and the orange when thrown by, squeezed of all save its virgine and bitterness.—Such reconciliation as the two arrived at was ascribable to her mediation. The series, some fragments of which have appeared elsewhere, commences with the year 1752, subsequent to Voltaire's visit to Saxe-Gotha. The second letter is from Madame Denis to the King of Prussia, remonstrating against the detention of her uncle at Frankfurt at the instance of that monarch, and the embargo laid on his papers by Herr Freytag, the wit having among

his manuscripts some of the royal literary ware. The fact is recalled to explain the allusion in the following letter.—Ere it be paraphrased, we cannot but mark an illustration of the manner in which philosophers proved themselves mere men by recourse to the vulgarst of means to succeed. Next to this letter to the Prussian King is one from Madame Denis to the French Mistress, beseeching the intervention of Madame de Pompadour in the quarrel. It was settled later by a worthier woman.—To her (his Duchess) Voltaire used a style à la Scudéri, which, in our days, might be mistaken for irony, but in his was the expression of courtly and intellectual admiration. Shortly after their parting, the Duchess had requested Voltaire to write ‘Annals of the Empire.’ The following bears date, Strasbourg, Sept. 27, 1763:

Madam,—Your letter of the 17th of September is now lying before me. Your Most Serene Highness. She cannot doubt that I cannot but wish to lay at her feet, this instant, all the Henrys and all the Fredericks in the world, together with him who has patronized or daubed them. I think I have already told her that two grave professors of men and of periods, the story of human intelligence, shall be for Your Most Serene Highness and the Great Mistress of Hearts [the name throughout this Correspondence given by Voltaire to the Countess Buchwald, “*Grande Maîtresse*” to the Duchess, and said to have been a woman of great beauty and intellect.—Ed.] I have at present only a single copy of this history. It will be more than two months to transcribe it; it will be printed in as short a time as would be required to copy it by hand. Your Most Serene Highness is well assured that I shall not have the Dedication printed without having first sent it to you, and this is a single copy of this history. Frederick the Second, he treats me very nearly as Frederick the Second treats his Chancellor, Des Vignes, save that he has not had my eye put out. I wish that the Great Mistress of Hearts had as good eyes as mine; they are all that is left me. But these eyes of mine are very greatly to be pitied, because they are unable to say to yours how much my heart is penetrated with gratitude and attachment to your person. Why should I not be able this winter to lay before your feet our emperors in print! In the mean time, Madam, I hope that, at least, the roads will be open, and that your lean Don Quixote will find no more Fongoria in his way. It is, probably, the utmost that may be expected from the negotiations of Count Götter. There are wounds which are never to be cured, and permit me to say the wrongs done to me by the King of Prussia are to be never cured to repair. If your Most Serene Highness has sent him my letter meant to be shown [*ostensible*], it will produce an explanation; that explanation will produce nothing, because the King will confine himself to wishing to show himself in the right. You are well aware, Madam, that a King has always more self-love than friendship. What besides could I require from him? They would stone me in France if I were to return to his court. I could only do it in a becoming manner in case he were to offer clear and public satisfaction to my niece to punish Freytag and Smith, and to recall me with ceremony, only to pass fifteen days with him. All this is incompatible with his rank, and still more so with his character. I must thus confine myself to torturing him, and, assuredly, Madam, I have no wish for any other court than yours. The negotiation will be certainly successful, if it confines itself to convincing the King of Prussia of my respect, and to inspiring him with moderation. That would be much,—that would be a new obligation for me, Madam, to you. I feel an infinite pleasure in owing you everything.

The above will show with how much artful-

ness, and with how much rest, Voltaire could manage his servicable Court quarrel, and how adroitly he could engage the sympathies of a woman, so as to give her a leaning to the evidence on his side. Several subsequent letters in the same key (as the musicians have it) will deeply interest those minute students of history who examine transactions by weighing every word of evidence,—the slightest and not less observant of character. It will be seen by them that Voltaire never ceased to put his former patron, friend, brother in wit, equal in philosophy, into the microscope. The Wit had the advantage over the King,—supposing the encounter an equal one—inasmuch as he could the more clearly describe and explain the specks on the subject under anatomy.

Leaving this story, the disentanglement of which would possibly lead us into a commonplace knowledge of the most waste levels of human cupidity and self-interest, the reader comes back to Voltaire in the pleasanter ground of Switzerland, a few years later.—Let it be noted, however, as a characteristic, that when the need of Gotha intervention was over, Voltaire did not, therefore, slacken in respect to the mediator, still less modify what (to English eyes) may seem the hysteric compliments in his communications. Here is a letter from Switzerland (dated 1768), concerning his settlement there, and of the incidents thereunto pertaining, which, in every point of view, is characteristic:—

Château de Prangins, Pays de Vaud, Jan. 14, 1768.

Madam,—Those who say that man is free are utterly wrong. If man was free, should not I be at the feet of Your Most Serene Highness? * * * I did expect that the borders of the Lake of Geneva would be my residence. But the niece of whom Your Most Serene Highness has sometimes condescended to speak to me with so much kindness has fixed me near the Mount Jura, in spite of herself, in spite of me. It is a beautiful country, it is a temperate climate, in which invalids can end their lives contentedly. We have only the town of Geneva in passing, where His Highness the Prince, your son, was educated. Your name is cherished in that town. I dare assure you that it is still more so in the Château de Prangins. The Mandarin people, who have made such a noise in France, were for some time in the little town at the foot of the château where we are living. Switzerland was their retreat; but it is pretended at present that they stand no longer in need of a shelter,—that Mandarin, their chief, is in the heart of the kingdom at the head of six thousand determined men,—that soldiers are deserting their regiments to range themselves under his standard,—and that if he is successful awhile longer, he will be at the head of a great army. Three months ago he was only a thief; at present he is a conqueror. He lays the towns of the King of France under contribution; now he has his booty, higher pay to his soldiers than the King gives to his. The people are for him; because they are weary of repose and of Farmers General. If all these tales be true, brigandage can become famous, and have great rents. The revolutions in Persia began in no other way. The Molian priests declare that God punishes the king who opposes himself to *billets* of confession,—the Janesani priests declare that God punishes him for having a mistress. Mandarin, who is neither one nor the other, plunders as much as he can; while waiting till the question of Grand shall be closed up. It is said that he thinks only of his pleasures. They make bad opera and bad plays,—but they laugh and give good suppers.

The next letter reduces these nursery-tales about the robber to their real proportions, and announces the purchase of a place near Geneva—such purchase, Voltaire assures the Duchess, having been solely settled because His Highness the Prince had lived there some time; and by buying the property, he should feel

himself nearer to her!—Who would have lashed such complimentary sycophancy in another man more mercilessly than Voltaire!—But it was his mood to exaggerate. Subsequent letters speak, in a spasm of passion, about a "new black transaction" at the Court of Berlin,—this being simply the loan of copies of 'La Pucelle,' in its uncastigated state, to Darget, formerly in Frederick's service, and to Algorotti.

Consolation comes a few letters later in the form of a notification from the monarch that he was quietly at work in arranging Voltaire's tragedy, 'Mérope,' as an opera.—Later still, the sore was entirely healed; supposing the writer of the following (date 1757) sincere:

I had the honour to receive a while since a letter from the King of Prussia, in which he says to me that nothing is now left to him save to sell his life dear. But his life is too precious, too marked by noble events, for him to think of ending it; and he is too much of a philosopher not to know how to bear reverses. Who would have said, Madam, that one day I should take the liberty of consulting him!

There are curious, semi-compassionate, semi-contemptuous notices in subsequent pages of "that poor devil Rousseau,"—more compliments "to the modern Minutides, the only Roman I know,"—and again "to be felicitated as Trajan, after having been Cæsar."—Then we have allusions to a Court-performance of his 'Alzire' at Gotha; violent diatribes against the horrors printed by La Beaumelle in a libellous book, 'Mes Pensées.' These Gotha Letters, in every point of view, are characteristic, and worthy of attention.

The third division of the book is made up of miscellaneous correspondence, which had escaped other searchers, or else not been included in former editions of the *Œuvres* of Voltaire. Many of these are of earlier date than the above; written while the philosopher was domesticated at Cirey,—containing literary commissions to friends, outbreaks of spirit, in no common state of effervescence,—for example, the following fragments from a letter, dated October, 1738, addressed to Theriot, the scolding heartiness of which is truly droff!—

The verses of that miserable Rousseau, in which he has dared to maltreat M. de la Popelinère, are only the sequel to other verses almost as bad which Bonnevall had sent to Rousseau, in which he speaks unworthily of M. and Madame de la Popelinère *d'après* of Rameau's music. * * With regard to Rousseau, it is possible for any one to be still the dupe of the hypocrisy of that wretch! The letter of M. Méline, banker, which I sent you last year, made it clear that the monster will die in final impotence, and, what is worse, in the crime of making bad verses.

Pungency of style did not fail the letter-writer till his last moment. Writing to M. Albertotti Capacelli, in 1765, a mere note of acknowledgment:—

To send (says the Sage of Ferney) beautiful Italian verses to a Frenchman who is losing his sight, is to give partridges to a man who has no teeth left.

Here, as a last example, may be shown the Wit's eagerness put forth in its most amiable guise,—as advocating the cause of the destitute and oppressed. The letter, dated from Ferney, in 1766, is addressed to the Duc de Nivernais:—

May I dare, Monseigneur, to take the liberty of importuning you? You will pardon me, since the question is to do good, and give a crown to your benefactor's family whom you have condescended to rescue from the most horrible of conditions. By your protection, Monseigneur, you have extricated from the galleys the poor *d'Espérance*, a man of a good *Langueuse* family. He had undergone this sentence for three- and twenty years, having been accused and condemned for life for having given supper and bed to a poor preacher. As the custom is, his property

was confiscated, and the third of his income was kept back for the support of his children, who have never received anything. His wife, respectable by her virtue and misfortunes, retired to Lausanne, where she is on the paupers' list. I know that your goodness, which has not yet wearied, is even now solicited. I favour him actually to be freed, and I am made to hope that one word from your mouth will finish making him favourable to so just a demand. Permit me, then, to entreat you to be willing yet once more to speak to him about this business with that gift of persuasion which, among so many other gifts, nature has bestowed on you. You will see immediately the memorial of M. de Beaumont on behalf of a family yet more unhappy—you will judge of it. Your verdict will largely serve to determine that of the public and, consequently that of the Council. The style and the substance are both submitted to your penetration. I am only in the Academy, your brother Academician,—in everything else I recognize you as my superior. I am ending my days without having the happiness of paying my court to you, but not without being sincerely attached to you.

Surely, in the days when pen-adulation was a natural companion to the "oil of palms" lavished by brainless people on those they desired to cajole,—the superlatives in the above piece of flattery may be forgiven by those who have been disturbed at Voltaire's orations to a Pompadour and even a Du Barry,—and who have smiled less sarcastically at the suit and service paid by him to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha and her Grand Mistress of Hearts.—The last portion of the volume has a peculiar curiosity of its own; being a collection of annotations made by Voltaire on the anonymous work of Père Daniel directed against Mezzara's 'History.' These will be tempting to all such persons as enjoy displays of critical acumen.

Voltaire's too long *synopsis* of traits and topics of less exclusive interest to have space here to deal with them becomingly.—What has been remarked, specified and paraphrased, will substantiate the interest of this volume, which appears to us well edited, without being over-edited. It may recall, too, a long-cherished fancy of ours, already put forward, that a clear comprehensive life of Voltaire, written without extenuation or malice, is a desideratum. The material for such a work is without stint. The honour demanded for its execution is charity, without lasciviousness, and Antiquity, without mind and character of our neighbours without real or affected Gallomania.

A Lesson of Freemasonry; containing a Definition of its Communicable Terms, Notices of its History, Traditions, and Antiquities, and an Account of all the Rites and Mysteries of the Ancient World. By Albert G. Mackey, M.D. The American edition revised by Donald Campbell. (Griffin & Co.)

WHATEVER may be the antiquity of Freemasonry, its importance, popularity, and increase in England date from the beginning of the last century. The craft undoubtedly manifested considerable liveliness in Henry the Eighth's time, and Queen Elizabeth's extreme curiosity to discover the secret which has been, by a solemnly-pleasant and pleasantly-absurd fiction, supposed to be confided to and kept by the brotherhood, has been proof warrant for the well-known eagerness of all ladies, subsequently, to have a share in the mystery, for the non-importing of which there exist very excellent reasons.

Why Masonry should have suddenly attracted the greatest favour under George the First, we are unable to discover or comprehend. The circumstance of London and its vicinity then numbering a score of Lodges in fullactivity was, for the period, and compared with previous reigns, established proof of the hold it had taken on a portion at least of the population. From the capital the fashion spread to the provinces; and probably the movement was not altogether unsusceptible of political impulse. The grave assertion of country members, that they were engaged in providing means for the preservation of all neighbouring architectural remains from further decay, was certainly not credited; and even then, when men laughed at everything and believed nothing, universal ridicule was showered on the declaration that Freemasons were in possession of a secret from all participation in which the outer and profane world was rigorously debarred.

Since the last-named period, the whole system of Freemasonry, its aim, its method, its means, its manner, its purposes and its unworthiness, its pomp and ceremonies, its pass-words and secrets, its gravity and its nonsense, have become as well known to the uninitiated public as if there had never been a lodge "tiled" in order to keep all these matters familiar only to the brethren. The cause of this is in Freemasonry itself. In the first place, despite all the laborious effort to render every ceremony solemn, there is a paganism about them all which gives them a theatrical air; and the person undergoing initiation is so sensible of the unreality of the thing, as to remain unimpressed, however earnestly he may gasp at the luxury of a sensation. Then, it is a rule that the dialogue of the business, which is remarkably copious and dramatic, should descend only by oral tradition. It was never intended to be written, still less printed: the new Mason was to learn all he had to utter—and this matter sometimes amounted to as many "lengths" as a part by a play-actor and a Mason. The latter were and are unable to retain in their memories all that it is required of them to express during the business of a lodge. Thence arose committal of speeches and the order of ceremonial arrangements to paper; whence, from manuscript, the press put it all into type; and the entire machine, at rest and at work, was laid open and explained for the gratification of universal curiosity. From printed books even the most advanced brethren now learn the rudiments of the art. The practice compels them to describe for these volumes are never seen in these gentlemen's libraries. They are put away in by-places, slipped into side pockets, and if they are forgotten by a brother on returning home after a masonic supper and are left on a dining-room table, the odds are that the careless Mason will soon find that the ladies of the family know as much of the craft as he, and that they express with alacrity a very contempt for an association claiming merit for keeping a secret which does not exist.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," and, accordingly, Masonry has become one of those institutions which are tolerated, but are not respected. It has had, however, a narrow escape of being elevated to the highest importance. Bigotry and official suspicion slightly helped it forward in England; while the Abbé Barnuel, in France, and Prof. Rameau, in America, by denouncing too successfully, awoke a feeling of interest in a craft harmless in many respects and useful in several. Such helps as these, however, did not much avail either in suppressing or exalting the mystery. The more bitter persecution on the Continent rendered

it a more effectual service; and when the Institution began to burn Freemasons, half the world sought companionship in a craft which despots had proclaimed worthy of martyrdom.

When the persecution ceased, the institution gradually sank to a plianthing. It is a very well got up *posen*, it must be acknowledged, and it gives pardonable delight to a large number of gentlemen who are loath to be busy doing nothing, and who are never tired of playing, every lodge-night, the weary comedy of 'The Eternal Sauteuse.' For the world at large, especially since the publication of 'The Cat out of the Bag,'—revelations touching the mystery,—the craft is not very deeply cared for. Its lumbering machinery to effect results that might be accomplished with ease, such as its excellent charities, strikes new members with disappointment. On the other hand, the prayers in constant and flippant use in all lodges are to many good men a cause for much dismay. As is now well known, these addresses are framed in a sense of pure deism. Adam, Abraham, Ham, Ahasuerus, Augustus, and the Duke of Wharfedale—all of whom are said to have been Grand Masters in their respective days—might join, without protest, in these invocations, so universal is their sentiment, without any adoption of the Christian element. We now refer to lodge prayers only, if we may so call them; the prayers uttered and *graces* said by reverend chaplains in public are not part and parcel of the mystery. We betray no secrets by what we have advanced: the entire matter has been more or less familiar from the days when Samuel Pritchard published his 'Masonry Dissected,' for which he got such rough usage, down to the present period, when this 'Lexicon of Freemasonry' explains what might be unintelligible to the uninitiated, as well as to the initiated, who are by no means so wise and knowing as they sometimes look.

We are very much inclined to suspect that when Athelstan founded the first regular Masonic meeting at York, thereby only reviving a decayed institution in England, half the mystery of it was known before the York housewives had had their lords and masters two hours at home. It is a singular fact, however, that the succeeding history of English Masonry is exceedingly apocryphal. There is no reliance to be placed on the details, they are as fanciful as a fairy tale and not half so amusing. We can only trace one maxim that seems to have prevailed, namely, that the seven liberal sciences are all to be found in geometry, and that geometry is an admirable thing well worth preserving. Unquestionably! but have our good friends, the Freemasons, been either the preservers, protectors, or promoters of that divine science!

As we have said, the craft, as it now exists in England, knows little of its own history beyond the commencement of the last century. The "light" passed from our island to the United Netherlands, the government of which was more startled than elated by discovering the existence of two or three Lodges at the Hague and at Amsterdam—English as well as Dutch Lodges. In 1736 we find the brethren establishing themselves, under a "Venerable," in France. Italy followed the fashion, enrolling the fraternity under the significant designation of *La Cuccchiara*, or "The Trowel." In Germany, the introduction furnished ground for a new class of literature, and a weekly journal appeared at Leipzig in honour of the mystery and the brethren.

Masonic literature in England has not been distinguished by much brilliancy. It has had its mild Magazine, and boasts of a few very

so-so sermons, and half-a-dozen wonderfully bad songs. Masonic poetry, indeed, is execrable. The literature itself is only lively when the society is being commented on by retiring brethren wearied of its forms, and when some orthodox member lustily lays about him for the honour of the craft. The result of such controversy usually impresses lookers-on with the conviction that Freemasons do not exclusively possess the gift of clarity; that they inculcate nothing useful which a good man does not think himself bound to observe, let him be born under what zone he may; and that there is a strong spice of the Protectionist element among them, like that of the "Civil Club" in the city of London,—now two centuries old,—whose members are bound to trade with one another rather than with one who is not a brother.

The question of literature brings us back to the Lexicon, the object of the compiler of which is, to furnish access to the meaning of words and symbols peculiar to the order; and to give a sketch both of the ancient mysteries and of "those degrees of more modern date, for which there was a world craving on the Continent during the latter part of the last century." The working details of the American system of Masonry being often different from those followed in Great Britain, the British editor has adapted the Transatlantic volume to English uses,—a course which could alone render it of practical value to the craft in this quarter of the world.

As a book of reference, indispensable alike to all classes who desire to be acquainted with the history and details of Masonry, this Lexicon is worthy of praise. In making our brief extracts from its pages we shall confine ourselves to the pleasant matter of French Masonry. The ladies, as it is well known, have frequently looked into the doings of Lodges, but they have never permanently established themselves in any, except in the Lodges of Adoption in France, and the Androgynous Lodges, such as the *Hermine of Jericho*, the *Mason's Daughter*, the *Good Samaritan*, and other "Cock-and-Hen" clubs, in America. Of the rise of French Masonry in France, we are told,—

"In the beginning of the eighteenth century several secret associations sprang up in France, which, in their external characters and mysterious rites, attempted an imitation of Freemasonry, differing, however, from that institution, of which they were, perhaps, the rivals for public favour, by their admission of female members. The ladies very naturally extolled the gallantry of these mushroom institutions, and inveighed with increased hostility against the exclusiveness of masonry. The Royal Art was becoming unpopular, and the fraternity believed themselves compelled to use strategy, and to wield in their own defence the weapons of their opponents. At length, the Grand Orient of France finding that these mystic societies were becoming so popular and so numerous as to endanger the permanence of the masonic institution, a new rite was established in 1774, called the 'Rite of Adoption,' which was placed under the control of the Grand Orient. Rules and regulations were thenceforth provided for the government of these lodges of adoption; one of which was that no man should be permitted to attend them except regular Freemasons, and that each lodge should be placed under the charge, and held under the sanction and warrant, of some regularly constituted masonic lodge, whose Master, or, in his absence, his deputy, should be the presiding officer, assisted by a female President, or Mistress. Under these regulations a Lodge of Adoption was opened in 1775, under the patronage of the Lodge of St. Anthony, and in which the Duchess of Bourbon presided, and was installed as Grand Mistress of the Adoptive Rite."

The rite includes four degrees, Apprentice, Companion, Mistress, and Perfect Mistress; in passing through which the lady being initiated is reminded how the first sin of woman brought on the deluge, how the Tower of Babel was connected with a confusion of tongues, and how the passage of the Israelites is emblematic of that of man and woman in the world. By such a process the French lady qualifies herself to become a Perfect Mistress; and we must here confess to our previous ignorance of the way by which that eminence is attained in France. They have their Masters, however, in Lodge, as elsewhere.

"The officers of a Lodge of Adoption consist of an Inspector and a Grand Mistress, an Orator and a Deputist, a Conductor and a Conductress. They wear a blue neck or collar, with a gold trowel suspended thereon. The Grand Master uses a mallet, with which he governs the lodge, and the same implement is placed in the hands of the Grand Mistress, the Inspector, the Orator, and the Deputist and Deputist. Every member wears a plain white apron and white gloves. The brethren, in addition to the insignia of their rank, wear swords and a gold ladder with five rungs, which is the proper jewel of Adoptive Masonry. The business of the lodge is conducted by the sisterhood, the brethren only acting as their assistants. The Grand Mistress, however, has very little to say or do, she being only an honorary companion to the Grand Master, which mark of distinction is conferred on her as a token of respect for her character and virtues."

There is a marvellous amount of ceremony, and theatrical doings, and solemn fun and flirtations, and astounding illustrations of history, in these Lodges, the whole of which concludes, of course, with a ball. The conversation too is fanciful, and carries us back to the days of the *Précieuses*, the *Euphuists*, *Rambouillet*, and *Molière's* fine folks, so exquisitely entangled in his immortal farce:—

"In the language of the regular lodges of the French rite, the members always use a symbolic language, by which they designate the various implements and articles of food and drink upon the table. In imitation of this custom, the ladies in the banquets of the Adoptive Lodges have also established a symbolic language, to be used only at the table. Thus the large room is called 'Eden,' the doors, 'barriers'; the minutes, 'a ladder'; a glass is called 'a lamp'; water is styled 'white oil,' and wine 'red oil.' To fill your glass is to 'trim your lamp,' with many other equally eccentric expressions. Such is the organization of French Female Masonry, as it was established and recognized by the authorities of that kingdom. It is still practised as a peculiar rite, although its resemblance to true Freemasonry is only in name. Under these regulations the lodge 'La Candeur' was opened in Paris on the 11th of March 1785, the first mystically initiated in the class, and a duchess wearing marquis being in the chair, and a duchess acting as Deputy or Grand Mistress. In the same year the Duchess of Bourbon was installed with great pomp as Grand Mistress. The revolution checked their progress, but they were revived in 1805, when the Empress Josephine presided over the 'Lodge Impériale d'Adoption des Femmes Charitables,' at Strasbourg. The adoptive lodges were at first mystically diffused throughout all the countries of Europe, except the British Empire, where they were rejected with contempt; but they soon declined, and are at present confined to the place of their origin."

These extracts will serve to indicate something of the matter and manner of this book, in which nothing that is worth knowing, touching Masonry, is omitted—from the sublime Alhambra Rezon down to those pungent chevaliers, the Knights of the Mustard Seed.

Kitchi-Gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior.
By J. G. Kohl. (Chapman & Hall.)

It appears to be impossible to exhaust any given subject whatever. A man spends his life in a certain pursuit, and writes down the result in a couple of quarto volumes. Here one would think the matter unimprovable, but even this concentrated essence of knowledge gets added to by successive hands, and parts and subdivisions are raised into distinct totalities, until what was formerly a monograph comes to look like an encyclopædia. The book before us is a case in point. Catlin spent some eight years in studying the North American Indians, and one would have thought had left nothing for any plainer whatsoever coming after; yet Mr. Kohl has put forth a work on the Ojibbeways as fresh and full as if no Catlin before him had ever made the Red Man's history and traditions the peculiar study of his life, or introduced the public to the medicine-bags and lodges, the war paint and the ball games of the forests. Mr. Kohl, in fact, has done for the Ojibbeways as a tribe what Catlin did for the Indians as a nation: he has isolated a monograph from an encyclopædia, and the result is a most valuable addition to our former store of knowledge.

In 1855, on a small island on the western side of Lake Superior, called Shagmankon, or "something gnawed on all sides,"—which island, as the scene of most of the exploits of Manabito, the Incense Creator, may rank as a kind of Delphos of Indian tradition, and where the aristocratic pretensions are so high that its resident chiefs pass as princes among the nation—Mr. Kohl built his wigwam. Quite like an Indian, and with no pretence of European gallantry or chivalry, he made the squaws go into the forest for the timber, which they felled and brought, then built up into a hut according to the fashion of their kind; for a male Indian, with his soft, aristocratic hand, disdains all manner of work but hunting, fishing, and making war; wherefore every kind of rough job and manual labour falls to the women, who in consequence have hard, corned hands, and prominent muscles, bowed backs and turned-in toes: any one of which characteristics would be a disgrace to a well-born, well-bred Indian brave. When the squaws had built his hut, clothed it thick and well with the "apakwas," or rolls of birch bark, which they wind round and round the skeleton, and which are in fact moveable walls,—when they had hung a fine reed mat as a door over the entrance, and lighted a fire in the centre,—sundry Indian visitors arrived, and Mr. Kohl's Ojibbeway life began. And first, as seemed to them natural and logical, the women initiated him into the management of their babies or papposes, of which they are passionately fond, leaving their work to run and kiss the little creatures staring blankly from their cradles, and losing themselves in long reveries of mute adoration and speechless love. The cradle or "tikikanag" is a miracle of careful thought. It is a little house within a house, gaily decorated, and lovingly prepared with everything that can please the child or guard it from injury, physical or spiritual. It is, in fact, a box with an arched head-piece, stuffed with fine, dry moss, rotted cedar-wood, and a kind of tender absorbent wool found in the seed-vessels of a species of reed. The soft bed is the little one, swaddled and bandaged, is plunged up to its armpits, with only the head and arms left free. But before being thus swathed and cradled, great care is taken to pull the limbs straight, to keep the feet parallel, so that they should not turn outwards or inwards (the Indians say

they cover an inch more ground at every step than Europeans, who turn out their feet, and snow-shoes are impossible except to perfectly straight walkers), to pull the nose and make it long and large, and, in short, to leave as little to nature as the most luxurious fine lady could desire. Every part of the cradle has its special name; every trinket and amulet its special use; no expense is spared for toys, fineries, or charms, and Mr. Kohl saw one mother use as her cradle coverlet "a wide sky-blue cloth, on which glistened at least a couple of pounds of pearl beads," and for which she had paid ten dollars, or half her yearly income. The next event in a baby's life is the christening or reception into the order of the Mides. Priests in all their bravery—mystical and artistic; men, women and children, with faces painted fiery red; gifts of tobacco, sugar, finely-flowered candles, and the like, hung reverently on poles for the Kitchi-Mide, or high priest of the order; the big temple drum beating; and the old Mides, with rings in their noses and huge eagle-feathers in their ears, speculatively in the temple, constituted the first of the ceremonies. After these preliminaries, a procession was formed; the priests walking one after the other, with their medicine-bags in their hands. Made of the skins of wild-cats, otters, bears, snakes, beavers, and other animals, the shape retained, and the jaws, head, tail, &c. left as in life, these medicine-bags play an important part in the Indian religious ceremonies. They are all filled with sacred matters not visible, and possess a subtle inward breath, which can both kill and cure—both take away life and restore it, with equal potency. Whosoever is touched by one of these spirit-bags straightway falls prostrate on the ground, where he lies in a mute, motionless mass until revived by the Mide touching him again with the same bag. Often, as a kind of interlude during the graver ceremony of the christening, Mr. Kohl saw the assemblage lying in scattered heaps on the ground, like so many catkins, when a "hook" or "hook" was "hooked" in the "hook." The Mides shouting loudly "Ho-ho!" rushed at full speed first on one, then another, making stabs or thrusts with the bag; one strangely-bedizened old man flew at his victim with a wild yell and prodigious leaps, puffing out his cheeks as supplementary medicine-bags, and stabbing right and left with amazing zeal. The girls tittered among each other as they lay together in a brown half-naked heap, but the priests did not see their giggling, and when the restorative spell was over they all bunched up like so many squirrels, according to the orthodox programme. One girl had been left lying, overlooked by the priests, and, though indulging in a quiet grin, did not dare to rise of her own accord, until the Mide, reminded timidly by a companion of the oversight, held his otter bag towards her, when up she jumped, and ran laughing away. The father of the young member was dressed in his full war-pomposity. His head was covered with feathers from the eagle, hawk and raven, evidences of his bravery and prowess; the rough-haired skin of the dauntless skunk was bound as a turban round his head, the long particoloured tail hanging far down his back; similar skins were round his feet, and the tails dragged after him like apurs; his face, "fire-red," shone out of all these skins and tails and feathers like the sun from clouds. In his hand he held a fox-skin as his medicine-bag, and when he danced, all his tails danced too, and "shook about" as if restored to life.

More ceremonies followed, such as the expulsion from the mouth of each person present of certain little shells, typifying the evil passions and passages of humanity; long discourses

held by the priests, which we should have called sermons; prayers; grace; "ho-ho-ho-ho-o-o-o," reiterated again and again by the congregation, in a manner evidently answering to our 'Amen'; pipe-smoking; dances; drum-beatings; private and individual prayers; the presentation to the babe of various blessed charms and amulets, with other gifts of more mundane character and practical use to the "shaggy old brave," the father; and, finally, a steaming kettle of maize-broth, boiled without salt, meat, or milk, which, with a few sweetened apples and apples, comprised the whole of the christening dinner. With this the singular ceremony was at an end: the child was admitted into the order of the Mides, the priests were paid, the father promptly content, the spectators happy and weary, and Mr. Kohl went back to his wigwam with a full mind and fat note-book, whereof he made a most interesting chapter.

Other strange facts and ceremonies came before him. On one occasion, very soon after his establishment in his wigwam, which, by-the-by, he found a better residence than many of the European peasantry can boast of, the Chief Commissioner for Indian affairs, "their Great Father from Washington," as they called him—the President being their Great Father in Washington—came to look after matters, and talk a little with the chiefs and braves. Great painting of faces, great shaking out of feathers and skins, and a vast display of new suits and gorgeous decorations, the sacred calumet, with all its red feathers, his ribbon strings of wampum, shells and beads, carefully brought forth and carried in procession for the smoke with the Great Father, preparations for the war-dance and other red-skin dissipations—and then the whole village set out in solemn array to talk over their joys and sorrows with their pale-faced father. In this meeting Mr. Kohl was much impressed by the naive vanity—the boasting, which was not lying, characteristic of the species. Every man took pains to make himself out the first of his nation, the most dauntless in war, the stoutest in council; every man was his own Hector and Ulysses; but no man told a lie. A "forked tongue" is the greatest reproach that can be uttered against an Indian, and when once uttered, never forgotten—never lived down. Even the reputation of churlishness or meanness is not so damaging as that of lying; but both are bad, and never wholly lost when once acquired. Generosity is one of the chief Ojibbeway virtues. They exercise more than Arab hospitality, more than Moravian help. The starving man will give his guest his last mouthful, and no one forgets a benefit once received. Grateful too for kindness, their revenge is equally undying. An Indian never forgets an injury, and though years may pass he will manage to avenge himself. Their very wars are not undertaken for plunder, but revenge; and a chief who resolves on war often conscientiously determines on his own ruin. So little do they fight for gain, that, instead of carrying off from their enemies, they always leave something of their own behind them, as a mark of who it was that had blackened that homestead, and reddened the grass with the blood of the brave. Scaps are the richest booty they desire; and he who can boast of the greatest number is the Rothschild of his tribe. Very marked is the kind of noble self-congratulation visible even in their superstitions as well as in their social life; and Mr. Kohl tells a touching story of an old man who, for friendship and to prove his profession of love, showed a far-trader where lay in the forest a great lump of copper, which had been his family idol or fetish for three generations. Success in

hunting, prowess in war, health, prosperity and longevity, had all come to Kestanaung and his family through this lump of copper; yet "he wished to prove his love," and bargained it away to his friend. He made a tolerably handsome bargain, and the goods got in return made a large-sized bale. This he took with him, when he and the fur-trader set out in the moonlight to where the lump of copper was to be found, and when they reached the spot called the High Bluffs, Kestanaung took up the bundle, and prayed to the Great Spirit:—

"Thou hast ever been kind to me," he then said, in so loud a voice that I could plainly hear him. "Thou hast given me a great present, which I ever valued highly, which has brought me much good fortune during my life, and which I still revere. Be not wroth that I now surrender it to my friend, who desires it. I bring thee a great sacrifice for it!" Here he seized the heavy bale of goods with both hands, and hurled it into the river, where it soon sank. "Now come," he then said to me, "my mind is at rest."

While they were examining the copper the Indian stood trembling and quivering,—then took the other 5 lb. of tobacco, which he carried in his belt, and laid it as a conciliatory sacrifice in the place of the copper. The whole story is both touching and noble, notwithstanding the superstition involved in it. The two most useful sacrifices which an Indian makes to Kitchi-Manitou, or the Great Spirit, are a dog and tobacco:—

"Tobacco they sacrifice and strew everywhere: on all stones, boulders, masses of copper, graves, or other places to which they attach a holy significance. The dog, however, is the great sacrifice. The dog is our domestic companion, our dearest and most useful animal," an Indian said to me. "It is almost like sacrificing ourselves." The bear is honoured, but does not serve as a sacrifice; nor do they offer plants, corn, flowers, or things of that nature."

After these, and foremost of all the "dead stuffs of Nature," of copper and iron, are the Ojibweas dwelling round Lake Superior, where copper is often found in great purity, and close to the surface. They carry small pieces of the ore in their medicine-bags, and hand them down from father to son as among the most precious relics they possess; though, to be sure, they keep their written magic, their birch-bark books and their pictures, as even holier mysteries. These books and pictures and his spirit-dream—the dream which shows him his future career, and which mainly determines that career—an Ojibwea will rarely or never speak of. His dream especially is a profound and sacred secret; but Mr. Kohl managed to gain the confidence of most of his new friends, and was admitted into the participation of sacred mysteries, to which no one else would have been admitted. The grave religiousness of the Indian character is the great obstacle to their conversion to Christianity. Their own code of morals is stricter than ours, and their lives are more consistent with their professions; they exercise a higher degree of charity, constancy, courage and truth than do we; they pray oft and fervently to their Great Spirit, and faithfully do their best both to man and Heaven; thus they are not easily converted to a creed which has more profession than practice, and where the loudest members are so often the loudest liars. The moral, high-minded, religious savage is about the most difficult subject which a missionary can have, driving to despair all who believe in creeds rather than in actions, and who hold intellectual perceptions higher than practical well-doing and a lofty tone of morality.

Stoical as they are in the presence of physical suffering, when their affections are touched they are tender-hearted and full of poetic

sentiment. Nothing can console a mother for the loss of her child,—the friend whom death has robbed of his brother and companion is bereft of half his life,—the husband who loses his squaw mourns with the pathos and dignity of tragic passion. When a child dies the mother cuts off a lock of its hair, which she wraps up in paper and gay ribbons, and surrounds with the playthings, clothes and amulets the little one was accustomed to wear; she then makes it all up into a long thick parcel, which is fastened up crosswise with strings, and can be carried like a doll. This doll they call "misery," or "misfortune," or a name which Mr. Kohl suggests should be translated as "the doll of sorrow"; and for a whole year it takes the place of the dead child. The mother carries it with her everywhere, places it near the fire, looks at it often, talks to it, caresses it, and the children nurse it as they used to nurse their little brother or sister when living. At public festivals these "dolls of sorrow" are presented together with the rest, and presents and sacrificial gifts are made to them;—and when a war-dance is executed, "and the unhappy mother sits weeping with her doll, a warrior will cut off a lock of hair, and throw it on the bundle, 'pour faire plaisir à la pauvre mère et à son enfant.'" When the year is out a feast is held, the bundle is unfastened, and the clothes and trinkets are given away; but the lock of hair is buried, and the time of legitimate mourning is at an end.

The leading idea in this strange custom is, that the mother thinks she can help the spirit of her child on its perilous path to heaven, and provide for it while there and unable to provide for itself, by thus bearing its representation continually about with her. For the spirit differs in nothing from the flesh, but has the same need of care, the same desires, wants and appetites as when on earth; with this difference, that in Paradise there is no work to be done, no hunting, no fishing, and no war. If the father, or an elder brother, an uncle, or any capable member of the family die soon after an infant, the mother is more easily consoled; for the stronger spirit will watch over the weaker,—will protect, feed, soothe and carry in its arms the helpless little one, as they both wander upward by the Milky Way, "the path of the dead,"—past the Great Strawberry, and all its terrible fascinations,—along the narrow serpent-bridge, where a false step is destruction, and across the yawning chasm, which only one fleet and sure of foot can cross. When once in the Paradise which Kitchi-Manitou ordered Menaboju to prepare for them, the Indians are merry, happy and contented enough, dance and play the drum the whole day long, and eat a certain species of mushroom, and a wood like the phosphorecent wood in the forests. But this Paradise is for the Indians alone, and for all Indians alike; Sioux and Blackfeet, Crow and Ojibweas, Iroquois and Choctaws, no matter who, nor how deadly enemies sever on earth: in heaven they are all united into one brotherhood, and hatred is left, with work and war, to living men. Thus, when the Christian missionary goes to speak to them of the Christian heaven and its wide charities, whence all enmity is banished, and where only love remains, the untutored savages meet him with their own Paradise, and pointing aside by side ask, where is it? The superiority of the White man's over them is not in their hearts as large as the pale-face's and is not their heaven as wide, and their Kitchi-Manitou as loving as his! We must confess, the conversion of such terrible reasoners is a work of difficulty.

Grave and intense in all things, the Ojibweas

ways carry their characteristic earnestness even into the most trivial affairs of life; or rather nothing is trivial to them. Their games are as serious as other men's sacrifices, and when they gamble—which they do as often and as deeply as they can—they do it with as much zeal and intentness as if they were prostituting the Great Spirit, or undergoing the initiatory tortures of the Mandan medicine-lodges. Mr. Kohl very nearly got himself into trouble by wishing to inspect the bronze carvers, silver begets of a handsome young fellow playing at "sawbones." On turning to him with a question, he grew very impatient and angry at the interruption, took it as an impertinence, and made such a threatening speech that the interpreter would not translate it. He merely said it was improper, and then abused the Indian for his own shame, so that a quarrel arose, which needed some gentleness to appease. "All I understood," says Mr. Kohl, "was that an Indian must not be disturbed when gambling." They are extremely devoted to their games, which generally depend on skill rather than on chance, and which they divide into games for old men and young men, for women, children and the perfect "brave." Of all their social sports, the finest and grandest is the ball-play. It is more manly and inspiring than anything we possess, and carries the mind back to the ancient times of Greece, and to the days when Rome was manly and brave, and before she learned to be brutal and gladiatorial. This ball game is played with raquets, 2½ feet long, made out of a tough white wood, and covered at the request end with a network of leather bands. The ball is made of the white willow, cut perfectly round by the hand, and covered with carved crosses, stars and circles. They play tribe against tribe, village against village; and the game is so highly esteemed that a good ball-player ranks with a celebrated hunter, a fleet runner, and a renowned warrior. But the American Government disapproves the game by reason of one or two notorious conspiracies in which it has borne the chief part; for a "ball-play conspiracy" is quite an institution among the Indians, and has more than once been fatally successful:—

"On one occasion the natives combined to seize a British fort during peace, and the conspirators arranged a grand solemn ball-play in honor of the British officers, who suspected nothing and were less on their guard than usual. The merry shouting band of players approached the gates of the fort, and suddenly the ball flew over the walls. The Indians, as if carried away by excitement, rushed over the palisades after it, and made themselves masters of the fort. On another occasion a British officer, who was disliked, was suddenly surrounded by the Indian ball-players, knocked down with the raquets, and trampled under foot, as if accidentally, in the frenzy of the game."

There is a feminine version of the same game, especially devoted to women, but instead of a wooden ball, they have two leathern bags filled with sand and attached by a thong, which they endeavour to throw over their opponents' poles or boundaries, and which they toss and catch again by means of curved sticks adorned like the raquets of the men.

Many quaint old legends, marvellously like the Arabian Nights, did the German traveller hear from the old women and professed storytellers of the tribe; many strange traditions, where the later Christian doctrines have become curiously interwoven with the native stories of Kitchi-Manitou and Matchi-Manitou, the Good and Evil Spirits, and of Menaboju, the Indian Creator, or, as some say, Prometheus, did the awe-struck braves tell him, in whispers, trampling in the evening shade, and asking pardon of Great Manitou if they were doing as evil thing

unconsciously; many wonderful magic-books and mysterious pictures were sold and shown him, always under strong religious apprehensions, and evidences of fear which no physical dangers could have excited; much interesting information did he collect, and many of the most secret and esoteric doctrines was he far on the way to have clearly explained to him, when an inexorable fortune thrust herself in between, and broke up his Indian life, perhaps for ever. But whether or not the book is only a fragment of the greater whole that would have been accomplished had circumstances and time allowed, what he has learnt and noted down for us, his readers, is of inestimable value; and all the more valuable because of the pleasant nature of the author, which, without any self-interruption, makes its genial and delightful influence felt in every page. Mr. Kohl seems to us to be the very perfection of a traveller; able to thoroughly identify himself with new conditions, without any of that masquerading affectation often so perceptible in men who attempt an unusual life; and careful to make the best use of his time both for himself and others. Simplicity of character, good temper and respect for others will carry any man as safely through foreign trials as they carried Mr. Kohl through his sojourn under an Ojibway tent; for these formed his only passport to the hearts and sympathies of his companions,—a passport about the best with which a man can be provided. The translation, too, is excellently done by Mr. Wrexall, who has known how to preserve the spirit of the original through the medium of a very free and graceful rendering; and who has thus combined two excellencies where most men master only one.

History of the Press in France.—(*Histoire Politique de Littérature*, &c.) by Eugène Hattin. Vol. VI. (Paris, Poulet-Malassiau.)

SINCE the notice given in the *Athenæum* on the publication by M. Eugène Hattin, tracing the newspaper press in France to its origin, another volume has been added to the work. This volume contains details of that extraordinary period of anarchy when the licence of journalism knew no bounds—that is to say, between the years 1789 and 1793. In this short space of time, more new theories and principles, more abuse and scandal, more originality and folly were disseminated than during the whole historical existence of the press in any other country. The subject here treated is as remarkable as it is interesting, and contrasts singularly with the restrictions, not to say the actual silence, now imposed on French writers in all matters connected with politics and the State.

It is worthy of notice that the first author of a revolutionary periodical, the well-known Brissot, acquired his thirst for Liberty from England, and his desire for the abolition of abuses from the study of the English constitution,—which, says he, in his *Patriote Français*, he carefully examined in the country itself, believing it to be the only model to follow. It was very little known at that time in France, and he was the first who exposed in detail many of its fundamental principles,—and, as a consequence, constantly urged an alliance with England as the best policy for the peace of Europe. The newspaper of Brissot was very popular, and remained so until the editor lost his head on the scaffold. Even now, the *Patriote Français*, and the *Mercure*, the greater part of which were written by Mallet du Pan, well known in England by his curious *Mémoires*, are the sources from which to derive an exact idea of the most complicated and agitated

period of the French Revolution. The time had now come when the laws were useless to protect the lives of individuals, and all public order was overthrown by a frantic populace. It is easy to conclude that anything like free discussion had become impossible, for the poniard of the assassin hung over the head of every one who chanced to disagree with the opinions of the infuriated mob. Mallet du Pan fled to England, "the only country," says he, "where a man may write, speak, think and act (Il n'y a que l'Angleterre où l'on puisse écrire, parler, penser et agir—voilà ma place)." We will not enter into the manifold vicissitudes experienced by many important newspapers during the space of four years, such, for instance, as the *Journal de Paris*—of which the unfortunate André Chénier, one of the greatest poets of France, was the chief editor, and who, like so many others, lost his head for the truthfulness and sincerity of his opinions.—*La Chronique de Paris*, *Le Républicain*, &c., in which men, since become celebrated, did not disdain to exercise their talents. Among others, were Roederer, Condorcet, Stacey, Ralsaud, Saint-Rienne and Millin. It is remarkable that scarcely one of the newspaper offices during the worst part of the Revolution escaped invasion, pillage and destruction, France wishing probably to make known her interpretation of the expression "Liberty of the Press."

We must now speak of a periodical conducted by one of the most original and brilliant editors of the period, Camille Desmoulins, whom Thiers in his History calls "l'écrivain le plus remarquable de la Révolution, un des plus spirituels de notre langue." He is full of the strangest contradictions. Gentle, and even tender and affectionate by nature, he mixes up in his language the florid expressions and imagery of the Greeks with the infuriated lingo of the lowest mob. His epigrammatic wit is only equalled by his insupportable arguments in favour of destruction, and he bestowed upon himself the title of *Procureur-général de la Lanterne*. This is the man who, after having published innumerable sanguinary pamphlets, became the principal editor of *La France Libre*, and soon afterwards circulated *Le Vieux Cordelier*, in which the language of abuse is carried to its extreme limits. Even the leaders of the Revolution were terrified at his violence. The first number of the *Cordelier* appeared on the 5th of December, 1793, and only seven had been published when Camille Desmoulins was condemned to die on the scaffold, where he displayed the pusillanimity of a child. After him his secretary founded the infamous newspaper *Le Vrai Ami du Peuple*. A few months only elapsed before the editor and his wife were guillotined by order of Robespierre.

The journals published by Marat and Hébert close this list of literary abominations, which have rarely been equalled in licentiousness and which are read by us in these days with astonishment, as the produce of a period of national insanity never to be witnessed again.

The Tommies Shooting; or, a Moor in Scotland. By Thomas J. Bus. With Illustrations. (Routledge & Co.)

THIS is a book, every page of which is calculated to sadden the heart; it is outrageously silly and stupid, and has not a single redeeming quality. The publishers of this bad book advertise it as "a humorous sporting novel," but we pity the man who expects to be entertained by a book in which there is neither sport nor humour.

Two individuals, Mr. Samuel Brizley and Mr. Peter Fribbles, rent a moor in Scotland, "the

Tommies Shooting"—both are supposed to be entirely ignorant of sporting, and both are victimized and coaxed in every possible way. Fribbles, of whose character we obtain some knowledge by being told that "he was such fun, Fribbles was," is easily imposed upon, and the author makes him the butt of the most commonplace practical jokes. Thus, he orders "from Picols a dress kilt for visiting and wearing in church," and a Registered Fribbles Shooting vest, which is exhibited in Picols's window, and which Fribbles flatters himself will produce an immense effect in the Highlands. But this is sober sense compared with what follows. Being informed that there is salmon fishing near the moor which has been rented, Fribbles is advised to purchase an anchor:—

"'Anchor!' exclaimed Fribbles; 'I had no idea we were likely to fish from a boat—they will have anchors, say enough.'—'It is not for a boat—you will have no fishing from a boat,' replied Lauch. 'What is it for, then?' inquired the tyro angler.—'Oh! said his friend, 'I did not mention the other day—I thought I did—about an anchor! However, it does not signify whether I did or no—only it is lucky we thought of it now—before you start—how many fish would have died you can see.'—'I didn't myself take out more than fifteen fish,' answered that gentleman, 'because it is rather a bore winding oneself up in so many coils—some fellows, I fancy, take out twenty or five—and twenty.'—'But, I say,' said Fribbles; 'do tell me what it is for! you never mentioned it before—what does one want with an anchor?'—'To be used in wading, of course,' replied the other; 'you would not be insane enough to go into a deep and rapid river, the Spey, for instance—it is the Spey you are going to fish, is it not!—without bringing yourself to an anchor. The rope, you know, is coiled round your body, and you merely unwind yourself, as you go on casting down stream—the main thing to be careful about is, to find good holding ground above you, because if the anchor drags, of course it is all up with you, and there is nothing left for you but to swim for it. By-the-by, it would not be a bad precaution for you, in case of accident, to go to a swimming bath before you leave town, and practise a little with your wading boots on.'—'Catch me going into the river at all, then,' cried Fribbles, disgusted at this new danger, 'if I am to run such risks.'"

The author then relates how Fribbles, acting on this advice, purchases an anchor and uses it to the utter astonishment of the Highlanders who behold him in the river; and how "flabbergasted" he was when he saw a fish caught. Then we have the stale joke of making him shoot with a shotless gun, and his wonder at not killing birds under these circumstances! A French sportsman is also introduced—Le Marquis de Guimaure—at whose attempts to speak English you are of course expected to laugh immoderately, for he is made to say, "you spik French, Meester Brecks!"—"I slip me as one kittle pig in ze oxer box. Brecks! slip me as one kittle pig in ze oxer box. Ha! ha!" Very humorous, truly. But it is not alone on sporting ground that the author of this performance wishes to be regarded as a man of humour. His book, as we see, is called a novel, and, as a matter of course, some opportunity is given for the display of his wit. Here is a scene on board a steamboat, which we suppose is regarded by the author as a masterpiece of fun and equivocal:—

"The elder sister soon put him at his ease by making room for him at her side; and Fribbles, grateful as he felt for this act, was speedily annoyed at finding himself taken possession of, and actually, as he told Brizley afterwards, made jure by her, tell one, which he would have resigned her willingly altogether for only one look at the soft expressive eyes of her sister." "Dash it," said he, "she asked me as many questions as if I were being examined for a doctor's degree. First she wanted to know which music I liked best, German or Italian."

Fancy making a fellow such a thing. Well, you know I thought all music was alike; but, as it's best to give an opinion, I said "Italiana," as a venture. "You like Verdy," she said, "I know you do. Now tell me how you are an admirer of Verdy." Well, how was I to know what Verdy was? But as she seemed to like it herself, I thought it would be civil, you know, to do the same, so I said, "Well, the real fact is, I do like it uncommonly."—"I'm so glad," she said, "you admire Verdy. We've just been abroad, and looking good down on the Verdy." Isn't the *Trorytroy* lovely?" she said. "Well," said I "it is splendid. I like," said I, "Trorytroy no end better than Verdy." Now the deuce of it was, you know, the Fribbles went on, "whenever I got a glimpse of the pretty one's face, the little gipsy was sure to be laughing outright at her, as she was asking such things." Well, and then the old lady put in her own. "There," says she, "there, don't tease Mr. Fribbles any more, Ada, dear, about music; I dare say he is not an enthusiast, like you."—"Perhaps," said the little one, and she looked so "Trorytroy," perhaps, she said. Fribbles is fond of poetry: he is going to Scotland—the land of poetry. He will see the Grampians, and that will recall to him that magnificent speech about the Grampian Hills. I dare say he remembers it."—"What," said I, "that which begins, 'My name is Verdy'?"—"The very same," she said. "Oh, I believe you do," said I; "I learnt it at school; would you like to hear it?"—"Immensely," she said. So I began speaking it. But would you believe me, I'd no sooner got to the word *hoved*—"I alone, with bended bow and quiver full of arrows, hoved!"—"I heard some one say 'Cupid' quite distinctly," and bang me if the young one was not seized with a fit of chucking. She rubbed down stairs; the old lady stalked after her, sobbing convulsively; and at last the elder one was suddenly taken worse too. And there was I, left all alone, Dencol off, you know—wasn't it?"

Of course.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Handbook of the Constitution: being a Short Account of the Rise, Progress and Present State of the Laws of England. By Alfred P. Hume, Esq., B.A. (Longman & Co.). The intention of this little manual is to offer a slight and simple account of the changing forms of government which have prevailed in England from the remotest times to the present, concluding with a particularly clear account of the constitution as it at present works. We are not sure that Mr. Hume is right in imagining that the subject is altogether neglected in schools, public or private. Nor is it actually true that men express opinions on reform without any knowledge of the constitution which it is proposed to alter. They who comprehend the vital principles may be ignorant of the way in which a bill is passed through Parliament. Mr. Hume divides his manual into two parts: the first historically sketching the rise and progress of English constitutional law, and the second presenting an account of the method by which the constitution actually operates upon the interests and fortunes of the nation. The volume is occasionally disfigured by episodes of unnecessary generalisation.

Historical Sketch of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. By John Coleman, M.D. (Guthrie & Knox).—The Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh is one of the oldest of our medical incorporations. It dates its existence from the year 1605. Before Vesalius or Fallopius was born, or the Church of Rome had decided that it was lawful to dissect a human body, these old Scotch surgeons had petitioned that they might have "Anie in the year ane condemnat man after he be deod to mak anatomy of, quhairthrow we may half experience lik ane to instruct others." The Scotch surgeons may well be proud of their founders, and may probably yet learn something from the spirit in which these men entered upon the practice of their profession. They required what we suspect has not always been required by the college since,—"That na masteris of the said craft sall tak ane

prentice or feil man in tym coming to use the surgerie craft without he can baith wryte and read." This historical sketch of the Scotch College of Surgeons was read as an address by Dr. Gairdner at one of its annual meetings, and as an interesting addition to the archæology of the medical profession in this country.

The Physical Education of Young Ladies. By Franz Bernard. (Manchester, Ireland).—There is a tendency amongst the professors of gymnastics to put their exercises in the place of medicine and medical treatment; and in fact, to smother them into a species of quackery. Lina, a very respectable writer on gymnastics, is regarded as the prophet of this school; and the system of treatment of disease founded on these exercises is called the Movement Cure. We have not the slightest doubt that judicious exercise will cure many diseases; but we warn the public against all pretension with regard to this system. Exercise will not cure every disease, and precious time may be lost. With regard to the necessity of physical education for young ladies, there is no doubt of its importance. Parents are beginning to feel this. Girls should be allowed to do more as boys do. They should walk, ride, run, row, play cricket, shoot (of course with bow and arrow), wear tight boots, and get out in the rain. But if these things cannot be allowed, then—send them to a gymnasium.

Notes on Health. By W. T. Coleman, M.D. (Routledge & Co.).—It is not always that Mr. Routledge gets hold of so good a man for one of his shilling volumes as Dr. Coleman. These 'Notes on Health' contain a great deal that every one should know. The work embraces the subjects of food, air, bathing, clothing, light, sleep, and exercise; and is written in such a manner that no one need fear of being able to comprehend the author's meaning, and of getting good from his instructions.

Blanche Lisle; and other Poems. By Cecil Home. (Macmillan & Co.).—School poems have as little real raciness or value as school pictures. Real lovers of painting will find their valuation of such imitative works little influenced by the fact, that the master aped was Lucas van Leyden or Spagnoletto. Byronism and Wordsworthism are both second-hand wares, with little to choose between them. Even now, when the dedication and dedication of *Words in Art* seem to have risen to their height,—in absorption of that great principle of admiration, which is love for many things,—imitators must fall into the rank as imitators, and be forgotten as such, whether Transcendentalist or Romantic Description or a passion for mimesis and daubing be the mood imitated.—Mr. Home's model will be recognized by the running reader. The following requires no signature:—

THINKING OF TREE.

The sunset crimson on the heights,
Flushing the cold snow with its kiss,
The crags are red with yellow light,—
I am all lost in silent bliss.

Thinking of thee.

The red light pales along the range,
And gleams to mournful veils,
The dried low green above the range,
My eyes with some stray tears are wet.

Thinking of thee.

Full on her, tell her, dying glow,
I am dreaming of her here,
And kiss for me her sweet brow,
Love, I was met with hope and fear.

—But here are four verses, which, in spite of a flaw or two have some sadness of their own, in spite of the familiarity of their burthen:—

THEY WILL DIE.

I plucked sweet laughing roses from the spray,
And said, 'tho' fair, I twine round in my life,
So shall your sweetest glow my saddest day,
And forest in the bitter storm shall die.
Wherever the world wars on its warring way,
There none a whisper from the light feared sky,
Ah! they will die.

I twined a silvery green elastic bough
Of passive willow to soft morning dew,
The slender fingers just made from me, be thou
The tender memory of such level dew,
My sad, sweet, comforting companion now"
—Even that will die.

I decked me with the laurel's emerald glow,
And spake, "Ah! glorious leaves, that perish not,
Shew virtue to them, 'tis good to have in bloom,
Shewn verdant still, when my pale comes forgot,
Looming in the grave line none and low"
—Moulded, too frail, from earth's smiling bosom,
"One day they die."

I bent me hither by the cross blessed tomb,
Then grew beneath it crisp, erevating flowers—
I spoke to them, "O good, who have in bloom,
Y' bear the promise of long golden hours,
Eternal, be my arched in the room,
Of those, too frail, from earth's smiling bosom"
—Came then a sweet voice from the sunset sky,
"There do not die."

—There are other lyrics in the volume as good as the above; for the sake of which we would wish that Mr. Home may forget "Locksley Hall" and "The Talking Oak," and "Maud," and all their delightful kits and kens, before he next attempts to set his thoughts and dreams in musical verse.

The Buggy; or, Mr. Turnbull's Adventures in the New World; a Series-Comic Romance in Rhyme. By George and John Tom. (Mair & Son).—The first two lines of this "rhyming" will satisfy the appetite of most readers desirous of morosity:—

After experience of my verse poems,
I find I don't excel in the sublime.

—The points in which Mr. Tatum does excel may be left to all serio-comic readers who have leisure to expatiate.

Shelley: The Death of St. Polycarp; and other Poems. By John Alfred Langford, (Smith, Elder & Co.).—The restless notion which many persons have had (without an attempt called 'Gabriel') of making Shelley the hero of a poem, is not so poetical as it seems. There is no poem more in verse so close a life as Shelley's, which was told by himself in his own verse. Poets cannot Shelley did so in his metrical prologue to 'Prometheus Unbound.' The man who is to make a poem out of Shelley's life must be rather a better poet than Shelley's. Mr. Langford's commands imagination and language. This little book shows (perchance) that he wants self-assertion.

The Ice-bound Ship: the Sleeping Beauty; and other Poems. By M. Winter. (Bowarth & Harrison).—To translate Goethe, ever so well, ever so ill, is, in some degree, to castrate the artificer since how can Mr. Langford's English readers who read Goethe well enough to be able to accredit the nicety or the untruthfulness of any version of his poems? But Mr. Winter, on the top of some former translation of Goethe, rides here into a lyric concerning mushrooms, beginning the same as under,—

Little snowy buttons,—

and with a foot-note as to the manner in which the same fungi are to be cooked.—In page 67, Mr. Winter expresses "the sentiments of an officer in the East India Company's Service" to some lady, on Valentine's Day, admired by the Indian officer; whereby M. Winter is placed in the position of one who cooks sentiments—as professionally as he cooks mushrooms.

Coloma; and other Poems. By Gerard Leigh. (Longman & Co.).—A romance, rhymer cantos long, written in the "Child Harold" stanza, is somewhat of a rarity at this time, when the use of set metres seems discouraged. Must we add, that there is little else to remark in 'Coloma,' if little to blame? The subject, we should say, places it among mystical and religious poems. A few minor verses follow, which have more elegance and music than freshness.—*Light of the Evening* (The Romance) contains a shilling's worth of scenes of everyday life, shown in the most common-place manner possible. Take this beginning of 'The Drunkard':—

A cloud of darkness drew and drew
Movers above the drunkard's head.

—We have 'The Fashionable Lady,' 'The Sailor,' 'War,' 'A Dead Sea Death,' 'The Prince,' 'Slavery,' and half a hundred poems besides, no less new, served up with the same exciting condiments.—*Poems*, by William H. Holcombe, M.D. (New York, Mason Brothers), are the relaxations of a Transatlantic physician during fifteen years of the verses, the physician tells us, "are laid upon the beautiful psychological doctrine of Swedenborg." The rhyme is

formed the staple of their diet, and their health was excellent.

Turning to the evidence obtained by the agent sent among the aborigines by the Government, the following appear to be the principal causes of decrease:—1st, Depopulating intestine wars. 2nd, Frequent infanticide. That this custom has been a very important obstacle to the increase of the Maori race may be believed from the fact that Mr. Fenton, who has been employed by Government to draw up the present publication, states that he has met with instances of women who have destroyed six, and even seven children, offspring of themselves. It is right, however, to add that infanticide is now nearly if not quite extinct. Instances have certainly occurred during recent years, but quite insufficient in number to have any serious effect on the population. 3rd, Ill-treatment among the sexes. This, though still largely practised, was much more extensive in former periods. 4th, Unclean habits, though by itself insufficient to account for the extraordinary mortality to which the New Zealanders have lately been subject, must, joined to other habits, contribute to a low state of civilisation, have had, and will have, considerable effect in shortening the duration of human life. 5th, Constant intermixture of blood. This, indeed, in all probability, has had a most powerful influence in the decrease of the native population. How constantly this race has intermingled its blood is apparent from the fact that well-known chiefs of tribes now far separated, and even sometimes hostile to each other, may be recognised as relatives, forming, in fact, one large family. The term "run out" may indeed be applied to the New Zealand aborigines, whose physical qualities have degenerated and whose chief characteristics seem now to be utter loss of energy and vital force. 6th, Use of unwholesome food. This, the last among the alleged causes of mortality among the aborigines, appears to have exercised great and fatal power. It is certain that the marked retrograde change in the popular diet took place subsequent to 1830, and it was about this time that the natives contracted a habit as disgusting as it is unwholesome. This is a morbid liking for putrid corn. In 1830, the Maori population discovered the art of manufacturing putrid corn by continued steeping in water; and at that period this food, eaten in a state of most offensive stinkiness, and rapidly into general use. Every Maori who has attained the age of forty years can remember the introduction of this noxious substance; and it is worthy of remark that in districts where by missionary influence and persuasion sound wheat has displaced the "kaanga koiri," the putrid mess is called, mortally among the natives has decreased 35 per cent. below the general average. The date of this unhappy discovery has been more perfectly fixed by an inquiry made from a woman whose arm is tattooed with the letters J. T., and date 1824. She states that three marks were made by an English sailor with whom she cohabited, and that her tribe commenced eating putrid corn very soon after he had made the English sailor's acquaintance.

It was quite unnecessary for Mr. Fenton to bring Liebig forward in support of his assumption that this farroted food of the aborigines is so unwholesome as to induce various diseases, and in particular scurvy. Substances in a state of decomposition are extremely unwholesome, and cannot long form the principal food of a people without permanently affecting their health. We believe that Mr. Fenton is correct in stating that the result of indulging in putrid vegetable food has made scurvy a most common disease among the Maori, prostrating their vital energy, and acting as a most destructive agent. The Maori constitution, in fact, as Mr. Fenton states, appears to be rotten. A slight attack of illness, therefore, the scarcity affect a European, prostrates a New Zealander to such a degree that recovery is the exception.

Such are the causes which seem to be instrumental in bringing about the great change of race in New Zealand. In the days of the European, by missionary and other means, hold out relief. The inscrutable divine law in the struggle for life—the weak giving way before the strong—is being car-

ried out; and, in spite of all philanthropic labours, the aborigines of New Zealand will fade before the march of European civilisation. No descendant of a Maori will stand on the ruins of London Bridge pondering over the fall of our Metropolis.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

SEVERAL of the Professors in the Government School of Mines, Jernyn Street, have resolved to give courses of weekly evening lectures, intended for the instruction of those who are unable to obtain scientific information elsewhere, and at a charge almost nominal. The first of these courses, will be seen in the advertisement, will be delivered by Dr. Hofmann, the eminent chemist, and will commence on Wednesday evening next, the 17th, at eight o'clock.

A bit of romance about Garibaldi may help to explain the hostility of the Dictator of the Two Sicilies to France, and that of the Emperor of the French towards the Liberator of Italy. The family of Garibaldi, like the family Bonaparte, is Corsican; and the name of the first of Bonaparte, Louis Niane is evidence with what fury into a Corsican may pursue his vendetta against that lucky race. The Dictator's grandfather, Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi, was one of those patriot Corsicans who gave the crown to Count Von Neuhoff, crowned Theodore the First of Corsica; and being sent by the new king on a message to his mother, Madame Von Neuhoff, who lived at Peddenho, near Rütgenberg, in the Mark County (now part of Westphalia), Garibaldi there fell in love with the king's sister, Catherine Annalie, and with his sovereign's consent married her. The rocky life of this marriage, we read in a Rhine paper, is still to be seen at Rütgenberg. In the same year, Garibaldi took Catherine home to Ajaccio; but before failing the patriot, Theodore fled before the Genoese to England, where he became the idol and butt of Walpole, who traduced his character for being sent by the inscription his monument in St. Anne's Church—swallowing the fortune which bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.

Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi fled from Corsica to Nice, where, after the French conquest and occupation of the island put an end to the last hopes of independence, he forgot politics and practised as a physician. His grandson is the Dictator. Meanwhile, the Corsicans of the Bonaparte family Garibaldi have grown in bulk and in atrocity. Corsica has been made French. Nice has now been made French. The old country, the new country, are alike gone. More, the very last home of the hero is menaced. Caprea, the lonely green rock in the Straits of Bonifacio, which he has bought with his gains and peopled with his pigs and asses, belongs to the island of Sardinia, and must follow its path should a new "recovery" of territory to France take place. Thus, the Bonapartes seem to chase the Garibaldi like an evil ghost, leaving no room for the hero to rest. Who can tell of their feet can rest in peace. Who can wonder at the Dictator's doubt, suspicion, and dislike? A romantic speculation may be allowed to close the record of these romantic facts. Theodore, King of Corsica, left no lawful son. An illegitimate son, known about London streets as Col. Frederick, a man of mark in his day, pitched himself under one of the porches of Westminster Abbey. The title had been declared by the Corsican Parliament hereditary in Theodore's family, a near branch of which Dictator Garibaldi represents. Thus, Garibaldi's title to the throne of Corsica is just as good as that of the Napoleon was a dozen years ago to the throne of France. Suppose the Italian "idea" should dawn at Ajaccio! There are pretenders to crowns who have no better claim from history, and far less from merit and the sword, than Joseph Garibaldi, present Dictator of the Two Sicilies.

The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, afterwards Mrs. Delany, with many Distinguished Persons of Her Time, edited by her Grand-niece, Lady Llanover, are about to be published by Mr. Bentley. These Memoirs extend over the whole of the last century, viz., from 1715 to 1788, and present pictures of

the Courts of George the First, George the Second and Queen Caroline, and of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, whose friendship Mrs. Delany enjoyed; interesting original letters of Swift, Wesley, Dr. Young, author of 'Night Thoughts,' Lord Lansdowne the Poet, Frederic Montagu, the Duchess of Portland, the Countesses of Bute, Cowper, and Gower, Hon. Mr. St. John, &c. The engravings include some of the Walbeck miniatures.

To each his own. The New Zealander has been lately restored to his lawful owner; and now a writer whose initials will recall his name, asks leave to restore a still more colonial saying:—

"John Wain, Otago, 1868.
"What do you say to the fact of Sydney Selwyn's well-known joke at the expense of Bishop Selwyn—to whom he offered the consolation of 'a cold mission' on the side-board,—being also second-hand! Yet a fact it is, and here is the proof. In the familiar letters of the witty Rev. Dr. Bruce, written from Italy in 1739-40, occurs the following passage:—'*Le Collège de Propaganda Fide, où l'on engraisse des missionnaires pour donner à manger aux cannibales. C'est, ma foi, un excellent ragout pour ces sauvages, mais les Français n'y font pas de bon usage. Le capitaine en avait mangé comme le renard, quand il a été gué.*' The edition I quote from is the newly-published one of Colomb (Paris, 1860); but I can hardly doubt that the first edition of that of 1799 (*L'an viii.*)—had been seen by the Canon of St. Paul's. If not, here is another 'extrajudicial evidence' to add to the general list.—*Che vi pare!* D. C."

The Free Library and Museum, which has been built for the Town of Liverpool, by Mr. William Brown, at a cost of 40,000*l.*, is to be opened and formally presented to the Mayor, on behalf of the town, on Thursday next, the 18th of October. The programme commences with a meeting of working men in the Amphitheatre in the evening of the 17th instant, when Lord Derby, Brougham, and Stanley, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other gentlemen are to address the audience. On Thursday, the 18th, the dignitaries of the Society of Friends, the volunteers, who muster several thousands strong, and the boys of the Collegiate, Blue Coat and other schools, are to assemble at the Town Hall, and thence march in procession through the principal streets to the Library. The ceremony of presenting the building will take place on a platform in front of the central portal of the Society, of nearly a hundred thousand people, for whom there will be accommodation in the churchyard behind St. George's Hall and in the adjacent streets. In the evening there is to be a grand banquet in St. George's Hall, at which Mr. Brown and many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen will be entertained, the Mayor in the chair. On Friday, his Worship gives a grand *Soirée* in the Town Hall, which will form an agreeable termination to the festivities of the occasion. One of the attractions of the *Soirée* will be a valuable and interesting collection of drawings from private collections in the neighbourhood. Under the old corporation, upon the 18th of October, St. Luke's Day, the Mayor was annually elected amidst scenes of bribery and riot, to which this year's commemoration of the town's patron saint will form a brilliant and gratifying contrast.

We insert the following note on the responsibility of the writer:—

"London, October 10.
"In the notice of Mr. George Godfrey Cunningham, whose death I much regret to observe in your last week's paper, 'The Parliamentary Gazetteer of England and Wales' is, by mistake, classed amongst his able contributions to literature, while an excellent work of a similar kind, on Scotland, of which he was the author or editor, and chief compiler, is not included amongst those given as prepared by him. As both of these works were issued simultaneously by the same and the same publishers, it may have been that the mistake originated. 'The Parliamentary Gazetteer of England and Wales,' however, was compiled and prepared for the press by me, and under my sole care and literary responsibility, as chief editor; all the principal articles on counties, cities, towns, &c.,

A short account of the various descriptions of books to which illumination was applied, given with a view of correcting the popular idea that all MSS. are missals, follows this, and some brief remarks on the most note-worthy MSS. in this and foreign countries. The following is curious and interesting:

There is one species of illumination chiefly applicable to initials, quite unique in its exquisite elaborateness, for which we are indebted to Italy. It consists of interlacing branches, quite white, laid upon a parti-coloured ground, the effect being that a different colour appears through every adjoining interstice of the branches. The background is frequently lightened by being strewn over with white dots. The Oriental style of illumination is principally characterized by a profuse use of filigree work and gold, and by the introduction of numerous exquisitely finished miniatures and miniature pictures, in which it is not uncommon to find the faces drawn on tiny disks of ivory, and attached to the page *à sé*.

We must give the author credit for his good taste in recommending the strict study of nature to modern illuminators who do not desire to reproduce the archaisms and quaintnesses of the old style. He says, "The principle of the construction of a border, in the style of the celebrated 'Hours' of Anne of Brittany, may be strictly adhered to, for instance; but the details and their treatment may be quite new. Nor because the figures introduced into an Anglo-Saxon illuminated Bible are generally dislocated about the hips, and display a tendency to postures of the feet impossible even to the most flexible dancer, is it necessary to reproduce in a modern illumination of the same style the same unnatural distortions." The examples of ancient MSS. recommended to the student, which, with much good sense, the author chooses from collections accessible to all, are selected with judgment and knowledge, as well as taste. We remark, however, that he does not furnish the numbers of the examples as they are to be found in the Catalogues, but merely indicates them by their position in the show-cases of the British and East India Museums, and by the page in the official guide-books on which reference to them is to be found. This omission is really a great absurdity, the reason for which is a puzzle to us. That Mr. P. Delamotte should give a variable and accidental number instead of a permanent one, when too the last is the one most commonly in use, is strange. As it is, the moment any change takes place in the arrangement of the contents of the show-cases above named, which may be to-morrow, his list of examples is almost useless. Of yore, the authorities of the British Museum had an intense and unreasonable objection to the publication of the reference numbers of their "selected" MSS. in books like the one before us, at least, or indeed wherever their objection had weight. But of late years this absurdity is not in action; and even if it were, Mr. P. Delamotte, or any one else, is not called upon to obey it.

With regard to the illuminated reproductions which illustrate the text, twenty in number, we may say that they are executed with much care, taste and knowledge of colour. Judgment has been shown in the choice of the most characteristic, instead of the most elaborate specimens of each style.

STREET ARCHITECTURE.

A walk from the Strand to Broad Street, Bloomsbury, will reward any one who feels an interest in the progress of modern architecture; as, proceeding up Wellington Street, Bow Street, and Endell Street, he comes upon no less than four fine examples of the application of true Art to

domestic purposes, all in the revived Gothic style, all constructively admirable, and all displaying fine employment of colour in tiles, bricks, &c. to give variety and beauty to external decoration. For twenty years there has been an ugly blank by the side of the Lyceum Theatre, until tenanted by oyster-shells and decayed cabbage-stumps, and extensively decorated by preposterous posters and alarming *afiches*. This gap is now filled up in a very satisfactory manner by a building in yellow and red brick, designed by Mr. R. J. Withers, of Doughty Street. It consists of two floors, lighted by large round-headed windows of ample dimensions, the form of the heads of which is repeated above the opening by a hood-moulding in low relief; between the heads of the upper series are polished disks of polished marble of various colours; the whole surmounted by a cornice of good design supported on brackets. On the parapet above are placed at the angles certain vases, which, although valuable as breaking the skyline, are, yet, we must say, very ugly in shape, and quite out of keeping with the character of the rest of the building. At a whole, the employment of coloured brick in this edifice can hardly be said to exhibit sufficient repose and breadth of mass, being broken up rather uselessly.

The same artist has been more successful in his design for the glass-staining works of Messrs. Lavers & Barrard, of Endell Street. He has employed better opportunities to greater effect. The large windows required by this firm for trade purposes gave him good scope. The building is lofty and extremely picturesque in its well-considered and varied roof-line, its gables, and many formed windows. The surfaces are extremely flat and simple; indeed, almost as much so as those of the most hideous house in Baker Street; but the disposition of black and red bricks externally and sparing introduction of stone, together with the varied forms alluded to, give a character to the exterior which is effective and pleasing to a high degree.

Immediately adjoining Endell Street, and situated in Castle Street, are the National Schools of St. Martin's parish, designed, some years since, by Mr. Wyke. These, not being of recent erection, cannot be so advantageously compared with the examples of street architecture which have come under our notice. They are entirely of red brick, having on the roof a canopy, now indeed, we lament, filled in, to afford accommodation to a drawing-school, but when the arcade were open, giving an extremely picturesque appearance to the building; which is an example of almost pure Italian Gothic, of the finest period, very successfully and beautifully treated.

At the corner of Broad and Endell Streets is a fine and imposing mass of Gothic work, designed by Mr. Edward Barry for the National Schools of St. Giles's parish. This constitutes a most striking and dignified object, and, architecturally speaking, is hardly surpassed by any similar building in England. It is mainly of red and black bricks. The side towards Endell Street consists, on the ground-floor, of a group of three windows, engaged under a bold string-course or cornice, and string-course, which connects it with a large doorway of similar design. The curve of the moulding is not concentric with that of the window-head, thus giving variety to the forms; the window being circular, and the moulding taking the form of a drop-arch. The floor above, red-zealane, shows an arcade pierced with three square-headed windows surmounting those below, and two of similar character above the doorway. A frieze of moulded black and red bricks, or rather tiles, traverses the front over this, and is itself covered by a bold string-course or cornice. The window openings of the ground floor, which are above this again, form a remarkable and beautiful feature of this front. Three dignified openings are separated by two piers of brick, having in front engaged shafts of large size of polished granite, that project from the wall, with carved capitals; the openings are pointed and paneled in alternate black and red moulded bricks. There is a similar double window, with a single granite shaft over the door as below. In the gable itself is a beautiful two-light pointed window, a discharging arch over it,

the head filled in and pierced with a circle of alternate black and red bricks; & below, a polished shaft and carved capital to it, giving effect and lightness to the whole. Little, with this another arcade pierced with windows, as in the mezzanine. In the apex of the gable a triangular window with a tooth-moulding around the inner edge; this window is divided by three circles in tracery of brick. The chimneys, that here break the gable end and skyline, rise from the interior wall as far as the ground floor. The front towards Broad Street is simpler in design. The high pitched roof has two rows of small triangular windows of varied form; the ridge tiles are perforated, and give lightness to the summit; there is a light iron railing upon the parapet, which is painted black and red.

The arcades are as on the other front; the windows on the ground floor without granite shafts; the wall surface between the heads of these windows is filled in by ventilating holes with disks of open iron-work. The ground-floor as before. We believe the construction of this building has been most economical, despite its magnificent appearance. The whole does the highest credit to the architect.

FINEART Gossip.—The ranks of the Royal Academy have had a gap made in them by the death of Mr. John Russell, who was born at Kensington on the 3rd inst., at the age of eighty. Mr. Chalon's works have been known familiarly at the Exhibition for so many years,—he was, indeed, one of the oldest of the "Academicians"—that we need to characterize them in any way, beyond a passing word in commendation of a certain lightning and occasional grace, which now and then redeemed their monotonous finisimae,—for phases of beauty would break out at times despite the bad or careless drawing too prevalent in them. People were confounded, even as late as this year, by the extraordinary surprising good spirit, which exhibited at the Royal Academy (No. 92), illustrating Pope's 'Rape of the Lock.' This, without making any allowance for the extreme age of the painter, was a singularly vigorous work, full of humour and character, and not without some merit in regard to colour. We believe him to have been a never failing contrivator to the Exhibition in Trafalgar Square. It is understood that no portrait painter in this country enjoyed fashionable patronage to the extent this artist did. Even Sir William Ross or Mr. Buckner have not approached his position in this respect, which is, to say the least of it, one giving splendid opportunities to an artist.

The Council of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, at their meeting on Saturday last, opened the box containing the votes of the subscribers on the prize award. The works thus selected were as follows:—No. 433, Mr. Solomon's 'Drowned, drowned'; 268, Mr. Cronin's 'Death of Thomas à Becket'; 490, Mr. O'Neill's 'Volunteer'; 153, Mr. Norbury's 'Caractacus leaving Britain a Prisoner'; 258, Herr Lenz's 'Norwegian Flood'; 554, M. Bownett's 'View of Margate'; 390, Herr Jacob's 'Marine'; 106, Mr. F. C. Carron's 'Carron Castle'. The votes for Nos. 433 and 268 were equal; the majority of the Council made their preference in favour of No. 433, and Mr. Solomon thus becomes entitled to the prize of 100*l*. We understand that since this year are highly satisfactory, the total amount being considerably in advance of the corresponding period, last year. It appears that the Council contemplate adopting a practice followed in many Continental Exhibitions, of making changes in the hanging of some of the pictures when the season is partially over. Several gentlemen who have purchased pictures and especially desirous of hanging them on their own walls; and it has been decided to allow them to do so, provided that other pictures are supplied to take the place of those which are removed.

Mr. H. Simmonds has just completed a noble engraving from Sir John Lubbock's 'Light of the World.' Notwithstanding the difficulty of reproducing the effect of mixed light, peculiar to this picture, by the burin, the engraver has been extremely successful in giving its fidelity to Nature. The face, in particular, not only in this,

men will do most wisely to avoid everything like strain and force, and to be content to seem tense rather than to risk effects which may peril their reputations.—The second lady, *Mrs. de Sainte*, Madame Lemaire, made the exception alluded to, being imperfect in her part; fortunately, it is one of small interest.—*Mrs. Sims Reeves*, of course the *Robin Hood*, was in his fullest force. He has gained abundantly, both in action and in art, since his success as last seen on the stage. The ballad in the second act (every English opera must have the ballad for the tenor and—the shop) was rapturously received; but, indeed, goodwill and just recognition were never wanting throughout the evening.—*Mr. Stanley* was the lion, as there, singing as well as his music would admit; but this is less favourable to him than it might have been; his song being either faded or fierce, and the last one bordering on what is repulsive in its awkwardness and difficulty.—*Mr. Parkinson (Alan a Dale)* is a promising second tenor. His voice is agreeable, without being very robust (as the Italians say). It tells; but his pronunciation of "the mother-tongue" might be greatly mended.—*Mr. Honey*, as the *Somnifer* (to whom the heavy comedy of the tale is intrusted) leaped, struggled and grained most manfully,—singing better, and more than we have heard him sing elsewhere. Another base in a small part, that of *Little John* (*Mr. Bartlemas*), should make more of his voice, which is a good one. *Mr. Patey as Much* (a malicious outlaw) pleased us greatly. If we are not deceived, he is the true stage instinct; and though his voice be not one of the clearest, his working in it from the right side he may come to take a very good (if not the highest) position in Opera.—Of the reception of the work enough has been said. In all that a manager can do to keep faith with author, composer and public, *Mr. Smith's* English season has begun well.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday, a new comedy, entitled "Romance and Reality," was produced for the purpose of re-introducing *Mr. John Brougham* to the English public. This gentleman has been for a long period in America, and is himself the author of the new play, which has been frequently acted in the United States. It will be recollected, that *Mr. Brougham* had a considerable share in the composition of "London Assurance," and originally directed the honours of its production at the Theatre, Boucicault. It was to him, we believe, that its peculiar stage-effectiveness was due. We can readily credit this, now that we have witnessed the singular piece of work that passes for a comedy on the Haymarket boards. The neatness and frequency of the jokes, the rapidity of the action, and the obviousness of the characters were the sources of success in the first instance. We find all those qualifications renewed in the present venture;—only they now exist in a state more intense. The jokes are twice as thick, the action is twice as fast, and the characters are still more obvious. The hero is one *Jack Swell*, a kind of *Jack Puzell*, as is impersonated by *Mr. Brougham*, is one of the swiftest of talkers and doers on record. He plunges into the house of the two brothers, *Oliver* and *Jasper Manly* (*Mr. Rogers* and *Mr. Chipmendale*), and converses actively enough to pass, at first, for an old friend. A young one, *Frank Meredith* (*Mr. Howe*), finds him in possession, and accepts his aid in a love-affair with *Rosalie* (*Miss Florence Haydon*),—a romantic girl whose craze is love in a cottage, with poverty for its stimulant, and who in appearance gains her desire. *Frank*, who *Jack's* aid converts her to the wished-for domicile, and finds much difficulty in disenchaining the young lady, who will not yield up her notions until reduced to a dinnerless condition. Converted at length, she becomes the mistress of a banished lady. Woven in with this rather unimprobable plot, we have the fortunes of a strong-minded woman, *Barbara*, the sister of the brothers *Manly*, who claims superiority for her sex, and expatiates on their wrongs, in season and out of season. She is willing, however, to slope with *Steff*, who manages to turn her over to *Charles Fyfe* (*Mr. W. Farrow*), a fellow who is less deservingly by *Rosalie*. This terminant lady is admirably represented by *Mrs. Wilkins*, whose

stormy rhetoric is as amusing as it is extravagant. With such characters, everything rattles on without a moment's pause. They rush in, and they rush out,—pelt each other with their wit and sarcasm,—rage and laugh,—talk blank verse or prose, just as it happens,—speak slang or sentiment, whichever may turn up first,—and bring down the curtain every time with some effective flourish. Now then, is there any thing left for the orchestra. A bar and a half of music and the veil is raised, and the characters are again pursuing each other in a state of breathless confusion. The *Mad* in search of a sensation will do well to witness this five-act farce. Their nervous system will doubtless receive a beneficial shock. The play is decidedly an actor's play—embodies his notions of theatrical effect, and sacrifices every iota of dramatic propriety to stage expediency and fast go. It is an example of what every judicious dramatist should avoid; but, from its cleverness and the extreme tact with which all its incidents are arranged, will prove suggestive to the competent critic.

LYCEUM.—A lady who has achieved some reputation in America made her debut as a singing actress on Monday. The part which she took for her appearance was the heroine of *Mr. Bourcicault's* "Irish Heiress,"—a comedy which failed at Drury Lane, but has since succeeded in the United States. *Miss Goughen* speaks the Irish with sufficient vigour and is tall, elegant and expensive in her person and features. There is some impulse, too, which promises well in her general style of action. A part of more vigour may suit her better. We have a notion that *Miss Goughen* may improve on acquaintance.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The play of "Cymbeline" was revived on Saturday, when *Isogen* was pleasingly performed by *Mr. Charles Young*.—In the other parts, *Mr. Roland* for an *Oliver*, *Mr. Saxon*, by her life, dash, gaiety, and therewith sensible acting, made a prominent part of *Mrs. Fittler*. Her discipline in the provinces has tended greatly to her improvement; and in characters like the above she will not easily be equalled. "Other things" this lively piece has not indifferently put upon the stage. The lover was too old, and *Mr. Hall* knows none of the traditions of how *Emery* dressed *Isogen* or how he uttered that terrible "Tauntum Racce!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—Musical performances and projects increase in number week by week.—On one side, *Dr. Wylde* has given "The Messiah," at the St. James's Hall, to a room as crowded as if "The Messiah" had been a work unheard or only twenty years ago suggested for preparation. It appeared a settled purpose that performing Hippopotami, vaulting Arabs and such delights are to be replaced at the Alhambra, by music in some form or other; since the building is advertised as under alteration for that purpose.

We hear from the north of England of the sensation made by *Madame Viarlot's* performances in Gluck's "Orphée" and *Signor Verdi's* "Macbeth."—*Madame Goldschmidt* is on her way to England,—if she be not already arrived here,—from Sweden.

"Publishers' catalogues are no subjects for review, hardly even of mention in print. The Musical Catalogue, however, of Messrs. Ewer & Co. is an exception,—since the list of scores, part-music and other matters, which it contains is so liberal, and the form of its publication is so available, that a perusal to direct the attention of all concerned may be of use to buyers, even more than sellers.

Mr. Vivier's opera, "The Comet of Charles the Fifth," the other day produced at Baden-Baden (to words by *M. Méry* and *Cormon*), was naturally an object of much curiosity;—yet no one acquainted with *Mr. Vivier's* past career, and who has thought of the difficulties which bar the way

against men of genius when they attempt to present themselves, will be surprised to find that the impression seemed to have been felt might be made by an eccentric puzzle. From an audience, who such an exhibition is to be laughed down; for a man past maturity the kindest criticism on it is silence. No farceur of private life, to his whims and his promptings and his musical accomplishments ever of a great, can take up the steady calling of one who has to attend to his public "foe better, for worse," without more self-respect (implying respect of others) than *M. Vivier*—full of genius as he is—has thought fit to show. It is one thing to make a cabaret, or to blow a bubble, by way of amusing a select society; but it is another for a musician to present himself, in competition with *M. Auber*, *Meyerbeer*, *Hallévy*, *Adam*, who has not studied his craft in distinction to his own caprices.

Mr. Flinow is writing another opera. A first opera, by *Herr Russell*, "St. John's Eve," has been given at Stuttgart, apparently in vain.—A *Madame Cash* (of what country?) appears to have been "starring" successfully in Berlin as *prima donna*.

This winter seems setting in as a season of famine in music as regards Paris. The Italian Opera there seems to have no promising singer than "La Scaramella," and with no prize dancer than qualified than *Mlle. Ratin*.—As another scrap of testimony to the efficacy of uniform and moderated pitch, it may be recorded that the opera was performed out of tune, *Signor Gardoni's* *Etruria* making the exception.

Theatrical architects should be in the "seventh heaven" just now; since, by the new Boulevard about to be driven through Paris seven theatres must needs be sacrificed; mostly faded and fetid places, singularly devoid of accommodation for the luxurious and expensive people of Paris, as compared to (take it for an example) the *Théâtre de la Gaîté*, with the *coûts* of the capital.—It is curious to see how long under some circumstances nuisances and defects can be tolerated before they are found out as such.—This wholesale sweep may possibly work an abrupt change in the musical character of Paris.—A most grim and elaborate melodrama has just been produced at the *Théâtre Ambigu-Comique* by *M. Henri de Kock*, son of the popular novelist, and whose prodigious for what is far-fetched, ferocious, and horrible contrasts strangely, as *M. Janin* remarks with the easy and domestic burgher-humour of his parent.

MISCELLANEA

Street Architecture in Hull.—We find the following judicious suggestions in the *Eastern Counties Herald*:—"The Athenæum has the following remarks upon Art in the manufacturing districts:—Halifax, after the manner of Leeds, is about to erect a new Town Hall, with the loyal addition of a statue of the Queen. Why should not Leeds and Halifax become as quaint, as noble and picturesque as Nuremberg or Frankfurt? Perhaps the only question which arises is, 'What was not built in a day.' York was not planned by a single generation. Of late years we have seen with the deepest interest a desire spring up to adorn the cities of trade and manufacture with characteristic public and private edifices. Manchester has put on a new face. Rouen is not much changed in appearance. Lyons is not so much improved. The warehouses of the last twelve years are palaces. We only wish they had been a little more English in style. In a few years Manchester will have a character, a beauty, attraction of its own, as strong perhaps as those of Lincoln or Wells. Commerce should be able to vie with monasticism, at least in the opulence of its taste. Leeds and Halifax are so adding to their architectural attractions as not to lag far behind the Lancashire city.'—Why should Hull be behindhand either, according to its opportunities? It would be glad to see some of our prosperous merchants with an eye to Art and to architectural effect in their alterations and rebuilding. Who knows that some day our High Street and our Dock-side may vie with the warehouses of Antwerp, of Amsterdam, of Hamburg, along our docks as frequented sites for warehouse architecture, but the present erections there make

the very worst of this fine open space. Who will set the example of tasteful elegant buildings, which shall be a credit to the owner and an ornament to the town? With its river frontage and its docks, Hull might almost be made a second Venice,—in the days when Venice, too, had its merchant-princes. A Doge, and senator most or less grave and reverend, we have already. Gondolas threading the Humber and Victoria Docks might be deemed an anachronism. But a Rialto and Place of St. Mark we might have. Marble fronts of course are out of the question. Stone must be fetched from a distance, and in its expense. But Mr. Gilbert Scott has taught us what pretty effects may be produced by coloured tiles and bricks, judiciously used. And then a shop, or warehouse, or workshop may be made attractive at such little cost. A building may be handsome and cheap as well as ugly and cheap, if the architect knows his business. Suppose there is a balance of some score or so of pounds on the side of ugliness! Surely few men who resolve to alter or erect will grudge the difference when their reward is an exterior which will always please the taste and satisfy the eye. Hull stands in need of some striking elements to redeem its streets from the present dead level of hideous uniformity. In Bradford, Manchester and other places the brick-wall style of architecture is being abandoned by the merchants and traders who find it necessary to enlarge or reconstruct their places of business. There is really no reason why we should not gradually see rising in our midst buildings of at least equal pretensions. It is only necessary that an example should be set. The force of imitation is strong in such matters, and though manias are not generally to be encouraged, we should really like to see a race for street architecture spring up here. Directed and controlled by professional use of taste and skill, such emulation would be a noble one indeed. The burghers of old loved to adorn their cities with splendid works of Art. Each sought to add something to the picturesque and the beauty of the town in which he had lived and grown rich. One man built a house, another built a church, a third gave an altar piece, another built for himself one of those quaint old mansions, rich in decorations and in carving, which are so plentiful in the old Flemish cities, and which are so dear to tourists. Each in his way was a benefactor. Each left the memory of his taste and munificence upon the city he loved, and thus there arose an Antwerp and a Bruges. The trading spirit there was not found inconsistent with a keen relish for Art. Will Hull not follow, at however humble a distance? Happily, as we know from a late example, the race of rich and beneficent burghers is not extinct among us. What we wish to point out now is that the town may be enriched without a direct gift. A picturesque front in warehouse or in shop is a benefaction which will always gratify the donor and always ornament the town. A roomed doorway here, a little bit of carving there; a mullioned window and a well-proportioned arch; a buttress to relieve the line of wall, or a porch to give character to the house—these, or any of these, are contributions which any town may thankfully receive. When Mr. Ruskin sees a house which breaks the monotony of a street by its well-conceived design, he knocks at the door and there and there expresses his acknowledgments. Mary or Susan may stare at him in helpless bewilderment; but the great Art-critic is bent on performing what he regards as a stern duty. Is there no local Ruskin who will knock at the doors of our townsmen, not to tell them for what they have done, but to urge them to attempt something for the architectural adornment of the borough? When the West-dock is formed there will be a grand opportunity for the erection of warehouses which shall not be a constant eyre and reproach. We hope them to see rise along the wharves one or two imposing blocks of buildings, which the visitor may inspect with pleasure and the townfolk point to with pride."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—L. J. A. S. C. T. M. L. E. H. S. J. W. A. J. D. D. W. J. V. M. C. F. H. received.

Erratum.—Page 441, col. 1, line 40, for "payment of his boat in linen," read, fragments of his boat in linen.

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We commence with Mr. Haverty's depositions against his countrymen, at the period when Pope Adrian, who had been educated by an Irish monk, from whom he had learnt the condition and wants of the country, authorized the conquest of the island under Henry the Second. At that time, the author assures us that the men of one province cared little what misfortune befell those of another, provided their own territory was safe. In the reign of Richard the First, their great prelate, St. Laurence O'Toole, stigmatized them as a foolish and senseless people. Had two Irish princes a feud, they invariably enlisted English mercenaries to fight it out for them; and, when the chiefs of such mercenaries demanded their wages, after bloody work accomplished, they and their men were often paid by a general massacre. Sometimes we find Irish hostages given for surety of future payment; but these are abandoned by their prince, to pay his debt, and, in addition, their own ransom.

Matters were not improved as time progressed. Under Henry the Third, says our present authority, so little cohesion or patriotism existed among the native princes that, when a chieftain died, "there were always half-a-dozen claimants for the chieftaincy in each territory; and it was only necessary to pit them against each other to secure the ruin of all." The same selfishness prevailed in the reign of the first Edward. The Irish lords, or kings, or chiefs, contemplated nothing more serious than the temporary liberation of their respective territories from a foreign yoke, or the gratification of enmity by some act of spoliation. Even during the wise and conciliatory policy of Sir John Wogan, under the above king, "Connaght and Ulster continued to be desolated by fearful discord among the Irish themselves." Partridge, so we learn from this writer, was resorted to at the old Irish courts. The King of Desmond was slain by his own son; and, in a more general way, the

O'Conors of Offaly were slaughtered by their countrymen, the O'Dempseys. Connaght continued under Edward the Second to be torn by discord; and civil war raged in Thomond between the Mac Namans and O'Briens, the chief of the latter being treacherously murdered by a gentleman of his own tribe. Even when Bruce entered Ireland as foe to the English, he was compelled to retire, from the utter inefficiency of the Irish to afford the support he naturally expected from them. They did nothing, save murder one another; but the author seems to find consolation in the idea that they "were far from being subdued."

They, at all events, could not be benefited. Even the Irish prelates and heads of wealthy ecclesiastical communities would contribute little more material than verbal benedictions or curses to contending parties in the country. As for paying taxes to be levied for the general good, they almost raised an insurrection on being applied to; and, in the reign of Edward the Third, successfully claimed exemption, according to the clauses of Magna Charta! This is but one sample of the most savage selfishness,—a vice which not only prevailed among great conflicting parties, but between sections of the same party, and which made the O'Conors Don assid and slaughter the O'Conors Roe!—those "dark" and "red" gentlemen being cousins!

The first application, indeed, of all things with them, if we may credit Mr. Haverty, was made to evil purpose. The first notice of whisky is in connexion with a Leitrim chief of the fifteenth century, who, savage as a Red Indian, drank himself to death with it; and the first mention of a gun in Ireland is bound up with a story of its employment in the commission of a murder. It is a positive relief to come to an incident of the reign of Henry the Fifth, when Sir John Stanley, the Viceroys in Ireland, was killed by the poet Niall O'Higgins, who lampooned the thin-skinned Englishman to death, by withering satires, which only took five weeks to kill him!

Now and then the author wakes up to an idea that it is absolutely necessary to hint at some apology for the rasality of his principal actors. In Henry the Sixth's reign, Ormond was aided in ravaging Anagh and Monaghan by O'Neill, O'Hanlon and Mac Mahon. It was not creditable, but it was unavoidable! Sure, says their apologist, they "were driven to it either by necessity or private jealousy." Not a doubt of it; but an unselfish patriotism should have driven them from it.

As we contemplate this artist's lining, we are unable to say what Irish chief he paints in the most revolting colours. The O'Neills and the Mac Mahons, if they resembled his portraits of them, must have been most atrocious savages. The chief of the latter, in 1432, must have been a pleasant country gentleman of whom the Duke of Magenta may be proud. "This year Manus Mac Mahon committed frequent depredations on the English, and was in the habit of placing their heads on the stakes which inclosed his garden at Belle-na-Largan." Fancy Bayard or Duguesclin, old Talbot or young Edward of Woodstock treating, after this savage fashion, the remains of a dead enemy. They would have died first; but Mr. Haverty deeming it a capital frolic, proceeds to direct the curious to the exact spot where this odious spectacle was set up.

At the period in question, however, and still later, these chiefs were the rudest of men. When Shakespeare was at school, at Stratford-on-Avon, the O'Neills and Mac Mahons were only capable of making their marks. To write their

names was a feat beyond them. So were the manners of men with whom such feats were familiar, as him, the great O'Neill, the soul of honour, purity, piety, courtesy and gentleness, but we find him breaking every promise to which his honour was pledged, lying deliberately, "procuring the murder," as our author puts it, "of his own elder brother," seizing on his possessions, and, on one occasion, flinging the chief, Calvagh, into prison, and compelling the chieftain's wife (the stepmother of his own wife) to become his mistress. The character of this courageous brute has been "blackened by English historians," says Mr. Haverty, but who could speak more honestly than this historian does, who exhibits him as a violator, adulterer, liar and fratricide? He glosses over, it is true, these little foibles in the character of "the only strong man in Ireland," and sets against them the report of Camplain, that "sitting at meat, before he put one morsel into his mouth, he used to slice a portion above the daily salad, and send it namely to some beggar at his gate, saying, it was meet to serve Christ first."

Yet, in spite of the infancy which attached itself to Shane O'Neill's character, taking Mr. Haverty for our authority on that point, the Government put generous but foolish trust in his nephew, Hugh O'Neill, "a step which," says the author with an audible chuckle, "proved to be incursions on the part of the English authorities." Then ensue the usual treasons, not merely to the Queen, but to one another. Fugitives are surrendered by those in whom they had placed confidence; and the prisoners made by the English are strenuously used in captivity that even Mr. Haverty admits of one of them, that he grew fat! He became, indeed, too corpulent to make his escape. *Le pauvre homme!*

Neither leniency nor severity seems to have produced much effect on the restless demagogues who would neither render Ireland happy themselves nor allow any other power to do so. The great Maguire conspiracy, under Charles the First, was consequently set in action, but again such course failed, through Irish treachery. "In an evil hour Hugh Mac Mahon revealed the project to one Owen O'Connell," who for 5000 a year denounced the whole affair to the government. Another conspiracy, of course, followed, remarkable for the lying of Sir Phelim O'Neill, who deliberately exhibited a pretended authority from Charles the First to summon the people to arms, and solemnly swore that this was his commission signed by the King. The bloody massacres that followed are well known in history; but Mr. Haverty makes light of them. Resistance, he remarks, was punished by the Irish, sometimes, with little humanity, and he assigns as the admissible reason, that "they (the Irish) had little compassion for English settlers and undertakers." Men, women and children, whole families, perished in this inhuman way. And still treachery and dissension among themselves continued to prevail even when the conspirators were blessed by the Holy Father and personally directed by his priests. In 1643 Preston hated Owen Roe, Owen Roe despised Preston; the mendacious Sir Phelim O'Neill feared and execrated both his rivals, and the Nuncio Rinuccini was at his wife's end to make anything out of the envious men who detested each other quite as bitterly as they did their enemy. Even after the Battle of Benburb, when an attack on Dublin must have been successful, the so-called patriot leaders "were too much engaged with their own dis-

seems to think of attacking the enemy. The two confederate camps were, in fact, arrayed against each other."

With the advent of Cromwell we have even more unfavourable developments of the Irish character revealed to us by Mr. Haverty. Of Owen O'Neill, "the leader of the old Irish," the author says:—"It was to him of little consequence to which of the contending parties he lent his temporary aid." At first he turned to the Royalists, but, disgusted by the hostility of his friends, he took service with the Parliamentarians! At this party the author finds very violent phrases, and so unaccustomed to be to humanity in Irish warfare, that when he notices the two severe proclamations made by Cromwell against intemperance and plundering on the part of the soldiers, he cannot, for the life of him, conjecture their motive, unless it be that Cromwell was desirous to cajole the peasantry into bringing provisions for sale to the English camp. As for Cromwell himself, the author seriously believes that the Protector was desirous of exterminating the whole Irish race by a general massacre! In proof of which he cites Clarendon, as in other cases he does Macaulay, when it suits him, and after pronouncing them untrustworthy when their testimony is not agreeable to his humour. In the latter case, his favourite phrase is—"The lying historians of the time;" and the phrase is still ringing in our ears when we meet with Mr. Haverty's assertion that King William conferred a pension on that arch-villain, Titus Oates. Now, if this author had really built up his huge history, as he boasts having done, "from all the resources of Irish history now available," he would have been able to show that the pension granted to Oates, by the concealed Roman Catholic King, Charles the Second, was never restored; but that, as we showed in our review of 'Narcissus Luttrell's Diary,' King William merely flung to the starving wretch an alms, so contemptible in the eyes of the recipient that he almost cursed the hand which he tossed it to him in disgust.

That Mr. Haverty should speak of the success of the defence of Londonderry as being a matter for no surprise at all, and that he should especially revile Macaulay as a man who never missed an opportunity to revile the religion of the Irish, betrays at once his partisanship and his ignorance. We have heard even Roman Catholics, in Londonderry, speak with admiration of its defence; and the commonest school-boy now knows that Macaulay's view of the merits and the working of the religious system, which has the acquiescence of the majority of the Irish, is the subject of proud quotation in every Irish work in praise of Roman Catholicism. A similar illustration of the impudent one-sidedness of the author is manifested by his account of the Battle of the Boyne, which was won, he asserts, by foreign mercenaries.—"The English troops had very little share in the honours of the day."

Our historian's own private opinion would seem to be that the latter lost the battle; as to the adverse party, they would have been triumphant but for their mischances. They would have preserved Limerick, but for the contemptuous desertion of their allies, the French; and the Irish even then would doubtless have swept the sacred soil of the foe but for the old characteristic—the jealousies among the Irish leaders, which broke out into dissensions which did the work of the enemy. It is the same at Athlone; while Ginkell was all energy on the English side, "there was no one in the Irish camp whose authority was implicitly obeyed, and fatal jealousies and divisions prevailed." There was worse, treachery of the

basest sort; for the success of Ginkell was greatly facilitated by the intelligence of the two Irish officers who swam the river and betrayed to him the weak points on the side they professed to defend. It was nearly as bad at Aughrim, where Sansfield and St. Ruth impeded rather than helped each other; but "it is the destiny of Ireland that her leaders cannot agree." When speaking of the rush of the Irish army from Aughrim, the chronicler gets into as great confusion as the retreating heroes, who, he says, were murdered by the English "in cold blood; but a thick misty rain coming on, and the night setting in, the pursuit was soon relinquished." An army cut down in pursuit is not murdered in cold blood.

The Parliament was as unoppressive as the chiefs in arms. Protestant bishops, indeed, sitting therein, protested against all oppression; but generally Mr. Haverty pillories its "base and servile," and the cure of its members rather than the cure of the Irish people, as the cause of the ruin of their country. When, in Anne's time, Ormond sent to England the Bill for preventing the further growth of Popery in Ireland, that the Great Seal might be affixed to it, although there were Irish members who disapproved of the Bill, "not one of them had the honour or manliness to raise his voice against it"; and henceforward the author, who has been floundering among anathemas against the Normans, then against the poor Saxons, and ultimately welding both into as hardly pummeled English, has now a new offender in the Irish Protestant. In spite of these, however, something might have been effected for Ireland, left governed as it undoubtedly was, and plundered by grants of English pensions derived from Irish revenue; but this something was never achieved, "fatal dissensions prevailed in the Catholic body, and retarded its progress."

We at length arrive at that period in the reign of George the Third, when the Irish Parliament was rendered almost entirely independent of England, and Irish patriots advocated an extension of liberty. What caused it? "The Parliament which was made free was venal, corrupt, and, unless reformed, worthless, and the popular leaders were in religion intolerant." The latter, not being Romanists, are sneered at; Gratian and Flood are as poor creatures as Dean Swift; and the Bishop of Derry (Hervey, Earl of Bristol), taking the extreme popular side, and advocating full Catholic emancipation, is caricatured for his eccentricity. After this we have fresh characteristics of Irish faith strongly depicted by Mr. Haverty, who tells us that Theobald Wolfe Tone, who, in 1793, was saved from the gallows through the influence of his friends, on condition of his quitting the country and living quietly abroad, left Belfast ostensibly for America; but he repaired to France to induce the Government there to invade his native country. Poor fellow! how could he have acted otherwise! Mr. Haverty says in his behalf that he had promised his friends to take this grateful step; and, of course, his pledge was to be observed. The invasion came, the association broke up, and Mr. Haverty is exceedingly angry with the Government at having rendered it abortive by its atrocious and successful measures, which caused a "premature explosion." As for its failure, it is manifestly accounted for. It was pre-eminently Protestant; neither the Papist religion nor the Celtic race had anything to do with it! The exceptions, perhaps, are in the case of the Irish spies, who betrayed the refugee leader to death, and of men of higher birth than the mere spies, who worked with the rebels, and took pay and pension from the Government for betraying them. It was not much

better with some of the leaders themselves. Arthur O'Connor bitterly hated young Emmet; and the other chiefs had no greater measure of love for each other. It was the old story—*Ireland betrayed by the Irish, and nobody to blame but the Saxon.*

Over the incidents of the Rebellion Mr. Haverty hurries, for very good reason. The incidents are often equally disgraceful to both sides; but even this writer cannot gloss away those fiendish scenes of drunken debauchery which lost to the rebels the battle of New Ross; and of cold-blooded slaughter when the Wexford insurgents murdered all the prisoners at Scullabogue, shooting or piking many, and locking "over a hundred" (as Mr. Haverty nicely and correctly makes it out) into a barn, set fire to the building, and destroyed the poor shrieking wretches by the most horrible of deaths. Very savage, no doubt, is the admission of the writer; but the mob of assassins had "such of them bitter injuries of their own to avenge." The murder of the humane Lord Avebury. The murder of the humane Lord O'Neill at Antrim is equally glossed over. He "received some wounds from the pikemen, which caused his death a few days after." Froissart does not more artlessly disguise murder in his famous account of the death of young De Poix at the hands of his respectable sire! Ultimate success was looked for when Humbert came; but "both French and Irish were deceiving each other by vain promises"; and then followed the last scene, the Rebellion suppressed, the Union carried out, and Ireland sold to England by Irishmen, whose names and fees are duly registered by this industrious chronicler.

Throughout this lengthened detail the bias of the author *blazes* over every page. He is an interested advocate, not a judge. Against acts of treachery he launches different judgments, according to the country of the traitor. Donnell O'Brien, entrusted with the care of Limerick, as King Henry's Baron, betrays his own country; but the author says: "Under Richard the First, Mac Tier of Imokilly treacherously murdered the Norman Milo de Cogan; and our author has no censure for the act; he only urges that the Irish Prince had not invited the Norman to his house. Hugh Tyrrel carries off a huge brewing-pan from the clergy of Armagh, and Mr. Haverty rejoices in the "violent gripping pains" which punished the robber; but when O'Meary steals behind the stooping Hugh de Lacy, and murders him with a blow from behind, the author only tells us of a party by whom the assassin was instigated, and exultingly records how his country-people aided in his escape. When the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, on the Black Easter-Monday of 1309, swept down upon Cullen's Wood, and massacred three hundred innocent English, of all ages and both sexes, assembled there for recreation, Mr. Haverty makes the chuckling comment, that the new colonists did not seem to understand the actual state of society in Ireland! Four years later, we are told of a certain steward, Finn O'Murphy, being murdered by a party, Murray O'Daly, who was exasperated, perhaps, at the idea of a bard being asked to pay taxes. The murderer had some difficulty in escaping, and our historian, therefore, calls him "unfortunate." For the crime he has no censure; but he evidently sets down as a capital joke the means taken by O'Daly to evade punishment by writing poems in praise of his pursuer and prosecutor!

Again, we meet Mr. Haverty complacently informing his readers how Hugh O'Connor, in 1217, was rescued from unjust detention by the Earl Marshal, and how the Irish Prince was set free, summoned William de Marisco; and

of the Lord Justice, to a conference, made him prisoner there, slew one of his knights, and plundered and burned the market-place of Athlone. The author has nothing to say against it; but when, a few pages later, he describes the invitation sent by the English to Felim O'Connor to a meeting in the last-named town, he is glad Felim did not accept it; for, as he justly remarks, without being aware whose head he is smiting, "A conference was of the usual mode with the unprincipled men of that time to get an enemy into their power."

In short, the offences of the Irish, when committed to the injury of each other or the damage of the English, are small matters when weighed against similar offences committed by the latter against the former. Even when the author details the alleged poisoning of the great Mac Murrough Kavanagh, and his equally illustrious and respectable "chief. Brehon, O'Doran," at the hands of a certain damsel, the fact is simply registered,—the chronicler appears to think it no great matter. Whatever the men or the women may have been in their lives, they gave edifying evidences of repentance in their deaths, and surely that is compensation enough. What did it matter that Naghten O'Donnell, four centuries ago, was murdered at night by his two lively nephews? It is different when a prelate suffers. Thus, when Henry the Eighth was king, "Silken Thomas," the gay young lord of the Geraldine family, headed an insurrection, in which he made captive Archbishop Allen. "Take that clown away!" said he, in Irish; and his followers, not seeing any other meaning in the words than that he should be murdered, made away with him accordingly. "This master" cast a blight upon the insurrection, and brought down excommunication upon the party of the criminals. Had these only murdered laymen, the affair, we suppose, might have succeeded! But there is one distinction made between layman and layman. When Shane O'Neill "procures" the murder of his elder brother, Mr. Haverty only speaks of it as "a course" he pursued; but when he alleges that the English Government were desirous to assassinate O'Neill, he can hardly find words severe enough to stigmatize the desire, a desire which, after all, an Irishman offered to accomplish for a reward.

Shane, who so strangely fascinated Elizabeth, was ultimately slain by the Scots; but Mr. Haverty has an idea that probably the English were at the bottom of it—a most horrible crime, of course! But when Elizabeth sent over the young Englishman, Smith, to prepare the colonization and prosperity of Ulster, he was murdered by the O'Neills of Clanreagh, "the entire owners of the soil"—a phrase which hints approval of the deed. So, once more, when Henry Davells, loyal to Elizabeth, did his best to suppress an insurrection which had even disgusted the Spaniards, who had come in vain to further it, and was murdered, with his provost-marshal, as they lay in bed, in an inn at Tralee, by John, a disloyal member of the Ormond family and an intimate friend of one of his victims,—then, our historian sneers at the indignation stirred up by this crime, and informs us of our duty of "measuring it by the standard of that day." There is little reason, he reiterates, to render the murderer a subject of obloquy.

It is the same with more wholesale murder. Mr. Haverty has no bowels of mercy when the victims are English; and he relates the massacre of all the English in Northern Connaught, from the age of fifteen to sixty, by the O'Donnell who had feigned allegiance to Elizabeth, without any comment on the atro-

cities of the deed, or apology for its necessity. Nay, he can even justify the very worst acts, like those of Hugh O'Neill, to destroy the sovereignty which he pretended to support. "It may be questioned," writes our moral historian, "whether any means he employed for this purpose were not, under the circumstances, quite legitimate." One grows sick of these continual details of double-dealing and atrocious villainy. But the author himself goes on, gaily narrating them, when the traitor's act is performed by an Irishman against Ireland, as in the case of Mac Mahon, who, in 1602, from the Irish side, forwarded notice to Carew, the English general, that he was about to be attacked by the Irish and Spanish, and thus aided in effecting over them the victory of Kinsale—a victory which won only for the Irish, so Mr. Haverty shows, the contempt of their Spanish ally.

In other respects, the author is more than sufficiently lively; and when the Parliament of James attainted all the chiefs who had been the chief traitors, making no regard of plighted word or solemn oath, Mr. Haverty's rage is unbounded,—and so is his folly, for he affirms that there were no grounds for such attainders, sanctioned by an assembly of which the Roman Catholic members amounted to nearly one half.

That England was often ignorant how to govern, often cruel in governing, Ireland, there is no doubt; nevertheless, Mr. Haverty is obliged incidentally to register circumstances which denote a readiness on the part of the English to co-operate for the benefit of Irish peace and prosperity. Henry the Second allowed the hostile chiefs, on submission, to retain all their territorial rights. The first bishop appointed by him to an Irish See was an Irishman. Churches, colleges, hospitals, convents and monasteries were founded by English lords, whose foundations are yet, in some cases, profitable to the present generation. The English nobles honourably married Irish ladies. King John caused sterling money to be coined in Ireland of the same standard as that in England. His "English bishop," as De Grey is called, erected a bridge of stone over the Shannon, at Athlone,—a valuable help to civilisation. Again, when Hugh O'Connor, the Connaught Prince, was killed by an Englishman, whose wife he had grievously insulted, the English deputy, refusing to take the provocation into account, hanged the outraged but too swift-handed husband the next day. The deputy acted justifiably; and it would have been well if the subsequent desire of Edward the First to extend the laws and constitutions of England to all Ireland could have been carried into partial effect. When treating of these subjects, Mr. Haverty gets perfectly bewildered, and almost assumes obligations,—for, after narrating the execution above referred to, and, in a subsequent page, that of an English knight, Sir David Condon, for the murder of Murtough Ballooh, he has the assurance, in a succeeding chapter, to inform his readers "that, when an Englishman murdered an Irishman, as frequently happened, his crime was not punishable before an English tribunal."

With such a writer the virtue of forbearance on the part of an honestly indignant critic is scarcely possible, but we will continue to make faithful record rather than either angry or contemptuous comment. He no more thinks of recognizing the beneficence of that ill-used individual, Piers Gaveston (the first "lord-lieutenant of Ireland), in making ronds, than he does of the English prelate who built bridges. There seems to have been no lack of energy on the part of succeeding lord-lieutenants. One of these hanged Sir William de Bermingham

for disobeying a summons; while, on the other hand, the Council of Regency, in the early years of Richard the Second, recalled Philip de Courtenay, the King's cousin, and severely punished that victory for his unjust behaviour in Ireland. These acts gained respect for the English administration, as may be seen in the circumstance of the Irish Parliament, which, in 1441, "petitioned the King to place a 'mighty lord of England' in the chair of Lord-Lieutenant, as 'Englishmen keep better justice, execute the laws,' and favour more the common people than any Irishman ever did, or is ever likely to do."

We think every honest Irishman will be heartily ashamed of this book. Even as an advocate, Mr. Haverty ruins his own cause, by admitting circumstances which do not appear to him in the light of crimes, and he will disgust all adversaries by his unfair dealing with facts. His blind hatred of England renders him incapable of treating the subject with dignity or decency, and this hatred is only the more apparent when he thinks to disguise it by assurances that the misfortunes of England have always had the sympathy of Ireland,—of that part of Ireland, too, where Mr. O'Connell used to affirm, the second creed was this,—that England's calamity is Ireland's opportunity.

In no Irish history with which we are acquainted are Irishmen made to appear in such a disreputable plight as in Mr. Haverty's pages. All his heroes are the sorriest of scoundrels, and men of whom we had been disposed to think well, and almost lovingly, figure here as despicable ruffians. The sum of all the evils of the country is to be found, it would appear, in the word "Union"; since which event, the author gravely certifies that Ireland has been deteriorating! Here is another case where the facts are at issue with a favourite theory, and the facts accordingly get the worst of it.

Faithful for Ever. By Coventry Patmore. (Parker & Son.)

IN the face of an advertised third edition of Mr. Patmore's "Angel in the House," we must declare that "Faithful for Ever" is no more to be called poetry than a page of Bradshaw—or the Pence Table in its native state—or the receipts for "Bodminton" cup, and other beverages, which form part of the education of every complete butler, can be called poetry. We say this with no disrespect for the sincerity of an honourable man who mistakes huckaback for damask, and who, while offering his companion "negot" (the "Negot" is a sort of rose),—but because we hold that if Poetry be an art deriving its highest beauties and loveliest materials from Nature, such art must imply selection, and without walking on stilts avoid that which is grovelling and prosaic. How would Mr. Patmore appraise the following quatrain, which we offer by way of illustration—

The boiler in the scullery
Leaked, yesterday, at half-past three,—
And so we had the workmen in —
They found the leak-work even this.

—Yet, we put it to the candour of any and every seeker after truth, whether the above domestic picture is less like poetry than the following lines, at which the book opens at random!—

For your sake I am glad to hear
For you said so soon. I send you, Dear,
A trifling present; 'twill serve you
Your stationery needs. You have to buy
Almost an outfit for this cruise!
But many are good enough to use
Again, among the things you send
To give away. Mr. Malt shall send
You one you have been told.

—"And let you have them back!" What.

were the most notable specimens of the "art of sinking" produced by the Lakists—what were Wordsworth's

Pull the blossoms, Sister Ann,
Pull as many as you can.

what the most perverse familiarities of Leigh Hunt's school—if compared with doleful trinkets such as the above! Mr. Patmore's new volume teems with them,—nor is the familiarity always justified by the rhyme, as under:—

When half my precious hour was gone,
She rose to greet a Mr. Vaughan.

—"Gene" wants "John" to go in harness with it.—If Mr. Patmore were to Hudibrasize, he should at least study, as an example in this branch of his art, the correctly ingenious rhymes of Mr. Browning,—though, as this journal has said of those, the cunning displayed in their production is the cunning of the acrobat rather than the artist.—Here is another puerile dissonance:—

She marry me? I loved too well
To think it good or possible.

Mr. Browning has been referred to purposely, in order that our denunciation of Mr. Patmore's manner of working may not be mistaken for a momentary whimsey snatched up to make a paragraph pungent.—On the same grounds, the unpoeetical passages in "Aurora Leigh" were named for what they are—prose cut into lengths.—More recently still, when Mr. Meredith's novel in verse, "Lucile," was in question, the same strictures were repeated. Mr. Patmore has neither the power nor the elegance of Mr. and Mrs. Browning;—nor the elegance of his younger contemporary. We will undertake to say, that thirty out of forty among "the merry men" who contribute to the comic periodicals could, within four-and-twenty hours, produce a rhymed tale of nothings, as rich in

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,

as nineteen-twentieths of this volume. The story is of a youth who, having been crossed in love, marries a low-born girl, who turns out well. This will explain the following choice lines:—

I've dreadful news, my Sister dear!
Frederick has married, as you hear;
Some awful girl. This fact we get
From Mr. Barton, whom we met
At Aubrey once. He used to know,
At Kew and Hunt, Lord Clitheroe.

Here is a communication from the married man (containing another example, by the way, of choice versification):—

Mother, on my returning home
Last night, I went to my wife's room,
Who, a wailing wren, John says, did come.
Were over, put into my arms
Your Grandson. And I give you joy
Of what, I'm told, is a fine boy.

She wants his name to be like mine,
But I demur, at twenty-nine,
To being called "Old Frederick."
Her father, Richard, would be "Dick";
So John has now been christened John.
After her children's Uncle John.
Who owns the Grimley Powder-Mill.

Later, the daughter-in-law (like "the moon" in the hymn)

takes up the wondrous tale,

and corresponds with her mother-in-law, thus:

I write to say
Frederick has got, I hear, a May,
A good appointment in the Tower;
Also to thank you for the frocks
And shoes for baby.

Later still the young wife writes:—

Mother, at last, we are really come
To Hush-Hart, John says, day at home.
We settled that it must be so,
For he has been to Aunt's, as usual,
And learnt to leave his b's out
And people like the Vaughans, no doubt,
Would think this dreadful. At first,
Half fear'd a visit to the Hunt.

Persons who see neither joke nor earnest in such jingles as the above are assured that they are not so much the flaws as the features in Mr. Patmore's new essay. They are irritating because among them may be found, few and far between, glimpses of what is good, pure, real, and fanciful—of the real poet's nature, of the real poet's art.—Why should any man waste his time on bills, and cradles,—on awkward servant-maids,—on nervous folk forgetting to bow on being invited to drink wine at their first dinner-party,—who can offer such a picture, within the frame of ten lines, as the following?

The multitude of voices byrthe
Of every day, the hissing rattle
Atward the dew drawn and withdrawn,
The noisy peacock on the lawn,
These, and the sun's scolding gleam,
This morning, chased the sweetest dream
That e'er a soul's penitential grace
To his forgetful commonwealth
Yet 'twas no sweeter than the spell
To which I woke to say farewell.

Why should he close what is to be repented a poem with such last words as under-transcribed?—

Frederick!—"I've one thing more to tell:
Fred's teaching Johnny algebra!
The figure already treats mamma
As if he thought her, in his mind,
Rather silly, but very kind.
That nice little 'It's so like Fred!
Good-bye for I'm to go to bed,
Because I'm tired, or ought to be.
See, Frederick's away of late. You see
He really loves me after all.
His growing quite tyrannical!

Our case having been stated (and the reasons for insisting on it), an honest verdict may safely be left to all lovers of wholesome English literature and permanent English poetry. As Mr. Patmore stands at present, it is difficult to conceive that he will keep a distance among even the *concoctists*. We have no difficulty in asserting, that he might have won a far less equivocal position had he not "eaten nightshade."

Memoirs Economical and Political; or, a Treatise on the Losses inflicted by Austria on Tuscany from 1737 to 1850; proved from Official Documents.—[*Memoire Economico-politique, &c.*] Collected and published by Cavaliere Antonio Zobi. (Florence.)

Signor Zobi,—whose History of Tuscany during the domination of the Austro-Lorraine dynasty, from 1737 to 1848, published in 1850-2, has taken rank in Italy as the History of the period,—has done well to give his countrymen these supplementary volumes. The first of them only (pp. 320) is occupied by the author's narrative; while the second, of much larger bulk (pp. 633), contains the documents on which it is founded. The work is, as he truly says in his Introduction, supplementary to his former one, and contains a mass of curious facts, which are not only necessary to the right appreciation of the Austrian rule in Italy, but are well worth preserving as specimens of the inevitable tendency of a non-native sovereign. Why, then, did the historian omit them from his former work? He answers this question satisfactorily enough. The documents now published were not accessible till the Austro-Lorraine rule was at an end. Despite governmental decrees throwing open the archives to all students, there were difficulties thrown in the way of getting sight of certain classes of records, which it was impossible to overcome. And truly the 166 documents of which Signor Zobi's second volume is composed are of a nature to make it intelligible enough, that a prince of the recently-deposed family should have jealously kept them from the knowledge of his subjects and the world at large.

The losses—"damni"—which Signor Zobi has in these curious volumes catalogued, and proved by the incontestable evidence of state-papers, are to be understood as simple and tangible losses of money or money's worth, accurately computed in £. s. d. The losses—infinitely more important, which unhappy Tuscan suffered from her Austrian rulers, and their connexion with the Court of Vienna,—losses of honour, of independence, of morality, of prosperity,—would require a much larger work to set them forth fully, and a different mode of treatment. Here we have the business-like and accurate statement of the extortions, frauds, misappropriations, and high-handed spoliation, which Tuscany has endured from Austrian rapacity and meanness. More than 600 pages of princely and ministerial letters, warrants, accounts, vouchers and inventories, all couched in the pleonastic verbiage of Italian courtly phraseology, cannot be recommended as pleasant antinatal reading. Yet we think Signor Zobi has acted judiciously in printing all these papers at length, instead of trusting only to his short and interesting Memoir. For much of what he has to tell would seem incredible if unsupported by proof. Now, when the reader of the Memoir feels that the narrator is drawing too strongly on his powers of faith, he has nothing to do but turn to the document referred to, to satisfy himself that the bill against the Austro-Lorraine dynasty has been accurately made out to a farthing. Were it not that the degrading servility of mental habits, originally generated in men by subjection to absolute power, has not even yet been sufficiently purged out of us by better influences to prevent our applying a code of morality to princes very different from that by which we judge other men, the conduct and acts of these Austrian princes, as consigned to the judgment of posterity in these volumes, would be left to stamp them not only as bad sovereigns, but as guilty personally of fraud, meanness, and bad faith such as should banish them forever from all communication or association with gentlemen.

It is remarkable, that all the princes of this dynasty were equally guilty, if not to an equal extent guilty, of malversation of Tuscany to the profit of Austria. Yet they were not by any means all of them thoroughly bad sovereigns. On the contrary, Leopold the First is still remembered with veneration and affection, as the author of those enlightened reforms, and that comparatively excellent code of law, which for many generations rendered Tuscany the least ill-governed and most prosperous part of Italy. Yet he was Austrian before he was Tuscan. And he, too, wrongfully larded the ever-craving Austrian leanness with the fat of the Tuscan wealth. The story of these 110 years in Tuscany is perfectly homogeneous and consistent in this respect. From the exaction by Francis the Second, the first Duke of the Lorraine dynasty, of 1,764,000 francs, as a *franc dotacion* on his accession, which sum was sent to and spent at Vienna, to the maintenance of 16,000 men, exercised according to the Austrian drill, raised at Austrian bidding, and held ready for Austrian needs by the last Duke, the tenor of the tale is in substance the same.

Although Signor Zobi's book is necessarily, and to good purpose, mainly occupied with details little capable of ministering to the picturesque of history, however useful they may be to the future historian, yet it is not altogether void of suggestions of character and dramatic incident well calculated to address themselves to, and make impression on, the imagination. As such may be cited the opposition

of the aged Princess Anna Maria, widow of the Elector Palatine, and last surviving member of the Medicæan family (of the ducal branch), to the attempts of Francis, the first Lorraine Duke, to possess himself of the Medicæan valuables. At the death of Gio. Gastone, the last of the Medicæan Dukes, an heir had to be found for his crown, and for his vast wealth in estates and chattel property. The diplomats of Europe, with a total disregard for the rights and interests of the people to be governed, which was at that time quite a matter of course, had, while the aged survivor of the Medici yet lingered, decided that the first of these should pass to Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine and Bar, the husband of Maria Teresa of Austria. The second had passed as private property to Gastone's surviving sister, the widow of the Elector Palatine. This private property was immense. The amount of moveable valuables was,—as, indeed, the remnants of it are to this day,—astounding. The Medicæan jewels, pictures, rarities of all sorts, gold and silver plate, works of Art in the most costly materials, yet of which the Medici had inherited an insignificantly small part of the value, had been celebrated throughout Europe for many generations. All this was "private" property. But it had been purchased with public money, and at the cost, as Signor Zobi tells us, of leaving the country saddled with about three millions sterling of debt. And all this was now the property of a childless old woman, the last of her race! Of course, pretenders to the heirship of all this wealth were not wanting, who, with truly princely delicacy and good feeling, filled European cabinets with their disputes over the succession of the aged Electress, while she yet lived. The Prince of Ottajano, a Medici of a younger branch, put forward a claim. The Infant Don Carlos of Spain, King of Naples, asserted that he was the heir. Francis of Lorraine, the new Duke of Tuscany, insisted that the property should be his. But the aged daughter of the House, on whom the weight of all that ill-gotten wealth had descended, knew but too well the nature of the means by which her ancestors had amassed it, and she determined that, to the utmost extent of her power, right should so far be done as that all those trophies of Florentine art and manifestations of old Florentine wealth should be secured to the country for ever. With this view, she executed, with all possible solemnity and formality, a "*pacte de famille*," as it was called, with the new Duke Francis, conveying all the property to him at her death, on condition that he should have the usufruct only; that the real property should be attached to the crown of Tuscany, as "*demanio*," to use the technical term of Roman law, and that the chattel property should descend in the same manner as heirlooms for ever, under the stringently-expressed condition that they should never, on any account, be removed out of Tuscany.

But scarcely had this act been signed before the new Duke and his Hapsburg wife began to covet the immediate and entire possession of the Medicæan riches. Francis and Maria Teresa paid a gala visit to their new domains; and these two reigns of two poverty-stricken Courts gazed with wondering and greedy eyes on the profusion of costly objects which surrounded them in their new heritage; all to be theirs as soon as the aged woman, who was so anxious to preserve for Florence all this produce of Florentine industry and art, should have breathed her last! By special permission of the Electress, the new Grand-Duchess had been allowed, at the *fête* which took place on occa-

sion of this visit, to wear all the magnificent Medicæan jewels—priceless stones in which trading Grand-dukes had invested the enormous profits of their iniquitous monopolies—diamonds of rarest brilliancy, but yet poor in value in comparison with that of the setting in which the hand of Benvenuto Cellini had encased them. And ready cash was so urgently needed the while in the empty coffers at Vienna!

We remember a story of a proud father, who took his son to the top of an eminence which commanded a panoramic view of the broad estates around it. He pointed out the rich meadows, the noble woods, the yellow cornfields; and added, "All this will be yours, my boy, when I die!"—"Yes!" returned young hopeful, with a long-drawn sigh; "but when will you die, papa?"

Much about on a par with the delicacy of sentiment exhibited by this young gentleman, was that of the conduct of Francis and Maria Teresa towards the old Electress. A system of impurity and persecution was commenced, with the view of inducing her to dispose herself of the coveted objects at once. First, we have cajoling autograph letters both from Francis and from his wife. Then, would the Electress have the great kindness to allow the jewels to be pawned! They should be infallibly redeemed at an early date. The old lady replied in the most courtly terms to "The most serene Lord, her most respected Cousin," and to her "Sacred Royal Majesty," but is sure that they will think better of their request. Then the couriers who are thought most likely to have influence with her were ordered to try their hands at cajoling her. But the old lady was firm in her refusal. And we have letters from Senator Carlo Ginori, and Marchese Riminali to Francis, detailing their efforts and failure. The first returns the blank sign-manual which the Duke had forwarded as a receipt for the jewels, and rehearses at length all he had said, and the answers he had got from the Electress;—how he had told her that there was great danger of war with Spain, and how the money to be raised was needed for the defence of Florence itself,—to which the old lady had replied, that she did not see any immediate cause for alarm;—how he (the senator) had remarked, that since Her Highness had such an objection to permit the jewels to go out of her own keeping, she might on her own credit obtain the money which might be raised on them, and lend it to the Duke,—to which the Electress replied, that she did not see any due grounds for such a step, together with other remarks, "which," says the well-broken courier, "I deem it superfluous to repeat for the purpose of well guessing the nature of these unrelatable remarks; but we would fain have had them in the old lady's own words. Riminali more shortly sets forth to his royal master that it was of no use trying it on; but throws out a shrewd hint, to the effect that he and Ginori had consulted together on "the necessary consideration of not damaging the interest of His Royal Highness in respect of the other dispositions which the Electress had to make" respecting other property. They felt, in short, that it was not prudent to outrage the old lady too grossly.

Their manner was less sycophantic. Finding importunity of no avail, he sent an officer of his guards and a Swiss lieutenant with a peremptory order, that the property should be delivered up to them to be carried to Leghorn, "for security during the present danger of invasion." The Electress seems to have been, as well she might, much offended at the grossness of this violent step. But she was as much

proof against bullying as against coaxing; and writes to her "Most Serene Cousin," that "in my opinion, the safest place in any event for these jewels is, that they should remain in my keeping, according to the agreement between us." This last attempt seems to have caused some scandal in the Courts of Europe; for we have letters from the Duke to his representative at Paris, ordering him to excuse and put forward a favourable version of the matter.

Notwithstanding the firmness of the old Princess, which has preserved for us those wonderful specimens of old Florentine workmanship and wealth which travellers still admire in the gem-room at the Uffizi and the plate-room in the Pitti Palace, it would appear that the cupidity of Francis found the means of eluding her vigilance in part. For when writing her refusal to part with the jewels, the Electress says that the greater part of the plate had already been removed *without her knowledge*—a "*removal*" which, it strikes us, would, in the case of a non-royal connoisseur, bear a striking resemblance to larceny.

Perhaps it is too much a matter of course to be worth remarking, that the French, in which the letters of both their Royal Highnesses, Francis and Maria Teresa, are written, is, both in spelling and grammar, outrageously vile. That of the lady is the worse. She writes, e.g., *aiseur* for "*à cette heure*," and her syntax is right royally above all law.

From this beginning, Signor Zobi goes regularly on with his inexorable hill against the successive princes of the Austro-Lorraine dynasty, basing each article on the undeniable testimony of the respective public documents, down to the last years of the ex-Grand-Duke. In these last years the Civil List, allotted by the country we were going to say, but rather, as should be said, extorted from it by the truly insatiable avarice of the late benignant sovereign—famed, as the poet Giusti has it, for draining marshes and pockets—amounted to the annual sum of 2,352,000 francs. Nevertheless, Leopold, despite the urgent representations of the ministers, his creatures, and the exhausted state of the public finances, insisted that a sum of 303,611 francs should be paid him, as the expense of his journey to Naples on occasion of his son's marriage. In 1857, he declared that he would no longer pay the "*seigniorate of the palace*," and his "*guardia di corpo*," and that these expenses, to the amount of 144,137 francs annually, must be paid for him by his subjects.

The total sum of the moneys unduly, and in many instances by direct fraud, and in more by high-handed violence, extorted from Tuscan by the profits of Austria (of course not including the ordinary expenses of the Court, which, however enormous, must be deemed as fairly Tuscan), is made, by Signor Zobi's careful and accurate analysis, to amount during the century and a quarter, or thereabouts, of the Austrian sway, to the sum, huge indeed for this little country (about the size of Yorkshire), of 78,047,787 francs. The fact is well worth the labour which Signor Zobi has taken to prove it authentically. But still more important in the present conjuncture of Italian affairs is the lucid and unassailable series of statements, by which he shows that the vast mass of property still existing, in lands, forests, villas, pictures, plate, &c., is in no wise, nor by any possible legal or moral right, the property of the late sovereign, but is the inalienable property of the Tuscan Crown and State.

Construction of the Great Victoria Bridge, Canada. By James Hodges, G.E. (Wales).

HERE is a magnificent tome, of the most imposing folio size, produced with all possible luxury of hot-pressed paper, gilt edges, gilt-paper borders, enormous margin, costly illustrations, admirable printing, and other sensibilities of the typographer and the artist's art! The text is written with cleverness and ability, such as engineers often exhibit; but the very size of the volume prohibits its use, even if its splendour did not make it too fine for service. Condensed, or rather reduced, to an ordinary octavo, it will be a useful contribution to the history of the great science of the day.

The Great Victoria Bridge—recently opened officially by the Prince of Wales—is the great engineering work of an age of great engineering works.

Mr. Hodges gives a history of his task, as engineer, which is well and amusingly told. Choice of the stone was an important matter, the piers on which the great bridge was to rest having to be so constructed that they should serve as ice-breakers, to cast off and break up the monstrous mass of "shore-ice" that chokes the river twice in the year. There is this peculiarity in the breaking-up ice:—

"By the middle of March (1856) the sun becomes very powerful at mid-day, which, with the warm, heavy rain, so affects the ice as to make it rotten, or, as it is usually called, 'honey-combed,' and, when it is in this state, a smart blow from any sharp-pointed instrument will cause a block, even though three feet thick, to fall into thousands of pieces, as if it was composed of millions of crystallised reeds placed vertically."

A suitable quarry was found for the stone, and a treaty for its purchase entered upon with the proprietors, a tribe of Indians. An appointment was made with these people one Sunday after church, the only time when a sufficient number of them could be got together. Disappointed in not finding them resemble their brethren in Cooper's novel, the writer was introduced to a body of dirty-looking old men, with lank hair, smoking short pipes. "At first they exhibited great disinclination to treat. Mr. Hodges endeavoured to discover the obstacle, and found that they considered his youth a serious disadvantage. On assuring them, through an interpreter, that he was not less than forty, and by pointing out the grey hairs with which time had adorned him, he managed to persuade them that he was not unworthy of the honour of their notice." The terms being liberal, all parties were soon accommodated.

Special barges and two steam-tugs were built to bring the stone to the bridge. The offer-dams for the piers were constructed during the winter; so that immediately on the opening of the navigation, they could be floated and sunk in the position required for them. As no temporary works could be left in the stream during the winter, these were so constructed as to be readily pumped out, and removed to a place of safety, seven miles below Montreal, during that season. Details of the construction of them, with beautifully-drawn illustrations, are given in the text. The men employed suffered greatly from frost-bites, and even snow-blindness, during the cold; while, in the summer, some were struck down with sun-stroke. The stream varied at summer level from five to fifteen feet deep, and its bottom was encumbered with immense boulders on a bed of limestone rock. These boulders were a great difficulty to be overcome. The first dam was made 1,200 feet from the shore; the approach to it being very dangerous to the heavily-laden barges

from the above-mentioned boulders that were but little below the surface. On the 15th of July, 1854, pumping was commenced, and in a few hours the bare rock became visible within the dam:—

"It was a curious sight to stand upon the deck of the steamer and watch the dam Lawrence rock frantically part, while inside the dam the bare rock was visible with the piles simply resting upon it. At first not a little alarm was felt lest something should come down the stream and displace the whole. So strong was this sensation at first, that when a steamer or barge came against it more heavily than usual, every one would be looking anxiously around with the apprehension that some leakage might be occasioned by the concussion, and those within be compelled to seek safety by a precipitous retreat."

The dam, however, stood well, and on the 23rd of July the first stone was laid, and by the 14th of August the masonry was above water-level. The second dam met with an accident through a large raft coming against it, tearing away the moorings, and carrying it to a considerable distance; until, becoming disintegrated from the raft, it was brought up by anchors provided against such a chance, and ultimately tugged back by three steamers to its place. The fifth and sixth dams were constructed upon a system styled "crib-work," peculiar to Canada,—of which details are given in the text. The "cribs" were, however, torn to pieces when it was attempted to tug them against the current of this rapid river, never running less than five miles an hour. They were, therefore, converted to Lake St. Louis, and floated down the rapids by Indians. They were then towed to the places required by steamers. But this plan was found also to be impracticable, as the progress of the masses of timber could not be arrested in the current. The timbers were therefore again collected and taken to the side of the dam; the work being commenced immediately behind the moorings, the "crib" was then framed and sunk, well weighted with stone.

Dreadful ravages of cholera, cold, strikes of workmen and ice, of the Montreal people, who predicted that the first winter's work would sweep away all the work, were the obstacles to be encountered. Add to these, that mechanics brought from England, at an expense of 3,000*l.*, struck at the end of a fortnight, and ultimately, during this year, never worked more than four days a week. Out of 200 men in one gang, 60 were down with cholera. Six months in the year was all the time they could be employed. At the end of 1854, one pier alone was above the water. During the winter the river rose, the ice packed and "shoved." Nos. 1 and 2 dams were carried away. The third dam held up the ice till the 4th of January, when it began to move; a few crackings broke the stillness, and shortly 20 square miles of packed ice (124,000,000 of tons), all in motion, presented a sight fearful to the engineers. As the movements of the ice became more rapid, the noises increased, and the tall frame-works of the traveller-frames, whirled round like dancing giants, were swallowed up, and reduced to splinters in a few moments. Still the solitary pier stood. The next day the ice-bridge formed, and all was still till the spring. The new year brought rather less difficulties, except that fire destroyed the whole of the pumping apparatus; but this was fortunately late in the season.

Mr. Hodges bears a well-merited testimony to the energy and talent of one of the sub-contractors, Mr. Chaffey, an English emigrant, who constructed a steam-traveller, which, while rough to look at, worked admirably; although one of the best home firms, after two years of experiment and expenditure of some thousands of pounds, sent out one that did little more

than move itself about, whereas the other moved twice 70,000 tons of stone, some blocks weighing ten tons, with the greatest ease; managed by three men. 1856 had much the same result. One of the dams (No. 4.), in one of its corners, was found to contain a huge boulder, in such a position that it was necessary to cut away eight feet of its mass before the foundation could be laid upon it.

Every course of stone had to be prepared on shore, sorted, and shipped upon the barges, exactly in the order and at the time it would be required. Even a single stone wrongly sent to the works, the grounding of a barge containing a course of stones so sent, would throw the whole of the force employed upon its appropriate pier out of work till the barge got afloat again. This led at times to delays of several days. The shoulder-stones weighed from fifteen to twenty tons, and would sometimes break the hoisting chains; another cause of delay that threw all lost.

Fears of want of funds led a valuable part of the year 1857. No. 8 dam leaked so that three 10-horse engines, discharging 5,000 gallons of water per minute, sufficed not to keep it clear. In this year the placing of the tube commenced. The whole of these had been fitted, pieced and placed together at Birkenhead before being sent out to Canada; and so accurately had this been done, that we are informed no difficulty was experienced in putting each portion, out of many thousands, in its place. In No. 20 dam a huge boulder, weighing twenty tons, had to be lifted out *in mass*, several attempts at blasting it having failed:—

"On the 20th of July the dam was pumped out, and found to be very staunch. The boulders covering the bed of the river were removed, and the excavation commenced, when a blow of the pick, within a few feet of the centre of the dam, tapped a spring of thick black water, which at first produced a fountain about as thick as a man's finger. This attracted the attention of the workmen, who crowded round to see 'a spring of ink' (as they called it) issuing from the bed of the river, but they did not perceive its nature, so rapidly that in a few minutes they had run out their lives, and in a quarter of an hour the dam was full."

In June, 1858, land appeared, and hopes of completion by the end of the ensuing year began to be entertained. Some idea of the difficulty with regard to the tubes will be understood from the following:—

"The whole of the iron works for the tubes was prepared at the Canada Works, Birkenhead, where a many a plan of each tube was made, upon which was shown every plate, T bar, angle iron, keelson and cover plate in the tube, the position of each being stamped or marked upon it by a distinctive figure, letter or character. As the works progressed at Birkenhead, every piece of iron, as it was punched and finished for shipment, was stamped with the identical mark corresponding with that on the plan; so that when erected in Canada, although each tube was composed of 4,926 pieces, or 9,852 for a pair, the workmen, being provided with the plan of the work, were enabled to lay down piece by piece with unerring certainty till the tube was complete."

Thus, promising completion, the works were urged on at full speed during the summer, autumn and winter of 1859. In the latter season, the river became safe for crossing in the first week in January; the 10th, 11th and 12th of that month were the coldest days known in Canada for many years, the thermometer registering at the bridge 26° below zero, Fahrenheit. By the 9th of February, the plating of the bottom of the tube was well advanced, and as many as forty gangs of trimmers were at work night and day in

preparing the holes for the rivets. These gangs followed each other as fast as the holes were prepared for them. The gangs working at night were lighted by large fires in braziers. During the extreme cold, or when the thermometer was more than 20° below zero, Fahrenheit, if there was any wind at all the men could not work, as at such times the smallest portion of the body left exposed froze instantly. The greatest care was, therefore, requisite. The men had to work in thick gloves and with heavy coats on; the caps covered their ears, and heavy handkerchiefs were worn over the greater part of their faces, so that only a small portion was visible. Even with all this care they occasionally got frost-bitten. Notwithstanding all these risks, fewer accidents occurred than during the summer season, probably owing to these precautions; and the feeling that serious mutilation followed frost-bite kept the men careful.

On the 10th of March a storm destroyed a great portion of the temporary scaffolding used upon the sides of the tubes. This was followed by heavy rain, covering the ice-bridge with water, and awakening fears that would break up before this portion of the tube was complete. On the 21st of March, the whole of the plating was completed, and 18,000 rivets only required to finish the tubes; 12,400 of them were driven before the 24th. On the 25th, some distant flaws in the ice indicated the breaking up; many of the men were for a bolt to the bank, but as that was nearly a mile off, it was judged safer to remain on the tube itself. This proved a false alarm. In the afternoon of the 26th, the tube was so far complete that the sustaining wedges were taken away, having been already crushed into the timbers beneath them. Fifteen screw-jacks had been employed to lessen the strain. The whole of these "buckled up" simultaneously, and gave way with a considerable surge, throwing the weight they had hitherto sustained upon the wedges and packings, crushing them still more. When these were cut away, the tube was found to be three inches below the straight, giving a deflexion, from the time the wedges were first slackened, of seven-and-a-half inches, and, from the first laying of the tube, of nine inches. On the 28th the ice broke up, and the tube was complete. Speaking of the putting together of the tube in England, Mr. Hodges states that the centre tube, which consisted of 10,200 pieces, came together in Canada absolutely complete, and that in these pieces, which had nearly half a million of holes punched in them, had not a single hole punched wrong.

"The 17th of December was the day appointed for the passage of the first train through the bridge. About an hour before this was timed to pass a fearful crash was heard. We were all much frightened, but on running to discover the cause, we found the staging drifting down the river with the ice, leaving the bridge perfectly clear of all its temporary works. The result of this accident was to clear the river of every obstruction of the passage of the ice, excepting such as was caused by the masonry of the piers themselves. This circumstance occurring just as it did, added to the *clat* of the day's proceedings."

"The roof of the bridge, of wood covered with tin, was now put on. Over this roof a rail is laid, upon which a travelling crane can run, to be employed in painting the exterior. The permanent track through the tube was laid, and the great task may be said to be complete."

Mr. Hodges ends his extremely well-written account of his own great achievement by modestly giving credit to all his subordinates, and relating anecdotes of their conduct. The

medical staff attached to the works cost, he says, 1,000*l.* per annum. The workmen had a range of dwellings fitted up close to their work; part of this consisted of a chapel and school-rooms. Service was performed every Sunday in the former, and eighty children attended the latter. There was also a library with 1,000 volumes of books. Twenty-six persons lost their lives during the six years the work was in progress, mostly by drowning.

The work concludes with an account of various technical details of the construction that will be valuable to engineers. It contains twenty-one large lithographic plates showing the work in various stages of progress, and forty illustrative engineering plates, displaying the construction of various machines employed, and twenty-five beautifully executed little wood-engravings, which are inserted into, and are explanatory of, the text.

Statute Book. Copies of Proposals submitted to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury for the Reformation of the Statute Book by the Publication of an Edition of Existing Statutes, and all Reports and Correspondence relating thereto. Copy of Letters from Mr. Bigg to the Treasury. (Printed by Order of the House of Commons.)

We have on various occasions noticed Mr. Bigg's proceedings with reference to the great legal nuisance of the day—our Statute Book. We have pointed out very freely the weak points which appear in his favourite hobby of an edition of the Statutes always kept perfect for the time being, by the removal of laws and the substitution of new ones containing the last alterations. But while we doubted the practical utility of his plan, we have uniformly acknowledged the industry and care with which he has performed those parts of his work which have been published, and have always recognized in him a spirit apparently able to cope with that mighty mass of Statutes which, happily for the public, crushed the Statute Law Commissions, and the very thought of which blanches the cheek of the hardiest legal veteran.

The same courageous and sanguine temperament which makes Mr. Bigg speak lightly of the task of producing an edition of existing Statutes from the 90,000 foolscap folio pages of living and dead law which form our Statute Book, has also led him to seek patronage and assistance for his work from the Government. His first letter was dated in December 1858, and he therein set forth the plan of his work, which we have before explained (*Athen. Nov. 1857, 1624*), and asked that his edition might be made admissible in evidence. This proposal the Lords Commissioners, funnily enough, referred to the consideration of Mr. McCulloch!—which is much the same as submitting a law point to the decision of the multiplication-table. But Mr. McCulloch is from the north, and is not to be led into giving an opinion on a subject of which he is ignorant. He simply acquaints the Lords of the Treasury that the condensation, classification, or consolidation of the Acts of Parliament is a matter of which he knows nothing, and suggests a reference to the Statute Law Commission.

Mr. Bigg's first proposal had been for a complete edition of Statutes relating to the general law of England only; and an extension of the work to the whole of the existing Public Statutes relating to Great Britain and Ireland having been suggested, Mr. Bigg, in a letter of the 7th of July, 1859, proposes to edit such a complete edition, at a rate of 2,400 pages annually, provided Government would sub-

scribe for 1,250 copies, at a reduction of 40 per cent. from the publication price, which would amount to 2,240*l.* per annum; and he estimated that the work would be completed in less than eight years.

This proposal also was submitted to Mr. McCulloch, and he again states his inability to judge of the merit of the proposed work, but adds his opinion, that the matter is one with which Government ought not to interfere; that the condensation of Statutes should be left to individuals, and should stand or fall by its own merit or defect; and that, by interfering to authenticate the book, Government would only encourage the author to be lazy and "coudone or rather ratify" his errors.

There is undoubtedly much force in these objections; and we are disposed ourselves to think that the only proper mode of proceeding is to pass a succession of Consolidation Acts. But these Consolidation Acts must be prepared with great care and labour: and why does not the Government take advantage of the eccentricity of Mr. Bigg's tastes, and employ him in this work, which he would evidently consider as an agreeable occupation?

But what does the Government do? It does not accept Mr. Bigg's proposal, and it does not act upon Mr. McCulloch's advice. Without any intimation to Mr. Bigg that his proposals are rejected, it employs two gentlemen to edit a new edition of the Statutes; and on the 21st of July 1860 we find Mr. Bigg "respectfully requesting that during the present month their Lordships will favour him with their decision, or with an intimation of the period when that decision may be expected." What would he thought of such conduct on the part of a London publisher?

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vol. II. (Longman & Co.)

THE second volume of Mr. Crowe's reconstructed history exhibits the same merits and the same defects as the first. It is methodical, elaborate, and written with dignity, in a clear, pure, thoughtful diction; but it lightens into no colour; it is grouped in no pictures; the narrative is never scenic or dramatic. This may be the result of a theory insisted on by Mr. Crowe, or it is possible that he purposely avoids artistic developments beyond the talent and practice of his pen. The epoch traversed, however, is one that might tempt a less competent historian to open up, ever and anon, the palace perspectives, the civic life, the battle-fields of France, in days when the Mailloins and Coboins fought successfully on the public stage;—when Isabella of Bavaria pined amid the follies and tragedies of the Court of Charles the Sixth;—when Craon and the Constable warred, and when the eight thousand French knights and nobles fell at Agincourt. Then the deaths of Giac and Camus, and the heroic career of Jeanne d'Arc, the execution of the Constable St. Pol, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the building of Fontainebleau, and the world of lovelessness and gallantry of Art and Incurry which filled it, fall within the scope of Mr. Crowe's second volume. He has to tell, moreover, how the Reformation began; to describe the duel of Jarnac and Chataignerai; to note many a change in society and fashion. Most readers know what use has been made of these materials by French authors and English compilers. We do not imply that Mr. Crowe would have done well to adopt as his model the romantic illusion of M. Dumas, whose historical episodes abound in wondrously original incidents,—or of M. Michelet, who treats Fontainebleau as a type of France, the King's

mistresses as symbols, and the story of the Jarne duel as an epic; but the entire absence of warmth, of point, of tint or shadow, cannot but be fatiguing, even to the serious student of history. Apart from this, which is the chief deficiency of the work, Mr. Crowe continues to follow out his plan carefully yet rapidly. The space covered in this volume is considerable, ranging from the Duke of Anjou's ignoble Regency in 1380, to the death of King Henry, at the tournament, in 1569. Many questions of a political and religious character arise in the interval, and are dealt with in more or less of a judicial spirit. Indeed, the author invariably aims at being impartial, and this, perhaps, renders his narrative less vivid than it might have been, coming from the pen of an impetuous writer.

Mr. Crowe's remarks on the battle of Agincourt will interest readers of the present day who have entered into the military discussions now all but universal. After describing the events of the day when the English knights, survived the attacks of the eighteen knights, the flower of French chivalry, and when the English archers, in leather and iron caps, with axes or loaded maces at their sides, swept away the thousands of steel-clad knights, Mr. Crowe says—

"The battle of Agincourt, like so many in those ages, was one of foot against horse, of the English yeoman against the French knight. That the former should have conquered the latter, is so remarkable, as recent victories, especially that of Roosebeque over the Flemings, had established the superiority of the mounted gentleman. The Flemish townsfolk fought in serried phalanx, covered by a forest of pikes; whereas the French knights in heavy armour and on heavy horses, charged, and if the charge succeeded the battle was won. The English kept no such close array, and used no long pikes; they trusted first to the arrows, and then to the use of short weapons in close combat. Each man was almost as formidable alone as in rank. Even a successful charge did not rout them, whilst it did rout the fatal, as at Poitiers, to those who made it, since the French could not turn their heavy horses in the combat, as Monstrelet informs us, nor retreat and rally to renew the fight. Hence, during the wars of Duguesclin and the Black Prince, the French knights placed themselves on a level with the English yeoman, and demanded to fight on foot. There was in France, however, no exercise or habit for fighting thus. Tournaments continued; military science and training were confined to the mounted gentleman, who had even increased the weight and size of his armour; he was thus the more unfitted by a thirty years' peace, at least in England, to fight a pedestrian battle, that is, to dismount and break his lance in two to meet his English foe. On foot, and clothed in steel, his two-handed sword or his axe were his best weapons. But, instead of standing in open rank to wield this, as would have been the case had he had the least practice or experience in so fighting, the French were ranged together elbow to elbow, as if they were armed with pikes. The knight was neither allowed to charge on horseback, as suited his rank and his natural impetuosity, and which, if at times unsuccessful, as at Nicopolis, and in engagements with the English, had still admirably succeeded against the Flemings; nor was he permitted or instructed to fight, as Duguesclin had done, with his sword and axe. Want of organization, of training and of military skill, want, in fact, of a government and a head, was then the cause of the defeat of the French, as it has been, as it ever will be, the cause of military inferiority. In war struggles, as in all others, the amount of mind employed and infused into the strife is the true and universal source of triumph and success."

The observations have some special import in a volunteering age. But Mr. Crowe proceeds to remark on the degeneracy of France in the Burgundian age, which, he says, had "ceased to

produce men." Roosebeque was forgotten at Agincourt, and yet that battle was no illustration of French cowardice. The narrative throughout this epoch is gloomy. Whatever radiation plays upon it is derived from the vice, rather than from the virtue, of the times. It is the splendour of plumes and sequoies, of velvet and silk, of magnificence and profligacy. In after times, when the darkness was still thickening, the figure of Bayard is luminous. Mr. Crowe repeats the anecdote of the warrior's death during the retreat from Iruya—

"In this retreat, Bayard commanded the rearguard, and sustained the repeated attacks of the Imperialists with his usual valour. Whilst thus engaged, he received the shot of an arquebuse, through the body, which broke the spine. He ordered himself to be placed under a tree with his sword, of which the hilt was fashioned in the shape of a cross, stuck in the ground before him. Bourbon came up as he lay, and expressed his commiseration. 'Pity not me,' said Bayard, 'who die a loyal and honest soldier. I pity you, who serve against your country, your prince, and your oath.' The Imperialists erected a tent over Bayard, who expired in a few hours."

French history in the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries abounds, as we have said, in subjects for grand pictures. These, as we have also said, Mr. Crowe has made no attempt to draw. He aims at telling, lucidly and simply, the story of France; and so far, his work is exemplary on account of the judiciously uncoloured style in which it is written, and the obvious industry and honesty of the researches on which it is based.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Tweed and Don; or, Recollections and Reflections of an Angler for the last Fifty Years. By James Locke. (Edinburgh, Nisbet & Co.) London, Simpkin & Marshall.—Just as the veteran soldier loves to fight his battles over again, so does the old sportsman delight in recalling and relating the incidents of his youth, when, gun on shoulder and rod in hand, he followed his game from early morn to dewy eve. In this spirit Mr. Locke groups of his fishing achievements, and gives the results of his half-century of experience in angling for salmon and trout. Written avowedly for the use of his sons, the angling instruction is, for the most part, of an elementary nature; but this is conveyed in a sound practical manner, and not embarrassed by trifling details more calculated to perplex than to enlighten the tyro. Indeed, Mr. Locke very properly holds that complicated apparatus and fishing-books stuffed with myriads of many-coloured flies, of various hues and sizes, however pretty they may be to look at, are very useless. Here is his advice under the broad Book of Flies—"Many gentlemen carry large assortments, do not approve of this; they get cold, and the gut gets dry. The moth gets into your book also, without great care; carry a little tobacco leaf in it. The iron also gets rusty, as you occasionally take out your book in a shower of rain. Now, I am one of those who think there is a great deal too much said and done made about the fly, and I have seen every kind of fly kill in the same hour and in the same day, sometimes four or five of us fishing rivers and streams with all colours and sizes of hooks. I prefer the March dun, a red hackle, or a yellowish or brown fly, like the Professor, and a palmer or two. More flies with large flies than with small ones. A prevailing notion is, especially among beginners, is, that fish do not see them!—not a greater mistake. Trout, I have no doubt, see every minute thing that comes across the stream; and you can seldom fail when you fly with the smallest flies. Your book, of course, must contain a small bank of gut, a few strands of gut, a few strands of gut, a good needle or two, some fine whity-brown thread, a pair of scissors, large-eyed for the fingers, a good knife, a coil or two of different-coloured silk, and a dozen or two of different-sized hooks, which I prefer all of the round bend." Besides the Tweed and Don, Mr. Locke

prattles pleasantly of other Scotch rivers, more famous for their wealth in former days than they are now. For his knowledge of the fish and fact—patent to all anglers who have cast their flies on many waters—that salmon and trout are rapidly decreasing in our rivers; and we believe that he is right in attributing this decrease to the general system of agricultural drainage and the introduction of town sewage into streams.

The War of the Roses. Fate of Sir John Franklin. By James A. Browne. (Jackson.)—We are led to notice this little book because, although the subject of which it treats has ceased to possess general interest, it is the work of a private in the Artillery, who has employed his leisure in making his acquaintance with Arctic expeditions. The matter was originally delivered as a lecture to his brother soldiers, and gave so much satisfaction, that he was encouraged to amplify the lecture, and print it. Independently of the precision and abundance of the information that it contains, the book is remarkable for the excellence of its style, which is at once clear and eloquent.

Hypocrite and other Poems and Lyrics. By Charles Sangster. (Trübner & Co.)—This is a volume of occasional verses, written by a Canadian gentleman, who has already been hailed by many of his countrymen as a true singer. In glancing over his pages, which contain much mediocre matter, we are pleased to come across a few lines rising to the level of poetry. The poem on the "Falls of the Chaudière" contains happy thoughts, clothed in good English; and in the following lines the reader will detect some pretty-expressed ideas:—

The Art
That copies Nature, even at its best,
Is but the echo of a splendid noise,
Or like the answer of a little child
To the deep question of some frost-bitten sage.
For Nature in her grand magnificence,
Comes to us like a mother, and we stand
Beyond the comprehension of human minds:
This is the spirit whereby, that, the soul,
We receive the passion, the sense, the dream,
And catch some glimpses of her perfect face;
We see the flashing of her gorgeous robes,
The music of her voice, the splendour of her
How few things we see in reality,
As if it were a valued gift from heaven.
God breathes, we must be great,
According to the temper of our minds;
According to the grace He has bestowed;
We receive the use, the sense, the dream,
Of His good-gifts; given, because
And so I love my art; chiefly, because
It makes me feel the Nature and improve
The tone and tenor of the mind I save.
God sends a gift; we crown it with high art,
And make it worthy the bestower, when
The talent is not hidden in the dust
Of pampered mediocrity and vain sin.
But put to studious work, that it may work
The end and aim for which it was bestowed.

—But when Mr. Sangster talks about the "Future's wings hermetically sealed," or of the "alacrity whirled of Fate," he suggests, or criticizes, the lines of a young man, and perhaps this fact explains his partiality for practical metaphors.

Youthful Musings. By George Gibbons. (Pittman.)—As a list of subscribers is prefixed to this little volume of verse, we presume that the author, not possessing the usual literary criticism. This is does not wish to challenge criticism. The lines are nothing in the verses which has not been better expressed before, and there is a good deal in them which a poet would have left unsaid.

Hugh O'Neill, the Prince of Ulster: a Poem. By John O'Neill. *Canto the Second, or the March.* (Dublin, McLaughlin & Gill.)—We recognize in Mr. O'Neill a distinctly the extent of notice called by the Edinburgh Reviewers Byronism—a school which is no longer a cant, and which in these days of ambitious poem-novels is, as represented by heroic individuals, rather healthy than otherwise. Mr. O'Neill is not a poet, but he has written some passable Spenserian stanzas on a patriotic subject.

Civilisation in Hungary. Seven Sonnets to the Secret Letters of M. B. de Semere. By an Hungarian. (Trübner & Co.)—In this volume M. de Semere is charged with the responsibility of propagating false ideas by his recent Letters to Mr. Cobden on Civilisation in Hungary. The main error imputed to him is a leaning to Magyar views. Semere, "an Hungarian" remarks, "was

the only Magyar Republican in the Government of 1848, and energetically resisted the dreams of establishing a "Fourth dynasty." Well, Szemerey wrote a work hostile to Mr. Louis Kossuth; but he is not accused of advocating exclusively Magyar interests. But we by no means believe that Szemerey, wherever we may think of his Letters to Mr. Cobden, committed the historical mistake of looking on the events of 1848-49 as isolated from all that had gone before. Upon the whole, it is scarcely to be expected that the "Seven Answers" of "an Hungarian" will help very materially to solve the problems involved in the politics of Hungary.

Athletic or Gymnastic Exercises. By John H. Howard. Illustrated with upwards of Seventy Engravings. (Longman & Co.)—These Exercises are described by a master addressing his pupils actual and possible. To the untangent imagination they suggest that the human frame ought to be submitted to the tortures of Madrid, of Naples, of Rome, of London, of New York, and of America, before attaining such perfection as that of Hercules when he swung his club or Samson when he hurst his bonds. They who volunteer to learn from this instructor must expect to be drilled in "kicks," "freed-mills," "cramps," "pancakes," "barbers' curls," "grasshoppers," "Spanish flies," "roasting-jacks," "awkward jols," "the centre of gravity," "fowl-trussing," and other mysteries of scientific contortion. The instructions are given in simple English, and the art, highly extols the manipulation of limbs and the transformation of muscle into elastic adamant.

The Great Eastern's Log; containing Her First Transatlantic Voyage, and all Particulars of Her American Voyage.—By an Executive Officer. (Bradbury & Evans.)—The compiler of this excellent little narrative is warm in his admiration of the great ship, and describes her Transatlantic passage with the utmost zest. He endeavours to meet the objections to her behaviour, or that of her directors, in America, and succeeds so far as to present a story which, if a little coloured by the writer's partiality, bears the appearance of being inspired by a desire to explain the truth. The "Executive Officer" is manifestly of seaman's fibre—there, and loves the "fair ship" cordially.

myriambos, an novel and "old" ship's crew.

Account of the Life of Louis Augustus de Bourbon, the Legitimate Heir to the Throne of France, Son of Louis XVII. and Marie-Antoinette, known as Augustus Meves. By William Augustus Meves and Augustus Meves. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)—The compiler of this pamphlet heralds it with the cravats of a first-rate author. It appears to be indubitable at first, as, in the course of time, found to be undeniable truths." When "subjects" are "found to be undeniable truths," we are disposed to open up an argument. But the entire legend is written in a style of ungrammatical crudity. However, the object seems to be to deny the truth of the legend, and to establish the truth of the legend of Louis the Seventeenth. "Alone," says the writer, "the Secret Treaty of the Allied Powers in 1814, upon the Restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty, in regard to the doubt they entertained of the demise of the son of the Louis the Seventeenth, the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of the Dauphin from the Prison of the Temple." The effort, then, is, to demonstrate that the son of Louis the Sixteenth did not die, but that his escape was effected. The claims of the several pretenders are discussed but it must be left to the great world to judge whether any case is here made out on behalf of the Louis the Seventeenth. The conclusion is, however, perhaps, indeed, should the proof be admitted, the right will be questioned.

Arlesienne. By Amédée Pichot. (Hachette & Co.)—M. Pichot, a man of Arles—proud of the fine old town, with its antiquities, to which his ancestors have belonged for sundry generations,—presents the world with a miscellany of verses, literary reflections, prefatory notices, scraps of antiquarianism, and other various matters strung together by associations with the *habitat* of his youth.—M. Pichot has long been well known in our world of letters, as having had large and friendly commerce, both in guise of translator and reviewer.

With many English authors of the last great period, he may be mentioned with M. Philibert Chasles and M. Léon de Wailly as having taken pains to understand the windings and turnings of our English thought and imagination more than is the average rule of French writers dealing with our literature. He was not, however, a Frenchman; he is less egotistic than many such of his race who could be named.—That desire to conciliate is apparent, which is attractive in proportion as it is remote from that determination to flatter which is so nauseating.—The poems themselves do not rise above the level of a dangerous pleasantness and almost among the prosaic, but they have a certain resemblance (sometimes meant to be shy and subtle) of the town of Arles, with its notoriously pretty women,—of events that happened during times of political trouble, in which the author and his friends took part,—of M. Chateaubriand, whom he resembles in the way of his writing,—of a certain man (his memories including the story of a grand ball given by the author of 'Atala,' when ambassador, at which the self-respect of Catalani, who would not sing, rebuked the shabbiness of the poetical minister, who had turned her to his 'noble use')—of a certain Frenchman, who has been involved in our United Kingdom, and devotes a poem, with its little Preface, to the ghastly vaults under

St. Michan's Church, in Dublin, where, as in the vault on the Kreuzberg, at Bonn, dead bodies are preserved by peculiarities of earth and climate. Later he offers a story about a "Medium," who professed to make the shade of Byron translate some verses on Napoleon and a swan. We fancy this is meant for a jest; but M. Pichet is one of those good men who, if they have a joke, enjoy it so much as to take it for granted that everyone else must be "up to" all the joke's double meanings and suggestions without due explanation. As the volume will be seen that there is no want of variety, not unamusing, in this volume of miscellanies by a respectable French man of letters.

The *Greatened Series of Reading Lesson-Books*, Book the First (Longman), contains many easy and amusing pieces of various kinds. We cannot help thinking, however, that sometimes the desire to amuse has carried the writer too far; though perhaps the readers for whom it is intended are better pleased by the amusing than by the serious. The pieces would be better adapted for its purpose than this series of reading-books.—In Mr. A. H. Keane's *Handbook of the History of the English Language* (Longman) much correct information is communicated within a moderate compass. The genealogy and early history of our language are treated with great ability. No one can read it without owing much to the subject.—We cannot say as much for *The Family and School Geography*, by T. H. Staunton (Bentley). We dispute the author's claim to originality in all the points he specifies; nor do we consider his unquestionable peculiarities such great advantages. The arrangement of the material, the arrangement and alphabetical order, have their advantages no doubt, but it does not follow, as a matter of course, that nothing can be better. It is ridiculous to pretend that this is the first geography which has given an account of the production of much of the material of the world. The geographical information is of the most meagre kind, and often relates to persons of no importance.

—*French Exercise-Book for Advanced Pupils*, by C. A. Chardonal, B.A. (Longman), consists of the principal rules of French syntax, illustrated by examples and exercises; with a second part, containing exercises upon idioms, well selected and accurately rendered.—An American work, entitled *French Pronunciation*, by Dr. L. Tafel and Prof. R. L. Tafel, A.M. (Low), is based upon Prof. W. Corssen's prize essay 'On the Pronunciation, Vowel-System, and Accentuation of the Latin Language,' which was crowned by the Academy of Sciences in Berlin. It exhibits great research, and throws much light upon points of philology. The remarks upon the different modern methods of pronouncing Latin and the inconsistencies which are generally admitted than to indicate any probable means of rectifying them.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[illegible]

AUTUMN

Now sheaves are slanted to the sun
Amid the golden meadows,
And little sun-tanned gleaners run
To cool them in their shadows;
The reaper binds the bearded ear
And gathers in the golden year,
And where the sheaves are glancing
The Farmer's heart is dancing.

There pours a glory on the land,
Flash down from Heaven's wide portals,
As Labour's hand grasps Beauty's hand
To sow good-will;
The golden Year brings Beauty down
To bless her with a marriage crown,
While Labour rises, gleaming
Her blessings and their meaning.

The work is done, the end is near,
Beat, Heart, to flute and tabor,
For Beauty wedded to the Year
Completes herself from Labour:
She dons her marriage gems and then
She casts them off as gifts to men,
And sunbeam-like, if dimmer,
The fallen jewels glimmer.

There is a hush of joy and love
Now giving hands have crowned us;
There is a heaven up above
And a heaven here around us!
And Hope, her prophecies complete,
Creeps up to pray at Beauty's feet,
While with a thousand voices
The perfect Earth rejoices!

When to the autumn heaven here
Its sister is replying,
"Tis sweet to think our Golden Year
Fulfills itself in dying;
That we shall find, poor things of breath,
Our own Souls' loveliness in death,
And leave, when God shall find us,
Our gathered gems behind us.

RL

FLINTS IN THE DRIFT.

Michigan, *St. Louis*, Oct. 14.

I returned, three weeks back, from a visit to the celebrated gravel-pits at Abbeville and Amiens, after spending three days in the former and eight in the latter town. I should have written sooner, but have not possessed sufficient leisure. I will not go over ground which has been well trodden; but assume, what indeed I never doubted, that the flint implements called celts, haches (hatchets), corms (wedges) and lances (deux) of the flint, the celts (haches), found at Heslens, Abbeville, Amiens, &c., to be genuine works of Art. I also admitted about a twelvemonth ago, in the *Athenæum*, contrary to my own expectation, and that, I believe, of all geological inquiries on first hearing the statements, that these hatchets had occurred in undisturbed beds of gravel. I trust I proceeded in my examination of these beds with a mind divested of all prejudice against the conclusion at which some have arrived, who consider the hatchets to be the works of a pre-Adamic race of human beings. I feel prepared to accept the inference which must of necessity follow the legitimate proof of such a conclusion as I was ready, in early life, to admit a conclusion which a practical acquaintance with geological evidence then satisfied me must be the Truth, in regard to the inconceivable antiquity of the earth. But I have returned from my excursion impressed with the conviction, that the facts I have witnessed do not of necessity support the hypothesis of a pre-historic antiquity for these works of man. Neither do I consider that the bones of extinct animals found associated with them must of necessity be supposed to have belonged to individuals contemporary with the unassuming workmen who wrought the rude hatchets with the means at their disposal, and which have so much astonished us all. My first visit was to the pit at Heslens-Quignon, near Abbeville, and the impression I received on looking at a well-exposed vertical surface of gravel was, that the most disturbed state of gravelly deposit. The intermixture of beds, or rather bands, of the different "samples" (if I may so call them) of the sands and gravels, left no doubt upon my mind that they must have been subjected to violent aqueous action, and had been accumulated at the spot with that rapidity. I observed also, after I had found the gravel deposited with more regularity. At St.-Acheul, near Amiens, the pits are favourably worked for observing the utter confusion in which different "samples" of sand and gravel have been intermingled in the lower portions of the deposit. This has been well described by others; but yet I was not prepared for the full extent of the phenomenon. There are some appearances which it seemed to me impossible to account for by a rush of water depositing first one "sample," and then another rush tearing up and partially replacing what had been removed by the deposition of another "sample." It seemed to me as if the "samples" must have travelled simultaneously, side by side, and become deposited together for a considerable depth. Do this as it may, I think no one can doubt the evidence to be in favour of a cataclysmic action, and rapid deposition of the lower and larger portion of the gravel at the spot near St.-Acheul where the hatchets occur. In other places round Amiens, as in the extensive pits at Montier, the gravel is not thus greatly disturbed. A suggestion may be put to future inquirers, to ascertain whether the hatchets are only at the more remarkably disturbed spots. Those portions of the bed which immediately rest upon the disturbed lowermost parts, are also more or less irregularly deposited; but the uppermost fine sand and clay (or brick-earth) has always the appearance of a tranquil deposit. I was particularly struck with the unconsolidated state of the materials throughout most parts of the highly-disturbed portions. In some localities, as at Montier, there are indeed patches composed of different "samples" of gravel, which have become firmly consolidated into sandstone and conglomerate, by the infiltration, I presume, of carbonaceous lime. This fact, however, does not of necessity imply very high antiquity. The more general condition of the gravel is that of

an entirely unconsolidated rubbishy material, differing from anything I have seen elsewhere. In the highly-disturbed spots, the angular fragments of flints are piled together with open spaces between them, so that patches of the gravel readily fall down on removing one flint, and this was a warning caution to the explorer should bury his own bones beneath a heap of rubbish. The fractured surfaces of many of the flints have a freshness that might cause them to be regarded as the work of yesterday; and little stalactitic deposits accumulated on removing one flint, and this was a warning caution from a seal. I mention this, because I at first felt doubtful of the genuineness of some of the hatchets offered me by the workmen, their surface appeared to be so recent. But I was soon satisfied that they were not modern antiques by noticing specks of the same kind of stalactitic adhering to them as to the unwrought flints.

Another test is also serviceable in certifying the antiquity of some of the hatchets. It is this:—The flints, chalk-pebbles, fossil bones, ivory, and hatchets, are alike very frequently spotted over with little patches (sometimes microscopic) of a dendritic crystalline, probably oxide of iron. But the stalactitic and dendritic incrustations occur likewise in the more or less imperceptible flaws of the unwrought flints; but it is not possible that a manufacturer of recent hatchets would find these flaws so conveniently arranged as to coincide with the contour of the pseudo-specimen he may wish to fabricate. Some of the specimens that were offered me I cannot suppose to be genuine hatchets; but I have brought them away as illustrating the fancies of the workmen, perhaps, in some cases, their frauds. I saw one hatchet in situ, and I extracted the real specimen, and a large plate that had been struck off in the manufacture of another. The hatchets are generally found when the gravel is sifted. The sand passes through the sieve, the workman ejects the larger chalk-pebbles, and the flints remain, among which the wrought specimens are readily recognizable. From various causes, I regarded the gravel as a deposit, by freshwater agency, of materials most of which had long before been derived from the chalk, sparingly intermixed with pebbles of some rocks posterior to the chalk; they possibly constituted an ancient gravel of whose existence there may now be no other evidence. Holles, in his account of the pebbles, stones, pebbles of flint, of non-mammalian limestone, &c., occurred among the strictly angular flints which compose the bed at St.-Acheul. In a walk from Amiens to St.-Fuscien, thence to Bove, and back to Amiens, I found the chalk ridge rise high above the gravel deposit included within the space I could see spread out before me. It appeared to me far from unlikely that a large area which is nearly surrounded by high chalk, and was entirely enclosed within its ridges and those of the gravel, may once have bounded an extensive depression of water. This idea was the more impressed upon me by noticing a gully or depression in the direction of St.-Acheul, which suggested the possibility of a disruption of the bank in that direction. These speculations may be considered unwarranted by so very incomplete a survey. What I especially noticed was the ferruginous surface of the flints which was heaped on the road-side, until I began to ascend the chalk ridge, where these piles of flints assumed a different character. They were now white; and I ascertained they were not here obtained from gravel-pits, which I was told did not exist so near to Amiens, but that they were washed from the fields. I infer, therefore, that the flinty, or lower portions of the gravel, are confined to a low range within the area bounded by the chalk ridges. In the valley close to St.-Fuscien there is a ridge of the brick earth so generally superimposed upon the gravel. I saw no fossil shells there; but found small concretions of carbonaceous lime, which occur also in other places, and especially in a bed of the same material on the opposite banks of the Somme to that on which St.-Acheul stands. There also it rests immediately on the chalk. A18-Acheul, freshwater and has the same recent tolerable abundance in this superficial deposit; and I felt inclined to see a living Helix crawl down the surface of a

section and come into close contact with a fossil of its own species. It is not unlikely that the children who collect these fossils for visitors occasionally add unintentionally to their stores some of the dead and decayed recent shells of this Helix. The condition of the teeth, fragments of bones and pieces of ivory, which the workmen offered, and some of which I found myself, impressed me with the notion of their being detrital remains of fossils from a pre-existent gravel. They are more or less covered with the "dendrites," and the ivory is penetrated with it. They are mostly small abraded fragments. The ivory forms a portion of which I wish to regard them as portions derived from broken up fossil tusks. The elephants' tusks usually found in gravel are more or less decomposed, and cracked both longitudinally and transversely, so as to separate into irregularly prismatic lumps. Now it is just such pieces as these that are found scattered through the pits. They are not lying in contiguity with each other, as though the tusk, or a large portion of it, had there rotted; but they are dispersed, as if such a tusk had been tossed in the hurriedly that had jumbled together the unwrought flints and hatchets in the first rush of water, or on bursting their embankment. Possibly the preservation of the teeth and small fragments of bone in this bed (where no human bones are found) may be due to a previous mineralization to some small extent. Their presence here may be an analogous case to that of the Cretaceous bones, and other flints and hatchets in the Red Crag. Fossils of the Red Crag epoch are unmineralized; whilst those, as well as others derived from older formations, are highly so, and readily distinguishable on that account. I will, with your permission, take another opportunity of saying a few words of addition.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

Fairfax, Westmore, October 18.

A typographical error in my letter of the 18th inst. as printed in your issue of the 22nd, has led some of your readers to ask what kind of "Gothic periods" could have been known to the ancient Egyptians. The word that should have appeared, instead of "Gothic," was *Sotic*; so called from Sirius, the Dogstar, for which the Egyptians were so famous.

It may be of interest to notice a much older and more serious mistake connected with this term, in reference to the nature of a Sotic period; which has commonly been described by historians, in a long succession (one writer copying the statement of another), as a cycle of 1461 years. No such cycle of years is known in astronomy; but the figures have another and a very obvious origin. Read "days" for "years," and we see at once what the Egyptians meant. A year consists of 365½ days, which, multiplied by 4, gives the 1461 days of our modern Hixnetic Leap-year cycle. The Sotic period, we may conclude, corresponded with an Olympiad; and the primitive origin of the Olympic festivals, held every four years, we need not doubt, the intercalation and popular recognition of the day which we now, for the adjustment of solar time, add on every fourth year to the month of February.

This is one of numerous facts that have led me to suspect the existence, on the part of the ancients, of a knowledge of the motions of the heavenly bodies (of such of them, at least, as may be seen without telescopes), and, including the earth's rotation on its axis, are greater than has generally been supposed; and I wish we had now with us a Chaldean astronomer of the era of Nabonassar to clear up, for the satisfaction of your geological correspondents, at least the mathematical parts of the question they have raised.

On this subject, however, before it is discussed from your columns, we have just received from a living astronomer of greater than Chaldean authority, and whose letter in reply to Sir Henry James we have all read with respect, I trust we shall receive the fuller information, which in the present state of the discussion, unscientific men must feel to be necessary.

The point to which Prof. Airy confined his attention

neglect and rightful heir, but Don Manuel García, the first officer of the Archives. Don Manuel, after having been occupied nearly fifty years with reading the Records, knows them better than any man now alive. I have found him and all the other *empleados*, down to Zamora, the stately porter, always ready to render me aid. Thus it is difficult, besides, the papers are, and I think always were, in good order, and the catalogue, though it is far from being perfect, is still of some use.

Simancas contains considerably more than 100,000 Legajos, or bundles. The number of records which constitute one Legajo varies from ten or twelve to more than 100. Thus it is difficult, even approximately, to calculate the number of State Papers preserved in the forty-six rooms of the old castle; but they must amount to some millions. The collection, therefore, is very considerable. But there are larger Archives than those of Simancas. The oldest document of importance is a kind of Landbook of Castile, which was compiled in the reign of Peter the Cruel. It contains a description of all the landed property in this kingdom, with the names of the proprietors and the taxes and other charges laid on it. In plan and execution it resembles our Domesday Book. It is only more detailed. However, as the reign of Peter the Cruel began in the year 1350, and antiquity is not the boast of the Archives of Simancas. There are collections of much older records even in Spain. Besides, for rather more than a century after Peter the Cruel, the information which can be gathered in Simancas remains scanty. The Records do not grow rich and full before the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. But once arrived at this period, the reader will be astonished at the copiousness and high historical value of the papers here to be found. They continue increasing in number and in importance as long as the same rate as the power of Spain was growing, attain their highest perfection under Philip the First, and gradually lose their interest when we come to those reigns under which Spain had already submitted to the position of a second-rate power in Europe. I have no doubt that from about 1480 to the end of the sixteenth century the Archives of Simancas surpass all the other archives I am acquainted with.

Rome may be richer. I have tried hard to get access to the Papal Records. The Eminences and Monsignori are by far too amiable to answer with a rude denial. They have ordered people to show me some trifles, and then assured me that their Archives contained nothing more on the subject in question than what I had seen. A mere mockery. The fact is, that the Roman Archives are inaccessible to any independent student. Belgium and the Netherlands once possessed excellent public records, but Spain has carried them off. The Belgian Government was obliged to send M. Gachard to Simancas, in order to have copies of their own State Papers. The fate of the English Archives is sufficiently known. There was a time when they were treated with the keeping of them treated them a little better than a heap of waste paper. A portion is rotten, and was run round. The Cotton Manuscripts in their present state, though they contain a great number of most interesting documents, show only the greatness of the loss. In France prevailed the custom to preserve the originals of the treaties and charters in the Trésor des Chartres, whilst the correspondence and memorials relating to them were deposited in the *Chambre des Comptes* of Paris. The most valuable collection of the Trésor des Chartres is, I think, entire, whilst the papers in the *Chambre des Comptes* were destroyed by fire. The Imperial Archives, containing the correspondence of Maximilian the First and Charles the Fifth, far as they concern Germany, were about fifteen years ago transported from Innsbruck to Vienna, and the Academy of Sciences of this latter city has published a most valuable selection from them under the title of *Monumenta Habsburgica*. Many records are of general history, and many of general notice, even respecting England, can be gathered from them. But, on the whole, the volumes of the *Monumenta Habsburgica* are

without comparison inferior to the Legajos of Simancas, except for the writer of a special history of Austria. As for the Monuments of the Archives themselves I am unable to speak, as I have not yet seen them.

The Records of Simancas have escaped the fate of the English or French State Papers. They were so much neglected as to be permitted to perish by rot and worms. The moats and thick stone walls of the castle have secured them against fire. Private persons (and their names are as well known in Simancas as in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) have carried away some interesting letters, but the absence scarcely verifiable the enormous amount of similar correspondence. The only great calamity which has befallen the Archives of Simancas is that of the Peninsular War. It consisted, according to the most received opinion, in two distinct facts: namely, 1st, in the spoliation of the Archives by the Emperor Napoleon the First; and, 2ndly, in the wanton destruction of numerous Records by the French soldiers quartered in the castle. About the spoliation there is no doubt, and it is equally certain that the French Government, when obliged to restore its plunder, only imperfectly fulfilled its duty in restoring the Archives. The Archives of Simancas covered with a paper on which is written "Los Documentos estan en Paris" and M. Teulet of the Archives de France, who, he it observed by the way, is of opinion that all the State Papers of Simancas would be of greater use if they were in his keeping, treat them with tender care. This loss comprises about five hundred Legajos, which certainly are not the least interesting. As they, however, relate only to the negotiations between Spain and France, and as even 300 out of 100,000 Legajos form but a small portion, the character of the Archives as a whole is not materially changed by their loss.

As for the destruction of State Papers by French soldiers, I must confess my incredulity. I have tried my best to get reliable information on this subject, and the result of my inquiries is the following:—No officer of the Archives, nor any other person of a more liberal education, who has witnessed the ravages of French soldiers in the Archives of Simancas or in its vicinity. On the whole, I have discovered only three eye-witnesses. The one is a lady, who formerly was rich, but now lives in very reduced circumstances in the village of Arayo. She goes so far as to accuse me of having, in company with Napoleon the First, plundered Spain. She is already in dotage. The other witnesses are two rather intelligent farmers in Simancas. I have heard them separately, but their depositions are to the same effect:—One day, when a strong breeze was blowing, the French soldiers in the castle amused themselves with throwing Legajos from the uppermost balcony, and the papers, of course, were carried far away by the wind. "The neighbouring field looked as though it were covered with snow." As soon, however, as the commanding officer was informed of what was going on, he not only stopped these singular proceedings, but also ordered, under his own superintendence, all the Records carefully to be collected and restored to the Archives. Another circumstance, my witnesses continued, caused at those times much disagreeable feeding among the Spaniards. The French soldiers smoked their pipes in the castle, and lighted them with burning paper. What kind of paper that was none could really tell, but the belief prevailed that the French burnt the Records.

Thus far the witnesses. Their evidence does not go far in establishing the destruction of the Archives by the French. But all suspicion, I think, must disappear, if we consider that neither the officers nor the readers in the Archives have, during the last fifty years, discovered any papers missing, except those which are in Paris or carried off by the gentlemen already hinted at. Don Manuel García, who entered on service in the Archives only a few years after the French occupation, is of opinion that the papers burned by the soldiers, if they belonged really to the Archives, cannot have been taken from the Records, but from the *tercería*,—that is to say, the office of the accountant for the expenses of the administration; as, for in-

stance, paper, ink, and other things, used in the Archives. Such a loss would not be great.

If we sum up, we come to the conclusion that the Archives of Simancas, though not intact, have suffered much less than those of England, France and Belgium. The consequence is that the reader generally finds in them the papers concerning the great political transactions during the sixteenth century, as complete as though he were studying a modern negotiation in the Foreign Office.

G. B.

Munich, Oct. 12. The clerk of the weather-office generally receives credit for an extravagant loyalty. "Good weather" is so proverbial that a timid sailor ventures to cross the Channel only when the Queen was holding a naval review. To what, then, are we to attribute the snow-storm that fell unannounced yesterday, the name-day of King Maximilian of Bavaria! The weather is said to have been a *giorno*; not a royal face was there, were the royal children, and only the dull booming of cannon at intervals told of the solemnity of the day. Perhaps the clerk of the weather-office had given too great heed to the Munich gossip about King Max's amiable character. It is confidently reported that he is at rivaling his father; that his son-in-law, King Maximilian Strasse, is to dethrone the Ludwig Strasse; and that the restoration of the Cathedral now going on is to place him on a level with the founder of the Bonifazian Basilica, the Court Chapel, and the Ludwig's Kirche. If such be the King's ambition, the snow-storm was a just warning. Few second-rate princes could hope to tread in King Ludwig's footsteps, even had they a town so destitute of ornament as Munich was before his accession to begin upon; but it is folly to enter the lists against so formidable an array of churches, temples, statues, fountains, and to tempt the ever ready sword of a church and laying out a street. The Ludwig Strasse is hardly the boast of Munich, though it contains some fine buildings; its general look is too straggling and deserted. Its founder did not hear of trees being planted along it, and on this point alone the Maximilian Strasse has the preference. The new street, however, reminds one of that unfortunate frog in *Esop*. As there are not public buildings enough to line the street, the expedient has been adopted of making all the buildings as shallow as possible; a fine facade and nothing behind.

The other achievement in the restoration of the Frauenkirche, which Munichians who speak French call Notre Dame de Munich. The first step towards restoration is a clearing out; when it has got beyond this stage, it is to be adapted to the original design. Then, perhaps, it may be worthy of description. At present, the only notable point is the abandonment of the original design in its most important detail. The two towers, that rise in majestic uprightness, capped by what Murray calls domes, though bearing a nearer resemblance to beehives, were intended to terminate in spires; but on the slightest hint of this, all the world of Munich cried out that the beehives made the character of their city, and to rob her of them was to ruin her character.

The last great addition to the Royal Library of Quatremer's books has hardly caused as much satisfaction in Munich as it caused grief in Paris. The wall raised by the *Journal des Débats*, at the alienation of so much valuable literature from the capital of Europe might almost find responsive echoes among the purchasers. An enormous sum was paid for the collection. It is true some valuable MSS. came among the less-esteemed volumes; but the number of duplicate copies of works already existing in the second library in Europe far exceeded that of the new acquisitions. An old thief of this learned German complained that the former owner was chiefly celebrated for his taste in bindings—a taste utterly useless to a public library. The Germans boast that they value a book for its inside, not for its outside, and, with their not yet stifled hostility to France, accuse Frenchmen of being without taste.

This week is the October Festival week, and last Sunday was the grand day. The programme

published in the morning enumerated an exhibition of the banners that were to be given as prizes, the exhibition of Boreas, agricultural implements, and the horse-racing, which was the business of the day. But the horse-racing was attended by certain ceremonies unknown to Epson. First, the owners of the horses and the jockeys had to be present at the usual service in the Burghers' Oratory at eight in the morning. Then the judges of the course, with the owners of the prize banners, clad in middle-age costume, the owners of the horses, the jockeys, and the horses that were to run, were to proceed in a festal train to the Theronian Meadow at two in the afternoon. Afterwards, on the arrival of the King, who was to be greeted with a salvo of artillery, the races were to begin. To-morrow more races.

E. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

We hear that the manuscript of Mr. Finlay's 'History of the Greek Revolution, from 1821 to 1843,' is finished. It is being copied for the press at Athens, and will soon be in the English publisher's hands.

Mr. James Haunay—of whose success in Scotland as a political journalist we are glad to hear—is about to collect into a volume the pleasant papers on classical and humorous subjects which during the past five or six years he has contributed to the *Quarterly Review*.

We hear that Mr. Fitzpatrick, the biographer of Lady Morgan and Lord Cloncurry, has in the press a life of Bishop Doyle. This work has been long announced, and will have a considerable interest for the members of Dr. Doyle's church, and probably for others.

We hear that Lieut. Maury, of the United States Observatory, is about to visit England, in connexion with the publication of an important work he has been long engaged upon, 'On the Meteorology of the Ocean.'

A work on the Rousierians, by Mr. H. Jennings, is in the press. It is the first authentic account which has appeared on this extraordinary sect since the days of Robert Ford, or Phlox. The work is in two volumes, and is entitled 'Curious Things of the Outside World.'

Lord Powis owns one of the most interesting dramatic records in this country, the original manuscript diary of the plays licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, when Master of the Revels. This valuable manuscript was in the possession of Malone for a considerable period, and a transcript thereof made by him for his own use has, we are told, been lately discovered. It is proposed to print this transcript, a proceeding we should much regret. To say nothing of the courtesy due to the owner of the original, such a publication would only prevent in all probability a more complete edition under Lord Powis's own sanction. Malone's transcript would, no doubt, give us all the information of any value contained in the manuscript; but we much doubt if any such transcript would bear a minute collation with the original, a careful copy of which, reduced under the hand of a well-qualified scribe with the subject, would form a desirable volume for one of our publication Societies. Lord Powis should, however, lose no time, if he wishes to retain the work in his own hands.

Mr. B. Botfield, M.P., we are, we understand, engaged on an edition of *Beowulf*, which, if, as we doubt not it will be, satisfactorily carried out, will be one of great importance in connexion with the history of literature in England and Scotland during the Middle Ages. It is a collection of all the known fragments of the monastic and private libraries of Great Britain which existed before the Reformation. As an index to the literary tastes of our ancestors, such a work cannot fail to prove of great value,—while it will have an interest of its own as a record of important works, many of which have unfortunately long since perished. We cordially wish success to this undertaking, and trust that should any of our readers be so fortunate as to be in the possession of ancient indited catalogues, hitherto unknown, they will not fail to communicate them to Mr. Botfield—one of our few liberal and discriminating patrons of antiquarian literature.

We print the following note from Messrs. Blackie & Son at their request. Their explanation does not seem to affect the accuracy of our report. That the plates have become imperfect, from the lapse of time since some of them were first issued, is a misfortune for the publishers; but since the *Atlas* are not dated, how is the reader to become aware that the maps of Italy were published nearly two years ago?

"11, Warwick Square, Oct. 16.

"Our attention has been called to the notice of the 'Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography' in the *Athenæum* of the 29th September, wherein we find the following words:—'The maps comprising this Atlas are said to embrace "the most recent discoveries and the latest political divisions of territory in all parts of the world," and yet they take no notice of the changes of territory in Italy during the past war, much less those of the present year.' The writer of this notice has evidently been aware that the 'Partie of the 'Imperial Atlas' of the map of Italy were delivered at the office of the *Athenæum* on the 27th of January, 1859, months before the political changes referred to had taken place. Had the *Partie* come under review soon after they were received, or had the map of Italy as produced been actually in the compilation, it had been subjected to scrutiny at the present time, we believe that this as well as other maps of the series would have fully borne out the statement quoted from the title-page. We are, &c.

"BLACKIE & SON."

—The map of Italy to which Messrs. Blackie & Son refer as "produced this season" we have not seen. It is not found in our set of the 'Imperial Atlas'; and we are unable to say whether it bears out "the statement quoted from the title-page."

Mr. Dickens is preparing a new serial story for *The Household*, which will appear at the beginning of December, and take the place of Mr. Lever's fiction in that journal.

The 'Woman in White' has gone into a fifth 'Library Edition,'—and its publishers have bought up the whole cheap issue of 'Antonina,' under the notion that it was calculated to injure their valuable property.

The inauguration of the Liverpool Free Library has taken place according to the programme which we gave last week, with very great success. Mr. Brown received all the honour which he has so justly earned.

An interesting memorial of the great John Bunyan is about to be published by Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly. It is a reprint of a hitherto unknown poem, written by the poet for the support of his wife and family, while he was confined in Bedford jail. Mr. Hotten will edit it and supply an introduction, giving many new facts about Bunyan's prison life.

We are informed from Athens that Princess Mamselsky, who, under the designation of Dora d'Istria, has published volumes 'On Monastic Life,' 'On German Switzerland,' and 'The Women of the East,' has lately spent three months in Greece, and has returned with the grand tour of the island, like our English lady tourists. The Greeks of Athens, whose travels rarely extend beyond the monastery of Penteleus and the carriage-roads round the capital, admire her courage, and expect wonders from the pen of a lady who fears neither the burning sun nor the barbarian life of Hellenic cottages, in order to visit mountains with neither trees nor streams, and plains without cultivation.

The Author of 'Orion,' who went out to Australia many years ago, and who was last heard of as a captain of mounted police, has brought out on the stage at Melbourne a new and original comedy in five acts. With colonial brevity it is called 'Spec in China,' and is said to have had very little success. The day for a native literature has scarcely come in Australia,—though the papers report a successful production on the Melbourne stage of Mr. Home's dramatic fragment, 'The Death of Melville's race,' which could have had no success on the London boards.

The Shakespeare Memorial Committee of Melbourne have resolved to place the selection of the design for the Memorial proposed to be erected

in Melbourne in the hands of a Committee of Taste, composed of Messrs. Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and Sir Charles Eastlake; and through them to invite six of the most eminent English sculptors to send in designs. All the artists of Victoria will receive similar invitations. With the Committee of Taste a Business Committee will be associated.

The following is a translation of a notice that was put up on the walls at Canton, on the 29th of July, 1860, concerning an eclipse of the moon. It is evident that the schoolmaster is not abroad in the Celestial Empire:—"To the Red Button Mandarin Loo, Governor of Quang-Tung and Quang-Si, and the Board of Soldiers, dated the 10th of Hwang, the 10th day of the 6th month. Entrant and pray to save and protect the moon from being devoured on the 18th day of the 6th month. The eclipse will commence on the 15th day of the 6th month at 11:40." Then follows particulars of the time of contact, &c. After which—"All the Mandarins, both civil and military, together with all the people, must do the utmost in their power to save and protect her from such a fearful calamity; and, mind, do not be disobedient."

By the will of the late M. Bordin, notary, a prize has been left to the end of the Academy of Fine Arts, to be given annually for the best treatise on subjects connected with Art. The subject chosen by the Academy for the prize of 1860 was the following:—History, origin and progress of the art of Engraving in France, from the middle of the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth century; the influence exercised by native and foreign art, and by foreign over native artists. The principal works to be named, with their authors, &c. Only two treatises were sent to the Academy, but they have both been thought worthy of recompense, and the prize has been divided between their two authors. M. de la Marinière, who has been twice before rewarded by the Academy, has received a medal—value 5,000fr.; and M. Georges Duplessis, of the engraving department of the Imperial Library, a medal worth 1,000fr.

The first volume of a book for the connoisseurs of libraries has just appeared, the fifth edition, at Firmin Didot's, Paris. It is called 'Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres,' and will prove a treasure to all lovers of rare and costly editions. The *Manuel* has been revised and augmented. It will comprise six large volumes, which will appear at short intervals.

M. de Lourdoeux, the editor of the *Gazette de France*, has just died in Paris at the age of seventy-three. His *début* in the world of letters dates as far back as 1814. He wrote in the *Mercure* and the *Spécialiste*, and at an early period became a contributor to the oldest of the French political journals, the *Gazette de France*, which was started in 1831 by Renaudot, a doctor of medicine. At the death of M. de Genoude in 1849 M. de Lourdoeux took the entire direction of the paper. He was besides the author of many political works, amongst which may be named 'La France après la Révolution,' 'Opinion publique et la Restauration de la France,' 'Le Fil d'Ariane,' &c. The Baron de Lourdoeux, in the time of the minister Decazes, was at the head of the Department of Fine Arts under the Minister of the Interior, and President of the Census Office under the Minister Du Villèle, in 1827. He was born at the Château de Bouffault, Département de Creuse, in the year 1787. The *Press*, in announcing his death, pays a just tribute to the talents and political convictions of the distinguished journalist.

The cast of the sepulchral monument of the Emperor Rudolph of Habsburg, in the Cathedral at Speyer, presented by the Emperor of Austria to the German National Museum at Nuremberg, has arrived there, and gives satisfaction. The old chronicler, Ottokar von Horneck, says, in his rhymed Chronicle, that the Emperor Rudolph had his tombstone made during his lifetime, and that he had taken shade in the Emperor's face, followed him expressly to have the wrinkles immortalized in the stone,—a trouble which, in our opinion, he might have spared to himself; posterity would not have

been the worse for it: it would possess the portrait of the young Emperor, whereas it possesses now that of the aged. However, the artist meant well, and was conscientious. These monuments are the more valuable, as they give us the only records from a time when portrait painting and photography were still out of question.

The Imperial Printing Office of Vienna has just adopted a new self-acting printing-press. The paper is not put into this press in sheets, but on a roller, just as it comes from the paper-mill. This roller feeds the machine with paper, which is cut into sheets of the required sizes by shears as it passes through the machine. When the paper has received the impression of the type it is withdrawn by mechanical claws, which arrange sheet upon sheet, as regularly as a workman. The machine also counts the number of sheets it prints, like some of Hoe's machines. Two of these machines are now in use at the Imperial Printing Office, and one workman suffices to feed the ten.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S Picture of "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," shown at the Exhibition in July, 1856, is NOW ON VIEW at the GEMMAY GALLERY, 140, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five—Admission, 1s.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, MEDICINE AND ART.—Open Daily, from Ten till Five, at the Lecture Hall, 36, Abchurch Lane, London. Admission, 1s. The Lecture Hall, 36, Abchurch Lane, is now open for the season. The first Lecture, on the 1st of November, will be given by the Rev. Dr. W. EDWARDS, at 8 o'clock, with a Course of Lectures, beginning by Mr. HOSKIN, commencing at Three o'clock.

MADAME CARLIN'S ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL GALLERY (for Ladies only), 36, Abchurch Lane, London. Open Daily, from Ten till Five, at the Lecture Hall, 36, Abchurch Lane. Admission, 1s. The Lecture Hall, 36, Abchurch Lane, is now open for the season. The first Lecture, on the 1st of November, will be given by the Rev. Dr. W. EDWARDS, at 8 o'clock, with a Course of Lectures, beginning by Mr. HOSKIN, commencing at Three o'clock.

SCIENCE

Natural History for the Use of Schools and Families. By Worthington Hooker, M.D. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. (New York, Harper Brothers; London, Low & Co.)

In this publication the author's plan is not altogether to dispense with technical terms, but to use them rather sparingly, and to explain them when used. The explanations are simple enough, but not always precise. For example, in explaining the terms Fauna and Flora, the author says:—"Those animals which are found in any particular region or country are said to constitute the Fauna, as the flowers found there make up its Flora." We cannot suppose the author to be so ignorant as not to know that botanists employ the term "Flora" to comprehend not merely flowers, but also all trees and plants; yet his explanation would limit the meaning to flowers, which, when geologists employ the term, scarcely come into view at all. With an exception or two, however, of this kind, this book appears to be a simple and satisfactory compilation, very well adapted to its professed purpose, and properly and profusely illustrated. The woodcuts are much better than those which we mostly appear in American books, though we recognize many of them as mere reproductions and copies. This is so often the case in the cheaper class of publications on this side of the Atlantic, that we must not be severe upon it on the other side. How many times the illustrations in Milne-Edwards's *Cours Élémentaire de Zoologie* have been copied and re-copied in similar books it would be rash to conjecture, but probably so often that the latest copyists have lost sight of the original; and some intermediate copyist might perhaps so far forget his debt as to forget to ask forgiveness for his trespasses. Be this as it may, we see that Milne-Edwards's turtle has turned up in New York; so, also, have his skeletonized ostrich and his perch, his anatomized mollusk, his eel, his wasp's nest, and, we suppose, a dozen others, if it were worth while to trace them, and all without acknowledgment. In turning over the two volumes successively, we seem to recognize so many illustrations in

common that it becomes our duty to remind Dr. Hooker of Samuel, who could boldly and conscientiously say what, we fear, the Transatlantic Doctor would stumble at, viz., "Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded?"

If Milne-Edwards himself were to take up such a volume as this, and to follow the example of the theatrical spectator who suddenly exclaimed "That's my thunder!" we should be treated to a series of strange exclamations, as he successively identified his plundered properties, such as "That's my skeleton!"—"That's my ostrich!"—"That's my tortoise!"—"That's my perch!"—"That's my lobster!"—"That's my centipede!"—"That's my crab!"—"That's my centipede!" Not that he would always know them again, for some of them have not been kindly treated in their travels, especially those that are delicate. In truth, the beauty and finish of his illustrations are perhaps doing their best.

That Dr. Hooker, although not so conscientious as Samuel, has prepared a serviceable educational book, we are pleased to pronounce. That such books are necessary in America, he himself informs us. We might have expected that our self-commending Transatlantic cousins would have materially improved upon the educational system of the old country; but, says Dr. Hooker,

"This strange neglect of these studies [Natural Science] is seen even in our colleges. When a young man, for instance, enters Yale College, he is not supposed to know anything of the Natural Sciences, or, at least, no knowledge of them is required as a qualification for admission. And after his admission, he is drilled in mathematics and languages alone for two long years. The Natural Sciences are wholly excluded till his junior year, when he begins to attend to Natural Philosophy; and in his senior year he is taught, necessarily in a very hurried manner, in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology. Yale College by no means stands alone in this respect, for very nearly all the colleges of men in the United States, in this country, showing how little importance is attached to the study of the Natural Sciences as a part of the system of education. All this is radically wrong. The Natural Sciences ought to have a place on an equality with the other studies, and from the outset."

All this is radically true, Doctor; and with you we "go in" for the Natural Sciences. "They manage these things better in France,"—including, we may add, the woodcuts.

A Description of the Human Body: its Structure and Functions. By John Marshall. (Day & Son.)

A Comparative View of the Human and Animal Frame. By B. Waterhouse Hawkins. (Chapman & Hall.)

A knowledge of the natural sciences can no longer be confined to a professional class; they involve facts which are so important in everyday life that there are no individuals so placed that they may not derive advantage from their study. This is more especially the case with the laws of life—physiology—which, although hitherto cultivated almost exclusively by medical men, embraces facts which lie at the foundation of the comfort and happiness of every living being. It is only as we live, and live in accordance with the laws of our existence, that the great ends of our being can be carried out. However familiar we may be with disease, and the occurrence of death at every age, there is nothing more certain than that a great proportion of disease and death in the world arises from our ignorance of the laws of health and life. This conviction has been

forced upon us by the fact, that we can count the deaths in any given community, and arrive at conclusions as to its comparative healthiness or unhealthiness. On this ground our Government has claimed the right to legislate, and when the deaths of any district are more than thirty in the thousand it insists on inquiry, and the establishment of means for the removal of the causes of death. In this way the death-rate of many of our large towns has been reduced from thirty or more in the thousand to twenty-five and even twenty in the thousand. In this reduction of disease and death, not only has all the unhappiness and suffering attendant upon sickness and death been prevented, but their expense has been saved. The community thus benefited is a stronger, more productive and profitable one to the rest of the nation than when in its unhealthy condition.

Study of the laws of life, and especially of the application of statistics to their phenomena, has led to these results. To what extent the pressure of the causes of disease and death may be mitigated by the action of a government it is impossible to say, but it is very evident that the Government, whether by imperial laws or local authority, can only do part of what is necessary to be done in enabling man to live in accordance with the laws of his existence. A city may be well supplied with water, and the inhabitants taxed to pay for it, but no town council or vestry can compel the inhabitants to use it. Whilst the Government, in fact, does what it can for great public works, which individuals could not execute, there must be a knowledge on the part of individuals as to how they can take advantage of the means of preserving health which surround them. This knowledge is not to be communicated by dogmatic teaching, but by giving to individuals such a knowledge of the laws of their existence as shall enable them to avoid the causes of disease and seek the means of health. Such knowledge would seem to be especially appropriate at the present day, when the nation is calling upon her youth to join her, and that, in the interests of the art of war. Viewed from a national and social point of view, there seems hardly any question second in importance to this one of public health. Our Legislature has not yet felt its full importance, as is seen in its hesitating and fragmentary legislation on the subject, whilst the great bulk of the community grow up in total ignorance of the nature of the means by which they may preserve their health. Yet this knowledge is more important to the working man than to any other class. Between him and hopeless misery, and perhaps death, there stands but one barrier, and that is the integrity of his bodily frame. Damage this, expose it to pestilential vapours, let it be underfed or wrongly fed, over-worked or wrongly worked, and disease and death set in, with all their desolating results.

Men and women before they come to years, to manage for themselves, should be taught something of the machinery of their bodies, and the laws by which it works. The Government has been alive to this, and it is now some years ago that the Department of Science and Art published a set of large Physiological Diagrams, "in order to place within reach of the public, and especially of teachers in non-medical colleges and schools, appropriate and convenient materials to assist in communicating a general knowledge of the formation and uses of the different parts of the human body." These diagrams were prepared under the direction of Mr. John Marshall, the present Lecturer on Anatomy in relation to Art in the School of Design at South

is an example of the manner in which Mr. Macfarren betrays the ear while a simple tune waits, making the printed copy (possibly transposed) gives us the impression of his not having decided whether to write his ditty in the key of C or G. The Round which opens the first *Ande* (No. 7), is very good,—one of the best pieces in the opera: the *Ande* which succeeds elegant; till we come to the faded *True Love* for the third time (the song with its words having passed ineffectively over). It brings down the curtain but tamely.

The 'Foresters' part song' opens the second act;—after an interlude, the commencement of which reminds us by a phrase, of the 'slippery chorus' in 'Il Trovatore.' Signor Verdi's 'slippery' has infinitely more vigour and originality. The song itself misces fire.—No. 9 may be called 'the roasting scene,' in which three outlaws 'expatiate on the venison on the spit' lustily enough, in words that savour too strongly of Mistress Fauce. The entry of the *Songmaster* and his robbery is well carried on in the movement, which is interrupted by *Robin Hood's* bacchanal somewhat impromptu. Nevertheless, the bacchanal itself is the best melody for the tenor in the opera. Elsewhere, it might have pleased us more. The dancing chorus in *Il* has a clashing animation; if the accent of the words has been neglected on purpose, it had better have been respected. The setting of the words—

Foot it merrily by....

enforces the *clump* on the dotted crotchet ending the bar, which the musical phrase requires. (This, by the way, is only one of the many examples of eccentric reading of the words which 'Robin Hood' contains.)—No. 10 is the *bravura* for the *prima donna*, wound up with a plentiful display of vocal difficulties.—No. 11, the duet for two *sopranos*, following in untimely alliance, is a piece of the very good and elegant; one of the best numbers in the score.—Passing the *Sheriff's* ballad, No. 12, as sickly, we come to the *Fair Scene*, or *second Ande*. Throughout this the folk's music has an unconscious, which, if we be the true old English tone, would make us wistfully long for new England. We feel as if we were sitting at a play, where some writer, by way of marking his period, imitated the language of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle.' There is no need of stubborn ruggedness, let the time be ever so remote, let the shoes of the *dramatis personæ* be ever so thick with nails. Who was ever a national costume more exquisitely preserved than throughout 'Guillem Tell'!—but how completely is every crumb of the wild music of the country discharged from it by Signor Romini, without the slightest sacrifice of spirit or beauty!—Mr. Macfarren has wrought up the scene ingeniously, but the leading phrase seems to us rudely uninviting. The same humour is kept up in the 'Round Dance,' where an earlier phrase is wrought on as a ground bass twelve times. Seeing it was to put to such a use, the eight-bar phrase should hardly have contained two bars twice repeated, monotony being thus made all but inevitable. In the most modern opera style (pp. 165-6), what may be called the *trio* in G major is very happy, and scored effectively. After this comes the *Blindman's Buff* scene, the *temo* ballad in D flat major, the archery contest (spiritually described in the music), the quintet all but new, and a final *Ande*, with its own dialogue, with a strange entry for the *Sheriff* (p. 224) on the words

My children,

leading into the *stretta*, in which 'True Love' once again does duty;—though, with nine hearers out of ten, such is the unmarked nature of the melody, it is not unappreciated. The ballad, the quintet, all but *Ande* are in the most modern opera style.

After a long prelude to the third act, comes the *duetto*, No. 15, betwixt *Alan* and *Alice*, which opens note for note, with the phrase—

Komte jeder brava Mann

so dear to all who love 'Die Zauberflöte.' Of the two parts, No. 15, is a piece of a week ago; it is a crew of backwardly violent and unsteady, and small effect save that of showing the stolidness of the vocalist who can work them out. To the after-duet, No. 17, we also alluded.—The *colleto*

allegro energico (p. 253) is as obviously in the Mendelssohn style, as the *Ande* scene. No. 18, is full of Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' interlude, and his 'Jäger's Abschied.'—In the *colleto* of the great tenor scene, No. 20, we get back to modern Italy.—The *Ande* contains little to remark, save a placing of the words for the chorus which is more grotesque than pathetic; and the *colleto* for the prima donna, built on 'True Love,' as ground bass.

It will be seen by the length of these notes (kept within the shortest limits compatible with making their writer's meaning clear), that 'Robin Hood' is a work the scale and ambition of which claim for its close examination,—as did, also, the favourable circumstances under which it was produced.—If it will not take away from Mr. Macfarren's credit, it will not add to it. Naturally, while considering this opera, we have been recurring to former works from the same hand, seeing that every real artist (and Mr. Macfarren is one) may be fairly measured against himself, as well as his predecessors and contemporaries. After such recurrence, we cannot better close these remarks than by asking, Why should not the 'Sleepers Awakened' of the two authors of 'Robin Hood' be put by them into stage trim? It was written as a *colleto*, and, indeed, less than the *colleto* have been because of the want of action. It was written too, with a view to bring out the peculiar powers of Mlle. Angri; but the re-arrangement of the principal female part would be easy. The good and graceful music in it is in no large proportion with what is less sterling, and the story is so lively, as to make us wish to see it reconstructed, and set in its right place,—supposing that the epidemic disdain of English creative artists to reconsider and to amend (disease not shared by the Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Mendelssohn, who have made music) could not hold the hand and numb the fancy of Mr. Macfarren.

OUR ENGLISH OPERA HOUSES.—The musical taste of the week is the new opera in English, on an English subject, by English composers, and sung by English artists. Thus no explanation is needed for the *colleto* of 'Robin Hood' in detail, implies brief mention of the other transactions of this active time. Should matters continue to move at their present pace, there will be no slack musical season—no darkness—left in London. Whatever competition does for the speculators, its results are a boon so far as the public is concerned. Those, for instance, who are always agitating for 'Don Giovanni,' let the opera running let what they will, have been afforded an opportunity of enjoying it at a cheap rate on the 'off-nights' (which are the off-nights) at Her Majesty's Theatre every fair cast—with Mlle. Tietjens, Vaneri and *Carpa* as the three leads, and Signori Giuglini, Gabor and Violetti, in the principal male characters.—Covent Garden has been busy in *debut*. Wednesday brought out a new *Hoe* (Mr. Chaple) in 'Dionora.' The revival of 'Dionora,' to judge from the temper of the public, was universally hailed as a virtue and virtue of a style were never more forcibly brought home to us by comparison than on this occasion. After hearing 'Robin Hood,' the freshness, self-consistency, and individuality of this music made it doubly valuable, marked by affections though it be. But the opera went with great spirit. Miss Fyne and Mr. Harney were certainly their strongest supporters, in the *soprano* and *tenor* parts, the latter especially, for reasons needless to dwell on. Mr. Chaple, a *debutant*, had to succeed Mr. Santley as *Hoe*—no easy matter. His performance was creditable. His voice, so far as it can be judged on a first night, must not remarkably fine quality—a baritone without any extraordinary resources, served by one or two of those very high notes, which all baritones, it seems, now-a-days, try for, whether they be in the music or not, in compliance with the fancy of the time, in defiance of those who talk about pitch. He has some executive facility—was steady in his must not mislead on the wings, and spoke his words audibly. Not so Miss Fyne, whose though a great improvement on Miss Pilling as a singer—should not give her text in Malay or Manchou

or other tongue equally unknown. Really the meaning of what is passing on the stage has some small interest for those who are concerned.—The orchestra and chorus were very good.—Last evening Mrs. Palmire, and Mr. Lawrence—a baritone of whom report has spoken well—were to appear in the 'Trovatore.'—It is said that during the Christmas holidays a large part of Mr. Smith's English company will be on provincial tour, and that it is not his intention to produce 'The Amber Witch' till the din of the pantomimes has passed.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre re-opened on Monday for the regular season, and Mr. E. T. Smith promises to make more than ordinary exertions for the elevation of the character of his establishment. First-rate histrionic talent has been engaged, and new pieces by reputable authors secured. Mrs. Stirling and Miss Arden, with Messrs. Lambert and Spenser, appeared in the leading piece of the evening, 'The Tragedy Queen'; in the succeeding drama, 'Married for Money'; Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were represented by Mr. Charles Mathews and Mrs. Frank Mathews; and, in 'His Excellency,' Mrs. C. Mathews and her husband supported their usual characters. With these arrangements the audience were satisfied for the present, and the various performances were well received.

OLYMPIC.—One of Mr. J. M. Morton's most extravagant farces has been placed on the boards of this theatre, and met with such a common reception. It is entitled 'In a Regular Fix,' and boasts of Mr. Robson as its hero,—one Mr. Hugh de Brass, a gentleman in debt, who dreams to quit the chamber he happens to be in, because he sees from the window a bailiff at the lamp-post waiting for him. By way of excuse to the owner of the house, who is a lawyer, and who is in a hurry to make no end of perplexed statements, the oddity and incoherence of which succeed in convulsing the audience with laughter. Mr. Robson enters into the spirit of the extravagance intended, and confidently trusts to his author for a safe denouement. He omits nothing that can give point and force to the situation and dialogue; and, indeed, on the whole, achieves an extraordinary triumph.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—The Monday Concerts at the St. James's Hall will be shortly resumed. A late *feuilleton*, by M. d'Ortigue, in which interesting chamber-music, by M. Biane, St. Sems, and other young French composers, is mentioned, reminds us to ask again,—"Why should not some of this be tried and brought to judgment here?"—Germany yields too little, just now; Italy, of course, nothing; and our clever countrymen, who cultivate instrumental music, seem too busy to be occupied in the mechanical labour of teaching, to be able to devote continuous attention to composition, save in its most fragmentary forms. *Nocturni* and Songs without Words are showered on the public as thick as ladybirds, when a swarm of those pretty creature crosses a district,—and the *Songs*, in all its forms, whether single or concerted, might never have existed, so far as their utterances are concerned. Why not, then, give the young Frenchmen a chance! Ours should not be, altogether and exclusively, an age of revivals, but a period, too, of helping hand, shown in liberal welcome to young composers, no matter whence they spring.

The Easter Hall Concerts commenced on Monday, with a liberal selection from Mendelssohn's compositions, and a miscellaneous set; Madame Catherine Hayes was the principal singer.—On Wednesday evening 'The Messiah' was given—till Messrs. Two, Mass in liberal welcome to young composers, no matter whence they spring. 'The Bach Society' is doing! It seems strange, indeed, that the only public success gained by them,—in the performance of the 'Passions' Music' at St. Martin's Hall,—should not have been followed up by this.

Mr. Wiggin announced for the opening of the St. James's Theatre, a new two-act drama, by Mr. Tom Taylor, and a revival of Mr. Planché's *Entrée en scène*, 'The King of the Peacocks.'

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

LITERATURE

A Full and Particular Account of the Lord Mayor's Procession by Land and Water. (Street Boy.)

THE "good boys" of the olden days were not indulged with any great amount of dissipation. In the way of spectacle, there was little for them but the "Lord Mayor's Show," a trip to Astley's in summer-time, St. Dunstan's clock with its striking giants, Weekes's Museum, and, in the period of its novelty, the Paddington Canal!

Of these, the Show, after a run of half-dozen centuries, maintains its popularity. The other attractions have passed away: Astley's is not the summer-house it used to be; St. Dunstan's giants have withdrawn into honourable retirement in the Regent's Park; Weekes's Museum, with the forgotten *Tamantula Spider*, belongs to history only; and the Paddington Canal, though it still exists, is a low and dreary, albeit not altogether a dry subject.

The Lord Mayor continues then to hold his own, and next week we shall see him as fresh and fine as ever. A few minutes gossip about this great dignity may not be out of place.

On looking back at the angst line of City sovereigns, we are struck by the singularity of the fact, that in early times, while their power was tremendous, they were as subject slaves as the exultant over whom they exercised their sharp potentiality. The Roman Prefect and the Saxon Port-Reeve bequeathed a portion of their power as well as duties to the Norman Mayor of London. We have an instance of this in the circumstances attending a City Riot in the very olden time. The Mayor was engaged in doing what would be tantamount, in these days, to reading the Riot Act; in which occupation he was pertinaciously opposed by a roystering fellow when his Worship was unable to reduce to silence, till he resorted to a very summary process, that of ordering the noisy rogue to be dragged into a neighbouring street where he had his head chopped off! The affair was duly represented to the King, but his Grace only laughed his quiet laugh, and declared, by the Rood! the Mayor was a lousy fellow and had done right well.

The tradition of this official's power is, therefore, well founded. His authority, too, was illustrated by all sorts of honours, particularly when he was willing to lend money to the king. In 1354, Edward the Third granted him the privilege of being marshalled by gold and silver men, copper (plated) being recommended for the chiefs of all other corporations. All writers on this subject have fixed the title of Lord as commencing with the grant of this regal bit of ceremony; but that distinction dates, we believe, from another year, and the right honourable gentleman had to pay for it! A subsidy was needed for a war in 1378. There was a general assessment according to the rank of the individuals. A question arose as to the proper position of the Mayor of London in the table of precedence. "Have him among the Earls!" was a suggestion readily adopted; and, in consequence of the honour, Mr Lord was assessed at four pounds, which, in present value, caused him to contribute little less than 100*l.* to the exigencies of the war.

The above incident points to the reality of the Lord Mayor's grandeur; but there was also a recognized sacredness in his person, as may be seen in the fact that, in 1479, Sheriff Byfield, presuming to kneel too closely to the chief

magistrate, at prayer before one of the shrines in St. Paul's, was fined 50*l.* for his presumption! Twenty times that sum would now hardly represent an equivalent for the amount in which the audacious sheriff was nukted; but the plague was about, and the Mayor might have caught it, and the City lacked conduits; and so the fine was levied, and therewith new conduits were built or old ones repaired.

Even with all possible care, and fines on too familiar sheriffs, the sacredness of his Worship was not always inviolate. In 1484, London saw no less than three Mayors in succession, the first two having died of the fatal sweating-sickness. Now and then, highwaymen had as little respect for Mayors of London as Death himself. The latest example was in the person of the truculent Sawbridge, who, in 1778, was crossing Turnham Green on his return from a state visit to Kew. The whole of his illustrious party were stopped by a single highwayman, even the Sword-bearer made no motion, but sat still while his Lordship was stripped. When the fellow had thus outraged the City court, he rode off to Kew and insulted the Church. He met the Mayor on the high road, and after making him deliver all his valuables, even carried off his sermon, to the temporary relief of the small flock occasionally penned in that locality.

With the power of the early Mayors there was connected, as we have said, much abjectness of condition. Of this there are innumerable examples. Money was generally at the bottom of it. Where this was not forthcoming, the greedy monarch would make secure not only the houses of Mayor and Aldermen, but of their sons, as hostages. Sometimes the first lady in the land could be as savage as her lord. Queen Eleanor clapped the Mayor Hardell into a dungeon in the Marshalsea, and kept him there till he consented to pay the arrears of an illegally ordered subsidy to the King in Gascony. It was a fiction that other sovereigns in want of money to imprison the poor Mayor, to degrade him from his office, and then compel him to purchase liberty and his old position at the price at which they were estimated by the father of his people. In later days, this quality of oppression was not possible; and if these Mayors could not cut off heads without having to answer for it, their authority became more real and legally recognized. The officials who thus irresponsibly acted were but phantoms compared with Sawbridge, sweeping the King's press-gangs out of the City,—with Wilkes, hearing the entire Government,—or with Beckford, to-day lecturing his bewildered sovereign, and the next haughtily receiving Lord Barrington's humble apologies for having ordered a body of soldiers from the Duke of Devonshire to march down the Strand, without permission from the Mayor and Aldermen.

This spirit in the Mayoralty had grown up since the days of the Commonwealth. Refractory Mayors could only be subdued by tenderness. The pressure of knighthood bought, as well as rewarded, services; and to these, other honours were occasionally added, as when the Duke of Newcastle, in 1749, was installed Chancellor at Cambridge. On that occasion, he obliged two valuable friends, and made London's Mayor, Sir William Calvert, an LL.D.; while the Duke of Richmond received the more burlesque honour of Doctor of Physick!

Charles the Second, perhaps, took the most pains to obtain City rulers prepared to gratify him, and whom he was not unwilling to gratify in return. For this purpose it was necessary that he should know his men; and, accordingly,

there was, at one difficult period of his reign, drawn up for him a clear sketch of the characters of the Court of Aldermen and Common Council. This document, which has been printed, enters not only into the temperaments, failings, virtues or vices of the City potentates in whom the King took an interest,—but it spoke of how their domestic life was illustrated, in what sort they lived with their wives, and the degree of estimation accorded by their wives to them!

Charles would have looked graciously on service such as Walworth tendered to his King; but in critical positions and perilous emergencies the London Mayors have not invariably exhibited the decision and courage of Sir William Walworth. Where they have failed, it has been not so much in physical as in moral courage. They seem to have been possessed by an insurmountable fear of the plague and dread of infection. People were not to come too near to them, and they took especial care not to approach too closely to their fellow-citizens when sickness was abroad. We are all familiar with the almost comic hypothesis of Bludworth in the year of the Great Fire, with his "Lord! what can I do!" and his whinnings about lack of rest, and his ejaculations of weariness, and his yearnings for refreshment for the inner man. To render him just justice, however, Bludworth was rather wanting in head than in heart. His Worship was utterly helpless; but with all that he stood fast among the burning houses, and let his wife perish amid the general confusion. The Mayors, in the days of pest and sweating-sickness, exhibited no inconsiderable alacrity in avoiding all suspected localities. Tradition tells of Craven, that fortified the line of Earls of that name, that, terrified at an outbreak of plague, he took horse, rode away westward, and never stopped till he reached those wild Berkshire Downs, where he built a large stone farm-house, and subsequently built Ashdown House on the spot, now occupied by a more recently-erected mansion. The old local story-tellers inform us that four avenues led to the house from the four cardinal points of the compass, and that in each wall of every room there was a window, in order that if the plague entered on one side, it might find issue by the other. This tradition is still rife, and though probably exaggerated, it doubtless rests on some substratum of fact.

There have been Mayors so constitutionally timid as to tremble in the presence of the very best disposed of kings. Generally speaking, however, the Mayors have not had much to embarrass them, when going up to address Royalty. We remember, however, one exception to this rule, when, as we fancy, his Lordship and the whole Corporation, Sword-bearer and all, must have blushed. This was in 1682. At that period, a bright May morning, the City authorities, in their usual solemn state, were to be seen wending their way to Arlington House. The mansion so called was a "most neat box, and sweetly seated amongst gardens, besides the prospect of the Park and the adjoining fields." His site is now covered by Buckingham Palace. At the period above named, the Duke and Duchess of York were sojourning there, and the London municipality went to congratulate the former on his lucky escape from shipwreck some little time previously, when repairing to Scotland to bring his wife southward. On that voyage, when off the coast of Norfolk, the Duke and all with him had nearly lost their lives, in consequence of his obstinacy in following his own ideas, instead of the reiterated counsel and convictions of the pilot. When the crash came, and James

escaped in a boat to another ship, some desperate wretches strove to save themselves by clinging to the sides of his nobly-freighted bark; but, with or without his order, their hands were chopped off as they grasped the gunwale, and the royal cutter passed over the wretches who could not now even struggle with the waves. The skillful pilot contrived to get on board the ship in which the Duke found refuge; but he might almost as well have gone down with his old shipmates, for the wreck was laid to his charge, and the good fellow, whose home was on the waves, was flung into that loathsome den, the Marshalsea. When the Duke subsequently returned to town from Scotland, one of the first acts of the Mayor was to lead the municipality to the neat country box amid the gardens at Pinlloe—borrowed for the nonce from Henry Bennet. It is true that only the ordinary formal woe was passed on this occasion; but let us hope that what was not on his Lordship's lips was in his Lordship's thoughts, and that he and his fellow Aldermen, on their journey back to the City, may have had a word or two of regret for the poor maimed fellows who had gone down many fathoms deep, and for that ill-fated Palinurus who, because his obstinate master would not pursue his track to safety, was then rotting in that hideous prison in the Borough.

Of all the Mayors who have stood in the presence of a king, no one is so conspicuous for his boldness or audacity as Beckford. If, for a time, he was something of the mere demagogue, he was not altogether void of the qualities which distinguish the patriot. The two characters are, perhaps, combined in the speech delivered by him on his first entrance from the civic throne in 1763. On that occasion he said, among other strong things, that "under the House of Hanover, alone, Englishmen could, but under the House of Hanover Englishmen were determined they would be free." The memory of the man who uttered that complimentary and comment may continue to be honored, despite the expressed contempt of Gifford.

But it was through the famous incident of Beckford's second mayoralty, in 1770, that his name chiefly lives. The unconstitutional return at the Middlesex Election, where the candidate in a minority was declared to be the sitting Member, brought the Lord Mayor to the foot of the throne with the famous Remonstrance. The King, it will be remembered, censured the citizens in his reply; and thereupon the Mayor gave tongue to rejoiner, in defence of the manured, which astounded the unprepared monarch, who, according to the *Public Advertiser*, had no sooner terminated the reading of his own reply, than he "instantly turned round to his courtiers and burst out laughing." How he looked and acted when Beckford delivered his *impromptu* rejoinder,—a better one, probably, than that afterwards written and received as the true one by Horne Tooke, let Walpole show:—"It is always usual to furnish a copy of what is to be said to the King, that he may be prepared with his answer. In this case, he was reduced to tuck up his train, jump from the throne, and take sanctuary in his closet, or sit silent and have nothing to reply. This last was the event, and a position awkward enough in any case." It is remarkable, however, that the Lords in whose right the King had just before been laughing, claimed the honors of the victory for the Court. In a "certain place," that same night, a Peer remarked that, "however swaggering and insolent the conduct of the low citizens might be on their own dunghill, when they came into the royal presence their heads hung down like

bulrushes, and they blinked with their eyes like owls in the sunshine." And then the courtiers mocked the great Lord Mayor for his Cockneyisms, and reproved him for his coarseness, and reviled him for his loquacity, and hooted him for his alleged cruelty to his slaves in Jamaica, and were merry upon his little foible of being given to quote Latin. Less prejudiced persons know that the often-quoted Mayor was not wanting, when the time needed it, in either good taste, explicitness or becoming behaviour even before a King. The truth is, that the Lord Mayor's enemies, unable to forgive him for exposing their faults, could only defend themselves by alluding to his own. When Rigby garnished one of his speeches in the Commons with "*Sine Scelere et Baccho frigit Venus*," Beckford, with curling lip, supplied the proper word "Cere." Rigby had been generous, would have laughed and thanked the alderman—for there was good opportunity for exhibiting his own wit, but he only burst into an angry fume, and, savage at the exposure of his ill-quoted Latin, consoled himself with the assurance that he should speedily have to rectify the Lord Mayor's notoriously bad English!

Rigby had not frequent opportunities of playing the grammatical censor, for Beckford died in his Mayoralty; and this incident recalls to our memory the shabbiness that used to be exhibited towards defunct Lord Mayors. In early days, the official individual, when the State was in want of money, was assessed as an Earl; but, if he died in the purple, he was only buried with the dignity belonging to a Baron. In every sense of the word, he was then cheated of his rights, and death had the effect of lowering him in dignity. The long-prevalent idea that the Lord Mayor was a Privy Councillor by right of office, or that he was invested with any particular importance at the death of a Sovereign, has lately been exploded. The idea belongs only to the poetry of the Mayoralty; and this reminds us how the poets themselves have treated the metropolitan institution.

The bards have usually pressed hard upon the great dignity,—but suppose, perhaps, to anything laboriously or idly hung off by recognized City Poet, is a satirical poem published, anonymously, in 1691, and entitled '*The Triennial Mayor; or, the New Raparees*.' This little piece was written in commendation of the then Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Pilkington, and in condemnation of the Tory party in the Council, petitioning against him. The "new Raparees" are the "Church party," the ultra-supporters of

That Church which they, when madmen, you'd to scorn,
And, in their cups, swore "D—'em, they'd preserve!"
For this party in the Council, the satirist has small respect and much less fear. They are more likely to sniffer, he thinks, from the consequences of their own ignorant zeal:—

And, as I once a hieroglyphic saw,
Where the fœd'd artist did a marmozed draw,
Driving a nail, the point towards him fall,
Into a walnut, with his unarm'd skull.
The motto being, "Though my brain lies here,
And spite be made, yet still it shall go there;
So they, though not so difficult to sever,
Shall never leave the tender throes of the beam."

—Of the heads of these parties there are some sharp sketches, valuable as pictures of Tory aspirants to City honours of that day, and, in some respects, of the times to which they belong. Sir William Dodson, under the name of Woolsey, is described as

Woolsey in state, in self-opinion strong,
Not less in all things, whether right or wrong;
No plot without him can be called entire,
As without my Lord Cansu's horse, no fire.

The magistrate, Sir Ralph Box, is presented

to us under the pseudonym of *Sylvanus*; and this relic of the gay Stuart days is thus limned:

A plummy body with a wizen seal,
Which, by close palming, always would receive
Any expression the Court seal would give;
And Sir Ralph's Tory friend, Alie, appears to have been as wicked as he was factious; for, says the City satirist:—

—as I often, upon Hampstead Heath,
Have seen a felon, long since put to death,
Hang crackling in the sun, his parchment skin,
And to his ear had been put in his chain;
With such a look, so ghastly and so tall,
I've seen fierce Dragons at Guild Hall.

It was to the great disgust of the "Raparees" that Pilkington was elected the third time to fill the Lord Mayor's chair, in 1691. The satirist gives him the noblest of characters, and accuses a preceding chief magistrate of conspiring to oust the people's friend:—

Now, with his obsequious 'fool's' outside rout,
Invades the chair, to thrust *Proterius* out.

—"Proterius," of course, is Pilkington, whose triumph is perfect, and rendered the more so by this thorough laying-in of his two chief opponents, ex-sheriffs of the year 1678, Sir Jonathan Raymond, the brewer, and Sir Simon Lewis, whose calling is named rather than indicated:—

'Mongst whom Brew-Alie has the first degree,
With hymen of the Lanes lady;
(Of different kindred, tho' they own a trace,
Wine, dry and sheepy, I order proud and spruce,
One tame and soft-like, never fond of chat,
But still and deep as any brewing vat;
The other brisk and ban't'ring like a play's,
A better shrier than he can be mayor.)
Then, next, the Bakers, in their cloven ears,
Resolve to dignity by force of arms.

In this, however, they were unsuccessful, for these names are not to be found upon the roll of Mayors. The time in which all these worthies lived was one of hot excitement, and many reflections of it are to be found in the rare satirical poems from which we have cited the above lines, so opposite to our subject.

And now, as we cannot do better than to turn from the Poets to the Ladies, let us here advert to one who cannot be passed by in silence, without discourtesy, when we are speaking of the Chief Magistrate of London. We allude, of course, to the Lady Mayors. Officially, she is not of great importance, but she has possessed peculiar privileges in her day. In old times, people who had a respect for fashion—

Commended the French hood and scarlet gown,
The Lady Mayors passed in, through the town,
Unto the Spittle sermon.

That occasion was one of her gala days; but the day which was to be marked with the whitest stone of all, was that on which a king met this Vice-queen of the City within the limits of her husband's authority,—and that king her husband's guest for the time being. Her privilege then was to be saluted with a kiss from the lips of royalty;—and the privilege did not expire without a vehement entry on the part of the claimants to that pleasant distinction.

When Charles the Second made his progress from Dover to London, he was welcomed and addressed by every provincial mayor on his way. Their ladies, too, were there, and the rusticity of both was ample incentive for after-mirth, when the King and his companions recalled the incidents of that Restoration process. Especially were they moved to laughter by the claimants of the mayors' wives looking up their faces to be kissed, when the King offered them his hand for salute from their lips. The ladies, however, were not so rude as the graceless court and courtiers took them to be. They were well acquainted with the privileges of the metropolitan mayors, and since they had caught a king, they wisely

thought that he might, for once, extend to the provinces the agreeable privilege which was always duly observed in the capital. Perhaps, Charles had his reasons for cruelly passing the upturned faces of these ladies, with a bow, and laughing at the incidents as he subsequently related them. In the City Guildhall, however, he, with more or less alacrity, submitted to the rule,—and often generously enlarged it when the matron-mayores was surrounded by a bevy of fair daughters or nieces. Succeeding monarchs respected the like rule, and there was no interruption in the observance till “great Anna” kept the throne. For the first time since the period of Elizabeth, at least, the custom was necessarily suspended, but probably Elizabeth had done honour to its observance, when she had anything to gain by it. We can fancy, when her chief magistrate had so bestirred himself in the affair of material subsidy against the Spanish Armada, that she kissed not only the Lady Mayresses, but the City-sovereign himself. However this may have been, the successor of the mayoreesses whose cheeks had been coldly greeted, the frigid lady of James the Second, or William of Nassau, was altogether neglected in this respect by Queen Anne, who is said, indeed, to have been the first English sovereign who met a Lady Mayress, as the City’s guest, without kissing her as they met. This breaking down of a time-honoured observance was dutifully submitted to; not without reluctance, perhaps, but with resignation, and a hope of more gallant things whenever a king should again grasp the sceptre of England, and, as a necessary consequence, hold a Lady Mayress by the waist. That anticipated good time arrived, when “Brunswick” condescended to repair to Britain and be Britain’s King. At the very first festive visit George the First paid to the City of London, there was a flutter of delicious expectation that, his peculiar fondness for gaining popularity, he would act accordingly; and that once again a Lady Mayress would be kissed by the King on the steps of the Guildhall.

We need not allude to this unanarch’s tastes further than to say, that he had no feeling of admiration for English beauty. It was only after repeated assurances that saluting a lady, on her appointment to a confidential post near some person of the royal family, was the seal, as it were, of her appointment, that he expressed his readiness to kiss Lady Cowper, on her nomination as Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. At his first appearance at the Guildhall, the admirer of Madame Kioldmansegg respected the new observance established by Queen Anne; yet poor Lady Humphreys, the Mayoreess, hoped, at all events, to receive the usual tribute from royalty, from the tip of the Princess of Wales. But that strong-minded woman, Caroline Dorothea Wilhelmis, steadily looked away from the Mayor’s consort. She would not do what Queen Anne had not thought worth the doing; and Lady Humphreys, we are sorry to say, stood upon her unstable rights, and displayed a considerable amount of bad temper and worse behaviour. She wore a train of black velvet,—then considered one of the privileges of City royalty, and being wronged of one, she resolved to make the most of that which she possessed,—bawling, as ladies, mayoreesses, and women generally, should never do,—bawling to her page to hold up her train, and sweeping away there-with before the presence of the amused Princess herself. The incident, altogether, seems to have been too much for the good but irate lady’s nerves; and unable, or unwilling, when dinner was announced, to carry her stupendous bouquet, emblem of joy and welcome, she flung

it to a second page who attended on her state, with a scream of “Boy, take my bucket!” In her view of things, the sun had set on the glory of mayoralty for ever!

The King was as much amazed as the Princess had been amused; and a well-inspired wag in the Court whispered an assurance, which increased his perplexity. It was to the effect that the angry lady was only a mock Lady Mayress, whom the unmarried Mayor had hired for the occasion; borrowing her for that day only! The assurance was credited for a time, till persons more discreet than the wag convinced the Court party that Lady Humphreys was really no counterfeit. She was no beauty either; and the same party, when they withdrew from the festive scene, were all of one mind,—that she must needs be what she seemed, for if the Lord Mayor had been under the necessity of borrowing, he would have borrowed altogether another sort of woman.

Perhaps, after all, poor Lady Humphreys was only eccentric after the fashion of the women of her time. Among the City guests of the softer sex and the nobler rank, there were some who were as remarkable as the strangest of Lady Mayoreesses. One of these was the Duchess of Hamilton, whose husband, a few years before the above scene, was killed in the famous duel in Hyde Park with Lord Mohun. The Press, commiserating her bereavement, announced her desperate sickness, which had deprived her, it was said, of the faculty of speech. This aroused the lively widow, who was nothing more than decently indignant, and she inserted a long and rather truculent advertisement in the papers, in which she confessed to indisposition,—but, as for the nonsense about losing her speech, it was, “as her friends knew, the very last thing that was likely to happen her!” and, indeed, she rattled away at more than one Lord Mayor’s dinner subsequently.

Humphreys was one of those who build up their own fortunes; and the cases have not been few where men have raised themselves from the street to the civic chair. Others who, of and among the common people, have envied his condition—or, marking the rank of his visitors, have desired rather than expected to accomplish a greatness like his. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, there was a rough country-boy, a pupil of St. Paul’s School, who stood watching a procession of the Judges on their way to dine with my Lord Mayor. The father of the boy wished to bind him apprentice to a mercer, but the aspiring lad, as he looked on the train of Judges, registered a vow that he too would one day ride through the City, the guest of the Mayor, and die a Lord Chancellor. His sire pronounced him mad, and resigned him to the idea, that his obstinate son would one day die with his shoes on.

The boy’s views, however, were completely realized, and the father’s prophecy was also in part fulfilled. The connexion of the notorious Jeffreys with the City was, from an early period, a very close one. He drank hard with, and worked hard for, the City authorities, and was well known in the favour of Aldermanbury as Shaftesbury was in the same district, when he was inspired by the transitory ambition of himself becoming Vice-king in the City. From the time that Jeffreys became Common Sergeant—but more especially from the period he became Recorder—he kinged it over the Vice-king. He was Lord Mayor, Common Council, Court of Aldermen and supreme Judge, all in one; and the first-named officer had no less melancholy time of it during the period Jeffreys had away in the City. At the

feasts he was a tipping, truculent fellow,—brow-beating the men, and staring the most dauntless of the women out of countenance. In the latter pastime he was well matched, perhaps excelled, by his learned brother, Trevor; and my Lord Mayor Bludworth had good reason to remember both of them. The Mayor had a fair daughter, the young assiduous widow of a Welsh squire, and one who made City entertainments brilliant by her presence and hilarious by her conduct and her tongue. There was a wonderful amount of homage rendered to this Helen, to whom it mattered little in what form or speech the homage was rendered. The rudest could not bring a blush upon her cheek; her ear was never turned away from any snail of the hour, and every lover was received with a laugh and a welcome by this most buxom of Lord Mayors’ daughters.

When she finally accepted the hand of Jeffreys, her own was in the hand of Trevor; and no City match was ever so productive of a peculiar sort of satirical ballad as this one, which milled the said Mayor’s rather too notorious daughter with the not yet infamous Sir George. Poets and postasters pelted him with anonymous epigrams; aldermen drank queer healths to him in their cups; and lively-tongued women, in his own court, when he was too hard upon them, would thrust at him an allusion to his lady from Guildhall, which would put him into a fume of impotent indignation.

There is not one man in a thousand, probably, who is aware that the blood of Jeffreys and the Mayor of London’s daughter afterwards flowed in noble veins. They had an only son,—a dissolute, drunken fellow, with whom even aldermen were too nice to have a carouse, and whose appearance at a feast scared Mayors who could take their claret liberally. This likely youth, whose intoxication broke down the enormous Drayton’s furnace, and the ruins of his vices, daughter and sole heir of the House of Penbroke. The only child of this marriage was Henrietta, who married the Earl of Pomfret, and enabled Queen Caroline to have a grand-daughter of the infamous Judge for her Lady of the Bedchamber. One of Lady Pomfret’s many children, Charlotte Finch, was well known to many of our sires. She was governess to George the Third’s children, whom she often accompanied to the City to witness the annual show. If Radical Aldermen had only been cognizant of the fact, they might have made an oratorical point on the circumstance of the great-granddaughter of Judge Jeffreys and the Guildhall light-of-love having the superintendence of the conduct and morals of the young Princes and Princesses.

And here we will take occasion to notice that from City men who have borne high, and some the highest, offices in the corporation are descended not a few of the noblest of our peers. Nearly four hundred years ago, the ancestor of the valiant and pious Cornwallises was keeping the peace of London. The noble Capels spring from a Mayor, as do the sober Dartmouths, and the gallant Cravens. From metropolitan eminence among fellow-citizens have also arisen, or descended, the Thynnes and the Pulteneys, both destined to wear the title of Bath; the dignified Cowpers, the learned Coventrys, Hill of the flashing sword, the Denzel Hollases, the Romneys, one of whom gave an earl’s coronet to the daughter of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the admiral who had made show in his “prentice days, and who, when he was sore for his master’s (the goldsmith’s) daughter, and courage in saving her when in peril, were the first steps by which he ascended to the City

throne, and sowed the seed which came up in strawberry-leaves for the dual coronets of the Dukes and Duchesses of Leeds.

Having spoken of the men who stepped from the streets to rise to the height of the Civic Chair, we may ourselves step down from this high state to the streets, and consider their aspect. It must still, however, be in connexion with our great officer. If, during the Commonwealth, the head lay uneasy which wore a civic crown, neither was there a bed of roses for the London dignitary under Charles the Second. This condition of little ease was at its worst in the three years, 1680-1-2. The Lord Mayor's pageants, on his own day, were nothing to those which passed through the City on the 17th of November, in honour of the birthday of Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion. At that period, the Court was in fear, the Mayor in alternate fume and fright, and the orthodox, hard-drinking, rollicking "Green-Ribbon Club" in a frenzy of drunkenness from claret and zeal for the Church.

The name denoted the token by which they recognized each other in the streets, but their peculiar place was in the balconies of the King's Arms Inn at the corner of Chancery Lane. Thence, they saw dole before them, the pageants of Pope and Devil, and of great personages supposed to favour popery, all of which were committed to the flames in front of the house, while the Club, above, drank, shouted, and waved their hats on their pipes; while the tipsy, but "right thinking," crowd, below, yelled like fiends exulting in the light of their native home.

During the three years noted above, three prospective Mayors were well nigh driven mad by the proceedings which, each year, waxed from bad to worse. They were summoned to Court, and bade to preserve the peace of the City, as they would answer it at their peril,—of purse and person; and they were hooted or hurrahed through the City, according as they were suspected of having covered at the Court threats, or boldly stood erect and returned as good words as were flung at them. There have never been any street demonstrations we have ever heard of, that equalled these for their grandeur, nonsense, fun, audacity, and fiendish character.

The thing wore itself out, at last, to the infinite relief of the Lord Mayor, who came into office with a feeling that his most proximate peril, after the consequences of his own inauguration feast, was a collision on Queen Elizabeth's birth-night. This passage in his history merits notice, were it only that it has left two remembrances of its occurrence,—the Green-Ribbon Club, invented for the defence of the honest men, who dreaded being massacred by the Duke of York and the Papists, a pocket-weapon, harmless to look at, but effective enough when employed, as it sometimes was, not against "Papists," but in knocking down adverse pollers going up to vote at elections. The handle is described, by gentlemen who grasped or felt it, as resembling a farrier's bleeding-stick; the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, "that in its swing fell just short of the hand, and was made of *lynum vite*, or rather, as the poet termed it, *mortis*." Contemporaries called this the *Protestant Flail*. We know it now as the *Life Preserver*. Such was the invention. The new word then coined, let handsome Roger North explain, "I may note," he says, "that the Rabbie first changed their Title, and were called the *Mob*, in the assemblies of this Club. It was their beast of Burthen, and called first

Mobile vulgus, but fell naturally into the Contraction of one Syllable, and ever since is become proper English."

From the earliest times there has always been a certain unpleasant familiarity maintained between the spectators in the street and those at the windows of the houses on the line of the procession. At present, we believe, the familiarity is sustained by the latter, or by such of them as fling red-hot penny pieces among the mob, and find amusement, between the departed and returning pageant, in seeing the London boys scramble for and blister their fingers with the ardent gerdon. Generally speaking, the mob has not been a kindly one. In years gone by, no cavalier would pass on foot through Chesham, at this festival time, in a new mantle of silk or velvet; and in Queen Anne's days, men of condition who ventured into the street left their superfine cloth at home, and only went abroad in ancient "Drab-dabberies." In that Queen's reign the Lord Mayor's mob was a mere mass of howling, filthy savages. Behind the old tapestry and Turkey worked table-cloths which covered the balconies, the ladies sat unmolested till the actors in the show had defiled. But, on the very instant, they flew within, for it was the custom of the sovereign people below to assail them with "kenneled ammunition." The show then consisted of a succession of pageants with intervals in their passing. It was chiefly at these intervals that the ladies had to fly, with scarfs and new commodoes irremediably soiled, before volleys of every species of filth provided by the unclean savages for these special occasions. If it were possible that anything could be worse than the missiles, it was the language with which they were accompanied. In this matter, however, the people were not always unprovoked. Looking back into the streets of those days, we see several gentlemen at the lower windows provided with huge bullock's-horns; these are full of dirty water or some unsavoury liquid; and the funny object here is to pour the contents down the neck of some unlucky spectator below. The eagerness with which this fray is carried on is often expensive to the finer folks, and is doubtless the cause of certain advertisements which soon after appear in the papers, offering a guiney for a very large watch-case, studded with gold, dropt from a balcony in Chesham.

Gradually the mob became, what it had formerly been, rather satirical than aggressive. The beauty of the women seems to have softened them, though occasionally that beauty must have been put to hard trial by the crinety of fashion. It is said that, in 1776, there were never seen so many beautiful English faces together, as on the Lord Mayor's Day, at the windows in Chesham. But there was never such a hideous spectacle as the head-dresses above those very faces. A calculator who carefully went through the statistics of the day, and who was, perhaps, a speculator in the staple commodity of the nation, came to a conclusion that though wool was a light object, there could not have been less than twelve hundredweight of it carried on the heads of the ladies, maids and matrons, who, on that day, looked down from Mr. Mayor from the windows of Chesham.

From 1642, a *Drum* of drums, trumpets, pikes and muskets," as many a title-page of the time informs us, there was a cessation of pageants for above a dozen years. There was gay passage neither by water nor by land; but there was a Mayor installed by named rites, with whom the Parliament would condescend to dine, and whose bill of fare may be summarily described as—Two long sermons and one solemn dinner.

The land procession was the first to get on its legs; the old trip by water came in with the Restoration, and Mayors, whose predecessors had sought the Lord in fasting, now went in state to St. Paul's, walked round the Cross, and made offerings at the altar. Then the water-spectacle got afloat again; and when the Earl of Dorset, for the time being, was on friendly terms with the citizens, the Mayor and his train were invited to disembark at Dorset Gardens, in place of at Blackfriars, and were there entertained with spices and wines to keep them warm and preserve their appetite till they arrived at Guildhall, or to promote their digestion if, as sometimes happened, they had previously dined. A Lord Mayor has been a happy man when he could catch a sovereign and make a guest of him. Once or twice even a stray Greek Emperor has been drawn to Guildhall. But it was no great honour to entertain that ragged mantle of Imperialism, Baldwin, who, according to Matthew Paris, was painfully addicted to bore the people near him for contributions, to help him to look a little more like an Emperor. These feastings were expensive, and, in Mary's time, the outlay had become so excessive that a decree passed to decrease the number of dishes, and to confine the dessert to a simple supply of Ippocras and Wafers. This decree, however, soon ceased to be in force.

After Charles the Second had witnessed the Restoration pageant from Chesham, he was made a Grocer before he dined with the Lord Mayor. On one occasion the Mayor was so charmed with his guest that, while escorting the King to his carriage, his good-fellowship got the better of etiquette, and he pressed the monarch to return and have a glass. "Charles," laughingly declined the invitation by singing the verse of a popular song as he stepped into his carriage.

The great dinner of 1663 had like to have brought about a war between France and England. The French ambassador, De Comminges, did not arrive till after dinner was commenced. In a fume of pride and arrogance, he made some satirical speeches, and went away in a huff, because nobody seemed to care very much about him. He vapoured so greatly about it, and talked so loudly of writing to his august master, that the foolish Corporation became alarmed, and the Mayor repaired to his house in state, with a parchment full of excuses for what had happened. This made the envoy more arrogant than ever; and on the following anniversary he was received right royally, but the company did not wait for him, as he observed the due courtesy of arriving in proper time.

Down to this period, and continuing to one much later, the guests were not treated on an equality. There were various tables in the several courts as well as in the hall, and at those assigned to the men of lowest rank there were no napkins, one plate served throughout the dinner, the meats were served in wooden dishes, and the wine, such as it was, and no stint, was circulated in earthen pitchers.

The Great Fire burned out the show and dinner too, for a time, and the Mayor and Sheriffs rather sneaked up to Westminster Hall than triumphantly progressed thither, as they had been wont to do. Gradually the procession, hardly less affected by the Plague than it was subsequently by the Fire, resumed its old forms, and the streets had their Saturnalia again, particularly if royalty had been to the City that day. In such case, the streets were illuminated, and, as the said royalty, with all the guards that had been drinking hard at various renowned inns in the City, rolled back

again westward, the balconies were filled with roasting gentlemen, who tossed off their mauling bumpers, and saluted the royal diners-out with very tipsy huzzas.

In very remote times, when worship preceded refreshment, the aldermen were wont to kneel in the ancient chapel near Guildhall, to deprecate indignation. Queen Anne, if she did not restore this old observance, caused the restoration of another, that of dining at two o'clock. She went into the City in a purple coach and shining harness, and at her table there were ladies of rank only. Her husband was ill, and sent word that he was very sorry for it, which we can readily believe, for he dearly loved gastronomic indulgences; and even in battle he had been known to ride from the field and canter over to his tent, about dinner-time.

To Anne's reign the equestrian Mayors altogether died out. Henceforward they confined themselves to coach and barge. The last who crossed saddle on his inauguration was Heathcote, that "large-acred man," whom Pope has immortalized, whom Addison has made known under the pseudonym of Freeport, and to whom Dyer has given some metrical acknowledgment in return for a nomination to a Lincolnshire living.

It sometimes happened that there was a rival procession in the City, which divided the popular interest with the City's horses. Such an occurrence took place in 1738, when the Lord Mayor went up to Court to congratulate the King on the birth of the little Prince, afterwards George the Third. As the corporation was processional passing under Temple Bar, eight malefactors were slowly progressing down Holborn to the gallows at Tyburn. Five of them were about to suffer for highway robbery, two for coining, and one, "for enticing men for the King of France."

The accession of the little Prince named above had the effect of damaging the annual show altogether. The day was Monday, November 10, when Sir Matthew Blakisten was very privately sworn in, because the evening before "his late Majesty's bowels were brought from Kensington to Westminster," preceded by noisy trumpeters, as if they had something to be proud of on the occasion, escorted by Guards rendering due attention to the maid bowls, and all under the care of the Lord Chamberlain, who watched over the deposit as if it had been gold. On the Monday, the royal trunk was to follow, and as the kettle-drums and a proud array of troops were ordered out, the Mayor, not likely to be able to oppose such a spectacle successfully, stepped unostentatiously into office, and dined quietly at home.

About a quarter of a century later, when the old Princess Anella died, the new Mayor was again privately sworn in, and the parade portion of the ceremony was dispensed with. A rather joyous dinner, however, took place, on a restricted scale only as to number, but "the business was as effectually done as ever," say the letter-writers of the period, and the Mayor and Sheriffs were all the gayer, as by the death of the old Princess, they were (each of them) a good thousand pounds in pocket.

We question whether, in the old English sense of the word, a more "jolly" day was ever passed in Guildhall than that when George the Third and Queen Charlotte, in the best years of their youth and the first of their reign, dined with the new Lord Mayor. They had previously witnessed the "show" from Mr. Barclay's windows in Cheapside. The house was full of young Quakeresses, the King and his brothers kissed them all, and wonderful was the enjoyment, and the comeliness and audacity,

and the general fun of the thing! At the subsequent dinner, the monarch and royal family dined at a table apart, waited on by seven aldermen, like Nero with his wife and relations, tended by the obsequious senators, who changed their plates. Then the King, by the throat of the City Crier, drank to the City of London, to music from "Judas Maccabæus," and the Lord Mayor, from the bottom of the Hall, drank to his royal guests, when "the music immediately played the latter part of Mr. Handel's Coronation Anthem, 'God Save the King!'" Then followed the Grand Ball, opened by the frolicsome Duke of York, who, in a minute, had the Lady Mayors for a partner, and was, perhaps, thinking the while of some of those shy and pretty Quakeresses whom he had been courting that morning in good Mr. Barclay's back drawing-room. The royal family ended their way home again at one in the morning, and that the magnificent state-coachman had been well looked-to, that day, may be guessed at, from the fact that, in dashing through the gateway of St. James's, he nearly overturned his precious freight, and smashed the glasses of the carriage to shivers.

Drunkenness was no great offence in those days, and probably our friend was not dismissed. Even within Guildhall, the gentlemen guests of the last century got "glorious." At Brass Crosby's dinner, 1770, there was a superabundance of good things, "notwithstanding which, a great number of young fellows, after the dinner was over, being heated with liquor, got upon the hustings, and because they were not supplied with wine broke all the bottles and glasses within their reach." At this time the Court and Ministry were out of favour in the City, and till the year 1776, when Halifax took as the legend of his Mayornity, "Justice is the constant protection of Liberty," no member of the government received an invitation to dine at Guildhall.

The last dinner of the last century was very characteristically illustrated. The outgoing and incoming Mayors were jovial fellows, and especial lovers of good tobacco. As far as we can hear, this was the only dinner at which smoking was permitted, or rather invited; and when the two Mayors alluded to lit their pipes at the same candle, the literary gentlemen present unanimously declared that it reminded them of that famous passage of the two Kings of Brentford, smelling at the same nosegay.

We are not much disposed to enter upon the dinners of the present century. Some persons fancy they culminated when, after the war on the Continent, the Allied Sovereigns dined in the City. Others look back to the first visit of the Prince of Wales, when "the mobilé" took the horses from his carriage, and drew him, like the beasts that they were, to the Guildhall door. To our thinking, the great glory of civic banquets reached a height and splendour which will never be exceeded, in 1801. At that time the guest was not a king of men, but a man above kings. He was a pale, fragile little creature, with a pigtail, to which he seemed the light appendage. As the little man passed along in his hired fly, a thunder of welcome greeted him from the artillery of human hearts; and he passed on smiling quietly, and thinking with dread of the only thing life that he feared inspired him with fear, — the making a speech in a public presence. Under an arch expressly raised for him in the Guildhall, this pale little man was made a Freeman of the City, and at the uttering of his name, when his health was drunk, another burst of joyful thunder shook the very roof. It was a name, made to move hearts, in divers ways,

hearts of enemies as of friends, for the name of that fragile little man was — NELSON.

Since then, good and great and gracious visitors have honoured the City with their presence; but after Nelson, they with the exception of the days of Wellington and Soult, seem to be but ordinary folk. Such a hero as the great Admiral may, again, some day, be needed. When the day arrives, may he render such complete service as Nelson rendered, the hearts of his fellow-citizens will joyfully proclaim his merits, and a Lord Mayor will again feel the smallness of his own presence in the greatness of the hero.

Species not Transmutable, nor the Result of Secondary Causes: Being a Critical Examination of Mr. Darwin's Work, entitled 'Origin and Variation of Species.' By C. R. Broe, M.D. (Groombridge & Sons.)

SINCE we introduced Mr. Darwin's volume to public notice, a week or so before its general issue, it has gone the wide literary round which we expected and predicted, and whatever the author may think of his opponents, to them is largely due the notoriety which his book has obtained. For new theorists excommunication is preferable to no communication, and for them it is better to be publicly sent to Purgatory than to Coventry. Accordingly, it has materially helped Mr. Darwin to his high thousand, to be subjected to ecclesiastical censure at Oxford, and to scientific censure in a dozen different periodicals. Some few of his reviewers have been elaborate in their critical refutations, some superficial; and some would have done better in first acquiring a little knowledge of the natural sciences. The general verdict on the Darwinian theory has been "not proven." Grave charges of materialism and anti-Biblical opinions have been brought against this theoretic criminal, and vehemently urged. In such quarters, the verdict may be stated as "Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, on account of previous good character." At all events, it is well for Mr. Darwin that he lives in this age and this country, for at another period, and in another land, his light would have certainly shone blazingly for an hour, and then he himself would have become an *ex vivo* species. In the reign of bigotry, the flames have consumed many a man whose heterodoxy stopped far short of Mr. Darwin's.

Dr. Broe has not contented himself with a lecture or review article, but boldly comes forward with a book to do battle with Mr. Darwin. Here then the combatants are manly and well met. Mr. Darwin did not, like the Author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' hide himself in a Scotch mist, but at once gave his name, and must have foreseen that it would be, as it now is, coupled with highly unpopular conclusions. Dr. Broe has not an equal previous reputation as a naturalist, but his present publication will do him some credit, for it shows that he has carefully read the volume he proposes to criticize, has weighed its propositions, has read many of the reviews it has occasioned, and is able to gather up and marshal a number of objections and counter-arguments, wherewith to overthrow the hypothesis he so strongly combats. With less haste, and more deliberate application, this evidently has produced a work superior to the present; yet, as it now stands, readers who have little leisure will find it useful, in putting them in easy possession of the main objections of Mr. Darwin's opponents. The author is outspoken enough for any taste. He considers "Mr. Darwin's position untenable, his facts doubtful, his reasoning unsound, and his de-

ductions untrue." Towards his conclusion, he observes of Mr. Darwin's volume—"From beginning to end, the book is a cheerless, gloomy narrative. It destroys every vestige of the Beautiful from the mind, without replacing it with even a plausible or intelligent theory. It is the great mistake of the age in which we live; and I hope, for his own sake, and for those whose principles it is calculated to unsettle, that not only will the greater work with which we are threatened never see the light, but that this will be speedily withdrawn from circulation."

In perusing Mr. Darwin's volume a second time, it has appeared to us that his assumptions throughout have been unwarrantably large, and that the array of facts capable of being brought against his theory are, on the most unbiased view, at least as numerous as those which he has adduced in support of it. Men eminent in their several walks have already contributed many such damaging facts, and they are by no means yet exhausted. We observed at the first that the geological record, imperfect as he alleges it to be, is strongly against him; and we may have opportunities of confirming this antagonism in noting geological books yet to be published. But without building up objections upon the ancient rocks of our earth, a few well-selected facts may be adduced which are most plainly adverse. If, as has been pointed out, the permanence of a species can be proved for such a period as 3,000 years,—if it is admitted that varieties display a tendency to revert to the original type,—and if instances can be mentioned in which modifications beneficial to a species have not taken place in wild animals, even when those creatures have made efforts in that direction,—then we have sufficient answers to the proposed theory. The permanence of a species for more than 3,000 years may be inferred from the fact, that the African ostrich is faithfully represented in Egyptian records; and the other two propositions have been contended for by good naturalists. Add to these, that human ingenuity has never yet proceeded so far as to give rise to what naturalists would regard as a new species,—that sterility, *inter se*, is the universal and generally admitted characteristic of hybrids,—and that while there is no actual evidence of an inherent principle of mutation for improvement in the works of creation, there are not a few examples of reversion, that when hybrids breed with either parent stock their offspring quickly revert to that particular type, and that even the result of all *intra-specific* connexions, issuing in breeds or races, is a common tendency to revert to the original stock,—then, we apprehend, enough ammunition is piled up against this theory, so ingeniously propounded and so strenuously reiterated by some of the author's friends. A few well-selected and well-sustained facts are sufficient to prove the theory untenable; but it seems probable that they will continue to be accumulated for a long period yet to come, and not without occasion; for if there be a human metempsychosis, the spirit of Demilleat transmigrated into Lamarck, and came up again in Geoffrey St. Hilaire, whose vraith wrmpped round him a comfortable Scotch plaid in the Author of the 'Vestiges of Creation'; but soon, like all discerning spirits, quitted the north country for the south, and has now found a corporeal home in a beautiful district of Kent. Where and to whom he may next transmigrate is so uncertain, that men who are troubled by him will instinctively store up facts against his future reappearance.

With Mr. Darwin's volume in our hands, we

have more than once seriously mused upon the author's ulterior aim. What, we have said to ourselves, could be his high and dominant purpose in devoting so many years to such a volume as this, and in preparing a more elaborate sequel to this forerunner? What is his ultimate philosophy—for a man so meditative and so cultivated cannot be without one—and what would he wish his readers to hold as the lofty issue of his theoretic teachings? What does he really mean, for instance, by this Natural Selection, to which so much is attributed? If it operates as a presiding principle through innumerable ages,—if it selects, assort, distinguishes and preserves,—if it gathers up manifold small increments, and rejects parts obsolete and unsuitable,—if it aggrandizes small increments into great and long-enduring results,—if it exercises a power that never fails, that is never hindered and never weakened,—if it forces its end through millions of years, and through all these years is ever controlling imperfection and contributing to perfection,—and we think we find all these potencies variously, though vaguely, ascribed by Mr. Darwin to his supposed principle,—if, we say, Natural Selection is and does all this,—then it is either God, or it is a potentist not God, what is it that you are attempting to set up upon altars where men usually worship Him? What is this wonderful power, to which you would give what most men regard as the inalienable prerogatives of Deity? Do not reply that, though it exists, we can know nothing of it,—do not carry us back to Athens, where men ignorantly worshipped an unknown God. What is its significance? Is it human, or divine, or organic, a substance, an essence, or a shadow?

In an age when all Science and all Philosophy are labouring to attain clearness and precision, it is certainly as desirable to have it here as elsewhere. Suppose us to be converts to your theory, and to accept all you propound, pray tell us, in perspicuous language, what we have gained. Apparently, you would have us believe that a wonderful and prescient principle is swaying the sceptre of the natural kingdoms, sustaining, conducting and improving all that lives towards a grand natural millennium. You do not proclaim this to be the Infinite Intelligence; for you make it inherent in organized matter; yet, that it may accomplish what you declare to be its achievements, the Infinite Intelligence, at some vastly remote period of time, must have ordained that portions of his own intelligence should go forth at every instant of following time to things external, or to millions of beings whom you assume to be endowed with such powers of discrimination as to be continually electing and combining the elements of progressive improvement, and as continually excluding all that is unfavorable and deteriorative. There is a mighty march along ten thousand lines of life to natural optimism; but who heads it, who commands, who contrives and controls and carries out this astonishing advance? Natural Selection—do you again reply? Then, again, most certainly this same Natural Selection is Deity, or Fate, or nothing—unless you would suppose a duality of powers.

But if Deity, then the Creator. The Creator? What need of Him in this philosophy, which reduces Creation to a minimum effect, and a vanishing point in infinite antiquity? A few primitive forms, unlike anything we have beheld, were, you admit, created, or, possibly, only one. Then Man was not specially created, whatever the Biblical myth may affirm. As to

admiring the works of the Creator—where are they? These varied and wonderful organisations all around us are but transmutations or developments,—at least, none of them are special creations. As to worshipping our Creator, how can we do so? If your doctrines be true, then the only man who appears to have worshipped aright was Job, when he exclaimed, "I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister." Perhaps we may add the Egyptians, who, as they worshipped an ape, were wiser and more religious than men have hitherto conceived. That was not idolatry, but reverence for ancestry. Is this the key to the Egyptian sacredness of certain animals? Were those knowing priests transmutationists? At any rate our most appropriate temple or herma'd college would be the Zoological Gardens. Let every man who passes the Chimpanzee or catches sight of a Gorilla salute his great-great-grandfather. The number of removes and the exact degree of consanguinity may be uncertain, but we are all lineal descendants. The likeness is not very flattering; but then we have improved, and are splendid examples of the blessed effects of Natural Selection. There may be a slight tendency to reversion, perhaps, but on the whole the improvement is manifest, and we ought to be extremely grateful:—

"To read to see the 'human face divine,'
And sweet to feel the monkey's is not mine!"

If Mr. Darwin, or his friends on his behalf, repudiate such inferences as these, then let them show that they do not follow from his theory when fully carried out. It is vain to say he does not meddle with theology, when he comes behind it and deals out to it his deadliest blow. If the general fact be, in his opinion, groundless, let him belabour it as he will,—and the more openly the more honestly.

Many there are who would was vehement in their denunciation of such philosophy, and who would say, without expressing any deterioration of the theory, because of its unflinching materialism; because it has deserted the inductive track, the only track that leads to physical truth; because it utterly repudiates final causes, and thereby initiates a demoralised understanding on the part of its advocates." This language we quote without fully adopting it; but let it be well and widely understood that though Mr. Darwin's book has obtained a wide circulation, and that they with a very limited knowledge and that they are anything but legitimate consequences of devotion to the study of Natural History,—of which last observation his own previous publications are sufficient proofs.

The Pioneer of Progress; or, the Early Closing Movement in Relation to the Saturday Half-Holiday and the Early Payment of Wages.
By John Dennis. Price Essay. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

There is nothing in Mr. Dennis's treatise for which it merits to rank either above or below the ordinary run of Prize Essays. It is a fair specimen of its kind,—rational, epigrammatic and ill digested; calculated, of itself, neither to do good nor harm; full of good intention, void of good result, uninteresting and problematic; scarcely to be denounced as 'bad,' until it is remembered that a worthy citizen of London, residing in St. Paul's Churchyard, has paid no less a sum than fifty pounds for its composition. At such a price, the article is unquestionably to be condemned. We would,

however, quarrel only with the system that called it into existence. From time to time, just as some social movement has triumphed over the ills of an adverse childhood, and is becoming not only popular with the people, but fashionable with the rich, a misguided philanthropist is wont to rise and offer a reward for the best written defence of "the cause," which, its battle having long ago been fought, as far as literature could fight it, in the newspapers and other common organs of public opinion, has grown so strong as not to need defenders—least of all, verbal defenders. In due course, the prize is contended for, and from the scores of themes sent in for approval, the judges select the most deserving. The fortunate competitor thinks himself an ornament to the literature of his country; the unsuccessful candidates repeat having spent their time and stationery to no purpose; and the public, supposed by simple-minded people to be the party especially benefited by these transactions, eventually is permitted to purchase, for some few shillings, or pence, a wretched pamphlet that is not qualified to head even the society of the waste-paper basket. The total results may be thus briefly stated:—a benevolent capitalist parts with fifty pounds; an amateur *littérateur* gains the said fifty pounds—and is by no means over-compensated for his exertion, though he is undoubtedly over-paid for his production; some sixty or a hundred other amateur scribes work hard for three months to no purpose; the public are offered, at the usual market-price, a decidedly inferior treatise.

This is the Prize System,—so dear to the hearts of British shopkeepers, who would have scholars adopt the maxims of tradesmen, competing in open market, and sending in their samples of goods—like butchers and bakers seeking a workhouse contract with a Board of Guardians. These prize-givers would put out literary work to be done by the piece, and form a company on the everlasting principles of limited liability, for the production of a second "Paradise Lost." Their mistaken supposition that by their darling plan they will get the best possible article for their money. Let us assure them that in this they greatly err, and overreach themselves. Skilled workmen will not ply their craft on such terms. How can it be expected that any author, dextrous with his pen, and familiar, by long daily use, with the arguments relating to public questions, and the best modes of handling them, will spend time and learning and process under such conditions? If he were to enter the lists, and be so fortunate as to win the favourable decision of his judges (judges who not improbably are his intellectual inferiors), he would only clutch, as a stake from a gambling-table, that which by the same amount of labour he could secure, without risk of any kind, in the ordinary exercise of his vocation. But what if he should be only one more unfortunate added to the producers of "rejected addresses"? Of course, no artist, worth his salt, could think for an instant of contending for one of these prizes. Only tenth-rate writers try for them,—only tenth-rate writers win them. The system has now been in operation many years. What has it done for us? It gave us some short time since a poem that was publicly recited at a festival, got up for the honour of Burns and the benefit of a joint-stock company. It now, more than sixteen years after the inauguration of the "Early Closing Association," has presented us with Mr. Dennis's "Pioneer of Progress."

The Pianoforte: its Origin, Progress, and Construction, with some Account of Instruments of the same Class which preceded it. To which is added, a Selection of interesting Specimens of Music, composed for Keyed-Stringed Instruments, &c. By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. (Cocks & Co.)

Leigh Hunt, apostrophizing the Pianoforte, wrote:—

O friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!

—No instrument of music, it will be owned by less enthusiastic votaries, has exercised so large an amount of pleasurable influence, or been of so much importance to the diffusion and progress of the art. In right of only two of its claims (both secondary ones),—as an instrument of representation, by aid of which the most complicated music may be exhibited,—as an instrument of accompaniment,—the scope and resources of the Pianoforte are large to infinity. It has yet another remarkable merit,—that of being among all instruments the easiest to learn. Whereas stringed instruments demand certain physical capabilities, an instant readiness and delicacy of finger, in union with power of muscle and nicety of ear,—whereas, to play on Minerva's instrument, the flute, a peculiar mouth and lip are wanted, if the tune is to be good, the remark applying to all the family of musical instruments made to speak by human respiration,—the average man, woman, or child has ten good chances to one had one if he select the Pianoforte for his field of study. It is superfluous to re-state the old case of Genias apart from possession of talent, be the expounding medium what it will.

Genius, after its kind, goes to the making of monographs, as well as to the playing on instruments, wind or stringed. When Cobbett was analyzing the duties of a cross-examining counsel in the forcible and racy articles poured out by him on the occasion of Queen Caroline's trial, he managed to write so lively a piece of reading, that his paragraph is recited now that the trial and its retail disgraces are well nigh forgotten.—"Goldsmith," said Dr. Johnson, "would make his 'History of Animated Nature' as entertaining as a Persian tale."—Dr. Rimbault does not approach, as a writer, either the one or the other predecessor; but his book is pleasant. There is more show than depth of research, perhaps,—but a large amount of practical and historical modern fact is not wanting. We must be forgiven we find this latter more to the purpose (holding henceforth of no concern in respect to the music of the ancients) than any ingenious views concerning Egyptian harps or Greek lyres, or the majestic array of instruments called out by Nebuchadnezzar when he snatched for himself the honours of idolatry.

Leaving, then, the antiquities of the subject, we may begin our desultory progress at a period still distant enough,—the fourteenth century, about which date, M. Fétis says that the clavichord, or keyed-clavier, predecessor of the monochord, or clavierbord, or clavierbord, was invented. From its first invention, almost, the construction of the instrument has been either horizontal or upright, as it has remained even until this day. Of late, however, it must be observed, the upright form has fallen into neglect, existing only at present in the smallest cottage pianofortes, and this in spite of its obvious adaptability to the small rooms of our English houses. From hence it would appear that there was radical imperfection in the one position of the strings as compared with

the other, which the complete machinery of modern invention is unable to remove.

Some doubt is stated as to what the *combalo* of the Italians, mentioned in Boccaccio, must have been. Burney did not conceive it to have been any keyed instrument, but "tinkling cymbal"; overlooking the fact, that it is mentioned as being in request to accompany the *liberal songs* (a use no coarser term) with which the Dions of the 'Decameron' regaled the willing ears of the Florentines and Pisanettes. Probably it may have been the precursor of the *clavier-combalo* of modern Italy; or it may have been used incorrectly, for here we come to a difficulty which perpetually meets the musical inquirer.—Designations were so loosely applied and perverted by the elder writers as by those of our own day. Fancy the historian who will write A.D. 2000 on the music of Europe consulting the works of thoroughly-educated travellers in the hope of attaining some idea of what the effect of the 'Miserere' in the Sistine Chapel really was like, or wherein lay the supremacy of the Haarden organ, or of Galbraith's more remarkable instrument at Weingarten! Every one conceives himself or herself competent to speak concerning Music; forgetting meanwhile that the technology of the art—polyglot, semi-barbarous, varying, a body of terms and names which has accumulated by accident—is only to be mastered by labour, comparison, knowledge of many languages and countries;—and hence that raptures, however sincere, conveyed in slipshod phraseology, however picturesque, tend to mislead and bewilder those in search of matters of fact.—Every one can record having enjoyed certain vague sensations. To describe the causes of these is possible to few. If it be urged, in reply, that as much might be said concerning Poetry, the rejoinder is, that the expression of musical ideas something exact, mathematical, to be checked and regulated by rule, is indispensable,—further, that in all musical execution that which is material and mechanical bears a large part. Yet, in the description of no art nor pleasure has precision been so disdained as by those attempting to describe Music.—The most exactly conscientious of antiquaries would find it no easy task to reconcile such a generality as the "late" known to the words of poets since the days when Orpheus dared the depths in quest of Eurydice,—with the practical *Lute* as understood by musical-instrument makers since the Christian era began.

Though we have been led by accident into the above speculations, they may spare us the necessity of dwelling on minute details belonging to the earlier days of the Pianoforte. The first instrument of any size appears to have been called *housen* or *housen* to whom we owe so much, is perhaps the spinet, described by Florio in his 'Dictionaire,' 1611, and drawn by Mercurius,—a thing without legs, and of only a very few octaves in compass, but clearly the ancestor of the *fort-piano*. Such obsolete and innocuous centuries as this were to be found within the century in old English country-houses. The last one, in which something that passed for the breath of music was to be found, may have been (for aught we know) an ancient piece of furniture extant in the Monastery of the Great St. Bernard some fifty years ago. That quaint, feeble, old machine reposed on a pile of cushions, which rose and fell in obedience to the expression of the fingers of the monk who made the rattling keys discourse,—and who (like Leigh Hunt) addressed his cell companion as—

O dear old one, my dear one.
—By the time that we reach the sumptuous reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth we find that

the "virginals" had become part and parcel of every Englishman's furniture. Composition for them, to suit the requisites of a keyed instrument, had settled itself into those forms, from which, as from so many roots, such a vast amount of productions, various and beautiful in growth, have sprung.—Every tyro is familiar with the reputation of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, as a collection of great curiosities, and of lessons written by the redoubtable Dr. John Bull, the playing of which was by no means child's play.—Dry enough these must have seemed to Melville, when, in fresh runs Ruzic's Italian harp and Mary Stuart's singing of French romances, he was allowed the privilege of listening in the corridor, while our magnificent, lion-hearted, vain, virago Sovereign put forth all the power of her ten digits, with the intention of wresting from the Scotch ambassador a compliment to her superior proficiency—but very difficult they were. Dr. Rimbault is hasty when he says that "an ordinary pianist could with ease execute any pieces of the volume after an hour's practice." Has he ever submitted the specimens contained in pages 115 and 116 of Burney's 'History,' Vol. 3, to Madame Pleyel or to Miss Goddard,—neither of them ordinary—both, in one sense of the word, *royal-pianists*!

Having mentioned Burney, we may take the opportunity of recognizing and accrediting the value which Dr. Rimbault ascribes to that brilliant and entranced man. Nor is this done without cause. The honour which has lately prevailed of running down the lively historian in order to extol Hawkins as his superior has always seemed to us foolish and unjustifiable. If Burney was in some respects superficial, we are not aware of any such gross difficulties in his History as occur in Sir John's with respect to Handel.—We have Johnson's warrant that the Knight was unscrupulous as to facts,—we have his approval of the Doctor's "Musical Tour,"—and more, an avowal that his own Scottish journal was modelled on it. If Burney was deficient in old English antiquarianism, he spoke sometimes lightly of the Cathedral Choir (whose importance in Hawkins's History engaged the good word of Horace Walpole by its chiming in with his retrospective tastes), he had a larger and more universal sympathy than his contemporary—was more thoroughly possessed with the spirit of Continental music, French, Italian and German, than could have been expected from a tourist trained in early life as he had been. The genius which brought him up from a Lynn organ and set him down in London as a member of 'The Club,' not to be disparaged by his club-mates, formidable as they were in wit and intellect,—is to be felt in the truth, quickness and permanence of his Continental experiences. Then, in this peculiar pianoforte matter, Burney had the knowledge of a special witness. He was the teacher of his period. The playing of his 'Etty,' in a double *Sonata*, by Muthel, figures lovingly and often in Fanny Burney's Chronicles of St. Martin's Street. There is no setting such a man aside without giving false measure to one of the most ingenious and universal Englishmen who ever devoted himself to music.

In Dr. Rimbault's sixth chapter, we find ourselves before the Harpsichord,—another modification of the keyed instrument which supplanted lyre and lute, and one the peculiarities of which sensibly influenced composition. Let the modern transcendentalists say what they will, in Music the means at command have influenced ideas as distinctly as in Poetry the sonnet-form has impressed a style, a cadence,—nay, too, a choice of subject,—on all

sonneteers, from Petrarch downwards.—The "bit of quill passed through a small moveable touch of holly, to touch the string when the jack (or tongue aforesaid) was in action," added a certain quaint, buzzing sound to the spinet,—a mixture of piquancy and confusion in no respect replacing the sustained sounds of wind instruments,—which suggested new effects, passages, combinations. Some of these were too pleasant and peculiar to have passed into oblivion. For instance, the *arpeggio* can never have the same effect of vibration, representing a spread or opened-out chord, on any other keyed instrument. The wearing passage, again, where, by aid of a double keyboard, the right and the left hand could conspire to produce an intricate and even piece of interlacement, is no less individual. The tone of the best harpsichord must have been nasal and twanging as compared with the fuller-bodied sounds to which the Erards and Broadwoods have accustomed us of later years; yet it may have had, too, a certain *spite* and meaning which sweeter and richer strings cannot render.—Foginacy has great worth in contrast. Sounds in themselves positively disagreeable may be so fused, and mellowed, and blent with other sounds as to give to the concert of instruments that enhancement which (to use the homeliest of homely figures) a bitter orange gives to a bowl of punch. In the theory, knowledge and use of contrasts lies the force of the modern orchestra. The reed of the oboe, the snore of the bassoon, the inexpressive note of the flute, the acute chirp of the *soprano piccolo*, the bray of the trombone, are all so many acids, by way of material, to the composer. Thus, he may have lost a colour, a hint and a humour in the effacement of the Harpsichord.

In its day,—the "Flügel," or wing-piano (so called to describe the form of the harp laid down horizontally),—was an object of tenderness and caressing. The best painters did not disdain to paint harpsichord-cases. Salvator Rosa laid down a skull and musical books on that of his own harpsichord; for, "base-born and thief-like" thought Salvator was (according to Mr. Ruskin), he was, nevertheless, a great harpsichord-player,—a melodist in advance of his time, who set his own poem for himself to sing; in this being neither base nor thieving; Burney, again, tells us how, in foreign courts, or in the houses of foreign artist-princes, he came upon harpsichords superbly decked;—at Berlin arranged in the *Buhl* manner of inlaying;—at Paris pannelled by Boucher for M. Balbastre, the organist of St-Roch. Boucher's pannels outlived the quills and the jacks,—having fallen into the hands of those princes of pianoforte-making, the Messrs. Broadwood, and having been fitted up to serve a new purpose.—This humour of decorating the "box of music" has been on the return of late, among the return of other luxuries,—in this age of ours which has originated cheap music. The grand pianofortes of 1851, exhibited by Messrs. Broadwood and Erard, are not to be forgotten,—and our Queen has, for the delectation of herself and guests, a superb specimen of what modern decorative art can do, in an instrument, the case of which, overpread with arabesques on a gold ground, by M. Rochet, was, a few years since, enlarged, to allow the introduction of a new body of strings and keys, with a few additional notes.

But though we miss the Harpsichord,—ranging it with the theorbo, gitter or guitar, and harp, as among the materials for music not precisely to be replaced by any better thing—it is impossible to overvalue the boon that the improvements made in the Pianoforte since its predecessor went out of fashion have been to music and musicians. On this point, begin-

ning with his Chapter Seventh, Dr. Rimbault is minute and instructive; specifying the gradual growth of the enterprises of rival makers—their patents, their peculiarities—from the days when Mozart described Stein's pianofortes, and when Shudi and Erard established themselves in London and in Paris—down to those of that great battle of pianos of 1851, which took place in the Crystal Palace. It would be impossible for us, in the slightest or most sketchy manner, to specify one tithe of the improvements by which strength of structure, sonority of tone, extension of compass, and obediency to the finger have been successively gained.—It would seem now as if mechanical invention could do little more; barred as its proceedings are by one limit, which there is no passing,—to wit, the impossibility of producing sustained tones. How little this is felt as an evil when a Hummel or a Thalberg takes a slow melody in hand it is needless to tell. So far from being one, could prolongation ad infinitum be obtained, it would be at the sacrifice of the character of the instrument, and of that variety which, as was said while since, gives so much of its spirit and soul to the art.

The third portion of Dr. Rimbault's work consists of a series of specimens, ranging betwixt William Blitheman, 1555, and Charles Philip Emmanuel Bach, 1760, in whose pianoforte music almost every one of the modern effects will be found indicated. Some of the pieces here brought together are curious, and from sources little known. The student will observe how, for a time, writers principally contented themselves with varying simple and insipid themes. The Italiana, beginning with Freseobaldi, were, perhaps, the first that began to try for melody, as we understand the word.—The 'Suite de Pièces,' by Lulli (1670), is exceedingly interesting, showing the great Italian as great in writing for the chamber as for the stage. Mozart, whose eyes, ears and memory were everywhere, knew something about them. The resemblance betwixt the *Allemande*, reprinted by Dr. Rimbault (pp. 388-9), and the *Allemande* in Mozart's *Sonata* in the style of Handel, can hardly, we conceive, have been a matter of accidental coincidence.—Excellent in another way is the *Almand* of our Lulli, Henry Purcell, the greatest born melodist and master of expression England has ever had.—How perplexing, yet noticeable, is the fact, that whereas one so vigorous, so far in advance of his times and so national as Purcell, produced little or no impression on his successors, as far as founding a school goes,—we can trace Lulli's influence through a line of followers,—not forgetting Couperin, whose music is, some of it, charming—down to the days of Mondoville; as little losing sight of the fact, that Lulli found in France (as the composition of *Chambonnieres*, 1637, would suffice to prove), humours to which it was necessary to conform—otherwise the foundations of a style clearly laid.—That very style exists in every real French musical work of the present day. How long will it be before the Art of our neighbour, viewed with reverence to a spirit so peculiar to all-pervading, shall receive the attention it deserves from thoughtful lovers of Music in this country!

Here, again, is a topic on which further expatiation would be permissible, but it must be withheld for some other time or place. There are a dozen more points of curiosity and value to be wrought out from among these specimens. The 'Variations,' by Murshauer (1696), are on one of a large family of airs alluded to when Mr. Chappell's interesting work on English Music was noticed,—among which, to speak familiarly, is to be found the cradle of 'God save the

King." That melody, we have long fancied, may have been patched up, not composed.—The specimens by Kuhnau and Matheson have interest from their affinity to the style of Handel, that magnificent freebooter, who laid his hands on everything that suited him, and who by a few touches gave the stolen work a form and distinction which it had never before possessed.—How are we reminded of this by the citations from the works of Theodor Muffat, 1796, a Viennese harpsichord master! That the aforesaid Muffat had inventions, the *Fantaisie* printed here (pp. 344-5, &c.) makes evident. His "air," known in this country as "Muffat's March," was quietly appropriated, altered and scored (even as M. Berlioz, the other day, treated the Ragocsky March) by "the giant"—and it now figures in "Judith Maccabeus" as the most inspiring of troop marches ever written.

The above notes, which, though seemingly disjointed, are still strung upon a continuous thread—will satisfy all who care for the Piano-forte that Dr. Rimbauld's book, if not final, is full of suggestion,—a book to bear any amount of annotation and interweaving.

Contemporary Rome.—[*Rome Contemporaine*, par Edmond About.] (Paris, Lévy Frères; London, Dulau & Co.)

THE "Red Apple," as the Caliphs called Rome, is peeled and quartered with very little compunction by M. About, already famous as a caustic critic of the Papacy. He has neither the authority, nor the liberty, he says, to discuss the question of the Temporal Power. This book is a study of Roman society and manners. It exhibits a good deal of decay in the core of the apple, but the Pontiff himself is spared any further photographing. So also are the cardinals, with all the violet velvet processions of the Vatican. Nobles, tradesmen, artists and bandits occupy the foreground. In the rear is the Ghetto, with its Jews, the Church, with marriage and funeral in rivalry for the spectator's eye,—the Barrack, and the Trastevere; and, in the distance, the pasture-lands which help to feed the State, and the pestilential Alsatia in which its outlaws find an asylum. M. About, who is, as usual, peculiarly systematic in the order of his recollections, does not immediately step on Roman ground, but detains himself somewhat unnecessarily at Marseilles, where he expatiates and epigrammatizes until we are tempted to doubt whether he has not perpetrated some crime against the vanity of Frenchmen which demands an amnesty. However, all roads lead to Rome, and he arrives at the metropolis of history after half a hundred pages of irrelevancy. Where to lodge? Charlemagne put up at the palace of the Cæsar on Mount Palatine; Charlemagne the Eighth was content with the great Venetian Palace; Montaigne resided at an hotel; so did Rabelais; three hundred and twenty steps above the square, in the edifice in which Galileo was imprisoned, were the head-quarters of M. About,—with a world of splendid architecture and decoration below. And here, at once, his confessions are begun. Rome is the least amusing city in the world.—Athens excepted. And yet it fascinates the young, even though they have neither heart nor memory to converse like Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne's heroines. But, says M. About, you must stay eight days before you can taste the flavour of the Roman luxury. He saw a copy of a guide-book, with notes scrawled on the margin, in which a traveller had written beneath the description of St. Peter's, "I've seen something better than that"—where, he

did not record. Gregory the Sixteenth, when a stranger told him he had been three weeks in the capital, invariably said "Farewell!" but if the stranger had stayed three months, he would say, "I hope to see you again." And Gregory, M. About thinks, was right. Concerning his own lodgment, he avows that he could only step seven paces in one direction, but a little cupola made it airy, and M. Horace Vernet had adorned it with Oriental sketches. One window opened upon the Pineian, the yellow Tiber, the Monte Mario and the Villa Borghese; the other upon the Column of Antonine, the Tomb of Hadrian and the dome of St. Peter's, which is to Rome, saith the enthusiast, what Etna is to Sicily.

The details on which M. About first enters are those connected with the plebeian classes, whose obscure industry just elevates them above the professional beggars. He saw them on the Sunday, when the peasants came into the city in search of employment, or with the produce of the country to sell, each family driving an ass before it towards the point of the Farnese Palace: the women in cinquant-shaped corsets, striped vests, red aprons and white petticoats,—all without exception, fit could only step seven paces in one direction, but a little cupola made it airy, and M. Horace Vernet had adorned it with Oriental sketches. One window opened upon the Pineian, the yellow Tiber, the Monte Mario and the Villa Borghese; the other upon the Column of Antonine, the Tomb of Hadrian and the dome of St. Peter's, which is to Rome, saith the enthusiast, what Etna is to Sicily.

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A Parisian Jew, who went to Rome to witness the ceremonies of the Holy Week, was lodged in a particular house. Some days after Easter he received, by mistake, the visit of a confessor appointed to collect documentary confession, and detested to justice all who had violated the laws of the Church. "Excuse me, Sir," said the Jew, upon opening his door; "but I am not a Christian."—"You are a Lutheran, perhaps," inquired the priest, more politely than tenderly.—"No, Sir; an Israelite."—"Come," answered the confessor, "that is not so bad!"

Among the Trasteverinos M. About saw models for the Farnese Hercules, and girls "white and lovely as Venus," but loaded with trinkets, and unlike the goddesses except in their faces and busts which were not lost in balloons of Italian crinoline. And the Roman Psyche drinks like a dragon, and smiles at strangers most innocently. These people, M. About says, were specially prone to use the knife; but the custom is being gradually abandoned. Between 1859 and 1852, 245 assassinations, committed in Rome itself, were registered, and only two of the murders were accompanied

by robbery. Duels were fought with daggers. In 1853, the Roman tribunals dealt with 609 offences against property, and 1,344 against the person. In France for the same year, the proportion was 1,921 assaults and 3,719 thefts. The examples quoted are startling:—boys of thirteen stabbing young girls in a fit of jealousy, and assassins, after slaying a member of a family, saying the deed was as a matter of precaution. But vengeance is often quick, and the assassin is assassinated before justice has heard of his crime. Little or no infamy attaches to the blood-shedder. But the thief is despised; and, a few years ago, young or old, man or woman, was chastised with a smart thong, "not," says M. About, on the sides of the feet. But the killing of a priest is held a mortal crime; and scarcely forty years have elapsed since a murderer of this class was first brained in a public square, and then remembered, "like a roasted fowl," until a basket had been filled with his limbs and quarters.

Another phase of Roman manners described by M. About is the Lottery, "the shortest road to wealth or to pauperism." All Italians are devoted to it. Rome is no worse than Naples, or Florence than Venice. Sickness, misery, danger, death itself, are forgotten by the speculator as the numbers turn up and the excitement grows. Certain numbers are supposed to possess a miraculous virtue. It is a grand thing to take the advice of a condemned person on the way to the scaffold; but formerly intercession was made with the decaying heads of executed criminals, inclosed in iron cages and exposed to public sale. All classes are absorbed by turns in this illusion. Passing to more general descriptions, M. About sketches the Roman girls of the middle orders:—

They have beautiful teeth, thanks to the purity of the water and the equable climate; large eyes, prodigious quantities of hair, pretty shoulders, admirable legs, regular, but not very delicate features, the nose well shaped, the lips slightly disdainful, the complexion fascinating, superb arms, plump hands, the stature rather diminutive, the leg heavy, the foot too short. It is more agreeable to see than to hear them.

They are coquettes, but mostly early:—After marriage their morals are somewhat easy, if the records are to be credited. It is said that complainant husbands abound in the middle class, and that numbers of women are at no loss to provide for the expenditure of their toilette. I think the reproach is, if not unfounded, at least much exaggerated.

M. About takes notes of theatrical life in Rome:—

The *prima donna* is the good mother of a family; her six children have paid their mamma the delicate attention of not spoiling her voice. Her husband is a baritone, or, perhaps, a broken down gentleman whom she supports. Do not fear that she will be unfaithful to him; she has too much to do. The performances, the rehearsals, the children, the pot au feu absorb all her time. "Her husband is to her a necessary piece of furniture; he takes her to the theatre and home again, he signs agreements, he lends the little boys to school, he buys provisions in the market.

The sculptors and painters fall in for their share of M. About's criticism. He was disgusted in many of the statues which he had taste of the compositions, the meanness of the figures, and the softness of the marble. "The marble becomes butter," he says. And piled up ready for sale are the arms of the Capitoline Venus, torsoes of the Venus of Milo, legs of the Venus de' Medici. Busts are kept in readiness in a rough state, to be worked into portraits—the nose altered, the mouth modified, a mustache, perhaps, added, and the work is done!

The arts of modern Rome are scarcely those of Michael Angelo. And then the *Genius of Guido*, the *Violin Players of Raffaele*, the *Copids of Correggio*, the *Virgins of Carlo Dolce*, the *Judiths of Ughetto*—all "originals"—were manufactured and shipped to America! There are warehouses full of them, and they glow on the walls of Syracuse and Cardage beyond the sea and the ocean!—

My companion made up a grand collection of antique monuments reduced to saleable proportions. He bought two *Cerberus*, one arch of *Titus*, one column of *Trajan*, four obelisks, and one tomb of the *Scipios*.

(Amuse, corals, and malachite specimens were added, of course with a casket containing the palette of an ancient Roman lady, collars of gold, bracelets of scarabæi, pins with which the bosoms of slaves were pricked—on the authors say. From artists to nobles, M. About analyses the peacocks of Rome, sets down their incomes, traces their origin, whether to *Falcius Maximus*, or to a butcher of the last century. Of the army he has little to say. It is coarse, ill educated, behind the age: "a livery is more respected than an uniform." With respect to the Government, M. About remarks that his opinions "on this classic costume of truth" have already been published, and that, considering how matters stand, he shall at present be as reserved as a cat. But as to manners? Rome is the petticoated Venus. Her sculpture, whether in the open squares or in the galleries, is modest; the nude allegorical figures on the pontifical tombs have been draped; but men in the stark naked in the Tiber, and even in the basin of the Pauline Fountain. A physician assured M. About that he had never seen the body of a woman,—he was boasting of his purity:—but in this prude city the student of morals learned all the scandals about the *Duchess X*, the *Duchess A*, the *Prince C*, who married a grocer's daughter. These scandals are somewhat broadly illustrated; but in the midst of the degenerate crowd shines now and then a *Tolla*, or a young girl bearing noble arms, who becomes a painter in order that she may marry an artist. All is not dead, even in Rome. There are *Asconius* yet who revere the names of the great, and *Bevenuto Cellini* might, even in our days, light upon a man whom he might be proud to call a pupil. Womanly humanity is illustrated by the following:

A Roman lady, a princess, brought up in a convent, had been guilty of some imprudence; her waiting-maid knew all, and permitted her mistress to know that she could disgrace her. Under similar circumstances, where is the Frenchwoman who would not have offered a bribe? But my Roman slapped the face of the impudent creature, knocked her down, and turned her out in a moment. If our poor Stenhal were living, he would have admired this trait of courage. Observe, if you please, that the princess was not a *virago*, but a delicate and tender little woman. The servant left, and never disclosed the secret. It was the heroine of the adventure who herself related it.

The grand lady immortalized by *Brontë* would have punished her damsel in a different manner. M. About turns from these privacies of Roman life to the pride and luxury of the streets, the large, pompous, imposing carriages, into which you mount by a ladder, the phalanxes of lacqueys, the cardinals, the priests, deacons, and all the endless benediction of the Papacy. Cardinals, be it noted, never go out on foot. A carriage is part of a cardinal. M. About says so, and we should regret to differ from M. About. A cardinal, then, is made up of bodies—legs, wheels and a hat, which may be defined as the fly-wheel of his dignity. He is saluted by soldiers and bishops. But Rome has certain Christian

graces left amid her abominations of desolation. It is her custom, if not her law, that a hungry person shall not be prosecuted for stealing a loaf of bread from a baker's basket; and, although dangerous privileges may be conferred upon founding hospitals, the love of the Romans for children is a virtue. The Jews alone appear to regard the coming generation with jealousy. And, as for the privileges accorded to the famished, few avail themselves of it. M. About saw a man take a huge, half-decayed edible from a pile of rubbish and eat a part of it. When satisfied, he replaced the remainder, which was seized by a youth who had been waiting his turn, and wholly devoured.

The picture is terrible. M. About knows how to vary it. He has been talking of starvation. He now talks of beds. Turkish ladies, he says, sleep with their hair dressed, and Greek ladies in full costume. Now, Roman ladies return every night to the simple laws of Helen, peasant-girls, perhaps, varying the rule so far as to wear a chaplet of flowers on the head. But, unlike the Turkish beauties, who bathe, and the Greek, who bathe also, they dislike water. Dead bodies are washed, they urge, but why should the living endure the same indignity? "For what do you take me?" asked a young Roman, "I am a decent girl, and I never dip my body in water." There is not a comfortable public bath in Rome. Travellers enjoy the luxury at their hotels, and nodules at their palaces. If, however, the Romans do not know how to wash, they understand, says M. About, as of old, how to die; that justice may be rendered to them. They die, he adds, just as they eat or drink or sleep or love, as a necessity, in a natural, simple and familiar manner. We think he writes this more with a view to effect than to express a reality. Men do not, as a rule, systematize their deaths; they are powerless to command the last agony. It would be more correct to say that Roman generals are grotesquely elaborate. This is not the only topic upon which M. About strains his port ingenuity. What is it but a conceit, and that of the staidest character, to remark that "of all useful animals a woman is that which the Roman peasant turns to the best account." And what effect did he anticipate producing by the last paragraph of his discursive and somewhat disappointing volume, when he wrote:—"The Romanians— but pardon. It is a long time since we quitted the territories of the Pope!" The truth is, that M. About has been battered into a false style, and will become a woman unless he thinks of himself and more of his subject. The egotism of 'Contemporary Rome' amounts to eccentricity. The book is, in many parts, pungent, vivid and original; but the author treats the reader too much as a *Rosicrucian* would treat a disciple to whom, as an honour and a favour, he is disclosing a mystery. M. About's work, unlike Rome, as he describes it, is amusing, but it is not a revelation.

NEW NOVELS.

The Senior Fellow. By the Author of 'Spines and Parsons' (Saunders, Olney & Co.)—A look usually betrays the sex of the writer, but 'The Senior Fellow' is such a combination of feminine weakness and masculine coarseness that it is impossible to say whether it be the work of a vulgar young man or a silly young woman. Years since, when a fashionable novel was expected to concern itself only with the love affairs of half-dressed heroines, each of whom moved the darling ornament of a paragon circle, the duty of the romance writer was comparatively simple. Three or four different modes of making provision for marriage, as many diverse forms of acceptance or disappointment, a score of French

phrases, an elopement towards the conclusion of the second volume, and a general distribution of titles and entailed estates in the final chapter of the third, were the regulation materials, and the artist was required to dress them up in obedience to certain set rules of exhumation, very little to his own judgment, and still less to the taste of his readers. This system was not without its advantage. The writer was secured from making blunders that had no precedent. His allusions were in themselves great; but the reader had been trained not only to expect and endure them, but to regard them as exhumations of the *Empire of Art*. It is not so now. A tale, written in a style as far otherwise with the craft now. A tale, written, required to be original, or at least to make a pretence of being so. To be popular he must create new plots, new positions, new characters. The Author of 'The Senior Fellow' has endeavoured to satisfy those requirements by throwing into his volume an infinite variety of ingredients, culled from all the novels that have ever been written. The result is far from satisfactory. 'Plant Smollett in a mixed soil of Scott, Marryat, and Kingsley, water plentifully with Mrs. Radcliffe and the Misses Porter, give a dash of Eliza Follen and Belvoir Lytton, and use Reynolds as a decorative touch, and you'll have something bearing a close resemblance to 'The Senior Fellow.' A country squire, dressed in 'a green cutaway coat with brass buttons, drab waistcoat, and very scanty grey trousers.' Three fast young ladies, daughters of the dead squire, equipped with cravats, but disguised with red hair. Yes, disguise it as they pleased, pomatum it, oil it, twist it, do what they would with it, the hair was red—carrots—decided carrots." A charming heroine, pious, delicate and penniless, who unexpectedly comes into possession of £15,000, per annum, left her by a stony-hearted grandfather. A dashing young midshipman, who marries the young lady and her money. Another heroine, one of those exquisite governesses who prefer adorning the pages of fiction to earning their bread in the hard world—a day woman. A certain Rev. Mr. Nugent, a languishing and sentimental curate, who, nearly youth, before taking orders, led a recklessly immoral life on the coast of Africa, where he was stationed in the diplomatic service, and who eventually marries the incomparable governess, on her rich uncle adopting her and promising to leave her all his wealth. His fine hair, of course, is "tinged with silver." His charming soprano and the long list of the piano, which the Rector had presented to his niece; and music was a common ground on which they could hold much and interesting converse." Such are the Senior Fellow's principal conveniences. Of adventure there is no lack. An engagement with a slave on the African coast, a posioned fray, a steeple chase, a liberal quantity of horse-jockeying and betting, and glimpses of life in France, Norway, and the Crimea, are found in the bottom-pot. With such a redundancy of characters, incidents and shiftings of scenery it may seem curious that 'The Senior Fellow' is not a more varied and more dreary reading. Such, however, is the case. The extravagance of its folly does not save it from being uniformly dull.

The Hopes and Fears of a Spinster's Life. By the Author of 'The Heir of Redcliffe' (Parker & Sons).—A new work by the Author of 'The Heir of Redcliffe' is a thoroughly sure of a hearty welcome from a certain class of readers. It only remains for us to hope that Miss Youde's admirers may not be disappointed with the volume now before us. Without the help of genealogical trees, we are completely at a loss to understand the plot of the story, or we carried through no less than four generations of one family, and are favoured with the history of all their relations, connections and friends. Moreover, as in 'The Daisy Chain,' 'Duyevor Terrace,' &c., nearly every person mentioned in the book is known by a very unfair number of nicknames, which only makes confusion worse confounded. Miss Charlotte (the spinster who hopes and fears) is talked of indifferently as "Honora," "Honour," "Nora," "Honey," "Sweet Honey" and "Honey-pot"; while her adopted daughter figures sometimes as "Lucilla" and at others as "Lucy," "Gilia," "Cilly," &c., so that it really requires a clear head and a good

last; and since 16, "inquiries" should have been inquiries.

18.—Oct. 36.—In a conversation just recorded from M. De Perthuis he considers I may possibly have attributed some of the apparent confusion at Moulins-Quignon, to the intermixture of different "samples" of gravel from old workings which have been re-quarried; it being different (he says) in some cases to distinguish between these and the undisturbed parts in the pit. This remark, if just, cannot by any possibility be applied to the pits at St. Achel, where the intermixtures on which I have commented lie far below the Roman graves. I find I have been misunderstood in regard to what I have inferred, from supposing the partial or local confusion in these beds to have been due to some cataclysm like the bursting of a lake. I restricted such an event "to that place," and had no intention of ascribing the general arrangement of the gravel to a single debacle. These gravels occur over extensive areas in France and England, and from such descriptions as I have read, and from what I have myself seen of them, they all appear to be lacustrine, fluvial, and partially estuary deposits. I object to their being regarded as any evidence of a "universal deluge." I am induced to repeat the suggestion I made last year, when remarking on the London gravel in connexion with that at Stowmarket,—viz., that these freshwater drifts may have been modified and partially re-arranged by a slight rise of the land throughout the whole of northern Europe, and within the period hitherto ascribed to the existence of man upon the earth! If such a supposition will not meet the facts, and a different conclusion shall be made palpable, we have only to be thankful that knowledge will have been increased. It is impossible to ignore the Bible in these investigations; but we have a right to expect that every link in the chain of evidence forged to controvert its seeming testimony should be most carefully scrutinized before its value as a holdfast can be admitted. We have cast off old prejudices erroneously deduced from the letter of the Scriptures, in regard to the age of the earth; but we cannot cast ourselves away as regards the regard to the time which man has inhabited the earth, without first feeling assured that these hatchet-bearing gravels must be several thousand years older than the Pyramids of Egypt.

J. S. H.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Simancas, October, 1860.

THE Archives of Simancas form the "Archivo General" of Spain, that is to say, they are destined to receive only such papers as relate to what is sometimes called "high policy." Documents of minor importance, or of merely local interest, are preserved in their respective Provincial Archives, of which some, as for instance those of Santiago, are said to be very important. I do not doubt that much useful information can be gathered from them; but, on the other hand, they are of less value only to the student of Spanish domestic history. However that may be, besides Simancas, there are two more collections of historical documents in Spain which are of general interest.

One of these, at Barcelona, is filled with the records of the kingdom of Aragon. They go back to the earliest periods of Spanish history, and come down to so late a time as the sixteenth century. Aragon was an independent kingdom till after the death of Ferdinand the Catholic (1516). It was an reliably informed that the Archives of Barcelona are kept in perfect order, and provided with good catalogues. As far as I know, they are untrodden ground. The student who first ventures on a search in them may discover precious treasures, even with respect to the history of our country. The relations between Aragon and England, at certain times, not uninteresting, and during the last twelve years of that kingdom, of a most curious character.

The other Archives which deserve special attention are those "de las Indias" in Seville, where the records relating to the Spanish discoveries and settlements in America and Asia are carefully preserved. It is

self-evident that few Archives in Europe can compete with them in interest. Unhappily, the Spanish Government has hitherto rejected all applications for admission. It would be worth the trouble to try whether Spain has of late in this respect adopted more liberal ideas.

Besides the existing Archives, there is a great plan for the formation of a new one. The Government has hitherto rejected all applications for admission. It would be worth the trouble to try whether Spain has of late in this respect adopted more liberal ideas. Besides the existing Archives, there is a great plan for the formation of a new one. The Government has hitherto rejected all applications for admission. It would be worth the trouble to try whether Spain has of late in this respect adopted more liberal ideas.

My intention is not to acquire a complete knowledge of the Archives of Simancas,—a knowledge which would be above my power,—but to search for historical documents concerning the history of England during the reigns of our kings and queens of the house of Tudor. I am the first who has come to this remote village in the interest of Simancas. The list of literary readers in the Archives of Simancas is, on the whole, not very long. I must first name M. Gachard, M. Tirant, and Dr. Heine. The last of them was a German, who seems to have been occupied with the History of the Jews during the Middle Ages. He is said, in Simancas, to have perished in the Revolution of 1848 in Germany, before the fruit of his labours had come to light. To these three foreign scholars, must be added the Spaniards, Pidal, Cárter, and Lafuente. Señor Pidal, who has formerly been four times minister, and is now president of the Academy, is more than I can tell. His literary undertakings, Señor Cárter, has made numerous documents, among which are many concerning England, to be copied. Whether they will be published, or remain as manuscript copies in the library of the Academy, is more than I can tell. Here, however, their names are utterly unknown. This question, Lafuente, the Spanish historian, better known by the name of his satirical periodical, "Fra Gerandio," has also had certain copies from Simancas. The above six names exhaust the list of those who have made use of the Archives of Simancas. I have not seen any other names. In them, seventy-two more permissions have been granted to literary men of Europe. About one-half, as they had no other intention than to inquire for one or another document, have stayed here some days or a couple of weeks, whilst the remainder have either not come at all, or left off their work as soon as they found that the reading of old Spanish documents is not so easy as they had imagined.

A few English writers—and one author among them—have of late quoted the Archives of Simancas, as though they were quite at home in them. However, their names are utterly unknown. Of English names, I find in the list of the granted permissions, no more than four, namely, Mr. Wood, in the year 1845, with the remark, "No record." Mr. Buckingham Smith, with the same remark; and Mr. Macgregor, to whom I have added the note that he has not asked for any documents. Mr. Dalton, rector of one of the two English colleges in the university of Valladolid, having twice been here for some hours, is the only Englishman who has read a few records of Simancas. But enough of this unpleasant matter.

I leave to the above hinted-at authors and authors to contradict the quoted list of the chief librarians, though I think that such an attempt would be a rather desperate undertaking, for the list is supported, not only by the unanimous testimony of all the officers of the Archives, but also by a most detailed journal, into which every reader is obliged to enter his name, as well as each document which he receives for his perusal. Meanwhile, I am of opinion that the writers in question had better not have suppressed the names of Gachard, Tirant (in the Documents Inédites), and Navarrete, to whom, I think, they are really indebted.

My going to Simancas was a venture. When I left London, I was afraid of two eventualities—either, I feared, I might find nothing worth my trouble and my expense; or, on the contrary, I might find too much for the time I intended to spend here. The first apprehension has entirely disappeared. Those copies and extracts alone which I hold already in the safe keeping of my portfolio, would, in most estimable repay, not run away with me, but I should not be in any danger of daily growing more threatening. If there are many bundles as voluminous and as full of most important information as Lejozo 2, in the first series of the treaties with England, I must confess that I do not feel sure whether I should not run away, in utter despair of ever finishing my work. When I walk to and from the Archives, followed by Pedro, who, with the most consequential mien, carries my paper and pen after me, I cannot help comparing him to Sancho Panza, a comparison which, in its cordality, is not flattering to myself. And am I not a literary Don Quixote? Why do I endure the hardships of my life in Simancas,—why do I pass month after month over these papers, filled with letters almost as difficult to read as the hieroglyphs of Egypt? I have not the most brilliant reputations been won by historians who have contented themselves with the safe and easy keeping up the old well-known traditions, occasionally adulterating them from party-spirit!

And yet, I am afraid, I have not the strength of will to leave off before I have read all the papers in question. They fascinate me. A single letter from a Spanish ambassador at the court of Henry the Seventh, which has been perused from Simancas, and is now among the Egerton MSS. (616), has produced no small interest among the few students who have as yet read it. This letter neither is the most curious of the same writer, nor is it the writer the only Spanish ambassador who has sent me information about the secrets of state from London to the capital of Castile. The despatches from De Puebla, Carriz, Mendoza, Estrada, Silva, Chapuza, &c., fill many heavy bundles, arranged according to the years in which they were written. There is no doubt that many of these despatches, intercepted at great cost and risk, and deciphered with great difficulty, was found to contain nothing but a description of the latest fashion, and an order for two dozen of silken stockings. The despatches preserved in Simancas are of a very different character, and of the most important. The ambassadors in England during the period of the Tudors were able diplomats. They not only transacted their regular business, but, at the same time, studied all occurrences which either weakened or strengthened the English Government, as well as home as abroad. They watched, with unrelenting vigilance, the schemes of England in foreign countries, and the plots laid by foreign courts in England, in order to make their own intrigues prevail. These letters are, in my opinion, indispensable to the historian who seriously intends to write real history. But of almost greater interest are the instructions from the English Government to the ambassadors in England. Ferdinand the Catholic was a prince of considerable attainments and still greater industry. He was almost always well informed, and embraced in his instructions the whole field of European policy. Charles the Fifth formed the centre of the political life of his time, and Philip the Second, though he never attained the pre-eminence of his father, stood still at the head of one portion of Europe which was arrayed against the other half. All of them were principal actors in the great political drama of their time. Their opinions, their intentions, though we may sometimes doubt of them, deserve our attention. It will suffice to give the simple translation of the supercriptions of a few Legajos, in order to show their importance:—

"Year 1509. The very curious Instructions given by Ferdinand the Catholic to his ambassador in England, on the occasion of the death of Henry VII., explaining to him the Policy which Spain intended to follow in England."

"Year 1554. A great number of Letters from the Spanish Ambassadors, giving the most particular account of the Perturbations in England on the occasion of the Marriage between the Queen

Mary and Philip II., and of the Conspiracy of her sister Elizabeth, Courtney, and others, against the Queen."

However, there are bundles calculated to excite the curiosity of the reader to a still higher degree. I will, therefore, transcribe a few more headings.—"1582-1583. The original Correspondence of Queen Catherine with the Emperor Charles V., concerning her Divorce."
"1548. The Letters of the Princess Mary (afterwards Queen) to Charles V., giving him a full account of the miserable state of the kingdom."

Without year.—"A great number of Letters from Philip II. to his father, Charles V., written from England."

Without year.—"A great number of Letters from the Emperor Charles V. to his son Philip II., respecting the assistance which is to be given to the Catholic Church in England."

"1553. Marriage of Queen Mary with Philip, and the machinations of France to hinder it. Original Letters from Queen Mary, Simon Renart, Francisco de Eraso, Diego de Acevedo, and Gomez de Silva."

The quoted bundles are only a few samples of what the Archives of Simancas contain. I have not yet read and copied them. I go only on the authority of the authorities of the Archives. But, according to all my experience, there is no reason to fear that the contents of the *Lapices* will be below what their supercriptions promise. On the contrary, I have generally found them much richer than could be anticipated from their titles, probably because it has been beyond the patience of the compiler of the Index to read all papers before him.

Thus, I am afraid, I shall have to continue my work at all hazards. But I often feel that so laborious a task should not be left to a private person, whose limited means do not enable him to make use of all the facilities which he had for money. There are memorials and State Papers now publishing in England under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. If a paper has been clandestinely carried away from Simancas and is now preserved in England, it is sure not to escape the attention of Messrs. Hardy and Co. But the antecedent and following documents, in which the same writer treats of the same subject, and which may be utterly indispensable in order to understand it, remain unknown if they are still kept in their proper places.

The dulciana enters the Plaza, and takes up its stand under my window. I must therefore break off. It is impossible to write on State Papers which are published and which ought to be published at the sound of the dulciana, the "sweet-sounding." The dulciana is the national instrument of Castile. It is something between a pipe and a clarinet. Antiquaries gravely discuss whether it was invented by the aborigines, or introduced by the Phœnicians, Romans, or Arabs. But whoever may have been guilty of having invented or introduced such an unmusical instrument, introduced it. Its shrill notes, continually playing an air from *Traviata* and one Spanish melody, and nothing else, drive me often almost mad. September is the festive month in Castile, as August is that of the Biscayan provinces. Almost every day is a feast day. They resemble one another like two leaves of the same tree. The dulciana, accompanied by a drum, leads the people in the morning to church, bonds the procession, and the procession over, marches to the Plaza, where, with short interruptions, dancing is continued till the break of day. During the night a large fire burns in the middle of the circle formed by the dancers.

There are few men of such elevated sentiments that they can continue a life of calm reflection and purely intellectual enjoyment. Common mortals sometimes want excitement, in order to interrupt the monotony of their existence, and for the masses this excitement must be cheap. In some countries, therefore, the people have recourse to drinking and fighting. In Spain they dance. Dancing is so necessary that it can hardly enter the churches. I do not speak only of Simancas and similar out-of-the-way villages, where such things are less surprising; but in the cathedral of Seville

there are, during the week of Corpus Christi, regular ballets performed by young men in the old Spanish costume before the high altar and in presence of the Archbishop.

I must now conclude. Remancica and Aurea, two female messengers under twelve years of age, enter my room and tell me that all on the Plaza, old and young, think it very rude of me that I do not participate in the general rejoicings below. The women are just singing under my window the Rondalla—

Retratas en cielo sin cielo y duce,

Las dos de casa ciento cuantos.

The stars in the sky are one hundred and twelve.

One hundred and fourteen with those in the house.

G. B.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPIR.

Mr. Murray's trade sale, which will take place next week, is noticeable for the number of historical works, founded on new letters and documents, which it contains. Bacon, Pope and Pitt,—not to speak of such lesser lights as Lord Colchester and General Sir Robert Wilson,—are to come out of the Albemarle-Street press new men. William Pitt is to be illustrated by documents never before published; and we trust that Lord Stanhope will, in due time, be able to overcome that family resistance which has, so far, kept from the reading world any exact knowledge of the circumstances which prevented the marriage of Pitt to the lady who afterwards became Lady Buckinghamshire. Pitt's letters on the subject are in existence; they are not more curious and romantic than creditable to the great statesman, and to the young lady who was the object of his attachment. In the "Personal History of Lord Bacon" we shall have more than a hundred new letters,—most of them relating to the domestic and personal history of the Father of Modern Science; including letters from Lady Bacon to her son, letters from Francis Bacon to his mother and his brother Andrew, letters from Lord Essex and Sir Robert Cecil, and various grants from Queen Elizabeth. Of Alexander Pope, Mr. Murray is to give us upwards of three hundred new letters, together with an explanation which will give to the existing Pope Correspondence meaning wholly new and surprising. Pope will come out of his seclusion into his life and literary exercises, a perfectly different figure from that under which the satirist has heretofore masked and hidden himself.

Mr. Thackeray will commence a new story in the January number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. We may have much pleasure in stating that while Sir B. Brodie's health is excellent, his eyesight has improved to such a degree as to give his friends the strongest hope that he will shortly regain to a very great extent the use of his eyes.

It is right to author and librarian that we publish the following disclaimer:—

"Oct. 20.

"I have just seen, for the first time, a correspondence that has lately taken place on the subject of Mr. Mudie and the management of his library. The rejection of 'The Fortunes of May' (unknown to me) as an instance of the animosity shown to some authors by Mr. Mudie, I think it right to say that my next work, 'Creeds,' was put into very large circulation through the agency of Mr. Mudie's library,—also that I disclaim all share in the anonymous, personal attacks of which Mr. Mudie is himself at present the object. I am, &c.

"THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MORALS OF MAY FAIR.'"

Died, on Wednesday morning, in his eighty-sixth year, Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, in the peerage of Scotland, who, as the most famous seaman of our generation, and as the writer of his own memoirs, claims a line of record at our hands. After Nelson's death Lord Cochrane had no rival for dash and genius. The affair of the Basque Roads was enough for immortality; but this was only one of a series of amazing exploits, of which the Channel, the Mediterranean and the sea of South America were the scenes. Even during the long Peace, when other fighting heroes lay up in lazaret, and only fought their old battles in the

cigar-room of a club, Lord Cochrane, partly through a gross public wrong under which he suffered, and partly from the creative restlessness of his character, continued to lead a brilliant, stormy and romantic life. His career is one of the most attractive ever offered to a biographer; for his tongue was as sharp, his pen as nimble, as his sword; and his temper was that of that haughty and heroic type, which, while singularly gracious and open, was equally no slight or wrong. Thus, of his waywardness, his fits of rage, his carousals, his eighty-five years were, in fact, his career, his tests, trials, discoveries, and recriminations. One of the most kindly and quietly acts of our Sovereign Lady was the restoration to Lord Dundonald of the honours of the Bath of which he had been unjustly deprived. It is a fact within my personal knowledge that, when this gracious message from Windsor Castle reached the Earl, his first letter of thanks was written,—not to the Sovereign or his Minister,—but to Douglas Jerrold, who, by his frequent and masterly exposure of the wrong in *Punch*, and in other quarters, had been the chief means under Providence (as Lord Dundonald might level) of bringing the Crown to do him this great act of justice.

Among the other deaths of the week is that of Capt. Macnochie, inventor of the Mark System of Prison Discipline and the author of many tracts and papers on that subject. The Mark System is very much a question of common-sense and philosophy; but its amiable and unassuming inventor was unhappily the last man in the world to give it a fair trial. Twice he was permitted to hope that his principles would be faithfully carried out under his own superintendence; once at Norfolk Island, and again at the Birmingham goal; both ended in failure, one in misery and dismay.

Genealogists are the worst scavengers in all literature. They sweep up an infinite quantity of rubbish, but instead of winnowing out the little that may be useful, they swallow the whole. In very much a question of common-sense and philosophy; but its amiable and unassuming inventor was unhappily the last man in the world to give it a fair trial. Twice he was permitted to hope that his principles would be faithfully carried out under his own superintendence; once at Norfolk Island, and again at the Birmingham goal; both ended in failure, one in misery and dismay.

We should have called them housemaids, who sweep dust from one part of the room, merely to throw it into another, but the simile would be inappropriate, for, in this case, the dust would be in an hour, our useful contemporary—the *Notes and Queries*—opened its pages to the researches of the genealogist, and the portion of that journal devoted to them is generally the only useless part of its well-conducted pages. Last Saturday, we had more than a column respecting the family of one John Greys, of Enfield, whose chief claim to consideration appears to consist in his having been clerk of the New River Company up to the year 1705. Antiquaries of the old school must be content to be told that this sort of trifling is not in accordance with the "modern age." The descents of families connected with history or literature may be worth investigation, but to record the parentage of every Tom Jones or Jack Smith is only laborious twaddling, and the sooner the collectors of obscure pedigrees turn their attention to more useful matters, the better for the public and for themselves.

We learn from the authorities at South Kensington, that the number of entries for the Certificates of the Committee of Council on Education for teaching Sciences bearing on Industry, for which Examinations commenced in the first week of November, has increased, always, in which terms beyond the number of last year, in Physics the number of Candidates has advanced from 57 in last year to 90 at the present time. The increase extends to all the subjects of Examination except the first, viz., Descriptive Geometry, Mechanical Drawing and Building Construction in which there is a decrease from 20 to 9. In Physics the increase is from 23 to 43, in Chemistry from 53 to 86, in Geology and Mineralogy from 5 to 11, and in Natural History from 3 to 6.

Paris no longer lies under the reproach of being without a repository for the exhibition of wild animals. The new Zoological Gardens in the Bois de Boulogne were formally opened on the 13th of October, in the Emperor's presence, and an official account of them has been published in the *Moniteur*. They are situated in an accessible and, at the same

time, secluded part of the Bois de Boulogne, and comprise twelve hectares, equivalent to about forty-five acres. This large area enables the Gardens to be adapted to the exhibition of rare trees, as well as wild animals. We are glad to find that the labours of Mr. Mitchell, the late Secretary of our Zoological Society, whose mysterious death will be in the remembrance of our readers, are honourably mentioned in connection with the establishment of this important and interesting addition to the sights of Paris.

In progress of the works for making a large sewer to drain the new Boulevard de Sébastopol, Paris, an immense quantity of fragments of vases and other pottery was discovered, which appeared to be Roman, indicating the site of a Roman camp. When the foundation of the Luxembourg was laid, a figure, in bronze, of Mercury, was found, six inches high; and in 1801, when some further excavations were made on this spot, there was also discovered a head of Cybele in the same material, and many figures of divinities.

The sculptor, M. Jérome at Liège, has completed the model for the equestrian statue of Charlemagne, which is to be cast in bronze, and to be erected at Liège. The Emperor sits in full imperial state, the sword in the right hand and the globe in the left, on a slightly rearing horse. (Mocked query: If both hands are thus occupied in imperial fashion, what is to rule the rearing horse? If a vivid imagination should lead us to fancy the horse alive, we shall be in perpetual fear for the imperial rider.) The fine head of the Emperor is full of noble expression; his bearing is majestic, and the drapery does not hide the well made limbs. The artist has bestowed particular care on the battle-dress. The pedestal will be ornamented with full life-size statues of Charlemagne's ancestors. Belgium does not possess a public monument that might be compared with this, when it shall be finished.

Literature does not appear to thrive well at Weimar; but that is, perhaps, in the nature of things, just as farmers sow turnips on a field where the year before the yellow wheat waved in the breeze. Hoffmann von Fallersleben, after having struggled with us, was though an unsuccessful candidate at Weimar, was glad to follow an invitation from the Duke of Ratibor to arrange and catalogue his extensive library in the romantically-situated castle of Corvey, on the banks of the Weser. Herr Joseph Rank, too, the clever narrator of pleasant village tales, has exchanged Weimar for Nuremberg, and is not sorry for the change.—Herr Berthold Auerbach, we learn, is going to settle at Berlin, whither he had an honourable call by the Princess of Prussia, near the person of that august lady; he is to fill the office of reader. A similar spot near the sick king had been occupied in the latter years of his life by Ludwig Tieck.

The celebration of the Jubilee of the Berlin University has taken place amidst the sympathy of the whole capital, any we may say, of the whole country. The festivities began on the 14th inst., with the reception of the different deputations, in the University, which were most respectfully decorated with palms and other exotic plants, between which were placed the busts of Frederic, Wilhelm the Third, the Fourth, the present Regent, and other royal protectors of science. On long tables were exhibited the festival presents and letters of congratulation. Rector Boeckh opened the festival by a speech, which was followed by the deputations of the Church, of the town of Berlin, of the different Academies of Art and Science from Berlin, as well as of other towns in the kingdom, which all were answered separately by the Rector. The Minister for Public Instruction, Dr. von Bismarck-Holweg, announced, that a new national building, the want of which having been sorely felt, is to be begun in the course of next year. The Burgomaster of Berlin handed in a document, by which different sums were permanently settled on the University for scholarship. Prof. Wintermeyer spoke in the name of all the Universities of the German tongue. The deputations from the different Universities were received alphabetically, beginning with Basle and ending with Zürich. Mention was made in the different speeches, how

the Berlin University had been founded in the time of Prussia's greatest distress, when it was almost entirely in the hands of the French Conqueror, and its physical power seemed to be prostrate. It was then that Frederic-Wilhelm the Third said, "The State must make up by the power of the mind what is lost in material strength." It was then that Wilhelm von Humboldt wrote to the King, on the 10th of July, 1809, after the prostration of the foundation of the University: "If your Majesty will now formally confirm and guarantee the execution of this institution, you will merit the thanks of all in Germany who still are interested in culture and mental progress; you will raise new zeal and warmth for the regeneration of your State, and you will open to German science a new hardly-to-be-hoped-for refuge, at a period when one part of Germany is destroyed by the war, and the other is governed in a foreign language by a foreign ruler." The King did confirm it, and despite his difficulties and the complete exhaustion of the treasury, gave 150,000 thalers every year for the new University. The University recompensed the King well: it sprang up like a giant born; it proved an excellent armour-plate. From the halls of the new University, where the famous discourses of Fichte and others resounded, spread the noble fire, the high moral courage through German youth, which finally upset the throne of the conqueror. Then, for a time, the lecture-rooms were deserted; the "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" called the students to battle; but ever since it has claimed the first rank among German Universities. In all branches of sciences it has to boast of distinguished names; but above all, philosophy flourishes at the Berlin University more than at any other. Here we have the names of Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Neander, &c. In other branches we may name Alexander von Humboldt, Karl Hegel, Schleiermacher, Kuno Fischer, Wilhelm Diefenbach, Johannes Müller, Wolf, Niebuhr, and so on, till the list would be too long for our space. On the 15th was the great procession and solemnity at the Church of St. Nicholas. On the 16th all the honorary promotions of the University were displayed, which followed German youths, the Prince Regent's, and the festival dinner. On the 17th the festivities were brilliantly brought to a close by a grand torchlight procession; on which occasion the Prince Regent addressed the students, saying, among other things, that he hoped they would follow him, if need should be, as they followed his father forty-seven years ago. Then, seizing a black and white Prussian banner, which was in the procession, he said, "This is the banner around which I hope to see you gathered, if Fatherland calls." The Prussian banner! Some would say it might have been the German banner, the black-red-gold. But at least this was tolerated, for it was carried in the procession, whereas, not long ago, it had to be concealed in the darkest corner. "Ja Kummernisse und Dunkelheit, da müssen wir uns bergen," as a German poet has it (In sorrow and darkness, we had to conceal it).

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE OF THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1856, and is now on exhibition at the GALLERY, 109, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—Admission free.

MADAME CAPLIN'S ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL GALLERY, the Ladies only, 26, Berners Street, opened on Monday, the 10th inst. at 10 till 12. On the 11th, November 7, with a Course of Lectures, beginning by Motherhood. Commencing at Three o'clock.

SCIENCE

The Natural History of the Tineina. Vol. V. Part II. By H. T. Stainton. (Van Voort.)

This work is printed in four languages, and has four title-pages, from the first of which we have copied its name, and that of its author. Although writing in four different languages—English, Latin, French and German,—we believe Mr. Stainton to be an Englishman, and his countrymen have every reason to be proud of him, for a more accurate and painstaking observer has seldom been found in the ranks of

natural history. Mr. Stainton's field of observation has been a wide one, though little known to naturalists, and less to the public at large. He is known to entomologists as "our great micro-lepidopterist," which, being translated into vulgar English, means a student of small moths. Yet, this volume is the fifth of a series of which we are promised the sixth, seventh, and eighth in the present volume, devoted not to all the micro-lepidoptera, but to the family known as the Tineina, or Tineidae. Now, what are the Tineina? Fortunately, we have a familiar example, and from this the habits and manners of its large family of little brothers and sisters, or rather cousins, may be known. Our readers must all have heard of "the moth," which frets the garment, and the little fellow that plays such pranks with our winter clothing, whilst necessarily packed up in our drawers, that bores holes in our great-coats, and undermines the texture of our muff and boss. Well, he is the type of this family. His name is Tinea, and whilst in his larva condition, before he gets wings to fly, he produces the destructive effects for which he has been so well known in all time over all parts of the world.

The larva, or grub, of these creatures are generally naked, but sometimes they are covered with hairs. Many of them reside in portable cases, formed out of the materials in which they live. In these cases, they pass into their chrysalis condition. Unlike other moths, however, they protrude their heads from the open end of the cases,—reminding us of those Christians who are said to request that their coffin-lids may not be screwed down, lest they should not be able to get out at the Resurrection. This is done by the worm turning round in its case, which it first forms with the blind end over its head. Some of these larvae feed on grain, and especially infest our malshouses, where they weave silken threads, binding together the grain in inextricable masses. Others, again, inhabit the nests of bees, forming galleries in the honey-comb, and eating the honey at their leisure. Another attacks the sugar-cane, dwelling in the canes, and fastening upon the sweet juice as it is pumped up by the tropical sun. Several groups of this family attack the leaves of plants. They mine between the upper and under layer of the epidermis of the leaf, and an experienced eye can immediately detect their ravages by the change in the natural colour of the leaf. Such is the history of the genus *Coleophora* to which Mr. Stainton's present volume is devoted. The first species in the book, *Coleophora Vibicella*, is thus described:—

"If in the month of May or June, we examine the plants of *Gonitis tinctoria*, growing cultivated places in woods, we may probably observe some shiny black pool-like cases attached to some of the leaves, which are discoloured with large pale green blotches: these are the cases of the larva of *Coleophora Vibicella*."

Approach the same bushes in July, and you will catch the mature insect. Watch the bushes, as Mr. Stainton has done, and you will find curious points, well worth remarking in the history of this little insect.

"The larva constructs a case of silk; the form of this case, in the young larva, reminds one somewhat of a nautilus shell, and viewed sideways, it is almost circular; the colour is of a shiny black. As the larva grows bigger, it has occasion to increase the size of its case, and this it does by continuing what we may call the open end of the nautilus shell in a straight, not a curved, direction."

This case, which is at first white, then pink, eventually becomes black, and is prolonged in a straight direction, so that its appearance is

totally different from what it was at first. It now forms a tube of half an inch in length, with merely a small rounded protuberance at the hinder end. Following this interesting account of the habits of the larva, we have a full anatomical description of all the glories of the full-plumed imago. It is a rare insect in England, only to be found at Lewes, in Sussex, and Trench Wood, near Worcester. It is more common on the Continent, and was first described by Hübner, a distinguished German lepidopterist.

Such is an outline of the history of one species of Coleoptera, out of twenty-four given in this volume. A beautiful coloured plate illustrates the text. Thus, every species is brought before the student in the most comprehensive and perfect manner. Many will exclaim, what is the good of this detail? Let it be remembered that it is only by details like these, that the great laws of morphology and biology in the animal world can be brought out. Such work, if it be not immediately productive, lays the great foundation of facts which minds like those of Owen and Darwin deal with in their grand speculations upon the forms and origin of species. It is in the minute details of life and organization, that man must seek for the threads wherewith to weave the fabric of a science of life.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mov. (Entomological), 8.
- Architects, 8.
- Royal Institution, 8.—General Monthly Meeting.
- Tues. (Philosophical), 8.
- Royal Society, 8.—Finn. Pers. Vers. Soc., 8.
- Geological, 8.—Dissertation of both Strata, Rev. G. Fisher.—Finn. Pers. Vers. Soc., 8.
- Literary, 8.—Finn. Pers. Vers. Soc., 8.
- Musical, 8.—Finn. Pers. Vers. Soc., 8.
- Philosophical, 8.
- Astronomical, 8.

FINE ARTS

THE CRISTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

CERTAINLY this collection improves, and on the whole, the mass of horrors that at one time made the promenade of the gallery a task not to be lightly undertaken is dissipated. There are a few most dreadful things to be seen yet,—monsters of Art only more surprising to the educated eye than are the megatheria in the Palace Gardens to "our country cousins." We counsel the directors, or the managers, their deputies, to get rid with the utmost speed of certain sets of canvases which are a real nuisance,—great smothery battle-fleets, vile Scripture-pieces, gigantic sea-fights, wherein the line-of-battle ship L'Orion is blowing up, regardless of the expense of vermilion, ochre, and chrome, thus spread over many a rood in long smearing lengths. Let a square mile or two of the like come to London by some early train, and instant incineration be made of a legion of little, simpering, idiotic, *genre* (save the word!) pieces, of little, large-eyed damsels, doing little and meaning less. We do not urge the removal of those grumpy, equivocal abominations, called "Early Italian" paintings—most of which are trash of the vilest order, because, being considerably placed alone, one is not compelled to see them, and has no more painful consciousness than that they are there, relieved by the happy conviction that nobody looks at them.

We should like to appeal to the erudite and indefatigable Secretary of the Company, who both understands and feels Art to be a good thing, not to allow the public to be so misled about Early Art. Should by chance any unappreciated visitor see these things, the consequences will be sad to think of. The worst of it is, there are one or two pictures amongst even these, that would not disgrace any collection, but as swallowed up that ordinary courage fails to discover them. It is surely a mistake to keep the standard of merit demanded for the exhibition of a painting so low. We want more of quality and less of quantity. A few perfect lines of pictures and a dozen better names would do wonders for the gallery,—which is an excellent one, generally admirably managed. The

directors need not fear to lessen the attraction of their exhibition by reducing its bulk. The unrivalled collection of works of Art, such as never in any country were brought together before, or to see which, by any other means, a student must travel Europe through, will only gain by the adoption of more stringent rules for the picture gallery. The service which the splendid aggregation of sculptures is undoubtedly rendering to students will be counterbalanced by mischief done to public taste through the exhibition of so many mediocre or meretricious paintings. Still this collection, as we said before, is greatly improved by the picture gallery, a stroll down the galleries. We will point out a few of the best examples.

Miss Blunden has a clever little work, which, despite a dryness of colour, shows careful study of nature and good feeling for character, in *The Prisoner* (No. 763), a little child kneeling at the foot of its mother, and making confession. A visitor enters at the door of the room.—Mr. J. D. Wingfield's *Summer Concert* (785) is the best of his pictures we have seen for some time, though the figures of ladies and gentlemen in Stuart costumes, who are seated at music near an ancient park terrace, lack vivacity as *Veronica* (790), by Mr. T. Earl, is a broadly painted study of a dog.—*Dover*, from the *Castle Hill* (794), by Mr. W. Strudwick, is, notwithstanding much careful execution, a stony-hearted picture.—*The Cliffs at Benchurch* (710), by Mr. A. G. Adams, shows considerable feeling for nature, with some weakness in colour.—Except for careful drawing, we cannot say much for Mr. F. Van Schendel's cartoon of *The Nativity* (750), which is somewhat tame and vulgar.—*Dorothy Vernon's Walk at Haddon* (666), by Mr. S. Rayner, is a vigorous and broad rendering of this favourite subject.—*A Bundle of Sticks* (717), by Mr. A. J. Flood, is a very pretty and elaborate representation of a fern wood, under an evening effect of cold colour, treated with much skill in textural rendering. A girl comes along the shadowed path, bearing a load of windfalls from the branches.—Mr. R. P. Boreham was well known for his skill in dealing with insects, plants, moss, flowers, eggs, and the like. His *Nest and Wild Flowers* (683) is delicately tinted and elaborately drawn.—*The Deserted Village*, an No. 673, a collection of uninhabited sea-shells and corals, is quaintly called, shows feeling for colour, and care in the part of Mr. R. F. Cuff.—*Forest of Henric*, 10, Westminster Abbey (649) by Mr. Brewer, needs greyness and quietness of tint, but is a very effective sketch of one of the most picturesque of our ancient monuments.

We intended to notice only the praiseworthy pictures here, but the temptation of giving a hearty condemnation to Mr. B. H. Green's *E. L. Davenport, Esq.*, as "*Paulownia-bridge*" (614), is too much for us. A vile piece of clap-trap never disgraced even the range of theatrical portraits or the walls of a picture-gallery. It is irresistibly comic, being like a barber's apprentice cut out in tin, but really repulsive. The artist, Mr. A. J. Flood, is a little too clever little picture.—*A Long Word*—a child seated on the carpet, puzzling through some "five-barred syllables" by the aid of its mother; and *Rejected Address* (599, 600)—a young girl contentiously treating a would-be lover. Both of these are over-green and gloomy in colour, but carefully drawn and solidly painted.—Mr. J. G. Emmie's clever and brilliant little study (unnumbered), styled *A Back View*, a slight over-red-tinted village house-top, does him credit, and shows a painter of promise.—Miss Emily Hunt has a rather curious and certainly well-meaning study, *Spring Flowers* (571), where some dog-roses and primroses mingle their blooms. This displays some delicacy of colour, otherwise we regret that the soft hazy shadows, lying on the petals of the former, are not more clear and clean.—*The Vase of Narcissus* (557), by Mr. Brewer, is a mighty Norman vase, with golden sunlight upon it.

The pictures in oil, though numerous, have many of them, already received notice at our hands when elsewhere exhibited. These we shall now mention, without regard to their number or merit. Mr. Macdonald's large picture, from an incident in the Peruvian history, showing how the wife of Cayash, chief of the Aracuanas, incited at his

allowing himself to be taken alive prisoner to the Spaniards, casts their child upon his fettered body and renounces both, is possessed of considerable vigour and boldness of design, and masterful execution. While the colour is much too "grand" and murky, there is great character in some of the faces and attitudes.—*The Death of St. Louis* (392), by Mr. Brewer, is a picture of many a kind. It is well known that the king died in the midst of his army at Carthage. The artist has got considerable dramatic effect by showing the abasement of the standards round the couch of the dying monarch, and the grief of his attendants.—*Wood Scene* (444), by A. J. Flood, is a large and very effective picture, showing a gloomy brook, with, amongst the mossed and gigantic roots of which is seated a youth in mediæval costume. The trees dip their earth-arms into a sluggish stream. There are singular potency of colour, bold drawing, and vigorous chiar-oscuro in this picture.—*A Peasant of Picardy* (451), by M. Debraux, shows bold and broad painting, some character, and little refinement. It is a half-length of a man in a blue blouse and broad, black hat.—*Pet's Holiday* (154), by Mrs. Anderson, a lady in a ball dress, playing with a liberalized violin, although opaque and hard, is well and solidly done.

FINE-ART Gossip.—There is to be, we are informed, no Winter Exhibition of Drawings and Sketches at the French Gallery. It is probable some single and important work of Art may be displayed there. It is understood that Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple,' which continues to attract crowds of visitors, will remain at the German Gallery till Christmas, or thereabouts.

The Royal Institute of British Architects will hold their first meeting on Monday next, November 5th, at which Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., will read a paper "On Recollections of Study."

There will be lectures this season at the Architectural Museum: amongst other subjects, by Mr. Lett on the Architectural Antiquities of the Continent; by Mr. J. H. Parker, 'On the Architecture of the Eleventh Century'; Mr. S. C. Hall, 'On the Art of Engraving and Printing Plates'; Mr. John Bell, 'On the Relationship of the Fine Arts'; and Mr. W. White, 'On Polytechnic.'

Mr. John Dobson has been employed upon part of the restoration of Warkworth Church, a fine building of mixed styles. Originally of Saxon foundation, the work of those people had been superseded by Norman architects, who built a nave and chancel nearly upon the same site as their predecessors did. About a century later, an Early-English tower was added to the west end. Later still, a little of the Decorated element was introduced; but in the Perpendicular period a total reconstruction was attempted. A south aisle was added, with a large window, characteristic of the period. The timber roof of the nave gave place to a flat one, when the walls were raised and clerestory windows inserted. After this, extensive spoliation occurred, if we may so use the term, under more modern churchwardens, who adopted high pews, plenty of whitewash, large oak roof, and an iron post-and-rail gallery. This was the state of the old building, as we learn from the *Builder*, when the present vicar commenced the restoration, which were determined to be in the Norman and original style of the edifice. Mr. Dobson undertook the nave, while Mr. Charles as architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was responsible for the chancel. The roof was removed, and superseded by an open timber one, the oak windows replaced by Norman lights, open benches substituted for the pews, the gallery demolished, and a new reading-desk and choir placed. During the progress of the restoration, the numerous portions of Norman work were found built up in the walls, such as corbels of grotesque character, portions of mouldings and shafts. This operation laid bare the Norman corbels that had borne the weight of the original roof; but for some reason these were not carried on others, at a slightly increased altitude. The chancel still retained its Norman stone

expressing his love or terror in regard to the unfortunate queen, he made a strong impression on the house. Mr. Walter Lucy as *Don Saluste*, the Marquis whose valet the hero really is, acted with a decision of style which produced a perfect portrait. Miss Hild, as the royal mistress of court, coquette, gave a somewhat exaggerated colouring to her distresses; but, on the whole, acted with intelligence as well as force.

ST. JAMES'S.—On Monday, this theatre opened, under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan, with a new piece, by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled 'Up at the Hills.' The playwriting on this occasion has chosen India for his scene, and undertakes to show what life is at one of the Hill Stations there. There is, accordingly, a group of characters, chiefly military, slightly connected by a well-managed story, whose conversational powers are exhibited through two long acts. One of the principal of these is *Major Broadbent* (Mr. A. Wigan), who, having been himself pigeoned in his time, revenges himself on all the greenhorns in the regiment. One *Lieut. Greenway* (Mr. Ashley), he has, with the help of a drunken accomplice, *Colonel Stark* (Mr. C. Young), completely plucked. But he has a more formidable opponent in *Mrs. Colonel M'Cann* (Mrs. Wigan), who checkmates him at every game; and who gets possession of the young man's I.O.U's, and extorts a confession of the fraud from the repentant Captain. These documents she uses in connection with another part of the plot, in which the Major is made to seek the hand of a rich widow, *Mrs. Everleigh* (Miss Herbert), whose attachment had been expressed for him even before her husband's death. The relative correspondence he has secured in a silver casket, which, at that time, he had stolen from his intended victim. Mrs. M'Cann waxes the lady of the character of her lover, and gets possession of the casket, which, after much difficulty, she procures a key to open, and then burns the packet of fatal letters. The Major, by an act of burglary, recovers the casket, and in revenge, places it in the hands of another lover of the lady when it is opened in due form, and found to contain—not the letters, but the I.O.U's and confession aforesaid. Thus defeated, the Major finds his position untenable, and, to prevent further exposure, compromises the whole matter, feeding drugs in the arms of *Mona*, a Hindoo girl, whom he has betrayed and now intends to marry. Miss Kate Terry, in this character, achieved a distinction which she must have felt beneficial, her part being the only natural or moral one in the piece. The rest were all of an artificial type, and present a view of life, such as may please a satirist or a cynic, but which we should think not very attractive to a general audience.

STRAHD.—On Wednesday a new drama was produced, entitled 'The Postboy.' It is by Mr. Crewe, and was eminently successful. The plot is neat and original, and gives occasion for the quiet humour and pathos of the dialogue. In the part of *Joe Spurrin*, a not-distant postboy, and grandfather to one *Maria Bingley* (Miss M. Oliver), who has married the son of a baronet. The newly-wedded pair live secluded at Norwood, and the servants of *Mr. Henry Bingley* (Mr. F. Bland) the mistress only makes one visit, and is surprised at being treated with disrespect by the footman, who acts under this impression, which is further confirmed by the arrival of *Sir John Bingley* (Mr. J. Bland), who frightens his son into a denial of the marriage altogether. Poor *Maria*, being sworn to keep it concealed, is powerless to explain, and is compelled to consent to a separation. Having been trained to the profession of a vocalist, she is able to support herself and her grandfather on his profits, and, in the course of time, makes the acquaintance of *Miss Wharton* (Miss Bedford), who, it seems, is on the eve of marriage with Mr. Bingley. As the death of the baronet is reported, *Maria* feels herself free to inform the lady of the truth; and, as the latter is not seriously attached to Henry, she readily dismisses him to the enjoyment of his faithful wife. This diffinition, however, are not there ended, for *Sir John* really lives and threatens to dishonour his son, when opportune discovery is made that his

life had been saved by *Maria's* father, long since dead. The acting of Mr. Rogers in the character of the old postboy, vulgar, humorous and pathetic, is one of those complete impersonations which go far to make the fortune of an actor, and will greatly add to the reputation of this excellent comedian.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—The letter which, with a few omissions, we publish, on a subject of interest for the moment, speaks for itself: and the facts, so far as some of the lyrics or music are concerned (the spoken dialogue of the older opera not being before us), are not correctly stated.—

"I observe in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last, in reference to the opera of 'Robin Hood,' now in course of performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, a wish expressed that a former opera, on the same subject, entitled 'Maid Marian,' with music by Bishop, 'produced more than thirty-five years ago,' should be revived, 'with the book somewhat re-arranged, and pieces of music added by some competent hand.'"

"In this and in a former article of the *Athenæum*, the name of 'Maid Marian' is assigned to Mr. Planché. Without desiring to detract from Mr. Planché's well-earned reputation as a play-wright, I wish to point out to yourself and your readers that, not merely the plot, but the dialogue and songs are, *ipso facto*, to be found in the romance of 'Maid Marian' as published by T. L. Peacock in 1822. F. W. P."

—The above is explicit enough. But reference may be made to a review of a reprint of Mr. Peacock's 'Melincourt,' published in 1847 (*Athenæum*, No. 1486), to prove not merely that the claims of a remarkable thinker and humorist, whose words are sure of life, have not been undervalued in the *Athenæum*, but that attention was then called to "the lyrics already interspersed as occasional songs throughout his novels,"—as being "finished and musical enough to delight all who have a sense for melody." Unless, however, a critic had an encyclopaedical and adamantine memory, there is no possibility of his avoiding oversight, in cases like the above, save by the favour of authors who are willing to admit their obligations.

Correspondent, "who attempts to write songs," begs to comment on the phrase, "frivolous amusements," used by Mr. Jefferson in his pleasant 'Book about Doctors,' reviewed in last week's *Athenæum*, with regard to Mrs. John Hunter. "She was a lyricist," he continues, "of too inconsiderable power. But for her words, we should not have had Haydn's Canzonets, which are among the imperishable things of Music.—One might have hoped that the old scornful epithets with regard to an art, in which Addison, Dryden, Gay, Congreve, Thomson, Gray, Mason, Burns, Scott, Byron, Moore, and our own Laureate have exercised themselves, might be laid aside in these days of liberal culture and artistic pursuit."

The winter concerts at the Crystal Palace will be resumed to-day, with Madame and Signor Palerini as principal singers, and for instruction, Mr. W. W. Walker. The Monday concert at the St. James's Hall, will begin on Monday week.

The next year will see two important Festivals, those of Birmingham and Leeds; at which, it is said, will be heard new Oratorios by Signor Costa and Dr. Bennett.—No lack of new operas, of new *Canzonets*; one, by Mr. H. Leslie, will probably be produced in the course of this winter, to words by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

"The powers that be" in France, it is said, have taken the precaution of 'Tamara', at the Grand Opéra, under their especial protection, and have ordered for it the most splendid scenery and dresses that can be devised, to be paid for at Government cost.—An anonymous friend, we read in the last number of the *Gazette Musicale*, has written to the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, the 2,000 fr. at his disposal, on the opening of the new theatre, to assist in putting the inaugural opera there, 'Les Troyens' (words and music by M. Berlioz), with due splendour. The announcement of this last generous proffer comes oddly enough, after a late article by M. Berlioz, respecting this very Théâtre Lyrique, in which the clever critic, librettist, and musician denounces all

superfluities of scenery and difficulties of decoration as unnecessary. A cheap 'wooden horse,' however, which is to contain an army, is obviously an impossibility; why, then, an opera with a wooden horse? Those who criticize, expose themselves to strange chances, when they create, if creation and criticism are to be at another, as the phrase is, 'the worst of both worlds.'—

Meanwhile, the run of 'Orpheus' seems to quicken, rather than to stop. Madame 'Cavalieri' is going to travel with it, beginning at Bézançon. Madame Viardot, we may mention, has been unable to accept an offered engagement to sing the opera on the London stage in November, being wanted for it, during that month, at the Théâtre Lyrique. A pupil of hers will appear there, with her, and *Virgide*. This is Mdlle. Orpail, who was in England and Ireland with her, the other day, and who made a favourable impression as a beginner on the stage.—The singer who is to introduce the part of *Diocora*, in M. Meyerbeer's last opera, to New York is Madame Burde-Ney. Skilled though that lady be as a vocalist, any one less fitted to present the part of the low-crowned Breton girl can scarcely be imagined.—The revival of 'Le Fardion' in Paris, with its costume (Mdlle. Wacziarg) in the part of *Hed*, the baritone, is one of those freaks which are at variance with every law of musical propriety and good sense. What can become of the concerted music (a pair of duets, as many elaborate ones long *finché*), in which the tenor part is written for an actor without voice, though a good 'buffalo singer' (as a Mr. Malaprop described it the other day), when the bass is wretched out of its right place to utter annihilation! Can Mr. Meyerbeer be so constituted, such a folly!—It may be told here that a retrenchment made in the English version of two superfluous characters has been adopted in Paris on the occasion. Through how many hands, through how many stages, do certain works pass ere they fall into their final form? Five (Mdlle. Wacziarg) 'Orpheus' (to return for a moment)—German, French and Italian—were a while since compared, each differing from the other, and this not in trifles, but in so many important points as to make finality and completeness in any edition, save a new one, a mere fiction. The English version of the opera—that of 'Alceste'—are now ready for press and may be shortly looked for.

Spontaneous revivals are on the return. His 'Ferdinand Cortez' is to be reproduced at Mannheim. Up to this time our English public has shown itself obstinately determined to ignore the French and German verdict, which has admitted the composer of 'La Vestale' as among the list of great European opera-composers.

It is curious of the tale told in the last journal (we trust) that those who hold Naples now find it expedient to withdraw the permission to perform Aubert's 'Masaniello' which was lately granted, as was the other day announced.

MISCELLANEA

Fat Rascale.—During a recent visit to York-shire I was struck by the name of Rascale in a baker's bill, for "Fat Rascale," till I discovered, as, perhaps, many of your readers are already aware, that they are a very agreeable species of tea-cake. Can it be to these that Shakespeare alludes in 'Henry the Fourth' Part II. act iv. scene iv., where Falstaff is made to say—

You make Fat Rascale, Mistress Doll!

Whether these cakes have owned so quaint a name ever since the days of the Tudor or not, is a question I leave others to decide; it will be an interesting one to many.—I remain, &c., J. H.

Newspapers in Paris.—Paris possesses at present 503 newspapers; 42 of these, as treating of Politics and National Economy, have to deposit a security in the hands of Government; 460 are devoted to Art, Science, Literature, Industry, Commerce, and Agriculture. The most ancient of the latter is the *Journal des Savans*, and dates from the year 1665.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: J. P.—J., R. K.—W. N.—R. E. R.—M. H. L.—received. W. E.—Certainly not.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

LITERATURE

The Autobiography of a Seaman. By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dunsdown, G.C.B. Vol. II. (Bentley.)

Memorials, Personal and Historical, of Admiral Lord Gambier, G.C.B., with Original Letters from William Pitt, First Lord Chatham, Lord Nelson, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Mulgrave, Henry Fox, First Lord Holland, The Right Hon. George Canning. Edited, from Family Papers, by Georgiana, Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE Great Captain whose Autobiography is named at the head of this column, has gone to his rest. In taking farewell of his readers till his third and concluding volume should be ready for the press, he alludes to his lengthened years, and to the labour before him if he should be spared. The words were written but as yesterday. Next Wednesday, the grave will close over him; but, in his own view, he had lived, to all serious purposes, long enough. He survived to tell his own story at length, and to hear the public verdict, that he had been cruelly oppressed, and that his name, under a cloud for a season, would, henceforward, be an honoured name for ever.

This second volume takes up the story from the point at which it was left by us, in the *Athenæum* for December 17, 1859. It is almost exclusively occupied with the details of the court-martial on Lord Gambier, consequent on Lord Cochrane's announced opposition to the proposed parliamentary vote of thanks to the former. The other portion of the Autobiography consists of the writer's explanation of the unhappy circumstances which drew him into suspicion of being concerned in the famous Stock-Exchange fraud. That fraud, it will be remembered, lay in the successful attempt of an adventurer, named De Benger, to raise the prices of the Stock-Exchange, by circulating the account of the death of Bonaparte. As De Benger was traced to Lord Cochrane's house, the inference arrived at, by his enemies, was that the two men were confederates. The result of the court-martial, at which Lord Gambier was acquitted, and the issue of the trial for conspiracy, at which Lord Cochrane was convicted and condemned to most degrading punishments, were the ruin of the noble Earl for many a long day: ruin of his name, of his fame, of his hopes, of his prospects, of his fortune,—of everything but his manly heart. Gradually, right prevailed; some measure of justice was rendered him. Governments are not generous enough to confess they have done wrong; but, by restoring Lord Cochrane to rank and employment, they pronounced him to have been ever in the right; and when they once more raised his knightly banner and shield to the place from which it had been flung down, in the chapel at Westminster, they proclaimed to the world that the Knight was without stain, and that his reputation was blameless.

It is to prove this innocence that his Autobiography has been written, especially the second volume now before us. It was to be expected that the book would have some exception taken to it by Lord Gambier's friends; and here, accordingly, we have before us two of the most singular volumes that ever clasp an answer of any sort was given to Lord Cochrane's statements. These latter volumes remind us of an incident connected with another book.

During the last week, there has disappeared from the windows of our booksellers, one of the very showiest of our illustrated almanacs. It has been withdrawn by the publishers in consequence of a droll mistake in its Calendar. The descriptions and assignments of one month were, inadvertently, applied to the dates of another, and Christmas-Day was, to its very great surprise, set down as falling next year on the 25th of October! The whole issue has, accordingly, been withdrawn, in order that this novel arrangement may be rectified; for such a reformation in the Calendar, we are not yet prepared.

We cannot help thinking that some similar blunder has been committed with regard to the book called 'Memorials, Personal and Historical, of Admiral Lord Gambier.' It is impossible to bring ourselves to believe that Lady Chatterton ever sanctioned such a title-page. The publishers ever themselves must have had a joke put upon them by some audacious press-man,—or, indeed, as it would seem to have been difficult to assign any suitable title to these volumes, Lord Gambier's name may have been considered as good as any other.

The more, however, we consider the matter, the more profoundly we are perplexed. This book is certainly put forth as an answer to the details in Lord Cochrane's (Dundonald's) Autobiography which reflect upon Lord Gambier. Lady Chatterton claims to be heard on the part of the latter. Her claim is made under the quotation, in imposing capitals, of the motto "AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM." We do listen accordingly, with double measure of respect, to a lady, a champion; but we confess to a little impatience by the time we have waded through the first heavy volume. There are, perhaps, a couple of dozen lines in it having reference to Lord Gambier,—the remainder has no more to do with him than it has with the Deluge or the Differential Calculus. It consists of a mass of letters, not one in ten of which has the slightest public interest. Some are little, and some are from great people. There are quires of mild nothings and sharp intolerances from Hannah More, extracts from diaries of foreign travel by wandering ladies, notes on nothing by nobodies, and the reprint of a paper on an ascent of Mount Etna, by Lady Featherstonehaugh, read during the last century before a learned Society! All that we hear of Lord Gambier in the meanwhile is thrust in a pro of nothing. We hear that he was descended from a Huguenot family, and that he early distinguished himself in the British Navy by his piety and bravery. Lord Cochrane certainly never said anything to the contrary.

In the second volume, Lady Chatterton's client is put a little more prominently forward. We learn more of his career; but the staple of the volume consists of a reprint of the report of the famous court-martial, at which Lord Gambier was pronounced to have effected everything that his duty required of him, in the affair in the Basque Roads. Lord Cochrane and the great majority of the public considered, and the public will continue to consider, that Lord Gambier failed to do all that the occasion demanded or even invited him to do. The particular evils of thanks no more justified or honoured him than the Crimean medals honoured the "incapables" who wear the badge in common with the most gallant soldiers of the Russian War. Lady Chatterton takes the acquittal of Lord Gambier for a complete justification, and asks if we would otherwise hint "perjury" against his judges. We neither acquiesce in the judgment nor adopt the suggestion. We only know that Lord Cochrane—

without any slur on the general merits, the courage and ability of Lord Gambier—proved that, on one occasion, he fell short of what was required for the honour, the glory, and the advantage of his country; and that Lord Cochrane was most cruelly treated in consequence.

Into the details of the court-martial we decline to enter. Lady Chatterton shall soon immortalise errors in Lord Cochrane's account; but, substantially, the verdict stands as the country pronounced it long before the Crown sanctioned the whole popular judgment on Lord Cochrane, by restoring to him his rank, and conferring on him an active command. Besides, Lady Chatterton herself narrows the whole subject (correctly enough) into such compass. "The main question," she says, "throughout this inquiry has been, 'Could more have been done?' But, at the end of it, the question arises, 'What would more?'—to which we may observe the eternal reply will be, 'Much more could have been done had Lord Cochrane's efforts been seconded, and that what was done was chiefly the consequence of those efforts almost entirely unsupported.'"

Lord Gambier was a good man and a brave man; but he had neither the promptitude nor the skill of Cochrane. The deeds of both are recorded to their honour in our naval annals; but, in the affair of the mouth of the Charente, Cochrane was the real hero; to him was all the glory,—and the ruin.

Without entering into details of the court-martial, which, by acquitting Lord Gambier, condemned Lord Cochrane, we will notice some circumstances connected therewith, stated by the deceased "Seaman," or advanced by Lady Chatterton, which will materially help our readers to form an opinion one way or the other.

In our notice of the first volume, we stated all that had been effected in the Basque Roads in 1809, and what Lord Gambier had failed to effect. For this alleged failure, he was put upon his trial, at which Lord Cochrane was looked upon as his actual prosecutor, and yet, throughout the trial, he was excluded from seeing the charts before the Court, hearing the evidence, cross-examining the witnesses, or even listening to the defence!

The decision of the Court ultimately was made to rest on charts that were in opposition to the evidence of officers present at the attack. Lord Cochrane's own chart was rejected. Subsequently, Lord Cochrane requested permission to inspect those charts. He was refused. Mr. Stokes, master of Lord Gambier's ship, on whose chart the acquittal of that admiral was based, some years subsequently, was allowed to correct that very chart, in possession of the Admiralty. Lord Cochrane asked for leave to inspect this altered document, and was again refused. He was alike denied access to original and copy. Of one chart, indeed, the Admiralty declared it was not in possession. When many more years had passed over, the request was renewed.

"Lastly, however, considering that at my advanced age there was a probability of quitting the world with the stigma attached to my memory of having been the indirect cause of bringing my commander-in-chief to a court-martial—though in reality the charges were made by the Admiralty—I determined to make one more effort to obtain those documents which alone could justify the course I had deemed it my duty to pursue. In the hope that the more enlightened policy of modern times might concede the boon, which a former period of political corruption had denied, I applied to Sir John Pakington, late First Lord of the Admiralty, for permission to inspect such docu-

ments relative to the affairs of Aix Roads as the Board might possess. Permission was kindly and promptly granted by Sir John Pakington; but Lord Derby's ministry going out of office before the boon could be rendered available, it became necessary to renew the application to the successor of the Right Honourable Baronet, viz. His Grace the Duke of Somerset, who as promptly complied with the request. The reader may judge of my surprise on discovering, in its proper place, buried up amongst the Naval Records, in the usual official manner, the very chart, the possession of which had been desired by a former Board of Admiralty! The Duke of Somerset, moreover, with a consideration for which I feel truly grateful, ordered that whatever copies of charts I might require, should be supplied by the Hydrographic Office; so that by the kindness of Captain Washington, the eminent hydrographer to the Board, tracings of the approved charts have been made, and are now appended to this volume. His grace further ordered that the logs of Lord Gambier's fleet should be submitted to the inspection of Mr. Earp, with permission to make extracts; an order fully carried out by the courtesy of Mr. Laevelles, of the Record Office, to the extent of the logs in his possession. It is, therefore, only after the lapse of fifty-one years and in my own eighty-fifth year, a posthumous too late for my peace, but not for my justification,—that I am, from official documents, and proofs deduced from official documents which were from the first and still are in the possession of the Government, enabled to remove the stigma before alluded to, and to lay before the public such an explanation of the fabricated chart, together with an Admiralty copy of the chart itself, as from that evidence shall place the whole matter beyond the possibility of dispute. It will in the present day be difficult to credit the existence of such practices and evil influences of party spirit in past times as could permit an Administration, even for the purpose of preserving the prestige of a Government to claim as a glorious victory! a neglect of duty which, to use the words of the motto, was both a naval and a national dishonour.

By these charts, questions of distances had to be settled, and the matter is thus spoken of by whomever has edited this portion of Lady Chatterton's volumes:—

"The following figures rebel against all known rules of arithmetic:—Lord Dundonald states that Lord Gambier 'never was nearer than nine miles to the scene of action'; but that after 11 o'clock a.m. on the 12th of April, 'he approached within seven or eight miles of the grounded ships, and anchored about three and a half miles from the Isle d'Aix, i.e. just out of the range.' Now, if he was seven or eight miles from the furthest hostile ships, and three and a half from the batteries on the Isle d'Aix, the conclusion that he never was nearer to the scene of action than nine miles is puzzling."

There is no puzzle in the matter, for Lord Cochrane evidently includes in "the scene of action," the time when that action was in actual progress. Here is something still more disingenuous:—

"At page 42, Lord Dundonald says that he was appointed to command the fire-ships, 'after all others had declined the enterprise.' His Lordship appears to have forgotten that, in the first volume of his Autobiography, he records the disappointment of the other captains at having a junior officer appointed to that command; and the indignation of Admiral Harvey at not having been appointed after having volunteered for it."

This is really miserable special pleading. Lord Cochrane was told, on being applied to, by the Admiralty in London, that he must take the command of the fireships, as nobody else they could apply to would.

It is applied to him with the remark, that his senior officers in Lord Gambier's squadron, willing to undertake such service, would look upon him with jealousy. He made a distinction between the officers about town and the officers afloat. Lord Gambier's friend gives a direction

to his phrase, as if it applied to that admiral's officers, concerning whom Lord Cochrane never made any such assertion.

We have already alluded to the Stock-Exchange conspiracy, in which Lord Cochrane was unjustly charged as being an accomplice. To comprehend it fully, the long narrative in his volumes should be perused. We learn the animus of his accusers by finding that Mr. Lavie, the conductor of Lord Gambier's case, was employed against him, and that Mr. Lavie selected Mr. Gurney as the principal counsel on the side of the Stock-Exchange, and Mr. Gurney having been previously employed by Lord Cochrane, from whom he became possessed of everything which Lord Cochrane knew or had to suggest on the matter. The only point apparently unfavourable to him was the fact of the visit of the Baron de Berenger to his house, subsequently to his promulgation of the false intelligence of Bonaparte's death, and of his having exchanged his dress there. This point is thus explained away by Lord Cochrane, —to whom, let us add by the way, De Berenger had been urgently applying for a passport to North America in the *Tonnant*, of which ship the noble Lord had been appointed flag-captain:—

"Early on the morning in question I had gone to a lamp manufactory in the city, for the purpose of superintending the progress of some lamps patented by me, and ordered for the use of the convoy of which I was about to take charge on their voyage to North America. Whilst thus engaged, my servant came to me with a note, which had been given to him by a military officer, who was waiting at my house to see me. * * I threw down the note, and replied, that I would come as soon as possible; and, having completed my arrangements at the lamp manufactory, arrived at home about half-past six. I then, after a short rest, found De Berenger. * * A poor but talented man—a prisoner within the bars of the King's Bench—came to me in the hope that I would extricate him from his difficulties by taking him to America in the *Tonnant*. After my renewed refusal of professional grounds, De Berenger represented that he could not return to the army in his uniform without exciting suspicion of his absence. The room happened at the time to be strewn with cloths, in process of examination, for the purpose of being sent on board the *Tonnant*, those rejected being thrown aside; and at his urgent request I lent, or rather gave, him a civilian's hat and coat to enable him to return to his lodgings in ordinary costume. This simple act constituted my offence, and was construed by the Court into complicity in his fraudulent conduct! though under ordinary circumstances I was aware of no other, it simply an act of compensating good-nature. A very remarkable circumstance connected with this affidavit, and afterwards proved on the trial, was this,—that on De Berenger's arrival in town from Dover, he sought way to the Stock-Exchange, not to his employers, wherever they might be, nor did he take any steps on his arrival in town to spread the false intelligence which he had originated. He was proved on the trial to have dismissed his post-chaise at Lambeth—to have taken a hackney-coach—and to have proceeded straight to my house. The influence of credulity, the man was frightened at the nature of the mission he had undertaken, and declined to go through with it, preferring to try once more whether he could not prevail on me to take him on board the *Tonnant*, where he might remain till the ship sailed for North America. Had I been his confederate, it is not within the bounds of probability that he would have come in the first instance to my house, and waited two hours for my return home, in place of carrying out the plot he had undertaken, or that I should have been occupied in preparing my lamp invention for the use of the convoy of which I was in a few days to take charge, instead of being on the only spot where any advantage to be derived from the Stock-Exchange house

could be realized, had I been a participator in it. Such advantage must have been immediate, before the truth came out, and to have repeated it, had I been guilty, it was necessary that I should not lose a moment. It is still more improbable, that being aware of the hoax, I should not have speculated largely for the special risk of that day."

Referring our readers to the elaborate details in Lord Cochrane's pages, we now address ourselves exclusively to the "Memorial" of his old adversary, Lord Gambier. Touching what is personal to the latter we will satisfy ourselves with one extract, which indicates the real rather than the discretion of Lord Gambier's present advocate: Lady Chatterton, in allusion to his alleged "disinclination to profit by private interest," says with a candour which, doing credit to herself, will not fail to charm the reader:—

"The death of information respecting him has caused the misapprehension that he owed his advancement to his friendship with Mr. Wiltberforce—a supposition resulting from ignorance of the fact that he was nearly connected with the Pitts, and that his uncle and his brother-in-law were strong and influential supporters of the government by which he was created a Peer."

From the batch of letters headed together in these volumes without any consideration, save in chronological order, there are a few which convey to us some curious pictures of a bygone world. Here is the Court of France in December, 1749:—

"He [Louis Quinte] is a very handsome, agreeable-looking man. The Queen was at dinner in her own breakfast-parlour, attended by some of the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. She looks very unhealthily and dejected, but is esteemed as a very pious, good woman, and has great sweetness and complacency in her countenance. She is now out of favour with the King, and the lady that succeeds her in His Majesty's private apartments is Madame Pompadour, to whom all the court is paid. She is just made Dame d'Honneur to Her Majesty, is a fine woman as to her person, and very sensible and lively. From the Queen's apartment we went to the Dauphin's, and saw him and the Dauphiness at dinner. He was a very fine looking man, she, young and handsome, but not a very good-natured look. They took little notice of each other; and he was intent upon satisfying a very voracious appetite. The business of the table is not the most graceful situation for a man to be observed in. A King and queen who are to act in public should not do it with eagerness that is disgusting. However, we proceeded to the same ceremony in the apartment of the Mesdames, and found them making a more cheerful meal; they were five in number, very good looking young women, with cheeks as red as a piece of scarlet cloth; for in France, the higher the rank, the deeper the rouge. They conversed very freely and cheerfully with each other and with those about them, and seemed well disposed for society and mirth."

A view of the Papal Court a hundred years ago is like looking at an old etching by Callot:—

"He [the Pope] rides along the street in a very large, old-fashioned coach, drawn by eight horses, the coachman and postilions on the horses, with full-bottomed wig, without their hats—very ridiculous figures. All the rest of the cortege are dressed on their knees. The first time I met him, I got out of my coach to bend my knee as I was bid. He gave me his blessing, and signified he would waive the compliment for the future; so we never willingly put ourselves in the way of meeting him. During the year, there are several of the cortege open for the entrance of the poor pilgrims; they are fed for three days, that being the time necessary to perform their devotions. As they walk barefoot, they are first carried into a room to have their feet washed and plastered, if necessary; and then sent down to long tables, where they have soup, bread, and salad. The ladies of the first order, as a proof of their humility and penitence, come, at times, to wait upon them. My curiosity carried me three

one night; but they, supposing I came there with the same pious design, as when the pilgrims were set down to table, a laced bib-apron was brought to me, and a ladle put into my hand. Two men brought in a large copper, with a white petticoat round it that is might not dirt us; and I and two more ladies served five hundred with soup. Other ladies and the priests carried it about, and waited upon them.

What the King of Naples was at that period may serve to show that his latest successor has not derogated from the exalted type:—

"We saw all the spot (hoar hunting). His Majesty (Charles the Fourth of Naples) stands behind a tree. His people drive the wild boars before him, and he fires at them. He kills a great number, and that seems to be all the joy of the sport, for he never stirs from the spot he first goes to, and might as well fire at a drove of pigs in a farm-yard. But his whole delight and employment is shooting. He never falls going every day of his life (Sundays excepted) to some place for that purpose, and keeps up a weekly correspondence with his brother, the King of Spain, informing him of the number of wild boars, deer, ducks, &c. he kills. When he was at Florence, on his way here, he diverted himself with shooting small birds in the gardens of the Grand Duke's palace. His apartments were here with some of the best scenery, in which were the portraits of the Medici family. In wet weather, he amused himself with shooting out the eyes of the figures with pistols, upon which they made some excuse to remove it. We saw it repeating, and were told this story at Florence. A pretty specimen of a king." He often got by our windows to some shooting place, in his coach and eight, as hard as the horses can get, attended by his guards and twelve running footmen, one of them on each side of the coach with a bag of copper coils, which they throw among the populace as they pass along the streets of Naples, when screams his being attended with a great crowd and noise. I have seen the Queen with him, dressed in a yellow riding habit, laced with silver, and a wig over her hair.

A dinner-trait at Brunswick illustrates a singular social custom. The date is 1753:—

"On the 15th we delivered our letters, and were introduced to the Duke and his court, and their five sons and five daughters. We dined at Court, and consequently entered into the marriage state, as it is called here. It being the custom for the Master of the Ceremonies to go round the room five minutes before dinner, and present a hat to the ladies, and another to the gentlemen, out of which each draws a ticket which is numbered. The Master of the Ceremonies then stands at the door of the drawing-room, and calls No. 1.—when the gentleman No. 1, hands the lady No. 1, and so on; and, beginning at the upper end of the table, they sit down as they are called; so it may happen that I may sit at the upper end with the Duchess, and she with the lower end with a maid of honour. This is called marriage; and you change your wife at every meal. There being more men than women, unfortunately my wife at dinner was an old man; but, at supper, I was recompensed by a change for one of the Princesses."

George the Third does not shine very creditably in these volumes. Of his wit and his playfulness in the best sample afforded:—

"Of Morton Pitt, George the Third made his nearest approach to a bon-mot. Some one remarking that Morton Pitt was a very good man of business, the King replied, 'No, not a man of business, but a very man.' This was, as truth, but not the whole truth. * * * When at Weymouth, the King used frequently to drive over to Kingston (Mr. Morton Pitt's place), near Dorchester, without giving any notice of his intended visit. One day, the Royal Family arriving in large numbers at luncheon-time, found the whole party returning from fishing in the Lake, and covered with mud. The King, who was delighted with having surprised them in this condition, and wished to break the formality of the visit, ran forward and hid himself in a closet, jumping out upon Queen Charlotte as she passed, with the merry cry, 'Be it!' There being no precedent for such a proceeding in

the archives of the smaller German Courts, Queen Charlotte instantly decided on disapprobation thereof. If the Head of the Church was so sprightly, we have the less cause to wonder at Hannah More's picture of some of the clergy:—

"I have been in a district where three Welsh curates, without morals, without learning, and almost without bread, serve ten or eleven churches. These poor men dig potatoes and make cider for their maintenance, and dance and play at cards with the servants of the gentry for their amusement afterwards. They drink hard when it is given them. What would your Society deserve of their country if you could ever carry that great point of the residence of the clergy? But I don't expect to live to see it. I went through all the houses of another very large village, where the only Bible I saw was used to prop a geranium pot. The sight of so much worldly want and spiritual misery sank my spirits very low; and yet I do not know whether the luxury and madness of the great is more to be pitied, inasmuch as Bedlam is a more terrible place than a hospital."

And again, the same lady writes, in 1793:—

"When the resolutions were passing in the House on the subject of the East India Chaplains, one of the Directors whispered another who told me of it: 'I think a Chaplain no bad thing, I should be glad to see it. He may serve to make the great, and will always be ready for a fourth at which I flatter myself Sir Charles will like this anecdote—so very characteristic.'"

Amid the chaos of epistles, we come upon a trait of what ought to be "our hero" which we have pleasure in extracting. The affair is that of "glorious First of June."

"When hearing the French fleet, the master of the Defence proposed shortening sail, in order that she might arrive with the fleet, according to Lord Howe's intention, instead of attacking alone and unsupported. Captain Gambier replied, that the Commander in Chief had made no signal to that effect, and that she come what would, he should go straight at the enemy."

It was when he came crippled out of this contest that a fellow-captain, near whose ship he was drifting, called to him through a speaking-trumpet, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

Among the really characteristic epistles, the following, perhaps, call up a melancholy smile on those who remember Lord Stuart de Rothesay. So like him:—

"From Major-General Stuart to Mr. Morton Pitt.
"December 2nd, 1794."

"Sir,—I know of no regiment belonging to me, but, when I do, you may depend upon my serving my own friends in preference to yours. With frankness and sincerity, your very faithful servant,
"CHARLES STUART."

"The name to the name."

"Sir,—I take the liberty of requesting your support at the ensuing election for members to represent the town of Exeter in Parliament; and I trust you will give me as plain an answer to my solicitation at present, as I gave to yours when I thought it my duty not to promote your wishes. I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,
"CHARLES STUART."

In a different style is the following, which we cite for the benefit of those who annotate their Walpoles. Hannah More writes to Mrs. Bouverie, 1797:—

"With great reluctance, indeed, I have given up the greater part of Lord Orford's letters to me to be printed; the earnestness of the Miss Berrys to swell the work by which the Bishop wrote them is to get three thousand pounds, should not have drawn me to consent, had I not found it was the wish of my deceased friend himself."

Here, too, is something of interest, touching a young man then in Italy, whose name was Buonaparte, and who had not then dropped the u which Italianized his name. Mrs. More is still writing:—

"I must not forget to tell you that our little Repository Tracts are translating into Italian, and

now circulating through the new Republic. This piece of information I have from my old friend, Georgiana Sheldrake, who assures you may transmit to her, young Harp, Fox's friend. She is just returned from Bologna, Rome, &c., where she was intimately acquainted with Buonaparte. To you, her communications on this subject would be particularly entertaining, as she speaks from exact personal knowledge; and I would wish to transmit to you some of her accounts. In person he is of a small size, sallow and sickly in his countenance, not that sort of look which you expect in a hero, but mild and sentimental; he spits blood, and has weak lungs. In his manners, he is rather distant and reserved; but, as for Georgiana, in my true spirit of a Republican, "when he speaks, whether it be on the subject of politics, war, business, or religion, he talks like an ———." [Word illegible. E.O.] In short, she is in raptures with him. They covered a great deal on the subject of government; he said, "In all governments never let the mob have any power; above all take care never to let the aristocrats have any influence, they are the worst of rulers, and produced all the anarchy in France. Let your men of property come forward and protect the property; as they have most interest in the State, they are fittest to defend it." These are, as near as I can recollect, his very words; and I thought it might amuse you to hear the sentiments of so celebrated a man, from one who lately had them from his own mouth. He has no levity, and speaks with reverence of religion, but whether conscious of it as an essential thing in itself, or whether only as a good political instrument, I cannot learn."

Lady Chatterton closes volumes which are devoted but partially to Lord Gambier with a picture of the old Admiral at home, drawn by his niece:—

"Nothing recalls so forcibly to my mind past scenes, as the medals and ornaments sent me of a series of years from childhood; let me turn to the picture which it vividly brings before me. I hear the tones of a man's voice—a voice which, like the noble frame from which it proceeded, seemed born to command. What heart was sufficient to have withstood his firm and persuasive accents? I see a man who had passed the greater part of his life in the din of war amidst the raging billows, kneeling in prayer. On the table near him lies a book; but he does not read—he prays: every feature in his speaking and noble countenance is decked with an expression of adoration. The naturally laughing brow is calm, the mouth accustomed to command seems now only to embody the idea, 'Peace and good will to man.' Around him are the kneeling forms of his relations and servants. A bright beam of morning sunshine slants across the room; and on the polished surface of the old oak floor are seen the shadows cast by a profusion of flowers which decorated the verandah outside. The most prominent is that of the bright scarlet geranium, my Uncle Gambier's favourite flower. The prayer is ended; and one by one the kneeling forms retire well do I remember the cracking of the old housekeeper's shoes, and the heavy tread of the butler as he echoed fainter and fainter through the passage—then the distant hanging of the green velvet door which separates the offices from the other apartments."

—And so on for a page or two more, in which there is nothing but what is creditable to the old Lord; but also, nothing that affects the well-earned and well-remembered reputation of Lord Cochrane. Lord Gambier was a "warrior," Cochrane both a hero and a warrior. The latter is less common than the former; but in him they were assuredly combined.

Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Edited by John Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D. Oxford, and John Veitch, Edinburgh. 4 vols. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THERE has been a great revival of the taste for philosophy proper in England during the

last twenty years: in the promotion of this movement the late William Hamilton was among the foremost, and in power the highest. He will probably be the great Scotchman of the century. A real history of his life would be a literary treasure; but a biography, a disciple's account, an every-day eulogy, would be worthless, except for its dates. Hamilton's own works would give more than this; for his literature is the fabric of his life, and the varied play of uncommon excellencies and uncommon defects is more conspicuous in his writings than it would be in any biography except one on the plan of Boswell. When Dr. Parr—and it was the silliest thing he ever said—was comparing the life of Johnson which he did not write with that which Boswell did write, he sounded forth, "Mine should have been, not the drippings of his mouth, but the history of his mind." We have got Boswell, and we have been spared Parr: Heaven be thanked for all things! When an account of Hamilton shall appear, we trust it will be full of the drippings of his mouth. We trust it will be an honest and genial supplement to his writings: exhibiting, for good and bad, both the keen and the blunt sides of his intellect: showing the real kindness and probity of his nature, as well as the impulsive enthusiasm which gained the love and respect of those with whom he was in contact; and not hiding the dogmatical combativeness, haughty tone of superiority, and seeming division of mankind into professional philosophers and fools, which prevented his popularity from extending beyond the circle of those who heard the tones of his voice in private life.

He was of a good Scotch family, and succeeded, early in life we believe, to a Baronetage not much encumbered with property. The earliest ancestor we ever heard of was Hamilton of Preston, one of the stern Puritans who fought at Bothwell Bridge. And so it ought to have been; for Hamilton set out with some of the points of an old Covenanter in the web on which philosophy was to work her pattern. He was born in March, 1788 (died, May, 1856); his father was a Professor at Glasgow. The son obtained one of those Glasgow exhibitions to Oxford, by help of which Adam Smith had previously studied there; and he took his degree with distinction. In 1813 he was called to the Scotch Bar; in 1821 he was appointed to the Professorship of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh; in 1829 he began the series of articles in the *Edinburgh Review* by which his name first became known in England; and in 1836 he was appointed to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics. Shortly after 1843 he was attacked by paralysis of the right side; but from this time to his death, in 1856, he was engaged in study, (by amanuensis) in writing, and (sometimes by deputy) in lecturing. His sentences and his memory seemed to suffer no loss; and if the disease affected his mind in any way, it was only in causing some exaggeration of his polemical defects. But of this we cannot be sure; for the exaggeration was not so much as is frequently attendant upon the advance of age. Probably it would be difficult to show such another instance of mental activity continuing through twelve years of paralysis of the body.

Hamilton had left his collected writings from the *Edinburgh Review*, with additions under the title of 'Discussions in Philosophy'; an edition of Reid's works, with the Appendixes unfinished, ending in the middle of a sentence; an edition of Stewart, left also unfinished; and the *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic* now before us. There are also some controversial pamphlets: one on the rights of his Chair; one

on the points of controversy which ended in the Free Church; one on logical controversy; and there may be some others of which we know nothing.

Hamilton was elected to the chair of Logic, it is said, by a majority of one in the Town Council. But he was elected; and this circumstance alone puts the reputation of the new system of election in peril. Accidents go for nothing in reckoning up merits; and it may be that, at the end of a century from this time, the old Town Council shall be pronounced to have filled the Edinburgh chairs better than the new mode of election, upon a balance which would not have existed if the solitary vote which seated Hamilton had been at too good a dinner the day before, or two days, according to the rapidity of action of the Edinburgh Nemesis. All other things apart, the loss of so much mere erudition would have been a considerable deduction. All persons are agreed that in this respect Hamilton was a wonder, not so much an exceptional case as of an exceptional class. He must have had enormous memory, ever-stirring activity, and a mind in which his subject was always fresh, always the object of the curiosity of a hungry tribe. He had, we understand, an inveterate habit of commonplaceing and note-making; and this is a point on which remark may be made.

We know that in old time, when books of reference were scarce, a scholar was obliged to be his own dictionary to a great extent; and, as always happens, demand produced supply. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries abound in men who, like Simonides, carried the bulk of their property about them. Persons who cannot write, but who must keep accounts, are often capable of retaining most extraordinary complications. But the learned man of our day, and the accountant also, are content with the satisfaction of having a hand at the pen. The scholar's audition is, comparatively speaking, like Addison's mode of communication: little small change, but power of drawing for thousands. Those who observe will probably have noticed that digested note-making and habit of production from memory without reference seldom live together in one brain: but in Hamilton they were closely united; and also in Macaulay. Both were chapter-and-verse men; both had store of unusual references; and both had a rich fund for current use, out of which tumbled example, and illustration, and object of comparison, as the pen went along the paper. The three great subdivisions of citation without reference, citation with reference, and reference without citation, are so full in Hamilton's writings, that on each alone, without counting the other two, he might pass for one of the most erudite of living men in the subjects of which he treats, and for one who gives more than glimpses of reading far beyond the text of the monument.

It will take many men and many years to gauge this mass of acquisition, and to allot its proper place. Many a passage must be read which has not been turned up, except by Hamilton, since the day when men wrote Latin, and many a comparison of citation with its consequence must be made, before the learning we speak of can be particularized by detailed description both of its good and its bad; but the character is not to be settled by this point alone. He did not spend his life, like the Stoic, in furnishing his armour; but he was, in the field of warfare, an active literary combatant, and also in the field of cultivation a laborious workman. He mixed the two characters in no small degree; his dissertation had a strong smack of the polemical, and his

controversy was often interrupted by digressive dissertation. He turned his spear into a pruning-hook, and his pruning-hook into a spear, at any notice; and he reminds us of one of Nebemiah's builders, of whom every one "had his sword girded by his side, and so builded."

Among the things which learning cannot give, though it may foster the development of them, are the sense of psychological distinctions, and the power of expressing them in language. These Hamilton possessed in a vigorously equalled, perhaps never excelled. His command of expression would almost tempt us to call him a flowery writer, if it were not that the associations connected with that word cannot be permitted. There is a kind of exuberant precision about his style, or accuracy in florescence, which adds satisfaction to the pleasure of the first reading, and pleasure to the satisfaction of the second. A good reason, reasoning is by no means his highest power: the logic of the great logical teacher is the least strong of his strong points. It would take much detail to prove this assertion; an illustration from his controversial writings will suffice. No person in whose mind the laws of inference hold sway above all others ever plays the sophist with effrontery in arguing with acute opponents; his bias may lead him into bad argument, but never into open and conscious defiance of logic and of language. The following mode of treating Calvin will be long remembered, and often quoted, as coming from one of his most illustrious followers in religion, and one of his most sedulous readers in literature.

Calvin, according to Hamilton, exhibited the mighty marvel of a man who never needed so much as to modify an expressed opinion. In the intrusion controversy, it was urged that Calvin had expressly given his appointments to the popular vote. As follows:—"Let us see why deacons were appointed. . . . The election is given over to the Church. This, therefore, is the legitimate principle, that those be chosen by common suffrages who are to fill any public office in the Church." Calvin infers, from the apostolic precedent of the deacons, that all offices should be filled by popular suffrage. He may be right or wrong, but he *does* draw the inference; no reasoner can deny it. But Hamilton, *pro vice* no reasoner, does deny it. He answers, "What is there said, is said in reference to the office of Deacon." Granting that, the respondent was almost a wilful sophist, no one in whom the logical spirit was paramount would have played the sophist in this manner. The first teacher of logic in Europe would not have ventured to assert, broadly and boldly, that generalization from has no wider meaning than reference to, if he had been so sensitive of inference as acute about inference. This opinion of ours, that Hamilton has not the pre-eminence in the actual use of ratiocination which belongs to him in learning and acuteness of psychological vision, will greatly surprise many, and will scandalize his zealous followers; but we are prepared to maintain it by instance upon instance.

The Lectures on Metaphysics and on Logic, which form the subject of this notice, were written with rapid haste, during the first session of the delivery of course. No great amount of revision seems to have followed; of structural revision, apparently none at all. For twenty years together, the third lecture on Logic contained three pages beginning with, "I would interpolate some observations which I ought, in my last Lecture, to have made before leaving. . . ." There is not much to regret in this. Had Hamilton had full time, he would

probably have given his young students a dose of referenced learning which would have stood better as an Appendix to Reid: he found it difficult to leave off when he was once at work, with full time to go on. This others knew as well as himself: which we may illustrate by part—throwing the rest in—of a little matter of anecdote connected with our printing. When Hamilton's death took place, we drew up a short and very hurried notice, that our readers might not wait a week for the information which would have as much interest for all who love literature. Two misprints occurred, and, as it so happened, the correction required for each one of them had so much of innumerate, that we did not call attention to them. Speaking of the current publication of Stewart's works, a mistake was made which required the correction, "for addition to read edition." This, it is said, was precisely what the Edinburgh booksellers laid down, when the contract was made; alarmed by the bulky Appendices—never finished—to Reid, they stipulated for nothing but an edition without any additions. A second mistake occurred, one word used for another, which would have been repaired in a list of errata as follows:—"For *metaphysics* read *metaphysics*." Now, if any four words in our language would have given Hamilton a motto distilled from the inmost spirit of his own writings, these are the four.

The editors have done their part of the work in the best style of laborious and conscientious workmanship. They have supplied references, short auxiliary notes relating entirely to the points before them, and have faithfully given what they found among Hamilton's papers, without reference to their own opinion of the subject-matter, or their own feeling as to the finish and worthiness of the execution. They have not asked whether the opponent of their conduct could or could not catch him tripping; but have called every witness to court who could give any information. Hamilton himself had no suppressive prudence, and his editors have been his true representatives.

We intend to review Hamilton's mind, and not his metaphysics: his system is well known to those who care to know any systems. Tracing the rise of modern speculation to the two recs against the scepticism of David Hume, that of Reid, and that of Kant, he is the conciliator of both, so far as his assent is obtained to either; and he is much for Reid, and not a little for Kant. But he has, perhaps, imparted an infusion of the German mind and manner than of the German doctrine: at any rate, transcendental philosophy is made to behave herself very much after the manner of the common-sense school. There are those, we believe, who incline to the opinion that Reid, in Hamilton's hands, is interpreted into something rather different from the Reid whom Stewart illustrated and Brown opposed: but this—we mean the imputation—is no more than must happen when one thinker represents another. And, above all, in psychology and ontology: sciences in which it is not perfectly demonstrated that any two men ever used one word in precisely the same sense; nay, in which it is not clear that, if they did, it could be demonstrated that they did. We believe, however, that Hamilton is perfectly right when he represents Reid as a plain and downright believer in our immediate knowledge of the external world—the doctrine of *natural realism*.

Few educated men are now so unlearned as not to know that since the day of Locke and Berkeley—and, though less prominently, from the earliest history of inquiry—philosophers have agitated the question, What we know of

external things, and how? The world at large says, or is held to say, we know things immediately: many philosophers hold that we know only representations, images, ideas, from which all the knowledge that we have of things is mediate, inferential, and, in plain truth, hypothetical: a few have denied the things themselves, and have held that the Creator keeps our representative faculties at work without the need of any material or other external intermediary. At the two extremes we have the doctrines of pure realism and pure idealism: and between them something connected with both, which Hamilton calls hypothetical dualism and also cosmethetic idealism.

Hamilton admits, of course, that the great mass of thinking men are cosmethetic idealists. They believe in things, because they require an origin of sensations and notions somehow derived: but they cannot believe that by our perceptions and their consequences we know otherwise than inferentially, the very things which confessedly those perceptions are not.

Hamilton argues for his natural realism with all his acuteness: and has photographed the distinctions of the subject in many aspects, and under skillfully varied language exhibiting much unity of conception. But he does not avoid what have always appeared to us the two great self-delusions of all who have attempted to be very positive either in favour of pure realism or pure idealism.

First,—the pure Unitarians, as they have been called, are apt to conclude they have gained their point so soon as they have pushed their opponents hard up against an unanswerable difficulty. They forget that the question is not even reducible to which has the mote in his eye and which the beam: at best, it is an argument about which has the tremendous big beam and which has the somewhat smaller mote. The question of the relation between the eye and the non-eye without difficulties! You may well ask the hypothetical dualist how he can possibly arrive at the notion of external existence—external to his own mind: and against his very lame answer—for very lame it must needs be—may well be set the answers of the realist to Hume's old demand to know how we see the table itself, when it is clear that we see it differently at different distances. Demonstration being out of the question, and the inquiry unique and without anything to compare with, how do we know that the hypothesis of least difficulty is true, or even more likely to be true? Why is it *a priori* more probable that the true theory of consciousness should be the easiest fit? We have but far removed *a posteriori* results to compare with; and we may, for aught we know, be arguing from the contents of the box to the particular patent of the hinges. Let the discussion be carried on, because, as Hamilton himself says, if we do not gain truth, we may at least avoid contradiction: and, so surely as man is man, so surely will he be incapable of thinking consistently on many derived points, unless his notions on consciousness and the relations of self to the outer universe are at one with each other, right or wrong.

Secondly,—the philosophical Unitarians—and their opponents also, sometimes—are very much given to set up a standard of truth and good far superior to consciousness, by which fundamental theories are to be tried. We are assured that this or that theory makes consciousness a liar; some say makes God a deceiver. Hamilton himself, in his notes on Reid, requires the veracity of consciousness to be granted, as otherwise man would be "the dupe and victim of a perfidious Creator." Do we read here—Follow me, or be accounted as

blasphemer? We scent a kind of philosophical Athanasianism! Now, all this is very absurd: for consciousness is that by which we can know what we do know of the existence of ourselves and other things. Its fundamental determinations are anterior to the question of Creator or no Creator,—truth or no truth. We cannot examine the morals of consciousness by a preconceived test: we must be prepared to find veracity towards ourselves in our conclusions, if indeed we can arrive at any, and not to make conclusions conform to our notion of veracity.

We confess ourselves to be cosmethetic idealists, or hypothetical dualists; we should rather say, *inferential realists*. We see a possibility of truth in pure idealism, and in inferred realism. Natural realism we do not understand; its assertors explain themselves in a manner which appears to us to bower for safety on the common border of the two countries, as if it knew that both the sheriffs had writs to serve upon it. Reid maintains that the unlearned are pure realists, affirming that they perceive things: we do not believe it of them, however their language may substitute the producing cause for the produced phenomenon. They have, of course, neither system nor doctrine, and so far are neither realists nor anything else. When they say, as Des Cartes makes them say, that they see the very torch, and hear the very bell, we find them admitting in many ways that when they see or hear there is in sight or hearing the effect of a thing. There is no possible explanation which their language does not sometimes favour. We cannot argue this at length; but we recommend it to that great majority of philosophers which Hamilton admits to consist of inferential realists, not to admit that the unlearned are natural realists without further examination; and, especially to try whether they do not employ all the hypotheses, as occasion arises.

Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics contain little of metaphysics proper, or ontology: their subject-matter is really psychology. And so it ought to be: for pure ontology is no subject for the young mind. We find much difficulty in understanding how these Lectures were attractive, except upon the supposition that the hearers had undergone some mental training, even after allowing something for the unquestionable bent of the Scotch mind towards philosophical speculation. Seven previous Lectures upon philosophy, with learned determinations of its meaning, would, we should think, have produced a weary cry of "Question." But we have good evidence of the attention which they excited. And this may be partly explained by the character of the exquisite little bits which frequently occur. In the midst of this mass of solid thinking, every now and then we find a page, or it may be three pages together, which not only stand out, but would even bear transplanting into a "Reader," or a "Speaker," or whatever the book may be called which has superseded old Enfield.

We shall resume this subject, and shall devote some space to the consideration of Hamilton as a teacher of logic.

The Sea and its Living Wonders. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, and partly re-written by the Author, Dr. G. Hartwig. With numerous Woodcuts and Twelve Chromoxylographic Plates, by Henry Noel Humphreys. (Longman & Co.)

How welcome to Xenophon's marching camp-followers was the guide, who, coming to the army, undertook, in five days, to convey them to a place from which they might see the sea! If

not, he consented to be put to death. On the fifth day, the men arrived at Mount Thesmos, and as soon as those who were in the vanguard ascended the mountain, and saw the sea, they gave a great shout; which, when Xenophon and those in the rear heard, they concluded that some enemies had attacked them in front. But the noises, and the number making them, increasing as they came nearer, Xenophon mounted his horse, rode up to their assistance, and presently heard the soldiers shouting in one chorus, "The Sea! the Sea!"

So Xenophon himself informs us, and yet the Ten Thousand Greeks knew nothing of the ten thousand living wonders in that sea, the mere surface of which so delighted them. Ten times ten thousand Londoners not only once but annually cry, "The Sea! the Sea!" yet only that they may recruit themselves with its ever fresh and often laughing countenance. Whether Homer was right in calling the sea, "wine-faced" (by which he perhaps meant, dark-bued), or *roschrym*, in speaking of the "innumerable smiles" of its waves, or the poet of our own days, in singing of it as the "homeless sea," we do not care to discuss: for all such imaginative epithets and aspects relate to the surface of the ocean, while, as naturalists, we care little for its superficial beauty, but much for its depths. Sometimes, indeed, the surface is not a concealing veil, hiding the submarine existences, but, as on the coast of Sicily, a mere marine glass, through which the eye may penetrate to an incredible depth, and recognize the smallest objects. Deceived by this wonderful transparency, the naturalist newly upon those waters desires to seize some anellide or medusa, which appears to be swimming but a few inches below the surface. Down goes his hand; but the boatman smiles, takes a net fastened to a long pole, and plunges it deep into the sea to catch the animal which the human arm fails by so many lengths to reach. Yet the eye can dart down instantly where the hand cannot follow it, and can distinguish the smallest inequalities of the up-piled rocks, more than a hundred feet deep in their cavernous hollows, — and "everywhere," says Quatrefages, "the undulations of the sand, the abrupt edges of the stone blocks, and the tufts of algae were so sharply defined that the wonderful illusion made us forget the reality of the scene. Between us and those lovely pictures, we saw no more the intervening waters that enveloped them as in an atmosphere and carried out boat upon their bosom. It was as if we were hanging in a vacant space, or looking down, like birds hovering in the air, upon a charming prospect. Strangely-formed animals peopled these submarine regions, and lent them a peculiar character."

Could we always sail over them, as over crystalline Sicilian or Caribbean seas, — could we always behold fishes piercing the ocean like living shafts, here entangled by the thickets of marine plants, there disengaged again, and reuniting in multitudinous ranks, pressing onward with enviable ease, unobstructed, winding round rocky pinnacles, warping, suspending themselves in rest with scarcely moving fins, then suddenly shooting rapidly forward into aqueous space; — could we see crustaceans running obliquely, and extending their formidable claws to seize and crush every sweet morsel within their furtive reach; molluscs advancing leisurely and lazily; shrimp and prawn-like creatures nimbly sporting amongst the slow-moving seaweeds; annelids, of every size, the most beautiful, displaying the milky tints of humming-birds, and the velvet mellow brilliancy of the most lustrous beetles, gliding serpent-like through the crevices of the stones, or half-cree-

ping and half-swimming till they hide their shining lengths under the sand or mud, and remind us, as they hasten to conceal themselves, of anything rather than the common worms with which they are classed; sea-snails inhabiting their different zones of depth from ten to five hundred feet, boring through the shells of the sedentary mussels with their rasp-like tongues, or feasting upon dead animals brought by chance in their way, smelling them afar off, and drawing near by thousands to a net let down to the bottom with such an attraction within it; these sea-snails, in their turn, becoming a prey to sea-stars, which, orange-coloured as they are, show themselves as rapacious as those they pursue and seize with their long arms, clashing them in murderous embrace; and then underneath and around all these a thousand sponges unfolding their sensitive petals, and branching up like those sea-plants with whose fronds their branches intertwine, together with a miscellany of gorgonias, corals, alcyonids, the sea-lice and sea-porcs: — could we always see these varied existences when we sail over them, doubtless we should become enthusiastic frequenters of the waters, and fully enter into the spirit of Dr. Hartwig, when he says, in his sole six lines of Preface, "For years, my daily walks have been on the beach, and I have learned to love the ocean, as the Swiss mountaineer loves his native Alps, or the Highlander the heath-covered hills of Caledonia. My these feelings have imparted some warmth to the following pages, and serve to render the reader more indulgent to their faults."

Thoroughly do we sympathize with these expressions; and nothing short of such feelings could have imparted the genial warmth which diffuses itself throughout the volume, and makes the printed pages to harmonize completely with the beautiful illustrations, the more important of which bear themselves a chastened warmth of tinting that, while it does not display the less glowing colours of all the originals, nevertheless presents novelty of style as well as sufficiency of effect and does not rest in the conspicuous inferiority the profusion of excellent woodcuts with which page after page of the text is adorned.

It is difficult to convey to a landsman and a resident exclusively in cities and towns the delight with which a marine naturalist dwells upon or returns to his beloved haunts on the wave-washed sands, and, more particularly, the long, low, projecting rocks, which, as they run out to sea, bear a hundred basin-like hollows upon their emergent surfaces, each fringed with floating marine plants, filled with sea-water, like the vases of the sea-nymphs, and, more than all, holding crustaceans and starfishes, and sea-snails, and naked-gilled molluscs, imprisoned beneath their weeds, and cut off from compass securely as human prisoners on a deserted island, — the former by the lack of adjoining water, the latter by the absence of contiguous land. These rock-basins are, to the peering naturalist, tiny houses. They are all that he can sound and search, while his feet stand upon *terra firma*; — all that he can thoroughly scrutinize out of those infinite leagues of swelling waters which are to him, an earth-dweller, the nearest representatives of an unbounded eternity of existence. Human life itself, in its separate cities and towns, is but a series of rock-basins; a particular country is but a projecting headland, stretching forth into the vast area of terrestrial space. Terrestrial animals and plants inhabit circumscribed territories, even as those marine sea creatures and plants inhabit the rock-basins. On such a promontory, then, the enthusiastic marine student wanders from pool to pool, capturing treasure after treasure,

learning something of their habits even when they stealthily elude him, watching with delight how even these tide-deserted rock-basins hold enough of life and liquid to be microcosms of that immense oceanic repository of life, whose depths and dimensions surpass our knowledge, and whose liquid contents have been estimated at 12,000,000 cubic miles by the most moderate calculation of De La Mettrie, and at no less than 500,000,000 by La Place! — as reported by our author.

Let us try to conceive of but twelve millions of cubic miles of water (and this we may suppose is much under the truth) and of all those cubic miles as replete with appropriate life as the little rock-basins which mimic the mighty expanse and the unmeasured depths beyond them. Making all needful deductions for the decrease of marine life as we descend deeper and deeper, and approach that remote and desolate abyss of waters where life is either absent or would show but faint glimmerings to mark its lingering presence, there yet remains enough of vitality in the superabundant to surpass our conception and to fill us with astonishment and adoring admiration. So little, after all, do we really know of what lives crawling and gliding, darting and cleaving, boring and burrowing, clasping and crushing, reposing and shell-repairing, within those watery strata, that the generations of men yet to come will commiserate our ignorance, and men may as well dream of exhausting the many waters of the mighty oceans as when living waters. In this view the briefest and perhaps the most appropriate title we could bestow upon the sea would be, the GREAT UNKNOWN. We smile when our children pry their industrious toes upon the shores, and yet what are the most advanced of us but mere children of a larger growth, scanning only the very edge of this vast vital repository; learning most of what we do learn from its cast-up waste; feeding, so to speak, upon the crumbs that fall from its broad table; seizing a short hour to examine its relinquished margin, or, still chance, dipping our nets and dredges into its measureless profundity; forming adult toys for our parlours, furnishing a crystal aquarium with a walf or two, and even then finding more in its narrow boundary than we can perfectly understand!

Perhaps it is this magnitude of the marine mystery which fascinates inquiring and reflecting naturalists. Which of us has not felt upon occasions, when engaged amongst the jutting rocks and amongst the tangled weeds, that an entire life spent out upon the margin of the Great Unknown, would be a life of enjoyment and improvement, and even of unceasing amusement!

Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety.

Voyaging naturalists, who have enjoyed privileges beyond the reach of their home-chained brethren, seem from their records to have revelled in enjoyment derived from this source. Mr. Duvivier, one of the best observers and describers of facts, though one of the weakest or wildest of theorists, affords us most interesting accounts of his glimpses of submarine life in the numerous channels and bays of Tierra del Fuego, and that, too, merely in connexion with incredible masses of a singular sea-plant (*Macrocystis pyrifera*). "On every rock," says he, "the plant grows from low-water mark to a great depth, both on the outer coast and within the channels. I believe, during the voyages of the Adventure and the Beagle, not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed by this floating weed. The good service it thus affords to vessels navigating near the stormy land is evident, and it certainly has

saved many a one from being wrecked. I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the western ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. * * As this weed does not grow in a perpendicular direction, but makes a very obtuse angle with the bottom, and much of it afterwards spreads many fathoms on the surface of the sea, I am well warranted to say that some of it grows to the length of sixty fathoms and upwards."

And now for the life associated with this abounding and far and deep-extending plant. "The number of living creatures, of all orders, whose existence intimately depends on the help is wonderful. A large volume might be written, describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of sea-weeds. Almost every leaf, except those that float on the surface, is so thickly incrustated with corallines as to be of a white colour. We find exquisitely delicate structures, some inhabited by simple hydras, like polypi, others by more organized kinds, and beautiful compound ascidians. On the flat surfaces of the leaves, various pectiniferous shells, trochi, uncovered molluscs, and some bivalves are attached. Immense crustaceans frequent every part of the plant. On shaking the great entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea-eggs, star-fish, beautiful holothurians, planarians, and crawling verminous animals of a multitude of forms, all fall out together. Often as I returned to the help, I never failed to discover animals of new and curious structure. I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the northern hemisphere with the terrestrial ones in the tropical regions. Yet if the latter should be destroyed in any country, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish, as under similar circumstances would happen with the help. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous fish live which nowhere else would find food or shelter; with their dependent the many corallines, divers and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also; and, lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of this miserable land, would reduce his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist."

Prof. Meyer fully confirms the statements about the enormous growth of this marine vegetation. "One single plant," says he, "of the *Macrocystis pyramidea* must suffice, like one of the Mammoth-trees of those luxuriant woods (Brazilian) to cover a large space of land with its leaf-like substance. The quantity of small algae, of reticularia, cellaria, and other minute animals dwelling on these swimming islands, surpasses in variety the multitudes of parasitical plants bedecking the trees in a tropical forest." But enough of colossal algae and their minute tenants.

Examples of the abundance and profuse distribution of life, animal and vegetable, in the sub-oceanic world might be multiplied without limit. On each department, on each zone, and its inhabitants, on each class in each zone, volumes might and probably will be written. Already we have monographs on some, and hear of others in preparation. On shells we have serials and complete manuals, on sea-weeds serials and complete manuals, on fishes admirable works—on British fishes in particular; and the sea will long employ us with mental as well as material alism.

With such an excess of materials for popular instruction, we may express some regret that Dr. Hartwig did not limit himself to the exclusive exposition of his title—the 'Living Wonders of the Sea.' As it is, he has divided his

volume into three parts,—one on the Physical Geography of the sea, the second on the Inhabitants of the Sea, the third on the Progress of Maritime Discovery. Now the First and Third Parts are obviously superfluous in such a volume; for the Physical Geography is better and more fully treated by Maury, and Maritime Discovery by a dozen writers specially addicted to the subject. As Dr. Hartwig has devoted the bulk of his book to the living inhabitants of the sea, and has yet found himself straitened on every topic, he would manifestly have found more sea-room and sailed closer to the wind by taking the latter course alone, and in so doing hardly any of his conductor's beautiful illustrations would have been lost.

In merely popular compilation it would be superfluous to criticize sentences, else we might observe upon one relating to the pholades, which informs us that they "secrete a corrosive juice capable of dissolving calcareous rocks. With the assistance of this secretion, and the action of its sharp-edged valves, the pholades form a pear-shaped cavern." This may be a favourite, but is quite a fanciful theory. The Doctor will be better informed on this matter if he will consult *Athenæum*, Nos. 1632 and 1636, where he will find correspondence relating to it. Did it not occur to him that a corrosive juice capable of dissolving calcareous rocks, would also dissolve the shell itself of the boring animal?

To those who are seeking for a suitable presentation volume to intelligent young folk, we would commend the present publication, inasmuch as it has the element of popularity in a high degree, to which the illustrator has contributed nearly as much by his pencil as the author by his pen. A volume so beautiful is a credit to all parties concerned in its preparation.

Anecdote Biography. By John Timbs. (Bentley.)

This is a sequel to the author's previous collection of anecdotes of eminent persons of the last century, and embraces the lives of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Fuseli, Lawrence and Turner. It is an example of paste-and-scissors labour, like previous publications by Mr. Timbs—the masses of notes and comments are pitched together, without the slightest effort at selection or even examination into the authenticity of the matter reproduced from all sorts of sources,—cuttings from newspapers and reviews being obviously the chief of these,—all huddled together, good, bad and indifferent; and the only sort of order proposed by the compiler is a sham in execution, for he observes that the pretence of a chronological arrangement is but a make-believe, not sustained in fact.

Discriminating industry is, indeed, Mr. Timbs's lack characteristic. Here and there, amongst the results, occurs something of interest, musty and stale as many of the gatherings are. Take this about Hogarth's Prints:—

"How much of the moral effect of Hogarth's works is due to their being engraved, and the prints sold at prices available by all classes, must be evident to every one who has bestowed any thought upon the subject. If we refer to the list of 'Prints' published by Mr. Hogarth; Genuine Impressions of which are to be had at Mrs. Hogarth's House in Leicester Fields, 1781," we shall find the prices as low as One Shilling, and rarely to exceed One Guinea. Here are a few:—Hartog's Progress, 6 p. 1s. 1s.; Rake's Progress, 8 p. 2s. 2s.; Marriage à la Mode, 6 p. 1s. 1s. 6d.; Four Times of Day, 4 p. 1s. 1s.; Before and After, 2 p. 1s. 3d.; Midnight Conversation, 5 p. 1s.; Enraged Musician, 3s.; Southwark Fair, 5s.; Garrick in King Richard III., 7s. 6d.; Calais; or, the Road to Flanders, 6s.; Paul and Pauline, 6s.; Paul before Felix, 7s. 6d.; March to Finchley, 10s. 6d.;

Strutting Actresses dressing in a Barn, 5s.; An Election, 4 p. 2s. 2s.; Illness and Industry, 12 p. 1s. 1s.; Lord Lovat, 1s.; Sleeping Congregation, 1s.; Columbus breaking the Egg, 1s.; Work-Study, 1s.; Gilt Lane, 1s.; 1s.; Four Stages of Cruelty, 1 p. 1s. 1s. Sufficient margin was left for framing, but prices were comparatively dear; in this respect we have the advantage."

An immense proportion of the anecdotes of Sir J. Reynolds is borrowed from Cotton's well-known work. Here is one not so generally known, interesting to lovers of Garrick and snuff:—

"Reynolds's snuff was Hardham's 37, of which occurs this memorandum in the painter's pocket-book for 1761: 'Hardham of Fleet Street, Snuff No. 37.' It was so named from the number of Hardham's shop, No. 37, on the north side of Fleet Street. He had been Garrick's snuff-maker (to count the audience in the theatre); and when Hardham invented his 'mixture,' Garrick rendered him this service. While enacting the character of a man of letters, Garrick offered a pinch of his snuff to a fellow-coming that it was the most fashionable mixture of the day, and to be had only at Hardham's, No. 37, Fleet Street. The puff succeeded beyond Garrick's expectation, and Hardham's 37 was the favourite mixture for many years afterwards, when snuff-taking was the rage and fashion of the time."

This of Gainsborough is good enough to deserve to be better known:—

"In 1784, Mrs. Siddons, 'then in the prime of her glorious beauty, and in the full blaze of her popularity,' sat to Gainsborough. The portrait is a three-quarter length; she is seated; her appearance rather more than in profile; she wears a black hat and feathers, and a blue-and-dark striped silk dress—in a mass resembling dark sea-water with sunshine on it. Two years before the death of Mrs. Siddons was seen by Mrs. Jackson seated near her picture; it was five or six years at the age of seventy. Gainsborough, however, found some difficulty in delineating her features—the nose especially, after repeatedly altering its shape, he exclaimed, 'Confound the nose, there's no end to it!'"

Many a dreary anecdote of Fuseli follows in the section devoted to him. We do not discover a single novelty amongst them, or any new light cast upon that singular being's character. The characteristic notes on Sir Thomas Lawrence likewise lack novelty. Those about Turner are familiar to the world, and almost threadbare. We find, however, this respecting a successful portrait of that artist, which appears to be original. Take it for what it is worth:—

"The best and only finished portrait of him is, however, one of half-size, in oil, by J. Linnell. It was the result of a plot, which may now be revealed without offence to the honoured victim. The Rev. R. Daniell, a gentleman who was extremely intimate with Turner, prevailed upon his eccentric friend occasionally to dine with him. Linnell, without exciting any suspicion of his object, was always one of the party, and by sketching on his thumb-nail, and, unobserved, on scraps of paper, he at length succeeded in transferring the pretty bust and sparkling eyes of the great artist to his canvas. The picture was finished, and passed in due time, at the price of two hundred guineas, into the possession of Mr. Birch, a gentleman residing near Birmingham. Turner never knew it. Poverty may now come to be acquainted with the likeness of his mortality, without prejudice to the immortality of his work."

The more habit of grasping all things that come readily to hand, inevitably leads our compiler into many offences against good taste, and he becomes, oftentimes, especially in the portion of this volume relating to the last-named painter, a retailer of idle and scandalous gossip.

The Prince de Ligne's Works.—(*Œuvres et Mémoires du Prince de Ligne*) 5 vols. (Brussels, Van Meenen; London, Rolandi.)

THERE are few Memoirs which furnish us with so many eventful circumstances of the end of the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries as those of the Prince Charles de Ligne. His life, during the space of thirty years, was one continual change of residence from Belgium to France, from France to Prussia, from Prussia to Austria, and from Austria to Russia. Welcome at every Court, and a favorite among crowned heads for the brilliancy of his wit, his rare intelligence, and his diplomatic position, he was at the same time one of the cleverest writers and most shrewd observers of his day. Historian, Poet, Philosopher, and Novelist, his works must necessarily be replete with interest and with interest. Having gained the esteem and friendship of Marie-Thérèse during his military command in the Seven Years' War, she sent him on a special mission as Ambassador to Louis the Eighteenth of France. He gives us an anecdote of himself during his residence at Vienna, which goes far to show that great steadiness and decorum were not his most striking characteristics. The Empress reproached him one day with his want of religion and his non-attendance at mass. He made some light excuses, but a short time afterwards found himself obliged to accompany her Majesty to the service of the Holy Eucharist. At ten o'clock of the previous evening, he had found a confessor who understood the French language, and the Prince objected to confess in broken German. At a supper-party with some friends he mentioned his perplexity, and they recommended him to a certain Father Aubri, and directed him to his residence. At midnight the Prince ran in haste to the holy man, disturbed the whole household by his impetuosity, and rushed up stairs, but mistaking the staircase, instead of finding himself in the presence of a sober ecclesiastic, a young and very pretty woman stood before him, who, alarmed at his intrusion, screamed aloud for help. Feeling the awkwardness of the situation, he escaped in haste to another apartment, the door of which shut upon him, and now he had entered a garret. The noise had by this time assembled all the occupants of the house, who pursued and caught him as a thief. An explanation ensued, and at last he was introduced to the Padre. He made known at once the object of his visit and began his confession, but the good priest, astonished at his behaviour, and at the volubility of his language, supposed the whole thing to be a foolish practical joke, and ordered him immediately to leave the house. The Prince does not tell us if he found another confessor, or if the Empress excused him from receiving the Sacrament.

On his return to France a few years later, the same fascinations which had charmed Frederick of Prussia and made him desirous of retaining the Prince at Berlin, won him the affection and confidence of Marie-Antoinette. His 'Mémoires' give a most lively and graphic description of that eventful period, and add many new anecdotes to our original stock of information.

Young, handsome, and fond of excitement, the name of Catherine the Great attracted him to Russia, and there also he soon insinuated himself into the good graces of the Empress. He followed her to the Crimea, fought for her at Orskow and under the walls of Belgrade, and headed the Russian force against the Turks. A curious account of the expedition is given by him in his letters, in which he describes a dis-

play of magnificence and grandeur in a frozen atmosphere of ice and snow such as he had never witnessed under the sunniest skies of Europe. Catherine the Second was surrounded by all the voluptuous pleasures of the East, of Greece, and of Rome, combined with the luxuries of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth.

Cleopatra's fleet (says the Prince), consisting of eighty ships, large and small, and three thousand men, left Kiovia as soon as the general cannonade announced the breaking up of the ice in the Borythens. Never did a more joyous and brilliant squadron set sail. Our calas were fitted up with divans, covered with Chinese damask; and when any of those who, like myself, were in personal attendance on the Empress, left or returned their vessel, twelve musicians, at least, appointed to each boat, celebrated the event on their instruments. There was some danger in returning at night from the Empress's galley, as it was necessary to go up the Borythens, often against the wind, in a small boat.

The Prince mentions that the Empress had caused the breaking up of the ice in the Borythens to have foreign trees transplanted, as tall as himself; and we afterwards disembarked at the catanets of Keydas, the ancient capital of the Zaporogians, sea brigands. The Emperor Joseph came to meet us in the midst of all these scenes of fairy-land which we were every where greeted.

I am still in a dream, do I often say to myself (continues the Prince), when I meet young nobles of the Caucasus, almost clothed in silver, mounted on horses of dazzling whiteness. When I see them, armed with bows and arrows, I fancy myself back in the time of Cyrus the Elder and younger. When I meet bands of Circassians, beautiful as the day, with waists confined in zones, smaller even than that of Madame de L—; when I find here Mouras, better dressed than Madame de Choiseul at the Queen's balls; Countess officers possessing more taste than Madame de Berin in the arrangement of their dress; and furniture and garments of which the colouring is as perfect as that of Madame Letour in her pictures,—I am lost in wonder and astonishment. From Saint Ermin, which has been turned into a palace for one night for our sleeping accommodation, I can see all that is most interesting in the different parts of the world, and nearly as far as the Caspian Sea. I almost believe it to be a parody on the temptation by Satan in the wilderness—he never can have shown the Saviour anything half so beautiful. On quitting my room, I am able to distinguish from the same point of view, the Sea of Azoph, the Black Sea, and the Caucasus. "I still think I am in a dream, when in the luxurious depths of a travelling carriage made to hold six persons, a real triumphal car, ornamented with initials in precious stones, I find myself seated between two persons on whose shoulders, full asleep, and, on waking, I hear my companions—

—Catherine the Great and the Emperor Joseph the Second—saying, the one to the other, "They tell me that I possess thirty millions of subjects, counting up only the male population."—"And I, too, I wish to reply like the good traveller, 'male and female included.'—"I require," continues the first speaker, "an army of six hundred thousand men, reaching from Kanatchatka to Riga."—"With half that number," replies the other, "I have just what I want."

As years advanced, and physical strength failed, the Prince de Ligne retired to his Château de Leopoldberg, near Vienna; and there, while the tempests of the First Empire were shaking Europe, he quietly wrote and published his works. His vivacity of mind never left him, and when the Congress of Vienna was assembled, several of the Sovereigns who took part in it visited the illustrious wit in his retirement. He received them sympathously, giving abundant *filles* in their honour, and it was he who remarked of that assembly of kings, "*Le Congrès dard, mais ne marche pas*," a bon-mot which was circulated all over Europe, but which unfortunately would lose all its point by translation.

The works edited by the Prince are contained in 32 volumes, 12mo., of which were added 6 volumes, 8vo., of posthumous essays. They were scattered over the world, and were never reprinted in a collected form. On the lightest and on the most serious and philosophical subjects, he has alike exercised his pen and his comprehensive mind, and always with the same combination of wit, imagination, and profound good sense. His correspondence, begun by Joseph the Second, Catherine of Russia, Prince Kamnitz, the King of Poland, and many other literary celebrities of the end of the eighteenth century, in the most varied and curious repository of gossip and anecdote that can possibly be read. He knew Voltaire and Rousseau personally, and gives a lively description, in one of his essays, of his sojourn with the former.

The series of political and literary portraits contained in this work, and especially that of the Great Catherine, are among the best sketches in the French language. They not only give us an intimate knowledge of the persons described, but also of the extraordinary events which combined to make them what they were.

The 'Mémoires' of the Prince de Ligne, which are anxiously expected, have, as yet, only appeared in fragments, as, by his express desire in his last will, the entire work was not to be published until every person mentioned therein had ceased to exist. The original manuscripts are in the hands of M. Cotté, the well-known publisher of Stuttgart, who bought them from those to whom they were left by the Prince. These heirs, strange to say, consisted of the regiment of Trabans, which he commanded. It was an ancient custom in that corps, that their general should bequeath them some legacy. At the death of the Prince, they received his 'Mémoires,' and sold them to M. Cotté, who certainly made, in this instance, an excellent bargain.

In these days, when all Memoirs on the last century are eagerly sought for, the Editors of the Works of the Prince de Ligne are sure to find numerous readers.

NEW NOVELS.

The Skeleton in the Cupboard.—2 vols. By Lady Scott. (Stammers & Otley).—The Skeleton in the Cupboard! bears marks of cleverness; the style is not uninteresting, and the story would be interesting were not the two leading characters so entirely detestable that no reader can feel interest or sympathy for them. A vain, heartless woman, with a strong will, great beauty and entire selfishness, and a man, who has started a kind-hearted but not very wise husband, whom she rules, estranging him from all his friends; and if she does not actually murder him in deed, she effectually shortens his life and weakens his intellect. This portion of the story would be clever, if it were not so entirely repulsive, and without a single trait of redeeming interest. Poorford, the waiting-maid, is well drawn, but she opposes the reader almost as much as she does her victims. Her evil influence is felt like a miasma throughout the book, and there is no character of sufficient strength and influence to balance the evil produced by the mistress and her maid. The reader becomes weary of his company—weariness of the weakness of the good, the manoeuvres and meanness of the bad; it is like standing to watch a game played between sharpers and honest men. In the end the wrongs are not right, but it is by the means of the wicked, who have been defeated, and not from any inherent flaw in the villainy. It is a story that leaves the reader heavy and disgusted. Lady Bobus's penitence, retribution and early death do not propitiate him. She has had no redeeming qualities to engage his sympathy. With a great deal of cleverness, *The Skeleton in the Cupboard* is a repulsive story. cc

Gladys the Reaper. By the Author of 'Simplicity and Fascination.' 3 vols. (Bentley).—Gladys the Reaper is an interesting, natural story, written

with evident care and pains. The story is well put together, the characters are kept in due proportion, and the intention and spirit of the work are excellent. There is an aim to inculcate that doing their duty in life steadily is more incumbent on rational creatures than any other business, and that self-control and self-denial are really "the being's end and aim" of all who deserve the dignity of being men or women. The morality is indigenous to the story, and is not inculcated by extraneous words or precepts. The story, as a mere story, is interesting and well told, and the remarkable talent evinced in the style throughout is level and equable. All the characters, except Lisbeth Griffiths and Farmer Prothers (who are well-sketched originals), talk too much in the same key, which gives a monotony to their conversations; nor is the author clever at giving her characters action: they all stand and talk. Nevertheless, "Gladys the Reaper" is an interesting, well-narrated story, though it has not brilliancy of style or vividness of incident to recommend it.

The Valley of a Hundred Fires. By the Author of "Fargate and her Bridegroom." 3 vols. (Hurt & Blackett.)—"The Valley of a Hundred Fires" is a tale, the some of which is laid amid the iron-works of Wales, fifty years ago, among a rude, half-savage people. A young clergyman and his newly-married wife go amongst them; and how they soften and civilize them by dint of precept and example, together with the progress and fortunes of the clergyman's own family, is the foundation of the story. The spirit in which the whole book is written is refined and good; many incidents have the aspect of being genuine household records, and some of them are well told. In all families there have occurred scenes and incidents which, if narrated, would touch "the human heart by which we live" with a feeling almost as vivid as if they had been personal events; but the author of the present work abuses this sympathy beyond all permission: she overloads it without mercy or discretion; she forces upon the reader scenes which, if patient enough to be down under burdens they feel too heavy. She forgets all rule and reason, enchanted with the virtues of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie; she first writes about them, and then proceeds to a minute domestic chronicle of the program and serious fluctuations of their fortunes. The sympathy the reader is expected to hold out for a leisurely narrative of the birth, childhood, education and progress through life of no less than twelve children belonging to the clergyman, together with their illnesses, lovers, effects of marriage, husbands and subsequent fortunes. As if all this were not enough, there is another family, equally numerous, whose bringing up is in contrast to the clergyman's children, but this serves to bring out and exercise their virtues. The misfortunes of this family are dwelt upon at length and at large. A crowd of crimes and relatives to crimes are also brought upon the scene, quite regardless of perspective or possibility. The author has evidently taken an interest in telling her own story, which gives it a certain genial good humour; but as for a novel, it is a mistake from the beginning to the end. It is like the first attempt of an inexperienced artist to sketch from nature. The writer puts in everything which she can see; the result is, a huddled profusion of objects, thrown together without selection or discretion. She cannot, or at least does not, discriminate between what is simple and what is foolish, or the line which divides them is as delicate as that which separates great wit from madness. Authors seem to think that they may make a book by flinging into it anything that comes into their heads; but study, care and painstaking are as indispensable as the genius which is called to the aid of the pen, to possess. We wish the Author of "The Valley of a Hundred Fires" would be at the pains to construct a well-proportioned story, or else let alone the attempt to write one altogether.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

The Heroes of Europe: a Biographical Outline of European History, from A.D. 700 to A.D. 1790. By Henry G. Hewlett. (Bickers & Bush.)—The

success of Mr. J. G. Edgar's "Heroes of England" has induced Mr. Hewlett to concoct a companion work to that very commendable child's book. To do this the author has gone adrift over Europe, to and fro, for a thousand years, picking up representatives of the past and setting them down. It is needless to say that the result is a failure of the very worst sort, and that, in the very scheme of the undertaking, Mr. Hewlett shows that he has failed to detect the idea of the production which he professes so cordially to admire. Mr. Edgar's subjects are chosen on a knowledge of English, by creating in their minds an individual interest, some of the most distinguished personages of our national drama. Here was a work, the possibility and utility of accomplishing which were alike evident,—and, by confining himself to the biographies of "those heroes who, against the enemies of their country, have fought the battles of England at sea and on the land," the author laboured with the happiest result, and to the fullest extent accomplished his intention. Mr. Hewlett, on the contrary, in attempting, by the same process, to give the juvenile mind a picture of European history, has laboured in an impossible, and produced a volume that will find readers amongst neither old nor young. His heroes are as unreal as the shadows of a magic lantern, and will have a less lasting effect on a child's mind than the extravagant frolic of a Christmas pantomime. In addition to this fault of an unsatisfactory end, Mr. Hewlett's volume is written in a style of cumbersome pedantry, that would alone suffice to render it odious alike in nursery and school room.

Neptune's Heroes; or, the Sea-Kings of England, from Sir John Hawkins to Sir John Franklin. By W. H. Davenport Adams. (Griffith & Farran.)—The martial adventures of the last twelve months has not been without effect on those authors who cater for the diversion and instruction of children. The flood of books for juvenile perusal, which publishers are wont to put forward at this season in England, is a continuation of the system which commenced, and already it is manifest from them that the din and heroism of war have just now more fascinations for the inmates of the nursery than the music and dances of the fairies. If such be the humour of the young people, "Neptune's Heroes" is in great demand. It is just what boy's book should be—heroic, stirring, and spirited. In a modest and considerate Preface, Mr. Davenport Adams disclaims any pretensions to originality, and enumerates the principal authors to whom he is indebted for the materials with which he has composed his "little volume," which "is designed to supply an acknowledged want, and to furnish, in a condensed but accurate form, a series of Biographical Sketches of the most distinguished of those gallant admirals and heroic adventurers who have lent such lustre to the annals of the British Navy." It is only doing the author bare justice to say, he has fulfilled his intention in a most praiseworthy manner, giving only the requisite amount of statistical information, and sparing no pains to enliven and adorn his pages with a knowledge of literature, which, considerable in itself, is never ostentatiously displayed. The tavern legend at Deptford days of Sir Francis Drake.

O Nature! to old England still

Continue these mistakes:

Still give us for our King such Queens,

We trust old England may ever have writers as ready and able as Mr. Davenport Adams to interpret to her children the noble lives of her greatest men.

Holiday Tales for Schoolboys. By William Martin. (Harton & Co.)—Mr. Martin's Tales cannot, only negative praise, and invite not a little positive censure. They are not in any respect children as little stock-up men and women, chattering chemistry and moral philosophy at an age when they ought to desire nothing more earnestly than new playthings and Christmas-parties. Mr. Martin's young friends are high-spirited, boisterous youths, who would not hesitate to present themselves to the sternest guardian or tutor, to demand preference for pantomime over missionary meetings. In their eyes, a grand moral purpose, or the mar-

vels of the microscope, would sink into insignificance by the side of a hamper of "luck," or the startling request to be arrived at through the agency of a few pounds of charcoal and saltpetre. On the other hand, they are not, despite their freedom from infantile and childishness, the companions we should wish for our own children. Indeed, they are very "vulgar little people"; and the stories in which they figure are of an exploded style of silliness. The author apparently sees the change public taste has undergone since they were first written, and endeavours to contrive a new generation of readers by lacking impossible, and by careless sketches. The effect of the patchwork is not satisfactory. The pill is not improved by the gilding. Just as varnish brings out the bad points of a bad picture, so Mr. Martin's thin coating of cant makes more apparent the faults of his Old Fatherly rignardols.

Lost in Ceylon: the Story of a Boy and Girl's Adventures in the Woods and the Wilds of the Lion-King of Kandy. By William Dalton. (Griffith & Farran.)—Intended to amuse children, "Lost in Ceylon" is heavy enough to exhaust the endurance of any child, and to exhaust the patience of any parent with ill-digested quotations, it has every quality of style that juvenile literature should especially be free from. In some unlucky moment Mr. William Dalton thought himself that it would answer his purpose to whip up Sir James Emerson Tennent's "Ceylon," with a few confusions of "The Swiss Family Robinson" adventure, and a little sugar of slang, into a dish of frothy trifles for the delectation of young people next Christmas. Under the hands of a skilful confectioner, such a scheme might result in success. But Mr. Dalton does not understand even the rudiments of his art, and his chance of popularity with children is very slight, though probably he may find a few admirers amongst adults of his own calibre of intellect. A new and monstrous brood of nurslings must they be who would find pleasure in a description of Ceylon's vast extent, a system of measurement, worked out in the following style:—"Imagine a space of ground as large as an English county, situated, say, in the midst of a polygon of hills, the interstices being filled up with massive stones, and the whole regularly embanked and studded with dams and dykes, extending a whole country, be some twenty or thirty miles in circumference, and you will have some notion—not only of the tanks of Ceylon—but at the same time what stupendous works they are." The Government engineer calculates that, taking the length of the bank at 6 miles, its height at 60 feet, and its breadth at 200 at the base, tapering to 20 at the top, it would contain 7,744,000 cubic yards; and at 1s. 6d. per yard, with the addition of one-half that sum for facing it with stone, and constructing the sluices and other works, it would cost \$70,000, sterling for the front embankment alone!" Surely Mr. Dalton has never imagined himself engaged in an army of infantile constructors, or a generation of "calculating boys," such as Mr. Bidder was half a century since. Any little girl who can relish such a torrent of statistics, ought to have her next white muslin dress trimmed with red tape instead of cerise ribbon.

The Illustrated Boy's Own Story Book: a Volume for Summer Days and Winter Nights. (Ward & Lock.)—The title-page of this well-written and very amusing volume does not inform us from whom pen it has proceeded. The numerous engravings that give life to its pages, are from designs by Bertall, Foulquier, Cusack and other artists, but as to authorship—whether it be the production of one, or more than one writer, no hint is given. Juvenile readers (and "The Boy's Own Story Book" will, unless we are mistaken, have many of them) are therefore committed to the publishers, for the unknown writers, and the equally responsible thanks for a collection of spirited tales, against which no graver charge than that of excessive quantity can be preferred. "Clever Jack; or, the Adventures of a Donkey," is a very clever story, but so much is it mixed up with the equally respectable company with which it is bound, that it deserves the dignity of a volume all to itself.

Handbook of Business: a Dictionary of the Terms

again if it came within the Patrimony of St. Peter, and be consequently subjected to the curse of a papal Interdiction. "They wear the dress of galleys-slaves and are closely shaved. These condemned for life are confined in cells nine palms wide by sixteen long (*about six feet by ten and a half*). "Other cells, three palms wide, contain three prisoners. Others again, somewhat larger, contain seven, huddled one upon another! The above measurements include the bed, which is of wickerwork. In the smallest cells there is a small grated opening, about three palms wide, opposite to the door, through a hole in which the food is passed. In the larger cells there is a window, sometimes two, with a loophole four palms long by one high, for firing in upon the prisoners, *to keep them in order*." I translate literally from the account before me, which its very bare simplicity makes the more revolting.

The food was worthy of the lodging in the fortress of Palisano. It consisted of two rolls of black, half-baked bread, in great part made up of "rye, vetches, and earth, besides a plenty of insects of all kinds," and half a pint of a horrible mixture which they called wine, and which suppose was considered absolutely necessary to keep up a miserable flicker of life in the prisoners. The prisoners so generous a ration had surely not been granted. There was also a *minestra* or pottage of beans, which always fell short by a third of its due weight, flavoured with a dash of rascals' lard. On Thursdays this *minestra* was composed of rice, and on Sundays of peas (*some form of the genus vernalis*), "but this, scarce any one could eat, so unwholesome was it, from being spoiled and sour with keeping; and full of the filth of rats, as well as of insects." For such prisoners as could afford to pay for their plate, there was a small deced a wretched sort of cook's shop, where tainted meat and other similar viands were served out to them at prices as high as to be all but prohibitory. This repulsive fare the prisoners ate from a small tin peringer, which was the only vessel for their abominations! Out of their six feet-wide cells, the captives were taken for exercise, for an hour and a half in summer and an hour in winter. In rainy weather, they were not let out at all, and the keeping them without any exercise seemed to be the chief favour of the petty vengeance with the jailers. It can hardly be supposed that, under such a régime, the health of the prisoners could be very florid. "The greater number of them suffered from disease of the lungs, fever, or scurvy; and almost all were afflicted with beriberi." Nor was the Infirmary an enviable abode, when the state of the sick compelled their tormentors unwillingly to remove them thither.

"The Infirmary is a chamber sixty-five palms long by thirty wide, and only ten in height, with two very small windows, one side towards the country, and a little loophole on the other, looking into the interior of the fortress. In this place, are twenty-one beds, wooden benches and tables!" In this horrible *berberis* of despair, the sick were to be visited on alternate days by the physician, a French physician, and Louis Riquinot, an allopathic surgeon. But on many occasions, even when some of the patients were dangerously ill, they would both absent themselves for as many as nine days together. Their attendance on the sick was marked by brutality and neglect, and the course of conduct was encouraged by their superiors.

A short time ago, the jealous tyranny of the Government hit on a strange method of preventing the prisoners from any possibility of an attempt at communication with the outer world. The then physician of the prison, in name of the fidelity to the Papal Court, but, strange to say, of kindly disposition) was forbidden to have any personal communication with his patients, and had to wait in the Commandant's apartment, while one of the torturers, a wretch but lately arrived from the galleys, went round and examined the sick, and brought such an account as best pleased him of their state to the doctor, who had to prescribe accordingly. This unalloyed barbarity was, however, after a while so loudly appealed against at Rome, that the authorities, for very shame, were

forced to put an end to it, and the doctor was allowed to see his patients again, although henceforth attended in his rounds by a corps of turnkeys and spies, who kept watch on his every word and look, while conversing with the sick.

The character of the Commandant himself, Signor Trasmundo (let not his name be forgotten!), was truly of a piece with the medium in which he worked. A man totally without pity for the suffering, which surrounded him, ruthless, vindictive, and cowardly. To the prisoners' bitter complaints of bad food and cruel treatment, his usual answer was the infliction of blows with a stick, or confinement for days together in "The Tower," a sort of central keep of the fortress, open at night, to the sky, where the prisoners lay chained upon the bare ground, and whence many were brought back to their cell sick to death. When one of the victims, in his last agony, had refused to receive the confessor, this monster has been known (the tale would seem too hideous for belief, but for the lately-disclosed horrors of the dungeons of Palermo), to have him carried into the "*agone*" (or secret cells), "and there, after vainly threatening and torturing him, to order one of the *scopisti*, whose duty it is to flog the criminals, to finish him by suffocation!" This horrible deed and the confession by which the confessor saved himself, who, on another occasion, refused to perform his murderous office. The bodies of the prisoners were buried within the fortress walls. The Commandant was always present at the burial, with a brutality of vindictive fury, almost too frightful for belief, *some sometimes strike his heel upon the head of the corpse as it lay beside the grave*.

The printed narrative of the tender mercies of Palisano contains a mass of other particulars no less painfully interesting, from which I must select a few. On the subject of the confessions of the convicts between the prisoners and their friends or relatives, if after months or years of supplication such a favour were granted them, opens a new phase in the manual of torture, worthy of a Borgia or a Sforza. Three chambers were appropriated to these interviews. They were commanded with each other by small windows, strongly grated and barred with iron. Into the first of these the visitor was admitted, accompanied by the Commandant. In the third was placed the prisoner, with whom were the confessor, the clerk, and the writer. In the middle chamber remained empty. Thus the captive and his friend were unable to see each other, and could only converse in a loud tone, so that every word was heard by their vigilant attendants.

Such a scene of miserably tantalizing torture took place while the writer of the narrative was in confinement at Palisano. The prisoner had been in duress for ten years, and his visitors were his wife and child, the latter of whom had never seen his father, having come into the world subsequently to his arrest. But neither tears nor entreaties could obtain release for the poor sufferer of the confinement of one embrace, of one word spoken without witness, of one single look beyond the distant glimpse caught through the thick iron grating. "Such and no more was the consolation which the *paterne* care of the Commandant and his ministers allowed them by special favour."

It is not surprising to hear that a great number of prisoners lost their senses in consequence of the torments endured in this fortress. The unfortunate maniacs were not, however, separated from their companions, but mingled to any extent with the sane, and their madness, in almost every case, became incurable. On one occasion, when a madman had been guilty of some act of crazy extravagance, the head jailer corrected him by "beating him so barbarously that he was left for dead." A sane prisoner, who had shared the same punishment at the jailer's barbarity, set up a cry of murder, upon which the ruffian retreated, but soon returned with a *posse* of underlings, who seized the youth who had called for help, carried him by force into a separate cell, and inflicted on him so severe a chastisement on him "with cords and sticks" that he was reduced to the most miserable plight.

The smallest offence brought down severe punishment on the prisoners. One young man, a native of Ascoli, returning from chapel, turned his head to salute a fellow captive. "The chief jailer

struck him on the head for doing so," and not content with that, he was placed in irons and sent to "the Tower." The weather was cold, for it was the month of March (this almost scene took place on Easter Day); and after he had lain Signor Sarsacini, as I mentioned before, was at that time himself a prisoner in San Michele; and one evening, in last September, there was an unusual stir in the prison, and Monsignor Pila in person came to visit the whole of the building. All the inmates culprits confined in the so-called "house of correction" were removed to other quarters, and the rest of the prisoners were speedily aware that some important arrival was about to take place. Accordingly, about ten o'clock at night, the rumbling of heavy carts was heard, and the gates were opened to admit forty wretched creatures who had been kept seventeen hours on the road from Palisano, on a burning day, that they might enter Rome after midnight. Signor Sarsacini says of these unfortunate men, some of whom he almost knew, that "they had hardly the semblance of humanity." Though all of them men of highly respectable station, they wore the dress of galleys-slaves, and were heavily ironed. They said they had been removed from Palisano at a moment's notice, according to orders received by the Commandant from the Government. "They were expressly forbidden to carry with them any article whatever for personal use. They were heavily handcuffed, and shut up in close-covered waggon (*carrettini*), and about six or eight all huddled together. The sufferings of that journey were dreadful beyond description. From time to time the waggon halted in the open country under the broiling sun; but the prisoners were unable to eat (and little inclined one would think), because their irons were not allowed to be undressed. Neither were they permitted, on any pretext whatever, to get out of the waggon for a moment during the whole time. The Government sent a numerous escort to conduct them to Rome. At the town of Palestrina a company of Swiss soldiers drove back such of the citizens as came near the manichian train. A few young men of the town would fain have given the prisoners some relief, but they were repulsed at the bayonet's point by the soldiers, and some of them were afterwards prosecuted for the attempt. Three other similar convoys were sent to Rome on the three following evenings, except that their route was changed, as well as the hours at which they halted by the way. These two arrived, as had the first batch, worn out with heat, exhaustion and illness, their wrists and ankles all swollen and wounded by the long and cruel journey. Their sufferings may be pictured by saying, "I saw almost all these unfortunates; some of them were friends of my own. Poor souls! I should never have known them again!"

I will not mar the tale by a word of comment of my own; but in consideration of the circumstances, and truth I must add, that when speaking yesterday on the subject of the enormities related, with one of our leading *littérateurs*, a man of grave and undemonstrative character, who has looked closer into the misdeeds of the Court of Rome than most of his countrymen, he replied to my questioning as to the probability of exaggeration in the story. "What I saw with my own eyes in the year forty-three, in the prisons of Sant' Angelo, where I can only compare the horribly degraded state of the political prisoners—and among them of Gallotti, afterwards the liberal martyr—was a *bona fide* thing, and that of a herd of evie, beaten and tortured at will by their keepers, makes me sure that in the account of the prisons of Palisano, not a feature of the story is overdrawn." Must not every true heart, after reading it, cry out, "with a deepening bitter cry, 'How long, O Lord! how long!'"

Th. T.

Munich, Oct. 29, 1860.

THE Pope's own are flocking into Munich almost as unprompted as into Dublin. More than 400 have returned already, starved and ragged, to be received into the arms of the police, fed and lodged for a night, then slipped off to their homes. In England this would be simply disaster, and the night's lodging would be the station-house. Here the respect paid to the police is so great that this reception is a distinguished honour, and all the complaints that have been made of their absurd interferences in private life are supposed to be cancelled by their meeting the wishes of the nation. There is much sympathy with the crusaders among the uneducated and the bigoted, two large classes. A correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* says, "I had myself an opportunity of speaking with many of the returned soldiers, and of hearing from their mouths a confirmation of the complaints of the ignominious insults they had endured on the part of the Italian mob of all classes, especially in the towns. They are all filled with true resentment against the Italians, from whom they had to endure, merely on the ground of their being 'Germans,' so brutal a treatment." Comment on such a paragraph is needless. All we know is that freedom means, and what are the effects of slavery, would think it natural that a population would detect foreign mercenaries engaged for the avowed object of stifling their liberty. If Germans lend themselves to that object, it is natural, though much to be deplored, that the name of German should be detested. Let Germany aid in freeing Italy, and she will find her name no longer a passport to ill feeling.

The week has further been signalized by a popular patriotic feast in honour of Leipzig. The great attraction to others than the Germans would have been a festival hymn, written by Hermann Lingg, but for the circumstance of its composition. It was written to the music, instead of furnishing the text for the music—and, as the poet was not sufficiently musical for the task, the composer supplied him with nonsense verses, that he was required to turn into sense. For such an occasion the nonsense verses would have been the most appropriate, and I doubt if Lingg was greatly inspired by the subject. A German poet, by name Heinrich Heine, did not view the union of Germany against Napoleon in quite the same light as the other types of the present. He thought it a conspiracy of the princes against the people, and he stigmatized German patriotism in words especially applicable to its present development. "The patriotism of the Frenchman," he says, "consists in this, that his heart warms, that he enlarges himself, that includes in his love not only his nearest neighbours, but the whole of France, all the country of civilization. The patriotism of the German, on the contrary, consists in his heart shrinking like leather in frost; he comes to be a citizen of the world, and Europeanism is nothing more than a narrow German." Herr Lingg's set hymn does not seem to have given great satisfaction. He is too great a poet to satisfy small prejudices, and need not be ashamed to fall where only bombastic declaimers succeed. A prologue of this gratifying nature followed, and a series of patriotic marches, the Radeletsky March among others. The patriotism that Bavaria calls German is most decidedly Austrian. Toasts were also proposed, and their success telegraphed to their objects, whose replies came subsequently along the wire. King Ludwig and the King of Württemberg were the chief recipients of this homage. The mountain tops about Reichenhall were lighted up on the 15th.

Approach of King Ludwig, some more of his peculiarities are exciting remark. He is much averse to ladies wearing veils in the streets, and frequently stops those who have their veils down to adjust them properly. The other day he was seen talking with three ladies in the street which bears his name, and in which he takes a daily walk, lifting up the veil of each one and laying it on the top of her bonnet, in a way suiting the artistic fancy of the patron of Schwabing, and the friend of Thiersch. The other day he was proceeding, and, of course, all let their veils down as soon as he was out of sight. One may think

that in a town so little renowned for beauty, the wearing of a veil might be considered a merit, and that the rash profaner of it would often be punished by the sight of a second Medusa's head. It seems King Ludwig once exposed himself to such a fate. He lifted the veil of an old lady, looked at her face, and dropped it instantly, saying, "Madam, you are right." If the proverbial Philosopher is searching unsuccessfully for a subject—as from his alliance there is some reason to hope—here is a suggestion: he might write the *Walks and Talks of King Ludwig as a pendant to the 'Hides and Revels of King Leopold.'*

I told you in my last of some additions to the Royal Library: let me now mention some of its details. The chief difference between it and the British Museum is the power given to all properly authenticated readers to take books home. For study it is not so convenient as the Museum, the reading-room is unfitted with all the appliances of desks, rests, pens, which make you in London so comfortable; moreover, you cannot have a plurality of books. But this reading-room is open to every one without an introduction. To those who are furnished with introductions, the inner chambers are opened. They can take home not only a single text; they have a room filled with periodicals for light reading; they can go and turn over the newest works in the librarian's room. Still an inconvenience remains. Without a very special permission, you cannot consult the Catalogue, and when you ask for a book you cannot get it till the following day. The staff of assistants is not sufficient to be always looking out books, especially seeing that the average number required mounts to 200 daily; so that the library is open from nine to one in the morning for reading and taking away, and during the afternoon the whole is shut to the public while the assistants search out the books for the next day. They manage those things better in England; but their revenues are larger, and their regular readers are fewer.

The Bronze Foundry here, in which the 'Bavaria' was cast, has just completed the cast of Rogers' two doors for the Capitol of Washington. I think a description of their design has already been published in one of the English papers. These two are devoted to the history of Columbus, which is told in compartments not unlike those of the Gates of the Baptistery of Florence. The sides are adorned with medallions busts of all who have written on Columbus; among these, a fine head of Washington Irving. Around are statues of men connected with him, and at the top of each door is the head of an Indian. The last time I visited the foundry, Crawford's splendid statue of William was just finished; this time I came to see the works of his pupil.

E. W.

Naples, Nov. 1, 1860.

NAPLES has now passed away, during which every article has been made use of, and the only of education in the Two Sicilies. Certain branches of instruction have been altogether prohibited. The University of Naples has been virtually closed, for the youth of the country were prohibited from coming up to Naples, and the ardent mind of the nation was doomed to seek for knowledge in the ill-supplied and limited Lyceums of the provinces, directed by professors who were in harmony with the system of government in favour. For the last two months, the Government of Garibaldi has been undoing what was evil, and many Decrees have been issued, providing for the establishment of public schools. A few days since, a Decree annulled one passed by Ferdinand the Second, prohibiting the youth of the provinces from coming up to study at the University, and giving them full permission to seek for instruction where they choose. We have this week another Decree, organizing the University, and putting it altogether on a new system. Six Faculties are included in the Course of Instruction, as follows:—1, Theology (which is to remain as it is for the present); 2, Philosophy and Literature; 3, Jurisprudence; 4, Mathematics; 5, Natural Science; 6, Medicine. The Decrees were 1 to give you all the various subjects which are included in each Faculty, but take the following, under the head of Philosophy and Literature:—Philosophy: History of Philosophy; History; Philosophy of History; Geography and Statistics; Aesthetics; History of Literature; Italian Literature; Latin Literature; Greek Literature; Oriental Literature; Philology; Archaeology. Under the head of Jurisprudence, 1, the Philosophy of Law (Dedius); 2, the Philosophy of Law; International Law; Constitutional Law; Roman Law; Ecclesiastical Law; Civil Law; Judicial and Civil Procedure; Penal Law and Procedure; Law of Commerce and Navigation; Administrative Law; Public Economy.—I content myself with giving you these two courses as an indication of the very full instruction which is provided for the youth of the Two Sicilies. The programme is admirable, but I believe that for some branches of instruction the men have yet to be created in a country where learning has been a crime. For many of the Chairs, however, I find that most eminent men have been selected.

Another Decree, published last night, ordains that a Gymnasium for secondary instruction, bearing the glorious name of Victor Emmanuel, shall be opened on the 1st of January, 1861, in the establishment which was called the House and the College of the Two Sicilies. Public schools are to be organized there for all degrees of instruction, and a private school for the reception of house-pupils as well. The monthly payment in the private school will be 12 ducats, or 2*l.* a month, and a very admirable education may, no doubt, be procured there. Everything indicates here that the Powers that be are fully sensible of the value and the want of knowledge; and if this conviction maintains its ground, and the programme on paper be carried out, the Neapolitans in another ten years will be another people—they will be a people. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

Mr. George Wright has lately discovered, slipped loosely into a volume formerly belonging to Isaac Reed, a curious leaf containing a list of plays acted at the Swan Theatre in the 16th century. The plays named are 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'Julius Caesar.' The manuscript is contemporary, and will, we understand, be published, with a fac-simile, in the next *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*. Dramatic records of this kind are so rare, that the discovery of this new discovered will deserve the proposed honour.

Mr. W. S. Austin is preparing a series of six lectures on Leaders of the People, which he proposes to deliver in London, Dublin, Edinburgh and at the Universities. The series will include the Agora, the Forum, the Tribune, the Pulpit, the Husting, and the Platform.

The new number of the *North British Review*, the first under its present management, may be almost considered as a new serial. (Three or four of its articles are more than commonly readable.) There is a valuable paper by Sir David Brewster on Galileo, which may possibly provoke replies; a solid argument, by Mr. Isaac Taylor, on Modern Thought, in the shape of a review of Miss Hennell's writing; a light and attractive paper on American Humour and Humourists, by Mr. Gerald Massey; a dispute on Logic, by Prof. Fraser; and a thoroughly good account of Syria for newspaper readers of the current events, by Mr. Porter, who had already proved his mastery over the Druse and Maronite mysteries, when, compiling Murray's Handbook.

After something like sixty years of honourable labour, one of the oldest of what are called the "Literary Publishers" has passed away. Mr. Henry Butterworth died on the 2nd inst., in his 75th year. This gentleman's name is chiefly connected with Law publications. He was a thorough man of business, making that his first consideration, as was the wont with the old city "shop-keepers,"—as they did not despise being called,—of half a hundred years ago.

Mr. Jefferson has a right to this reply:—

"Bolt Chambers, Chancery Lane.
"Your Correspondent mistakes in thinking that Mrs. John Hunter's postural reputation is treated with disrespect in my 'Book about Doctors.' Far from speaking slightly of the lady,

I pay cordial homage to her, both as a woman and a writer. I expressly say, that her literary powers are far from common place, and that her lasting popularity has attested the excellence of her song. "My mother bids me braid my hair."—A reference to my pages will show your Correspondent that rout-giving and lion-hunting, not lyrical composition, are, 'the amusements' I condemn as "frivolous."

Yours, &c., JOHN CORDY JEAFFERSON."

The following note tells its own tale :—
"London, November 8.
"The following advertisement, of a November picture-book, makes a word of country interest pertinent.—'The Artisans of England,' by Henry F. Chorley, new revised edition, with a beautiful series of portraits in relief, by Collins. Royal 8vo. The first edition was published in 1838. My share in the book was described on its title-page as 'illustrative notices' to the Collins Portraits—as such, secondary and accessory—I have not revised these, and do not wish to stand forward as principal in a work which, as above announced, appears on some of some pretension. HENRY F. CHORLEY."

Here is good news for boys and girls.—Prof. Faraday has consented to deliver a course of Lectures, adapted to juvenile tastes. On the Chemical History of a Candle; in the coming Christmas season.

Mr. J. A. Langford has in the press a work on a great and curious subject, 'Prison Books and their Authors.' This theme will enable Mr. Langford to discourse on the romantic fortunes of Cervantes, Raleigh, Bunyan, Southwell, Lovelace, Withers, and many more illustrious men of letters.

Sir Charles Napier has quickly followed Lord Dundonald. Sir Charles was not much of an author: his exploits in the literary line being confined to an indication and a failure,—his indication, 'The Navy: its Past and Present Condition'; his failure, 'The Baltic Campaign.' But he was a brave and warm-hearted, jovial sailor, of the old school of British Admirals. He has gone to rest in the season when his peevish temper and abilities are coming to be added to his country—the new Navy needing new men.

The sweet grace and ingenuousness, as well as power of entering into the flower-like heart of childhood which made the Hon. Mrs. Boyle's (better known as E.V. R.) juvenile nursery rhyme, called 'Child's Play,' delightful, are again employed upon Mr. Temysyn's 'May Queen.' These drawings, simply poetic, sustain the native pathos of the verses. The purity of the children's faces, with their eyes, which we can only praise enough by styling them "childlike,"—the exquisite hints of the designer's poetic feeling, introduced here and there, as in the drawing of the infant "night winds that come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,"—the nervous little Effie tying up the rose-bush, while the cat coo, with tail-enveloped toes, basks in the window sill above, the charming child-said that embrace upon the fountain, the lovely beauty of "Kate and Caroline," at their cottage window,—"little Alice" asleep, with the May Queen's garland pinned against the bed head,—or where she sits crowned with ivy, lap-laden and avowing with fountains of bloom, between the old hawthorn stems, on "the maddest, merriest day," while little Effie shades her eyes from the sun and looks down the valley for the revellers,—these all show genuine Art, very different from what we find in common gift-books. At the same time, delight in Mrs. Boyle's exquisite feeling for infantile character and beauty must not make us regret that she attempts such subjects as the Crucifixion, on page 29, which is simply pitiable,—as is that feeble design where the young lady in a bed-gown is carrying her "late-lighted" lamp, or when the miserable angel is seated on the knees of Alice.—The same publishers, Messrs. Low & Co., produce another gift-book, called, 'The Poetry of Nature,' selected and illustrated by Mr. H. Weir. This, as it exhibits little else than the artist's well-known skill in rendering animal character, and flowers, hair upon the human face, and the like about. Many of the drawings are careless in execution. No one shows poetic feeling beyond a manly love of nature. Some are prosaic to the last degree;

Shelley's fiery-hearted lyric 'To the Skylark,' being a miserable little bird for a skylark, while the wretched scrawl preceding Butler's lines on 'The Barn-Owl' is really too bad,—we say this knowing well what sort of a creature the barn-owl is: he possesses far more character than is shown here.

The Chair of Botany in University College, lately vacated by Dr. Lindley, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Daniel Oliver, jun., F.L.S., one of the most able of the rising school of European naturalists. Mr. Oliver first became known as the acting Secretary of the Tyndale Naturalists' Club, one of the most active Natural-History Societies in the provinces, and as Lecturer on Botany, jointly with Mr. Thornhill, in the University of Durham. A few years ago he quitted the North of England for Kew, where he has been engaged in the arrangement of the great herbarium of the East India Company, and the Economic Museum of the Royal Botanic Garden; he has also acted as Librarian; and during the last winter he gave a course of Lectures to the men in the Botanic Gardens, which gained him considerable credit. Within the last three years he has communicated several important papers to the Linnean Society, among which those on Utricularia are extremely difficult subject, has placed him among the foremost writers on practical Systematic Botany.

Dr. H. E. Roscoe read a paper, the other day, before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, 'On the Alleged Practice of Arsenic Baking in Syria,' as given in the statements of Von Tschudi. Mr. Roscoe stated that all the letters received from medical men in Syria agree in acknowledging the general prevalence of a belief that certain persons are in the habit of continually taking arsenic in quantities usually supposed sufficient to produce death. Many of the reporting medical men had no experience of the practice; others describe certain cases of arsenic-eating which have not come under their personal notice, but which they have been told of by trustworthy people, before the arsenic was given; whilst others, on report upon cases which they themselves have observed. Prof. Roscoe had received 6 grms. of a white substance forwarded by Prof. Gottlieb, in Gritz, accompanied by a certificate from the district judge of Kuttelfeld, in Styria, stating that the arsenic was brought to him by a peasant woman, who told him that she had seen her farm-labourer eating it, and that she gave it up to justice to put a stop to so evil a practice. An accurate chemical analysis showed that the substance was pure arsenious acid. Extracts from many reports of medical men were read, stating that arsenious acid, called "Hidrach" by the Styrian peasants, is well known and widely distributed in that country. The most narrowly examined, and therefore the most interesting case of arsenic-eating is one recorded by Dr. Schäfer. In presence of Dr. Knappe, of Oberbering, a man thirty years of age and in robust health, cast in prison on February, 1860, a piece of arsenious acid weighing 4½ grains; and on the 23rd, another piece, weighing 5½ grains. On the 24th, he went away in his usual health. He informed Dr. Knappe that he was in the habit of taking the above quantities three or four times each week. A number of other cases, witnessed by the medical men themselves, of persons eating arsenic, were then detailed. Dr. Heller, of Hartberg, said that he and other persons, named in his report, guarantee that they are together acquainted with forty persons who eat arsenic; and Dr. Forcher, of Gritz, gave a list of eleven persons in his neighbourhood who indulge in the practice.

On the 5th of November, the statue of Thier, the great agriculturist, was solemnly unveiled at Berlin. The statue, planned by Rauch, has been modelled by Herr Hugo Hagen, and cast in bronze by Gieselerbeck.

The committee for the erection of a monument to the memory of Freiherr von Stein is very zealous, but only 8,000 thalers have come in as yet; collecting still on foot now among the Germans living abroad.

A writer, who in these columns has done battle for the authenticity of Tell's exploit, when that

was incidentally called in question, offers the following reply to Dr. Lorentz's remarks on Arnold von Winkelried:—

"London, Oct. 31.
"Dr. Lorentz says that the oldest historians treating of the Battle of Sempach do not mention Winkelried. But, as regards the fact, it is not by every writer, it is not yet proved that it did not take place. Neither St. Matthew nor St. John mention the Ascension of Christ into Heaven, yet we do not doubt it. To this argument it may be answered, that we have the testimony of the other two Evangelists. Well, and as regards the heroic death of Winkelried, we have the testimony of an eye-witness. Hans Halb-Streit, who was one of the combatants, immediately after the battle composed a song on it; the following passage occurs in it:—

Das Adels Ritz was reist,
Er Ordnung dich und breit,
Da verlorst du frommen Glatz;
Ein Winkelried, der sich
'Hei! ward er gemessen
Mit 100 und frommen Kinde,
Ich will, lichen Freude
Pirich sich Frevel b'ian!
Hunnet du list er fassen,
Zu d'auersell sein heilend,
Dus sinen macher er Gasten,
Lohet sich ein Kain.

(Translation.) The nobility host was strong, their ranks dense and wide; that veried the plous champions. A Winkelried exclaimed, Will you let my wifand child enjoy it, i.e., enjoy the reward of my self-devotion! I will, dear friends, undergo a hardship for you. With that he joyfully set on a storm of spears, and made a path to his people; he lost his life.

—Dr. Lorentz speaks of Kallfieber's story, Who was Kallfieber? I never heard the name before, nor can I find it in any work referring to Swiss history. Can it be a misprint for, or a corruption of, Halb-Streit? The most complete history of the Battle of Sempach exists, as far as I know, only in MS. It was written by Dürflinger, Chaplain at the Beromünster at Lucerne, in 1786, and is deposited in the Abbey of St. Urban. The author appears to have taken every possible care to verify his statements, and the positive and circumstantial evidence he adduces in favour of Winkelried seems conclusive. He also refers to a tradition 'that Winkelried lived long enough to see his countrymen victorious, but adds that this was hardly possible, since Winkelried, even if he had not immediately died, would have been crushed to death by his own compatriots rushing over his prostrate body to attack their foe. In the chapel erected on the spot where Duke Leopold fell, and which chapel was destroyed by the French on their invasion of Switzerland, was to be seen the likeness of Winkelried, grasping an armful of spears, and the following short inscription:—

Arnold von Winkelried
Zerstört des Adels Ordnung,
Und macht das siene ein Gasten.
(Arnold of Winkelried broke the ranks of the nobles, and opened a way to his countrymen.)

Conrad von Stein, another of the combatants and a painter, produced a painting in which the patriotic hero of Winkelried was commemorated, and if I remember rightly, one of the paintings on the Chapel-frieze at Lucerne—which series of paintings is of undoubted antiquity—presents the same scene. We know that every tradition is founded on some truth, and in order to strengthen his position, and convert it into a theory, Dr. Lorentz ought to have shown on what reality the myth of Winkelried's heroic death is founded. But as far as I can gather from your extracts, his proofs are all negative, and for these we are asked to set aside positive evidence. That Winkelried was present at the Battle of Sempach, and that the contingent of Nid-Walden is an undoubted historic fact; if he did not die the death of self-immolation, how did the tradition originate? Hoping you will excuse the want of 'finish' of these hastily-written lines, I remain, &c.

"C. W. HICKETHORN, of Basel."

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S picture of 'THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE,' exhibited in Jerusalem in July, 1859, is NOW ON VIEW AT THE GERMAN GALLERY, 36, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.

SCIENCE

Curiosities of Natural History. Second Series.

By Francis T. Buckland, M.A. (Bentley.)

Mr. Buckland is the worthy son of a noble sire, and inherits the faculty of throwing an interest over the driest of natural-history pursuits. The success of his *First Series* of papers on Natural History has induced him to come forward once more to amuse and instruct the public. We are again indebted to him for the publication of another of Sir Henry De la Beche's amusing sketches, as a frontispiece to his present volume. The present sketch is, however, much more serious to look at than the last. There we could afford to laugh at the Ichthyosaurus Professor discoursing on the skull of a human being. But in the present sketch, we have all the beasts of the ancient Dorsetshire Farns restored, not as by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, at the Crystal Palace, in peaceful quiet attitudes, but in a state of internecine strife. All the beasts of the period are dining in their peculiar manner. The Ichthyosaurus is consuming the Plesiosaurus, whilst the latter is removing bodily a tortoise from his shell. Other lower creatures abound in the picture, and the animal life is surrounded by an identified vegetation. Such was one of the sketches with which the late Oxford Reader in Geology delighted to instruct and amuse his class.

The Curiosities open with a chapter on "a Geological Auction." This is an amusing account of the sale, at Stevens's Auction Rooms, of the museum of the late Dr. Buckland. No one better knew the history of the Doctor's curiosities than his son, and many of the possessors of these articles will be glad of the interesting notes collected together in this chapter. It is not every catalogue of a sale that is so interesting as this by Mr. Buckland.

As a specimen of the style, we give the following:—

"Among the 'Miscellaneous' was a very remarkable brick from Babylon, with inscription, and an impression of the foot of a dog." It appears that it was the custom of the brick-makers of old, to make their bricks in square moulds, and not in oblong shapes, as is done in modern brick-fields. These bricks were composed of mud, and placed out in the fields to be dried by the sun, which, in eastern regions, is hot enough to do the work of a brick kiln. That brick-making in those days was a most laborious and fatiguing task is evident from the first chapter of *Exodus*, where one of the principal burdens placed upon the Children of Israel by their taskmasters is thus mentioned:—'And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field.' At those days the reigning Kings did not put a broad arrow on government property, as is done now-a-days, but instead, they impressed, probably with an apparatus like a seal, a long inscription on the centre of the brick; in this instance, the inscription occupied four inches by one. Whatever meaning the letters joining the words might have been intended to signify is now impossible to ascertain; as through time and the decay of the brick, the characters are quite illegible. When put out in a soft state, in order to get dry, it must have been placed on the ground; and when there some careless and rapacious Babylonian dog had placed his foot right in the centre of the inscription, and 'his signature,' written with his foot, remains to this day as perfect as the sign-manual of the great Babylonian king, or even more so; for the marks of the two front claws and the double ball of the animal's foot are seen obliterated by the letters of the regal inscription, as plainly as if they had been done yesterday; and it was not a very large dog either, for a few inches further back, and close to the edge of the brick, are seen the impressions of the claws

of his hind foot, showing that his stride was about that of an ordinary small terrier dog. I have compared it with the foot of a common black and white English fox terrier, and without knowing the history of the brick, it could be easily supposed that the foot-mark on it had been done last week by our trusty friend Pincher, instead of by a dog six hundred years before Christ. The brick, having been dried in the sun by the Babylonian brick-maker, must have been taken up, dog's foot and all, and built, among other bricks, on the top layer of a wall, for at the bottom and on the sides, but not on the upper surface, we find, still adhering, a layer of bituminous asphalt; and this when burnt, still exudes the bitumen we so commonly find on the walls in the London streets. Now this asphalt was employed as cement to hold the bricks together; and as our own bricklayers use cow-hair among their mortar, to make it bind more firmly together, so did the Babylonian workmen place between their layers of brick, and among the asphalt, reeds or straw. Again we turn to *Exodus*, where we find that straw was necessary to the children of Israel during their persecution by Pharaoh. 'And the taskmasters of the people went out, and their officers, and they spoke to the people, saying, Thus saith Pharaoh, I will not give you straw. Go ye, and get ye straw where ye can find it: yet not ought of your work shall be diminished.' So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw.' We examine the bitumen on our Babylonian brick, and we find beautiful impressions still remaining of reeds or straw that had been placed in it for the purpose above mentioned. These straws have made indentations in several places in the bitumen when it was put on soft, and probably hot; and in one of these, which is the size and shape of a slate-pencil, we can perceive even the cast of the parallel grooving in the siliceous covering of the slate-pencil, resting on the footprints of the Chirotherium, and other animals. Dr. Buckland always exhibited this Babylonian brick; and it was his wont, when commenting on it, to surmise that the inscription might be that of King Nebuchadnezzar, and that the dog who had put his foot on it might have been the property of the king's eunuch.

The remaining chapters in the volume are devoted to an account of a 'Gamekeeper's Museum,' and a 'Hunt on the Sea-shore'; both capital subjects for the pen and sympathies of Mr. Buckland. We do not, of course, meet with any new subjects, but he always succeeds in giving us a new interest in the most hackneyed of natural-history discussions. The secret is this, that whilst he has diligently studied natural-history books, he writes fresh from the investigation of the objects he brings before his readers. The contents of his 'Gamekeeper's Museum' at once indicate the interest of his subjects: wolves, cats, dogs, hawks, kites, ravens, crows;—the 'vermin' of the Gamekeeper come before us in succession. Here is a little gossip about magpies:—

'Magpies, if properly trained, can be taught to do the work of retriever dogs, on a small scale. My friend Mr. Ricket, of Islip, is in the habit of shooting sparrows in his garden. On these expeditions he is always accompanied by his dog and his cat, who run round him in great delight whenever they see the gun taken down. At the same time, out hops, from under the bushes where he has been hunting for worms and slugs, a pet impudent-looking magpie, jerking up his long tail, and croaking 'mag mag mag' with tenacious power. As he is fired at the unsuspecting sparrows, who are filling their little crops with the corn spread out to delude them into the idea that they are welcome visitors to the yard. A shot is fired, a victim falls lifeless to the ground; up rush the cat, and magpie, each anxious to be first to devour the 'dainty morsel.' It is a good race, but the magpie generally gets in first, and seizing the paste bird, hops off with it underneath the dense shrubs, closely pursued by the dog and the cat, who are obliged to look on patiently at their more successful competitor the magpie, who is now

picking off the sparrow's feathers and throwing them down, if it is necessary, on the heads of his rivals, the said rivals being unable to reach him, his natural sagacity having suggested to him the propriety of taking up his position on a twig, just too high for the dog to reach by jumping, and too slender to bear the weight of poor disappointed puss. Magpies are always seen associated with some superstitious stories;—even the peasants of Norway say they have to do with witches; and who does not know the old rhyme about magpies so often quoted by good folks setting out on picnic expeditions? A magpie appears alone, or in company, and immediately somebody says:—

One the day of merriment,
Two the sign of mischief,
Three the sign of a wedding,
Four the sign of a death.

I do not know what the French peasants think of magpies, for all along the railway from Boulogne very nearly into Paris, I saw a magpie's nest in almost every tree—their numbers in this case certainly proved prophetic, for I was on the road to a wedding at Paris. It is often said, that it is unlucky to rob a magpie's nest; it is a fact, that when this has been done, the parent birds become more destructive to the hen-wife's poultry than they were before. Magpies are often taught to talk, and it is very curious that they pick up the accent of their teacher. Outside the cottage of a Berkshire villager, I espied a fine magpie in a cage, and he began talking to me, as broad Berkshire as ever I heard. I also recollect a German student, who said he could talk English; he certainly could say a few words, but he spoke with a broad Yorkshire accent: he had picked up the accent from a Yorkshireman, his fellow-student. I may here say, that it is no use whatever, as is often supposed, to split the tongues of these birds in order to give them facility of speech. It is cruel work, and does no good. Magpies can talk sometimes even better than men. I was told of a conceited young gentleman who naturally stammered, coming up to the cottage of a magpie, who was a working hen, and after sitting on the bars of the cage with his head bowed came, he said, 'I say, my man, can you-r mag-mag-mag-pie t-t-t-talk?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'a precious deal nearer than you can, or I would wring his neck on the spot.'

Mr. Buckland, like many other naturalists, is convinced that we do not eat all the good things that surround us. He says:—

'I have often heard that hedgehogs are good to eat, and that gipsies are very fond of them, and that they are great proficient in the art of cooking them. I have lately had the good fortune to obtain information on this point from a high authority. In the neighbourhood of Oxford I met an old gipsy woman, who, although squallid and dirty, was proud in being able to claim relationship with Black Jemmy, the king of the gipsies. She informed me that there were two ways of cooking a hedgehog, and seemed much surprised at my question whether her tribe ever ate them; as if there could ever exist a doubt. I expressed a wish to know the process, the receipt for which I subjoin in her own words:—'You cuts the bristles off 'em with a sharp knife after you kills 'em first, sir; then you reveals them (Oxfordshire, burns them with straw like a bacon pig), and makes the rind brown, like a pig's swellings; then you cuts 'em down the back, and spits 'em on a bit of stick, pointed at both ends, and then you roasts 'em with a strong fire. It appears that hedgehogs are sometimes in season, and sometimes out of season. My informant told me that 'they are nicest at Michaelmas time, when they have been eating the crabs which fall from the hedges. Some,' she added, 'have yellow fat, and some white fat, and we calls 'em best when they has white fat, and very nice eating they be, sir, when the fat is on 'em.' The other way of cooking hedgehogs is gone out of fashion. The gipsy's grandmother used to cook them in the following manner; but it appears they are best roasted. The exploded fashion is to temper up a bit of marmalade, and then cover up the hedgehog, bristles and all, in it,—like an apple in paste, when an apple-dumpling

is contemplated,—then hedgehog, clay and all, is to be placed in a hole in the ground, and a fire lighted over it; when the clay has become hard, the hedgehog is done, and must be taken out of the hole; the clay-crust of the pig being opened, the hedgehog's bristles are found sticking to it, and the savory dinner is ready."

Amongst the good things neglected in this country we may mention the Roman snail (*Helix pomatia*), which is found very abundant on the South Downs of England. It is considered a great delicacy in Paris, and such is the rage for it just now, that it is said the oyster-market has suffered in consequence. It is not, perhaps, generally known, but it is true that the common frog of our ponds and meadows is eaten in France, as well as the larger edible frog, and that there is no difference in their flavour. Surely we are allowing our prejudices to get the better of our judgment in permitting such excellent food to be lost. It is probably, after all, the cooking. If we knew how to cook better, we should find many things palatable and nutritious which are now entirely lost. We take leave of Mr. Buckland, assuring our readers that his book contains a most agreeable store of amusing and instructive information.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Royal Academy, 8. Assistant, Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2. Proposed, *Exploration*, N. W. Austen, 8. 1/2. Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2. Tuesday, 8. 1/2. Proposed, *Exploration*, N. W. Austen, 8. 1/2. Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2. Wednesday, 8. 1/2. Proposed, *Exploration*, N. W. Austen, 8. 1/2. Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2. Thursday, 8. 1/2. Proposed, *Exploration*, N. W. Austen, 8. 1/2. Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2. Friday, 8. 1/2. Proposed, *Exploration*, N. W. Austen, 8. 1/2. Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2. Saturday, 8. 1/2. Proposed, *Exploration*, N. W. Austen, 8. 1/2. Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2. Sunday, 8. 1/2. Proposed, *Exploration*, N. W. Austen, 8. 1/2. Mr. Pausanias, *Antiquities*, 8. 1/2.

FINE ARTS

Dedalus; or, the Causes and Principles of the Excellence of Greek Sculpture. By Edward Falkener. (Longman & Co.)

It is quite as well we should have a change from the constant flood of works on Gothic Architecture and Art that has prevailed of late, and, accordingly, we take up 'Dedalus' with the zest appertaining to a new task. For Mr. Falkener might as well have called his book a treatise on Greek Art, as on Greek Sculpture only, containing, as it does, quite as much upon Architecture as upon Sculpture, and a good deal upon the principles which Painting, at least archæological painting, shares with the sister arts. The book is divided into two sections, on 'Ancient' and on 'Modern Art'; to what result we shall see.

The Preface and Introduction that lead these off are written in the erudite and conscientious spirit which has distinguished previous works by the author, such as his well-known paper 'On the Mausoleum, in the "Museum of Classical Antiquities." To give a just notion of Greek Art, he has endeavoured to methodize and classify the opinions of ancient writers on the subject. He informs us frankly, in the first case, that he believes every tradition to be pregnant with a meaning. Indeed, he carries this faithful conviction into solemn practice, and, accordingly, we have a dissertation on the legend of Dedalus that might have been written by a subject of Commodus, or even by Julian the Apostate. We do not mean to say, that Mr. Falkener really believes, in the sense in which the phrase is ordinarily used, in this fable,—but it is evident much reverence is mixed with his credulity. He gravely goes

into the question as to what the legend informs about the waxen wings of Dedalus, or the rashness of his son. With regard to this, we must confess ourselves as indifferent as the wing and bull maker with Her Majesty Queen Pasiphaë. We almost suspect Mr. Falkener of a secret belief that this lady has been shamefully calumniated, and that Dedalus was the victim of an unreasonable husband. He is certainly inclined to pass over the little imputation of the murder of poor Talus, and obviously looks upon such an act as not without apology, on account of the jealousy and emulation of Artists.

Let it be; who cares? Dedalus was an artist-er who the gratitude of succeeding ages has magnified into an extraordinary artist. Most have forgotten him. For, says Sir Thomas Browne, "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Prostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it." Whether Dedalus was or was not instructed by Minerva, or what is the meaning of the Jewish tale about the quick-silver-footed images, we care not to inquire. "It were ground enough to fancy wings unto Dedalus," says our favourite author quoted, "in that he stole out of a window from Minos, and sailed away with his son Icarus; who, steering his course wisely, escaped, but his son carrying too high a sail was drowned." To continue the tone of our learned humourist of Norwich, there might be grounds for this belief; but we are a little amused to find a writer of the present day so saturated with his studies that they actually ooze out of him in this fashion:—

"And now a few words for Dedalus,—

Dedalus ingenio fabre celebratus artem.

Orbis, Met. vol. 150 :

for having invoked him, it would ill become me not to propitiate his manes by incense and sacrifice. Nor let it be thought presumptuous in arrogating to my humble offering a name so great. It is not by choice, but by necessity that it is so named; for, in consequence of his great celebrity, all statues were named after him, *aidalos*; and therefore a work on sculpture can bear no other name."

We lay some stress upon the above queer idiosyncrasy of our author, because this assumption of the *cothurnus* and bell-mouthed mask prevails throughout the book, otherwise an honest well-studied work enough. Mr. Falkener marches before us with his strophe and his antistrophe of numerous periods, following them up with a little epode upon other writers on Art, amongst whom Mr. Raskin figures with a vengeance.

We have a word to say about Mr. Falkener's idea, "that the only way in which he could exhibit the genius of ancient Art, was by giving the opinions of the ancients on the subject." Under peril of a bolt let us say it, and die, if need be. The heresy is dreadful. We do not care a button; no, Mr. Falkener, not an old fable, nor even the ragged edge of your own purple-heralded fables, for the opinion of ninety-nine out of the hundred Greek or Latin writers who have incidentally mentioned a work of Art. We should about as soon seek the opinion of Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper upon the illuminations of an Anglo-Saxon Gospel, or the text itself, as that of the majority of the writers in question for critical knowledge and acumen on matters of Art. They have no title to such qualities beyond that of ordinary intelligent gentlemen amongst ourselves upon cog-

nate subjects. What this last is we are daily informed by the rash outpourings, oral and in type, that beset the patience of as poor much be-taught and be-lectured moderns.

There is something almost fascinating in the charming ingenuities which have led Mr. Falkener to employ a restoration of the roof of the Parthenon, designed by himself, as frontispiece plate to a volume so dedicated, and to spend twenty-five pages of his work on its justification. This is elaborately done, and is interesting. The question as to the employment of the arch by the Greeks on so large a scale as would be implied by this restoration, is discussed; for an arch, or, rather, wooden ceiling of circular form, is the idea of Mr. Falkener. It is to be open at the top, he says, for lighting the statue of the goddess and the *pinacothecæ*, or picture galleries, which, beyond doubt, surrounded the building within. Very satisfactorily the author shows, from books, even if there were no other authority, that some such thing existed, and we are bound to admit his arguments are cogent, if not altogether satisfactory. We will let him speak for himself a little. Having, as we think, established the existence of the *pinacothecæ*, he proceeds thus:—

"Having restored the colonnades as described, I found that there was yet remaining a considerable space to account for, while on the other hand I required the utmost altitude in order to admit the statue. This space being just sufficient for a semi-circular arch, and the arch being the form which filled up the angular lines of walls and rafters with least sacrifice of room, I did not hesitate to adopt it, particularly as I considered that this was the only form capable of admitting the colossal image, and that it was the only form in which the hypothetical opening would appear a graceful character. As regards effect, I consider that the arch-form gives greater height and magnificence to the building than any other, and that it best harmonizes with such a statue."

Our author commences on Greek sculpture with a description of Phidias's great work, the chryselephantine statue of Minerva, that stood under the roof he would thus restore. Here, in a handy example of what we have dared to say respecting the insignificance of the opinions of such writers as Piny and Pausanias, or indeed the mass of similar gentlemen at ease. We need go no further than the quotations given in this book. The latter does not speak of the size and materials of the work he gives a description of, confining that to the action and accessories;—Piny gives much such an account of the grand work as we might find in a newspaper of provincial publication at this day. He is amazed at the vast proportions, the subjects represented upon the shield and sandals of the Patrons, and, says he, "connoisseurs are greatly struck with the serpent and Sphinx in bronze lying beneath the end of the spear." Why this little criticism may be heard from any old woman at the British Museum on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, all the year round. Now, Piny is one of the most intelligent and trustworthy of the mass of writers whose opinions are appealed to on matters of ancient Art. If, therefore, he had nothing better to say about a work, which we have fortunately other means of being acquainted with, than this, what can be the value of such tattle?

After stating what is the use of Art, Mr. Falkener examines the causes of the success in its production amongst the Greeks. By the examples of the modern Greeks, this cannot lie in the climate of the locality. In government it cannot be, as the ancients thought that democracy was the true nurse of genius; this cannot be, we are told, because modern

republics have failed to produce artists of much note. With Hippocrates, we cannot hold that general beauty of the human form is the provocative cause, because Sparta failed altogether to produce painters. It was not peace that made the arts flourish, as ancient and indeed modern history shows; it was not poetry prevailing amongst the people that brought this perfection, because, as the author with simplicity puts the question, "Why should not our Art rise beyond eminence by the study of Milton's poetry?" In a note follows a passage which will astound the admirers of modern Art, those who think it might have been well for Mr. Falkener to have heard what was the state of modern Art before he spoke of its non-existence in this way. "It is quoted from an Essay on Homer, by a Mr. Wood, that the ancients 'had no Thomsons, because they had no Claudes.'"

To account for the success of ancient Art, we have just such a picture of human life through the Greek as drew Jemmy Thomson drew of nature in landscape, much of the porcelain-arcadian order. After tracing the effect of public encouragement, &c., amongst the Greeks, we have the following:—

"The life of the Greek resembled that of the gods. Born in a sunny climate, enjoying a clear sky, a pure atmosphere, his country girl about a calm serene ocean, while the grateful land brought forth almost without toil of husbandry, he looked upon the hazy, sultry mist hanging upon the horizon, softening and colouring the distant objects, upon the exhalations rising from the ground beneath him, quivering and dancing in the sun's rays, and typical of an ever-active nature; or, like Prometheus, he apostrophised the 'atmosphere divine, the swift-winged breeze, the fountain-source of rivers, the laughing rippling of the ever-flowing ocean,' and his mind, freed from care, and revelling in joy, was fit for contemplation, and prepared to seek the beautiful and the good. As a member of the commonwealth, he thought of his country's glory and achievements, its emulating civilization, its moral worth, its love of glory, its martial valour, its unvarying success, its future destiny; he called to mind the high deeds of glory effected by its hero sons, and he felt his spirits soar within him at thoughts of his own excellence, in feelings of his own conscious dignity; and he longed for a path by which he might equal the glory of his ancestors, and raise to himself a name worthy of his country's remembrance. As an artist, he took pride in the reflection that this glory was self-created, that it was indigenous to the soil; he sought not models from other countries; he copied not the works of others, seeking only how best to conceal his plagiarisms; but studying deeply the excellencies of his predecessors, and striving how most entirely to reach their meaning, he relied upon his own powers to equal or excel them."

"Was life so different then from now? In his action on 'The Beautiful,' Mr. Falkener is a Classicist of the sternest order; let the reader take this note to what result!"

"On the same principle the poets sought to invest everything with a glorious aspect. Do base intrigues seek to corrupt the fidelity of a lovely wife—they are the illustrious suitors, godlike suitors; do a mutinous crew rebel against their captain—their revolted minds are personae; does a wicked enchantress turn men into swine—she is the venerable Circe, the immortal Circe, the fair-haired Circe, the divine one of goddesses; does terrible Charybdis engulf one's companions—it is the divine Charybdis; does a poor blind minstrel sing—it is the hero Demodocus, the divine bard; is a pigmy desecrated—their lofty abode, beautiful and large, and the wisest is a divine, chieftain of men. So, too, in the Iliad, the ruthless slayer of Etion and her seven brothers is designated by Andromache as the divine Achilles."

—Now, this shows but a careless reading of Homer. Achilles is styled divine, not be-

cause he is ruthless and blood-stained; that was bargained for in the mere fact of his being a warrior; but Homer exalts him, which after all he only does comparatively, because he preferred duty and glory to ease. He was a man amongst men, the most indefatigable. It is only for this honour is paid him. We contend that Achilles is not "elevated and improved," as our author quotes from Burke; he is only magnified. Homer meant to make him inferior to Agamemnon and Ulysses; to say nothing of Hector, who has been truly enough said to be the hero of the Iliad. Achilles is but the Satan of 'Paradise Lost' in the Iliad. Homer was as much a realist as Shakespeare was, allowing for the Greek spirit. It might be expressive of the Pagan soul's most ardent aspirations upon the ideal to be in a happy and passionless existence and god-like calm; but we, poor Christians, live under another law, and here is the secret of the difference between Christian and Classic Art. The one seeks to repose and lie on beds of asphodel; the other to strive and labour, not to yield. Mr. Falkener does not seem to think of the completely different constitutions of the ancients and the modern mind, or we should have less upon the uncomfortable and unattainable excellence of the Greeks in matters of Art and more in justice to the labours of mediæval and modern students.

We are surprised to find but little said in a book so purposed as this upon the complete inferiority of the Apollo Belvedere to the great Phidian works, the Theseus and Iliysus.

The same state of education and feeling which has led Mr. Falkener to ignore the Iliysus and Theseus (while the far inferior Pantheism is extolled, though mighty for itself) has led him to leave out all mention of the noblest Greek female statue in the world (of course we mean the Venus of Milo), and extol the not well-proportioned Venus de' Medici as a dream of beauty, supported by a liberal quotation from Byron, of all critics in the world.

FINE ART Gossip.—We understand that more than half the amount required for the erection of the monument upon the site of the martyrdom of Bishop Hooper, at Gloucester, has been subscribed. The Committee appeals for further aid.

The works at Ely Cathedral that were some time ago undertaken as a memorial to the Dean Peacock, by his numerous and affectionate friends, are to be extended, and the restoration of the lantern undertaken. The architect, Mr. G. G. Scott, proposes to include a spire, which should rise from the level of the present roof. More money will be needed to erect him, though it is not, however, to be undertaken just yet. The present Dean of Ely has appealed to his friends and the public for funds to carry on the works. The amount already subscribed is 3,562*l.*, 1,090*l.* of which has been given by the Dean and Chapter.

Mr. Thomas Harris, architect, publishes a pamphlet, 'A Few Words to show that a National Architecture adapted to the Wants of the Nineteenth Century is attainable.' This, like everything, from a colony to a new cause, is to be designated "Victorian Architecture." Mr. Harris has some admirable ideas on the subject of the requirements of modern Art. He would have us discard the ancient styles, bind ourselves no longer to either Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Italian, or Gothic, and start with an indigenous system of our own, condemning at the same time much of the work of the present day as clumsy barbarism. The eyes must be closed to much that is doing around, and, by enthusiasm and self-sacrificing

love, the prejudices of the public, and more particularly of the client (which, in most instances, form an almost insurmountable barrier to any extent of progress), must be calmly and boldly faced and overcome." The author suggests the abandonment of all meretricious ornamentation and the modern search after cheapness. The true natural character of each material employed should be studied. Then, the entire character, and legitimate expression of this true natural character, should expound the respective qualities of stone, brick, wood and iron; appending some most excellent, but not novel, remarks upon the judicious employment of each, with additional comments on the use of cement, plaster, painting and paper hangings, and on architectural painting and sculpture, and concludes by deprecating the hungry zeal of many of his fellow professionals. Nothing could be more terse, apposite and valuable than the theories he lays down in this cleverly written pamphlet. The formation of an anti-client (patron it used to be) league, instituted for the express purpose of smothering stupid millionaires, is almost the needful end of his opinions of their doings.

We have to record with satisfaction that the work of restoration of Christ Church, Hants, is progressing under the direct supervision of Mr. Ferrey, of London. The north transept has been completed, with its glistening fluted buttresses; a lozenge tiling, red and black, has been laid down, but the open iron-work gables remain to be added. The interior of the north transept, the Norman arcade, the fine series of decorated windows, the south aisle of the nave, and the window of the apsidal chapel of the south transept have been restored. The large east window of the northern choir-aisle has been filled with stained glass, by Messrs. Lavers & Barnard, the gift of Admiral Walcott, M.P. The thoroughness of the work proposed to make use of the large fabric of the nave for congregational accommodation; to remove the flat ceiling of the lantern and expose the old timber roof, and, at the same time, open the roof of the south transept, and throw down the block of masonry which divides the latter from the choir, is a characteristically modern scheme. The choir of the transept might be taken down, and the organ moved under the west tower arch, while a parish chancel might be formed under the lantern, an arrangement indispensable on the score of ritual propriety. Stained glass and encaustic tiles would revivify the interior of the most beautiful in England. 2,000*l.* have been already spent on the works, but external help is earnestly solicited for their completion.

Fexham Abbey Church has been re-opened after the late extensive restorations. This well known edifice is in the Early English style, dated as far back as 674, for its original foundation; but the present building was founded on the ruins of the first, in the year 1113, and is one of the purest examples of its style in England. It is celebrated for its beautiful oriel window, a tracery window, with nulliform tracery, which was erected when the window was taken out about thirty years since, and replaced by one of massive geometrical design, elegant, but out of keeping with the character of the surrounding architecture. A Lady chapel, of very ancient date, which had been built against the east end of the chancel, had also fallen into such a state of disrepair, that it could only be used as a lumber-room; while the whole of the interior of the building was crowded with clumsy pews, and the beautiful pillars disfigured with whitewash. Mr. Beaumont, the present lay rector, entered into an arrangement with the late Bishop of Durham to rebuild the chancel, and complete certain other improvements, by removing certain unsightly buildings that were crowded round the church, provided the public would assist in effecting various other improvements. This condition being complied with, the alterations were at once commenced. The whole of the pews were removed, the only seats left untouched being the stalls, which are celebrated for the beauty of their wood carvings. The floor was lowered several inches, the columns cleared from colour, repaired, and refaced, and modern wainscot benches placed instead of pews. The principal canopy was removed, and in the east gable, which was taken down, and the geometrical window replaced

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—The Popular Concerts at Exter Hall are, for the present, suspended.—It is doubtful whether the Amateur Concerts will be resumed this year.—While speaking of amateurs, a rumour may be mentioned of a new opera, by Mr. F. Clay, which is destined for public performance.—The Bohemian Girl is in rehearsal at Her Majesty's Theatre.

About once in a twelvemonth 'L'Africain,' by M. Meyerbeer, is dangled, by way of a topic of curiosity, in the eyes of wistful opera-goers, even as 'Le Prophète' was, during thirteen years, even as

Sweet, reluctant, amorous delay,

before it was at last given to the public. The rumour of 1860 about 'L'Africain,' is, that she has changed her name, and is to be called 'Vasco di Gama'; that a new tenor, Herr Niemann, is now looked to as the principal personage, and not the prima donna, for whom, as we have heard, season after season, the composer has been waiting, and for whose exhibition a perfectly original fifth act has been provided. "They say," further, that the opera is to be reserved for the opening of the new Grand Opera House of Paris, yet to be built; and concerning the building of which so many magnificent and fantastic reports are flying about in the papers—among others, the large use to be made of the electrical telegraph. From the box-office wires are to radiate to the principal hotels in order that travellers arriving in the French capital may take places with the speed of a flash of lightning.

England, meanwhile, is not without its projects in regard to musical drama and theatre, which, if carried out, will have a result of unquestioned and serious importance on the state of art in this country. We may shortly return to the subject.

We understand that a personal biography of Beethoven, by an American amateur, who has for many years past been engaged on the task, may shortly be expected.

D. Matrimonio has been revived at the Italian Opera in Paris, with some small displacement of the music.

The Sainte-Cécile Mass in the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, this year, is to be a new composition by Signor Bonetti.

In the great Singing-Festival, held at Liège on the 30th of last month, more than 2,000 voices—French, Belgian, German—look part. The first prize was carried off by the Concordia Society of Aix-la-Chapelle.

A Festival *Castello* for the arrival of the new King of Italy, in Naples, has been prepared by Maestro Pittilli. There is also a new ballet of the times, entitled 'An Episode of the War of 1859.' A prima donna, who was to be heard at the Theatre San Carlo, a couple of years ago, and then favourably reported on in the *Athenæum*, Signora Fiorotti, has been "translated" to St. Petersburg; she is said to have satisfied the public in 'I Puritani.'

Cherubini's 'Medea,' which contains some of the grandest tragic music in existence, is about to be revived at the Carl Theater in Vienna. This opera has lingered rather than lived, the repertory at Frankfurt, but hardly anywhere else in Germany, as it stands, being all but inaccessible, so merciless is the strain on the powers of the *Medea*. It would be surely less of an evil to hear such an opera, even with some retrenchment and modification, than to lose it utterly from the stage, because of its exceptional, not to say superfluous, powers indispensable for its presentment. Such preparation, we conceive, might be safely intrusted to Cherubini's favourite pupil, M. Halévy.—The revival of M. Clésard's opera, 'Moebebe,' another work of much merit in the eclectic style, which took place not long since at Vienna, has been successful, if the papers are to be trusted.—The prize given by the Tonhalle Society, at Mannheim (according to annual usage), has this year been laid out on a Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello. It has been carried off by Herr Stiel, an organist at St. Petersburg. The judges were Hermann Lechner, Moser, and Moscheles.—There are two Italian operas now at Berlin, for one of which M. Faure is engaged.

At the Surrey, a version of Mr. Wilkie Collins's 'Woman in White,' dramatized by Mr. J. R. Ware, has been performed during the week with success. A new drama by Mr. Crawford Wilson, entitled 'The Gitanella,' has enjoyed more than ordinary success, and is now acted as the second piece of the evening. It is in three acts, and is somewhat figurative in diction, as befits, indeed, the language of the Zincoli. The concluding scene of the Devil's Bridge, where the rival heroes of the piece precipitate each other, in a death struggle, down a waterfall, is exactly to the taste of a sympathetic audience.

An omission of two letters in the paragraph concerning Mr. Pascoe's 'Maid Marian' (at p. 578, col. 2) must be repaired. The paragraph (as must have been obvious from the context,) should have run—"The facts are not incorrectly stated."

MISCELLANEA

Recovery of Waste Places.—Within a month, it is expected, the Bishop of London will open the new and admirably-constructed schools and lecture-hall, situated at the corner of Endell Street, St. Giles's. This institution will prove of great value to the densely-populated district within the area of Seven Dials: here are situated the well-known Dudley Street, St. Andrew's Street, King Street, Queen Street, Short's Gardens, Neal's Passage, Nottingham Court, Mammouth Court, with their numerous in-and-outs, back entries, &c. Here is located a mass of humanity that must, in some way or other, command attention. The numerous young snobs of the streets here found are sure to make their presence felt. For some years past the attention of good men, both Churchmen and Dissenters, has been specially directed to the neighbourhood; they have brought themselves into personal acquaintance with the vice, wretchedness and physical misery endured by the people. The tone and feelings, therefore, of the poor have been effectively prepared for the good now about to be presented to them. A spacious room on the ground-floor of the new building has been provided for 500 infants, with open playground on the same level with lavatory, &c. Also a separate classroom for such use as circumstances may hereafter suggest. On the first-floor is a suite of rooms with separate entrances, intended as residences for the masters and mistresses to be engaged in the work of instruction. Immediately adjoining is the committee-room, and a spacious hall to accommodate 500 girls, with class-room for special purposes. According by a separate stair, the hall for boys is reached: here again the number provided for is 500. Ample means have been adopted for warming and ventilation. The school-requisites and other matters will be conveyed from floor to floor through a shaft, by means of a lift reaching from the top to the basement of the building. We may here notice the fittings, now for the first time introduced. The galleries, masters' desks, forms, &c., are all portable—the forms being constructed with movable joints, so as to form a chair, library table or desk.

The building will be applied to school purposes at once. Libraries, readings, lectures, with adult classes, will, we learn, be introduced as funds shall justify. The outlay, up to the present time, has reached upwards of 11,600*l.* The Committee of Council on Education have appropriated a sum of 3,000*l.* towards the object. The esteemed Rector of St. Giles's, the Rev. A. W. Thorold, M.A., has devoted himself earnestly to the work of procuring funds, and with such signal success that we are informed 1,000*l.* is now only required to free the building from liability. We desire for the reverend gentleman and the committee thus engaged a prosperous career in their important efforts for the enlightenment of the people.

Approach of Storms.—All persons interested in the extended use of the barometer as a means of safety to our seamen and fishermen, by the greater attention paid to it as a forerunner of coming storms, will find glad hail as a movement in the right direction the substitution of Admiral Fitz-Roy's scale for the old misleading words, although there

is still room for considerable improvement. I believe the advantage of putting into rhyme rules that require to be remembered is acknowledged by all; but the verse need not be dogged, and will be much better for being good grammatical English, a remark which will, I think, apply to the rule given by the Admiral, "First rise after low foretells stronger blow." This rule is, however, defective in a more important point: it conceals the increase of the gale with the rise of the barometer which is incorrect. The duration of a gale may be readily and accurately measured within certain limits, by noticing the interval between the commencement of the fall of the mercury and the time of its greatest depression: this will be found to correspond with the time from the commencement of the gale to the period of its greatest force, and will nearly equal half its duration,—not quite so, however, because the atmospheric wave does not subside so readily as it rises, and the barometer shows this by returning to its original height by successive undulations, just as a similar wave of the ocean subsides to rest. In cyclones this rule will be found to mark very correctly the time when the full will take place, which indicates the passage of the centre of the storm, and immediately precedes the violent change of the wind to the opposite direction. It is often of considerable importance to be able to judge when the weather is likely to improve, and some modification of the rule which will show this will be attended with advantage.

R. W. CUGANEN.

No. Wind Street, Swansea, Nov. 5.

The Post-Campbell.—I recently received from Scotland two copies of the pedigree of the late Post Campbell, showing a descent from Robert the Second. One statement, which is long, includes that which I now send. It is, at all events, curious. I never heard my old friend make mention of such a homestead 154 he once, then, according to Blackstone, in eight degrees there must be no less than 256 in blood directly related, besides collateral.—I am, &c.,

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ROBERT H. KING OF SCOTLAND,

1871.

Isabella Stewart was twice married. By the first marriage she became grandmother of Mr. McArthur Stewart and Thomas Wemyss, and by the second marriage grandmother of James Campbell, the poet. She was the eighth in descent from Robert I., A.D. 1271.

Education in France.—The results of the newest investigation of the French Ministry for Public Instruction are not very favourable as regards the education of 'la grande nation.' In 1854, in the département of Creuse, of 1,900 newly-married couples, 1,263 men and 1,764 women, consequently 78 per cent., could not write. Among the women alone, only 8 of 100 knew how to write,—a proportion of ignorance which can hardly be exceeded in Russia. In four other départements, the number of those who could not write was 70 to 100; in fourteen départements the proportion of the ignorant was about 60 to 100; in other fourteen départements, 50 to 100; and in the rest 40 and 50 to 100. Reading is somewhat more general, but on an average those who are found deficient in writing are so in reading. On the whole, then, scarcely the half of the French people can both read and write necessary and elementary school knowledge.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—B.—G. W.—J. T.—Y. G.—K.—G. R. A. C.—D.—E. W.—J. F.—G. K.—W. H. C.—continued.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

LITERATURE

Documents and Authentic Papers left by Daniel Manin, President of the Republic of Venice.—[*Documenti e Carte Autentiche lasciate per Daniel Manin, Presidente della Repubblica di Venezia.* Tradutti sui suoi Originali, ed Annotati per M. Plaut de La Faye.] (Paris, Furne & Co.)

THESE Documents are of no common value. They have been arranged, M. de La Faye assures us, from the original papers, with the concurrence of the son of him to whom they relate. Their arranger has, naturally, a strong party spirit. In his Introduction, he deals with the most difficult question (perhaps) of modern times,—the extrication of Italy from Austria,—more rashly and confidently than any suit the mood of dispassionate observers.

—Past English proceedings in the matter are, expressly, the objects of his disapproval. —It is a disadvantage to this book, that we make acquaintance with all its interesting documentary portions, through the medium of a French translation. Our neighbours do not shine in the excellence of accuracy; their language is poor in equivalents. We would study the despatches, speeches, and notes of Manin in his own tongue, and Lord Palmerston's protocols in ours. Europe is, after all, not so ignorant as M. de La Faye assumes; and his work is no mere party pamphlet,—no hectic note to amuse the public,—but a collection containing materials for a record of one of the most remarkable transactions which have taken place during the last fifteen remarkable years.

From these volumes, however, when read through attentively, and with every allowance for what may be conceived as their editorial defects, readers of every shade of political orthodoxy or heterodoxy will derive an indelible impression of the simplicity, sincerity, heroism, and power of him to whom the work is devoted. To these attributes of Manin we shall keep close in what follows. M. de La Faye gives us one more great Venetian portrait to be added to the series which contains Dandolo, Faliero, Foscarini, and others who have illustrated that fantastic and fascinating city.

The 'Notice' by M. de La Faye, which prefaces these documents—a slender affair of three pages,—is gratuitously silent as to the descent and ancestry of Manin. When he was examined before the Criminal Tribunal of Austria, he presented himself simply as the son of the late Peter Manin and the late Anne Belotto. Of his parents we should like to know something more. Their name is one of "state and ancestry" in Venice; it was the name of the last Doge. That Manin, however, was a pusillanimous, feeble man—totally unequal to the task of rescuing the exhausted Republic from the absorbing grasp of Bonaparte, or of inspiring his fellow-patriots with moral courage, or such cohesion as enables the vanquished, when compelled to yield, to make the best terms with their victors. That our Manin,—whether namesake, or descendant, or distant cousin to the terrified Doge who gave up the City of the Sea to Austria,—was of other stuff, is to be gathered from the very first pages of this book.—These contain the strictures of Manin, the lawyer, till then particularly famous, on a statement by Signor Cappelletti, the historian, at the Scientific Congress, held at Venice in the autumn of 1847.—In these, the writer maintained that Venice had fallen not so much out of her own weakness, as from the unfair dealing of the French. In the days of

Doge Manini, however, there was no self-help,—whereas in the beginning of the public career of Daniel Manin, we find a confession of faith, tolerably significant both in respect to Venetian affairs and to the man who uttered it. The article was written for the press in answer to an article of Count Jablonowski, recommending resignation to the oppressed peoples of Europe. Of course, in 1847, it could not be published:—

The fashion is, to preach resignation. I make a distinction. There are two sorts of resignation,—the one virtuous and manly; the other cowardly and stupid. The strong man, when misfortune oppresses him, searches for some means to get out of it. He should find one of these, however difficult it be, he sets himself to work,—brisk, vigorous, courageous, tenacious; and only, if he should be convinced that none such absolutely exists, resigns himself. This is manly resignation. The weak man, when misfortune oppresses him, crouches low, and seeks for no remedy. Should even a means, easy to attempt, present itself uncalled for to his intelligence, he will not grasp it,—he will not trouble himself to find it, he will not run risks,—he resigns himself. This is stupid and cowardly resignation. * * In an individual, resignation can sometimes be virtuous; in a nation, it is possibly never so, for the ill of a nation are, probably, never without a remedy. * * In consequence, whoever counsels nations to resign themselves, counsels a cowardice, and the nations who follow such counsels are cowards.

The writer of the above was the person, in the year 1849, described by an eye-witness, who wrote to the *Gazette* of Modena, as a man "mediocre in understanding, unbribed in ambition, audaciously defiant beyond measure,—having never done anything which could have distinguished him in public opinion, as one of choice intelligence." But the above words have a pith and an authority which would not be denied him after-deeds. He was already marked out as a dangerous citizen. On his presenting a memorial for the enlargement of Count Padovani, a political offender, to Count Palffy,—that just Austrian authority remarked, "that it might be well to release that culprit, if they could put Manin in his place."—The censorship gave strict orders that none of his articles should appear in the public journals. The Director General of the Police (in January, 1848) urged him to exert his influence, to the end "that public order should not be troubled." To avert such trouble, Manin stoutly declared that there was only one efficient course,—to make great concessions, after the thirty years of patience during which the Venetians had waited, tempered and nerved themselves.

This was shortly followed by a memorial, specifying formally what manner of concessions were desired. This memorial was passed over by the Government, as the mere scheme of a professional agitator; but during that eventful month, resistance began to lift up its voice.—Special memorials by Signori Tommaseo and Avesani "following suit," could not be overlooked by the alarmed Government. Troubles broke out at Treviso, and among the students at Padua. The authorities found it time (too late, though) to apply the gag. A descent was made on the premises and papers of Manin, on the 19th of January. He was taken into custody, as also was Signor Tommaseo.—Manin was examined on the 21st. The examination was long, and temperately conducted. The culprit's exposure of the cause, of his past opinions, convictions, actions, and the result, to which they had led, was cut short by one of the attacks of prostration to which a disease of the heart rendered him liable. Of course, he was not to be set free; but he wrote

from his prison to his home, notes calculated to tranquillize his anxious family,—making an attempt to obtain liberation, on the aggravated illness of his daughter, who had been long a sufferer under nervous epilepsy.—His imprisonment, however, was presently over. On the 6th of February, the ferment then pervading the South of Europe began to stir in Venice. In acknowledgment of the constitution of Naples, the opera-goers, after having purposely neglected the theatre, agreed to appear in full dress at La Fenice, and to *encore* Madame Corito, a Neapolitan, in her dance of *La Sicilienne*. Tying their handkerchiefs together, they made a trifled-off festoon round the theatre. The performances were brought to a close; the patriotic opera-goers escaping scot-free. Still, the authorities were blind and deaf. On the 5th of March,—the time of those "Ideas," which went so far to decide the fate of modern Europe.—Manin and Tommaseo were adjudged as contumacious; and our author adds (without authority stated) that the two were destined to be transported to the distant and paternal places—two cells at Laybach. Before the 17th of the month, Manin was liberated, as a liberator, by the people, after further protestations and risings; and was carried in triumph round St. Mark's Place. What a light on his private life is thrown by the note passed into his prison, that very morning, by his wife, in regard to the poor, dear, cherished sick daughter:—

Dear Daniel,—She is better. From eleven to four o'clock she could sleep; at this instant she is reading newspapers. She pretends to have read long ago the address from the Senate to the Pope, and she repeats it by heart from the first line to the last. We were obliged to tell her that this was now only published for the first time—that tormented her; and we were compelled to quiet her. All last night we were talking of you. *Adieu* at noon. *Keep your heart up.*

—The woman who wrote this, was worthy to be a great man's wife; but there was no thought of greatness, on the part of either man or woman, so much as of duty.

On the 23rd of March, 1848, the Republic was proclaimed in St. Mark's Place; the Arsenal was taken; and a Provisional Government announced, with Manin for President. We must hurry over these events, stirring as they were, and decisive of the attitude of their civil figure, having proposed in recalling this well-known passage of recent history, to confine ourselves principally to the character and temper of one man.—The proclamations issued by the President Manin are models in their laconic brevity. For this reserve we are assured he was to a degree unpopular,—reproached by some for not enumerating the example of M. de Lamartine, who never allowed a day to pass without giving an account of himself to his people, and arranging them:—

"I am grieved (he writes to Signor Degli Antonelli) that you have said at the club, that I demand they should place confidence in me. Confidence does not come by demand.—It is obtained in a manner to deserve it. * * As to my unavailability, I beg you to observe that the Government is over-burdened with labours, very urgent, very important, very numerous,—that every hour, or rather every minute, is of capital importance; that I labour day and day; that they do not leave me the half-hour set aside for meals, nor the few hours set aside for sleep; and that thus, consequently, if I were obliged still to lose a part of my time in listening to the conversations and suggestions of a number of people who wish to tell me what I know already, to propose my doing what I have already done, to re-discuss with me what I have discussed with my colleagues,—the four-and-

twenty hours of the day would not suffice for this task alone, and I should not have a minute left in which to occupy myself with public business.

That the instantaneity, or rather instinctive, assumption of this high tone, was never for an instant contradicted, or departed from, by after act or word, every page of these documents shows. Particularly, when the reader is referred to the despatches of the English Consul, whose presence of the issue of the struggle entered on precluded anything like a flattering colour being given to the acts of the new Government. It will be seen how severely the composure of one who had staked everything on his idea was tried, by the reports from the envoys sent out by the new Republic to England and France, in which the gradual dying-out of hopes of active support and assistance could not be concealed from so clear and direct a thinker as Manin, by the verbiage of their sanguine writers. England, as the ally of Austria, could only stand by. France, then a republic too, could give professions of sympathy, promises of assistance,—subsequently often reasons why the latter was deferred. By the 6th of May, we find Signor Zanardini writing from Paris:

“L'ango is opposed to us; he has a terrible fear of Austria, and dares to do nothing, while we can compromise himself. It is only too certain that, excepting fine words, there is nothing to be hoped for from these gentlemen. As to Lanartino, it seems to me that in the midst of his sounding phrases, and his splendid language, he does nothing but copy the system of M. Guizot, and that I am not the only one who has found this out.”

Meanwhile, Manin's maxim of confidence being engendered by deeds, not demands, was realized at home. Contributions to a magnificent amount (Venetian fortunes considered) flowed into the treasury. The army had some successes. There was still expectation of sympathy and aid from other districts of Italy, then, seemingly, so near their own emancipation. It was still not admitted that there could be those divisions, those individual designs and ambitions, which have so long made a United Italy, under any form, or varieties of form of government impossible. The reader is referred to a letter addressed by Manin to Massimo d'Azeglio (dated 29th of May), as an illustration of that plain-speaking candour which made explanation half-way, while it will be content with no half-explanations.—Imperceptibly, though hope after hope began to ebb away, though it became obvious from the state of affairs in Naples, Turin, Milan, Paris, that Europe was not ripe for Republicanism, something more of strength and esteem gathered hourly round Manin.—When, in July, on the vote which decided on a fusion of Venice with Piedmont, he retired from the Presidency, he was addressed by Lieutenant Marshal von Welden, in such terms of honourable courtesy as could not be offered by Hypocrisy's self, save to an adversary made reputable by his fineness, calmness and probity.—On the adjournment of hope in Piedmont, after the armistice with Radetzky, it is extremely noticeable how Venetian faith in “our Manin” (he was by acronym “our Manin” in Venice) flung back the disappointed people into a determination to establish the Republic more sternly and finally than ever. It was clear that this could be only accomplished by successful resistance. They would make Manin Minister of War. In the Session of the Assembly of the 3rd of August, this appointment was proposed to, and formally declined by him. He had no means of knowledge, he simply said; he had never held relations with any military men.—It was then asked if he would accept power (which implied warfare) con-

jointly with other persons. We must now paraphrase from the translated Report of the Session:—

Deputy Manin. If it be necessary, so long as my life lasts, I will give it to my country.—*Deputy Cavedalis.* Let us nominate two commanders together, one Manin for the Army and the Navy.—The proposition adopted, then came the vote for the nomination of the members of the Government. For Manin, as Premier, 103 votes; for Castelli, 9.—*Deputy Manin.* Since you show that you have confidence in me,—well, I shall demand,—what do you want from you grow, grow modestly. Our cause cannot triumph without immense sacrifices. These I shall be obliged to impose on you, and if you will not submit to them, you will do best to abstain your vote on the spot.

The nominations of Manin's colleagues came next.—Admiral Graziani for the Navy; for the Army, 14 votes to General Colli, 91 to Colonel Cavedalis, 103.

Deputy Cavedalis thanked the Assembly, but could not accept. As an old soldier of the Army of Italy, he was used to principles of order and discipline difficult to apply under present circumstances. However liberal as a citizen, he could not be so as head of an army. He would never permit himself to interpose his moral authority in operations in war or plans of defence—he should soon lose his popularity, and begged to decline the appointment.—*Deputy Manin.* I am entirely agreed in opinion with my friend Cavedalis. Order and discipline are indispensable things. No man of sense can think otherwise. “I must declare, plainly, as my friend Cavedalis has done, that if I consent, myself, to take on me a burden so immense, so utterly out of proportion to my strength,—if I accept the charge of doing what I have never done, posing as a dictator,—if, to repeat, I accept it,—not to abandon my country, and at the price of the heaviest sacrifices,—those sacrifices would be rendered less painful to me if they were shared by those who understand military discipline,—not only because they have learnt the value in the army of the discipline, but because they have preserved the traditions of it.—I must add explicitly, that if I have not to assist me a person expert in military matters, and possessing my entire confidence, I could not, without betraying my country, keep the post offered to me.” The refusal of Colonel Cavedalis, then, involved mine. As to General Colli, “at this moment he is on the sea. We must have a government here on the spot, to act at once. We have no time to send for proposals, to wait for answers.” “To-day, the first thing to be done is to meet the wants of the country; for this every one must make his sacrifices, be it even the sacrifice of his popularity. To save one's country, a man must be prepared to expose himself to everything, even to the curses of his contemporaries!”

Truth and purpose are prophetic. How Manin's last words were subsequently fulfilled, liberty, in all parts of the world of Revolution, and the longings of Italian patriots have seen. His earnestness prevailed. Cavedalis withdrew his refusal, and Manin was invested with a crown, compared with that the horned bonnet of the weakest of the Doges called to act, under suspicion, in the most troublous period of the history of ancient Venice, was a mere feather-weight. He might well have been applauded, for he had seen what he had to do, and he had to do it during the twelve months to come. Whatever may now exist in the form of an United Italy, there was, in 1848, a divided Italy—in every separate movement, at the board of every council.—There was a liberal, but also a fusionist party in Venice, deposed by Manin's re-election, and covertly opposed to his Republican severity. There were still left in the city a class of people, to Austria and of Austrian agents, for ever working, like moles underground, to discourage, to thwart, to undermine. On all these, Manin at once laid

a strong but a quiet hand. There was no paltering, no tampering. Venice was to be set free; and while the Powers outside the lagoons were to be earnestly engaged in aid of its freedom, the people within were to be constrained to contribute service, to maintain order, to refrain from hampering the rulers by idle protestations.

From the very first it will seem clear to most of those who pursue this book minutely, that all expectation of such assistance from beyond the lagoons as Manin required was chimerical. Without chicanery himself (though bred a lawyer), he made too small account in his hopes of chicanery in others,—that perpetual resource of the cumbersome and the weak. Even General Cavaignac—in his own world no trifler—put off, in August, the appeal of Venice, somewhat in the style of the Circumlocution Office. The *Rothschilds* (to quote Signor Tommaso's report) had their plan of Venice,—Austrianism smoothed down,—becoming a free town like the Hanseatic towns, or else a kingdom like Hungary, with an Austrian prince.—The French Consul, M. Vaseur, who seems to have identified himself with the cause of the Venetian Republic, the former French Consul, even of 1848, dared do, described, in August, the new Government as wanting money.—By the 1st of September, Signor Mengaldo, a second envoy to Paris, wrote home the explicit promises made to him by General Cavaignac, of a French fleet, of a general war, if Austria refused to give way;—but mark the countenance of this letter, written to Venice by Signor Tommaso, the former Venetian Envoy, on the 31st of August:—

I do not know [runs the letter] on what foundation M. Mangin pretended [that Cavaignac had received me well as Tommaso but not as the Venetian Envoy; and that he would not receive me in that character]. To give full denial to such assertion [Cavaignac's address] to me, presented an official invitation to go to his house this morning at nine o'clock. I went. After having waited more than half-an-hour, till the persons who had gone in before me should have come out—arrived the Princess Belgioioso, who, being a lady, naturally passed before me—but this is what she said to me coming out, “The General is furious at his words having been divulged, and not even having been repeated exactly: he does not wish to hear anything more about Venice, nor to listen to apologies, nor to make any distinction between Mengaldo and yourself,” &c. Thus, then, after having received an official invitation, addressed to the Envoy from Venice, after an hour in ante-chamber (the first of the kind in my life), was I sent away without a hearing.

The Princess Belgioioso, be it collected, has always been one of the most ardent enemies of Liberty in all parts of the world of Revolution, advertised as such by her own writings, proclamations and actions,—so that in the above (without malicious interpretation) there is shadowed forth something of Italian jealousy, as well as of French hesitation.—It became necessary to look at home for sinew and support. A loan was proposed on the securities of the Ducal Palace and its contents and the *Procuratie Novare*, but this moved on heavily, and was subsequently abandoned. Hopes of the intervention of France and England, so as to make good terms with Austria, lingered on. Three French ships of war arrived, by which apparition the Consul, M. Vaseur, wrote, the Austrians who were blockading Venice were terrified into a temporary disappearance. But by October, affairs were so changed, that Paris, at Paris, to press on the diplomatic mediations. In spite of an issue of paper-money, called by the people “patriotic paper,” money was becoming scarce, and food costly.

He could hold his ground till the end of November. In a stormy session of the Assembly, held on the 11th, Manin, in reply to the alarmist members, spoke stoutly, if not with good cheer:—"I think," said he, "that to alarm the country is to betray peril." As to internal dissensions, they had been worse (he continued) in August. The city was provisioned for several months, and the blockade could never be so strict as to shut out further arrivals. "Letters of the 27th and 28th announce the successful sortie from 'Pisina and Malghera,'"—a stop necessary to bring provisions in. They brought in, too, prisoners, cannon, horses, that to the fog in which the Austrians permitted themselves to be surprised.—There were triumph and festival—crowds, music, processions and ovations in the city, strained and impoverished as it was—on the entry of these spoils and trophies.—Later in the month, the formal promise of M. Cavour and Rastide to Austria, that any attempt of Piedmont to interpose would be repudiated by France, was followed by submission to him by Charles Albert, had spread discouragement and mistrust. On the 2nd of November, Father Ugo Bassi, whose discourses had been largely followed, as is well known, throughout the Italian movement, wrote to Manin, significantly enough, to—request an authorization to preach to-morrow in St. Mark's Place. My remark shall be an eulogy of the heroes, an exhortation to perseverance, and shall address itself to the people as well as to the soldiers. About Charles Albert I will not breathe a word. * * I frequent the forts and the hospitals with zeal. I make every effort to keep alive in all hearts love and gratitude to Venice and to Manin. I tell the troops that the Government appreciates all their sacrifices, that it wears them at its heart, and only waits the occasion to prove this to them.

The request was probably granted; since in a second note, of December the 3rd, the modern Crusader enthusiastically acknowledges a "precious expression of sympathy to him by Manin, in St. Mark's Place; and on leaving Venice for the further preaching expedition, which was to cost him his life, being unable to see the man whom he professed to adore 'next to God and Italy,' he took his farewell by kissing the threshold-stone, on which (according to Venetian usage) the name of Manin was engraved.—This was the stone, by the way, which, on Manin's exile from Venice, was broken by the Austrians into shivers. The Venetians wear its fragments as relics.—Later, Manin refused Father Gavazzi a similar request to preach or "perform,"—holding such inflammatory discourses, however zealous and sincere, to be prejudicial to the cause of steady effort, which implies order more than impulse. A popular club, which that eager person desired to inspire by his exhibitions, was placed under interdiction.

The winter passed over anxiously—but not without hope. While the show and talk of negotiations, and the expectations of interference from England, were dragging on, the semi-blockaded people of Venice, and their blockaders, preserved an attitude of sullen mutual observation. Throughout all this period, profectory to one of so much harsher stress, nothing is more evident than the gradual, unchecked, inevitable rise of Manin to an ascendancy overruling the importance of his comrades. In a despatch of Mr. Dawkins, date December, he is signified thus:—

I believe M. Manin to be an honest man on conviction. Beyond all doubt, he is a courageous and energetic man.

This growth of confidence, under circumstances becoming every hour more serious, was not without its drawbacks and exceptions.—In the session of the Assembly of the 17th of

February, Manin was obliged to speak out in vindication of the fullest powers being awarded to the Triumvirate without their being harassed by perpetual discussions and inquiries. The message, he declared, was increasing with every hour; only four days before, Marshal Haynau, of humane memory, had issued, from Padua, two proclamations, threatening all who espoused the good cause with the most rigorous severities.—On the 24th of the same month, by a letter to his friend, Signor Tecchio, we find that journalists within the camp of liberal Italy were beginning to offer cause for alarm:—"As I have," wrote Manin, "we have not a law for the press; one must have patience." It is obvious, from a thousand indications and admissions, that the President felt himself all but alone. One friend, however, he had:—

James Pezato [says a note] was the bosom friend of Manin.—It may be said his other *epo*; Manin said of him that he had the finest understanding with which he had ever met during his life. Touched, like himself, by a heart complaint, Pezato was irascible, of an unequal humour, something impracticable in argument. Manin wished nothing more, after his accepting power, than to have one so useful in contradiction beside him. * * * He entrusted L. Pincherle to write to Pezato, Milan, that he had none of his contradictions and his grumblings. "In a word," said he, "write to him that I have need of him; that he must leave everything else and come." Pezato came, and though he occupied no position, and through his name figures in no official document, it may be asserted that he was answerable for half of everything done by Manin; for never, till the end, was he one day absent from the cabinet of the President. He ended the day with his departure from Venice and the re-entry of the Austrians.

On the 2nd of March, the horizon was narrowed by the report of the latest Envoy to France, Signor Tommaso, making the best of courtesies, expressions of respect, expectations from Louis Napoleon,—but adjourning any expectations of vital assistance. The inhabitants had by this time, be it recollected, been laid under contribution after contribution. Some violent spirits, who found that affairs did not move quickly or democratically enough, were sufficiently insane to agitate for the resumption of offensive warfare without money, without means, without acting allies. There was an intrigue to get rid of Manin, which resulted (as my intriguers always result!) in only fixing him more firmly on his pedestal than ever. There were murmurs, dissensions, proclamations, assemblages:—but these, for the time, were brought to a summary end by a few words from the President addressed to the crowd that began to gather in St. Mark's Place.—On the 7th of March, on meeting his colleagues and the Assembly, he presented the people, appealing to the unquenchable loathing of Austrian domination—the one sole principle of action in which every conflicting ambition should merge. The debate was long, but the vote was 108 to 2 for "the fullest powers" given to Manin:—

As accepting the duties conferred on me by the Assembly [he said], I know that I do what is more than an act of courage. Nevertheless under circumstances as they are, I believe it my duty to commit this act of rashness—and accept.

The result of this vote according to the despatch from M. Vasseur, the French Consul, to M. Drouin de Lhuys, was the entire re-establishment of tranquillity within the city. Without, the Austrians were concentrating themselves to attack Fort Malghera, and keeping Marshal Haynau's word of shooting every man suspected of sympathy with Venice. On the 17th and 22nd of March, there was a show of celebrating an anniversary festival of the Revolutions of 1848. There were

processions, flags, a review, a "Te Deum" in St. Mark's. The day before, however, another hand-writing had been seen on the wall.—An edict issued in regard to articles of food, their price, and their cleanliness, makes it too evident that the spectres of famine and cholera had been seen afar off.—On the 27th, the announcement of the abdication of Charles Albert as the result of the affair at Novara closed up another avenue—announced the extinction of one of the few chances left.—The game was virtually lost; but not the faith and courage of the Venetians. It is a marking trait of this singular struggle for independence, that never had the people, always so ready to rebellions to the Pope's authority, shown themselves more devout in all matters of Roman Catholic ceremonial than in the year 1849. On hearing the news of this grave disaster, they demanded of the Patriarch to expose a particularly holy image of the Virgin at the high altar of St. Mark's, by which they were somewhat heartened; that way of omen was noted a torrent of rain which poured down on the city on the night of the 28th. But there was no thought of giving way. The gravity of their situation was laid before the Assembly, by Manin, on Monday the 2nd of April—*a day forever memorable in the annals of Venice.* Resistance to the last was there decided on unanimously.

From that moment the death-struggle may be said to have begun. As early as the 5th of April a last cry for help to France was sent forth; or, if not help, for at least such final answers as might destroy all suspense. The blockade by the Austrians was rigidly resumed. Large bodies of troops were concentrated on the mainland. There was still some small hope of treating for some arrangement of Venice as a separate province with Austria, were only intervention brought in aid. In this hope there might be reason for protracting resistance; but apart from this, there comes a time in such cases when persistence to the extremity, without reason, seems an easier sequel to past endurance and enterprise than submission.—Great and calm and serious as Manin was, it is evident that his spirit during the last months of his power was roused to a pitch at which he ceased clearly to distinguish possibility from impossibility. He was sustained in this by the fanatical courage of the troops whom he had gathered about him. The Bandiera Momo Volunteers, in particular, must not be forgotten,—a band made up of patricians, students, tradesmen, to every man of which, it seems as if some anecdote of daring and devotion is recorded. But Austria was too hard for them,—was hewing them in too strictly. On the 26th of May it became necessary to draw back from the fort of Malghera. To all these difficulties, Manin had to lend instant practical attention. Food was to be found for his people,—salt-petre painfully raked up from every possible source,—walls, old walls, stables,—cotton (for gun-cotton) was to be laid under contribution.—Five hundred workmen, to keep in order the defences assailed by Austrian bullets, were kept at nightly work. The fort was abandoned, though (writes M. Vasseur, the French Consul) it required the authority of their brave commander, M. Ulloa, to induce the troops to quit this graveyard. In retreating on Venice they broke the railway bridge—and were thereforward "straitly shut up" (to use the language of Scripture). Now began to increase anxious reports concerning the wasting of provision-stores;—and other munitions of no less vital importance. Contrabandists, sailors, couriers, poor people from the mainland, slipped across the lagoon at

night, in defiance of the paternal vigilance of Austria. All brought some scrap of help and of hope in spite (to quote Signor Zennaro's Journal in June) of the fury of the English Consul, who had predicted that when the first bomb fell on the city, it would capitulate. But disaster came on disaster. The powder-mill, managed luxuriously, was destroyed by an explosion on the 19th of June. In twenty days it was repaired. A week later it exploded a second time.

All this while Austria was still treating, still beckoning to its Prodigal Son—with the talon hid deep in the velvet glove. Haynau had ceased to menace,—Radetsky had begun to persuade (honestly enough, it appears, his point of view granted). War was beginning to stare the besieged people in the face. It was agreed by the Assembly, in a secret session of the 28th of July, that, so long as it was possible, the scarcity of food which had come should be concealed from the people.—The bombardment became more active and pressing, and a tyrant more terrible to obstinacy than either Fies or Pannini was in the form of Pestilence. Early in August there were many absentees from the Assembly on account of disease. After this, so far as we can gather from the records, some of those who had followed Manin in his course so far, began to question, to dispute, to reproach—*as desperate men will do*. The following fragment of a report of the secret session of the Assembly, August the 5th, is a piece of as deep tragedy as any of those "transactions of history" among which a Shakespeare and a Schiller find their materials:—

Deputy Manin. The situation has become seriously worse: we are on the eve of having no more bread. It is indispensable that the Assembly should occupy itself with the gravity of the case. I will not have it said, "The Government of Venice has deceived the people."—*Representative Sisti.* "I think that the President Manin might have withheld his speech till after the vote. To what he has said, I should answer, that we are in the heroic city of Venice, which has already endured so much suffering, and which would know how to endure hunger so long as it is possible."—*President Manin.* "Yes, hunger is supportable, but only to a certain point; when the last bread has been eaten the question is, not of hunger, but of death. We are abandoned." "I have said that our food is all but consumed; if I have not, named the precise day, it is from the prudence which you have often approved. I have not said "We can go no step further," but I ought to say, before it be too late, how near we are to the last step. Reflect, that on the day when we have no more food we shall have civil war, and the glorious past of Venice will be dishonoured."

A counter-proposition, "to wait for some favourable event," made by the aforesaid sanguine Signor Sisti, had no success. Still Manin struggled on for a while longer. Even when he memorialized his fellow-citizens that there were hardly enough living people left disposable for the burial of the dead—amounting to 1,600 in number during a single week—that the deadly rain of Austrian bombs was falling thicker and faster, he still clung to a shred of hope—still appealed to the people for a last loan—still rested on the fidelity of the civic guard.

His address to this body, on the 13th of August, in the Place of St. Mark, was cut short by one of those spasms of pain at the heart to which he was subject. The night after this scene, which broke off the review, he made his rounds with them. But it was all unavailing. The soldiers, ill paid, and pressed by hunger and pestilence, began to be turbulent. Capitulation was inevitable. On the 24th, Venice yielded.

(On the 27th, the energetic defender of the city, whose last words almost were written in protection of his imprudent friend, Sisti, quitted the house for which he had dared so much, with his wife and afflicted child, for ever. The night before his departure, was to be heard beneath his windows the wail of the people who had suffered with him, and whom he had insured to suffer with him for a great while. The Municipality of Venice did not let him depart without such recognition as their exhausted and impotent treasury could yield. It was not much as recompense to the man who had tried his best to uplift the *San-Cybele* (as Byron called her) to her old place of glory; but it was according to the means left after past pressure and with whose pressure to come.

Of the years passed in Parisian exile by Manin it is difficult to think without emotion, or to speak in language adequate to the dignity of the subject. Those who have been wounded by the recklessness, restlessness and recrimination discouragingly frequent among the defeated and outlawed,—who have mourned to see the cause of enlightened liberty desecrated by the follies and foppishness of lionism,—who have counted chances destroyed by the struggles of self-asserting impatience,—cannot recall the story of this period, save as something rare, almost to sanctify. Though willing and ready to devote himself to the last, as from the first, by word and pen to the Italian cause, the public utterances of Manin were sparing to a point of reserve approaching self-enclosure:—

"What I do not like among the Italians [he wrote in one of the few emphatic notes printed from his papers] is their habit of declaiming too much and of exaggeration; I prefer the contrary, perhaps, to its extreme. I keep away, as far as I can, from pompous shows, from sentimentalities, from theatrical declamations. I had always in my head a sentiment by Tommaso:—'The soldier really brave fights in silence.' Foreigners call us great talkers. I wished that it should be impossible to say this of Venice."

It would be difficult to charge him with a superfluous word—with one inflammatory epithet. When mistrustfully called to account by others, whose deeds compared with his, show as pitifully fruitless and theatrical, Manin abstained from bitterness, reproach, or recitation of his unparalleled services;—in reply explained quietly, and let the cavaliers rave on. When sought out with offers of ministration by the best and most generous spirits of our time,—while having at his call social sympathy and sympathy without limit,—he abstained from flattery by any such advances, or temptations with a quietness in which there was neither sourness nor suspicion.—Restricting himself within a small circle of real friends, he took up the laborious occupation of teaching languages, to eke out the sun which his fellow-citizens had pressed upon him at the moment of his departure from Venice. To this he added the proceeds from the sale of his library—a sale fatal to the poor woman, Teresa Gattei, a bookseller who was courageous enough to take the commission. She was taken into safe keeping thereupon, imprisoned for fifty-four days, her little trade ruined, and herself harassed into suicide:—As has been told, Manin was touched by a disorder of the heart, of itself calculated to produce mental distress and uneasiness in the most prosperous man;—and with this he was called upon, far away from Venice, to watch the slow death—a five years' agony—of his own afflicted daughter. He bore up, however, gently, bravely, quietly, if not cheerfully to the end;—so far as it was possible, tested his weary heart on the regard of a few tried and trusted friends; never, to the last,

allowed disappointment and sacrifice, and the consciousness of a noble failure, to exclude the hope of better days for his Italy. He passed away, when Nature could resist no more, without parade or protestation, as befitting so real a hero—*passed away*—but not to be forgotten—so long as one stone of Venice clings to another,—so long as Italian liberty shall be either desired, or fought for, or a bygone fact, to be recorded in History.

Home Life of English Ladies of the Seventeenth Century. By the Author of 'Magdalen Stafford' (Bulwer's Daddy.)

As old traditions about the domestic sphere of women's duties are fast vanishing away, and women are boldly urged to emigrate, to become clerks, cashiers and railway-ticket dispensers, there is a mournful interest in hearing of the days before women wanted occupation, and when their natural home afforded at once fall scope for their energies, and the safe shelter which modern statistics allow to be daily becoming more the exception and less the rule. The division of labor and the introduction of manufactures have lessened the duties which were formerly incumbent on good and thrifty housewives; their realm has become contracted, they are mediocrized princesses without the provision. They no longer spin fax or card wool—*home-spun* linen is a tradition which cannot be brought back. The famous cloths, with which the countrywoman in the Spectator is represented as idly passing her examination before Rhamanthus for good works, are now made by machinery, and are quite a different production. That which used to be—

A wise of womanhood's power.

Now neither made it, nor with powers.

—would now be repudiated as "a horrid mess." The labours of the "still-room," the gathering of "simples," the concoction of medicines, are acts which are now lost alike to faith and practice. "Servants" in those days, we are told by the author, "far from being regarded as necessary evils, were essentially members of the family they served, by whom they were admitted into familiar intercourse, and of whose sympathy they were well assured." Handbooks for servants are now printed to define the duties of their masters. Servants have become a separate estate—a kingdom within a kingdom, with their own rules, their own interests, and their own distinction of ranks, the "Pugs" and the "Togs" observing the laws of precedence and etiquette as scrupulously as courtiers. This is a changed world, and women, at this present moment, are in the condition of those early nations, who had to go forth from a land because "too strait for them" to establish themselves elsewhere. It is not a question whether it is a better or a worse state of things,—it is a fact which has not yet been reduced to law and comfort. The compiler of the 'Home Life of English Ladies of the Seventeenth Century' looks back with mournful admiration to those "ages of faith"—speaks scornfully of modern schools and ladies' colleges. She is inclined to taunt her readers with the virtues of her heroines as "keepers at home."—God knows how thankful the majority of women would be, in these days, for homes to keep!

The period of the Commonwealth seems the "golden age" to which prejudice and imagination refer as the period when the women of England were at their best and noblest. They look on us with a grave and austere beauty, which we regard with pride and reverence,—they are too far removed for us to be able to

note the discrepancies and drawbacks. No doubt, "distance" does "lose enchantment to the view," but then the spiritual value and beauty of all earthly things depend on their capacity to become idealized. It is the spiritual beauty that shines from them when they lie in the past that enables them to enrich the "domains of tender memory"; lacking this, it is nothing but the evil and sorry past. It is as things look when the gloss of the present moment has faded away, that we can alone judge of their worth. The women of the middle part of the seventeenth century are the ideals of whom we think, when we speak of the "Women of England." They lived in a period when the men were called to be heroes, and women had to be their helpers and advisers. Home and the home sphere of duty subsisted then in all its integrity,—no discrepancy had as yet arisen; their work lay clear and ready in their hands. "The wise woman, set forth in Proverbs by King Solomon, would have owned them for her daughters,—“Seeking work, and flax, and working diligently with her hands,” rising up early to give “meat to her household, and a portion to her maids,—“laying her hands to the spindle, and holding the distaff,” stretching out her hand to the poor and needy; “looking well to the ways of her household, and eating not the bread of idleness.” All these duties, which now wear the appearance as of a stately choral dance, performed with grace and harmonious regularity, conveying an inexpressible sense of homely wholesome comfort, in those days fell literally to the share of all women, in their capacity of mistress or maiden. But it was the grave and always present sense of their own responsibility, and the absence of all notion of pleasing themselves, or indulging themselves, which lay at the root of their excellence, giving their life the mild, grave beauty with which it now shines upon us out of an order of things for ever passed away. The women of England are not less noble in their instincts and aspirations now than they were then. English women of the nineteenth century have as much desire to do the thing that is right as the English women of any other period; but their conditions are different.

The necessity to earn their own living is becoming every day more imperative on a greater number. Women have to find for themselves new rules, and to adapt themselves to fresh circumstances. It can only be required of them that they should bring the same noble and upright spirit which animated the women who have gone before. The Author of the 'Home Life of English Ladies of the Seventeenth Century' has not made her book so interesting as she might have done. She has not the gift of describing vividly the scenes and persons she has to deal with. She is conscientious, but her words are cold, and her style heavy. She has not, at least, does not manifest, the sympathy which would enable her to understand her heroines to the core, and to give the life-spring from which they acted. She judges them, she weighs them, measures them, describes them,—but she does not identify herself with them. It is a subject which would require much genius as well as geniality to handle according to its requirements, and to make the most of its possibilities.

The tender grace of a day that is dead.
Well, it may be that we are a thought unreasonable in expecting to have it brought back for us! There is no new matter brought forward in this volume. It is compiled from well-known sources not very difficult of access; but general readers will be glad to have all gathered together for their convenience.

The sketch of Margaret Basse, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin, stands out with lifelike distinctness,—but we have ourselves been more interested in the story of poor Mrs. Bassire. Scanty as it is in details, it has a touch of reality which has not faded away with years. She was the wife of a young French Protestant, who had taken orders in the English Church, and obtained a living in the North; the ill-starred honour of being appointed Chaplain to Charles the First fell to him also, as well as other preferences; from all which it resulted, that he was cast into prison when the Royal troubles began to thicken, his wife with five children being left to struggle as she might. Dr. Bassire escaped to France, and made himself very comfortable "in a little summer-house, in a garden near Rouen," whence he wrote her charming letters, declaring that "her own sweet self" was the only thing lacking to his happiness,—but he could send her no money. He got some youths of good family to educate; and removed to Paris,—whence he journeyed to Italy, as their travelling tutor. After giving them up, he found money and means to take him to "view the whole land of Canaan." He wandered through Palestine and Mesopotamia, writing to his wife at intervals of one or two years, exhorting her to patience and to judicious catechising of the children,—earnestly desiring her "to keep them from the errors of Popery," and to read the Book of "Lamentations" for her own spiritual guidance. He, at length, settled down in Constantinople, as Chaplain to the French Protestants at Pera. After making a martyr of himself for the English Liturgy, which his congregation resisted, and narrowly escaping to his native land from the Roman Catholic party, he accepted the offer of a Professorship of Theology at Weissenburg in Transylvania. With exasperating indifference to ways and means, he wrote to his wife to arrange her affairs and come out to him.

All these weary years, poor Mrs. Bassire had been left with no resources except the nominal title of the revenue of her husband's living, the provision awarded by Parliament for ejected ministers. It was not regularly paid—it was utterly inadequate; and to crown all, owing to the long gaps in her husband's correspondence, she could not prove that he was alive, and even this scanty provision threatened to fail. Her other difficulties were enhanced and complicated by a suit at law for an old debt,—creditors being always most clamorous when there are the fewest means to satisfy them.

Mrs. Bassire kept up a brave heart; she managed to educate her children. The great Dr. Bushy himself offered to receive one of her sons at Westminster, if she would pay for his board, but she could not afford to avail herself of his offer. One of her sons, "poor Peter," as she calls him, was sent to France, whence he wrote a doleful letter twice or three years;—he had been ill fed, ill treated, and very ill taught;—"He was afraid to write to his father, as he could not do so in Latin,"—and this letter to his mother had to be translated to her out of French. It must have been heartrending. He recollects dimly the comforts of home, and says "if there be any ships that do lade coal direct to Rouen from this your dwelling, I entreat you to send me a cheese as big as the moon,"—and he concludes by begging to come home. Mrs. Bassire kept up both her heart and her patience,—to all her troubles seeing a bright side, and above all, retaining her faith and reverence for her husband with more than matrimonial superstition. She believed he was engaged in a sphere of great "usefulness," in-

asmuch as he was free to preach, and she would not even allow herself to doubt his return to England, where he would have been silenced. When she could write to him, she addressed him in terms of reverence and affection, seeming to think little or nothing of her own struggles. When she received his summons to set out directly for Weissenburg, she wrote him a most humble letter, thanking him "for his discreet love in not commanding her suddenly and rashly out of England," proceeding to show the hindrances that beset her,—first, the creditors,—then the settlement of the children,—the uncertainty of the country by reason of wars,—the remoteness, the far distance,—the language unknown to me." Griselda herself would have rebelled; not so Mrs. Bassire. But before she could wind up her difficulties, her husband found himself once more out of his situation. George Rugulski, the Prince of Transylvania, was killed in battle. He only remained another year to comfort and help the widowed Princess and her son. At last, after fifteen years' absence, he returned to England, which the Restoration had rendered possible. He was restored to his living at Eaglescliffe, and, above all, he was received by his faithful, patient wife as though he had been an apostle. He obtained much honour and advancement in the Church,—the Rectory of Stanhope and a stall at Durham; and one is glad to think that his wife's economical difficulties were at last ended. One more grief she had: the unfortunate Peter, who had been sent to buffet with the world in miserable French schools from his earliest years, joined the Romish communion, for which his father disinherited him. Considering the circumstances, he might, we think, have shown himself more of a parent and less of a "sound divine." Mrs. Bassire lived to enjoy fifteen years of peace and comfort. She died in 1676. After all exceptions taken, readers will find the 'Home Life of the English Ladies of the Seventeenth Century' to contain matter of much general interest.

Up among the Arabs, in 1860: Jottings—Sportive and Descriptive. By W. G. Windham. (Ward & Lock.)

Ecstasies is the most amusing and least offensive quality of a little brochure which the author designates 'Jottings—Sportive and Descriptive,' though the sport and principal object of description are not pointed at in the title. The hero of the picture is the artist himself, and the sport is that which he occasionally by a complacent exhibition of his ill-stored mind, bad manners and laughable vanity. We may speak plainly to Mr. Windham, for no satire, he "frankly and honestly" assures us, can penetrate him. "No matter what abuse I get, it passes by me as the idle wind, or as the cannon-balls passed by the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo,"—and though Mr. Albert Smith's ridicule, together with the improvement of public taste, had driven "the Gent" from society. It appears, however, that he still lives, wearing brighter ties and more obtrusive jewelry, swaggering about with more coarseness on his lips and dirt at his fingers' ends, than twelve years since. Grown bolder with time, it is not enough for him to display his "fast" habiliments and phraseology in Regent Street and the Haymarket; but taking pen in hand, he proceeds to instruct a wider circle. Here we have the result,—a little slang and a little blasphemy, spicing the unpalatable. Mr. Windham, his dog, and his friend A—, went last February to Algiers. En route they stopped at the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris, and attended service in Notre

Dame. "How I love the old Gothic cathedrals," exclaims the rapturous tourist, "that seem to remove one as it were to another day world—the fane wherein the very air seems redolent of devotion, and peopled with phantoms of the past! 'Spite of all disparagement, there is something grand and solemn about them.' From Paris to the Hôtel d'Orient, of Marseilles, "concerning which hostelry" the chronicler has "merely to place on record the fact, that B—— was murdered in the sun of five francs for the matineel cold tub in which it was his custom to indulge." From Marseilles to the steamer which conveyed the friends to a position, where the waiter was justified in addressing to the historian of their achievements the following remarkable words—"Nous sommes dans le baie d'Alger, monsieur, à une heure de ville." At Algiers, Mr. Windham was present at a concert given by the governor, General Martinet. On the commencement of the music, the company divided—the ladies occupying one side of the room, and the men the other. Indeed, to use the author's sprightly words, the sexes were "separated as effectually as at a Lutheran church, by a gulf nearly as impassable as that which divided Abraham and the rich man." This graceful allusion to sacred literature is by no means the only manifestation of scholarly research and attainments met with in the book. Mr. Windham despairs of seeing the Moors and their conquerors effect an intermixture of races—"such an amalgamation, for instance, as occurred in our own country between the Norman-French conquerors and the conquered Saxons." But it is when musing on Ancient Carthage, that our author best displays his learning and critical acumen. Of Hannibal he speaks in the most handsome terms, and lamenting that our knowledge of the great captain is derived from hostile sources, observes—"It is as if the future Australian, standing on the ruins of a city mightier than Carthage, could obtain no account of Napoleon, but through partial and depreciatory fragments of Sir Walter Scott's Life of that extraordinary meteor." Mr. Windham's personal adventures are not less interesting than his historical reflections are elevating. His glance, he informs us, is terrible. Some Arab convicts, who howled at him from their chains disrespectfully, he punished with a look of "stern disdain," but his wrath speedily gave way to feelings of compassion. "The moment I had passed, I regretted my stern regard; poor devils, they suffer enough in this Portland of Tunis." But no such pity tempted Mr. Windham to scorn for the vile plebeian herd of his own country, the men—"Talk not to me, Brown or Jones," he exclaims, "of our common descent from Adam: I tell you that you might as well match a dray-horse against Voltigeur or Thornamby, as pit a plebeian against a man of ancient lineage, a descendant of the Norman." Having thus disposed of poor Brown and Jones, who are requested to devote their energies to "those mercantile transactions which require plodding and sluggish temper," Mr. Windham proposes to attack a certain Hon. Mr. Fitzmaurice, M.P., who with "the cunning of the hog, if not the wisdom of the serpent," passes the author in the park with an air of assumed indifference. Certain officers of the Guards also have earned Mr. Windham's displeasure for as they presume to hold themselves aloof from him. This is indeed strange,—that so pleasant and witty a companion as Mr. Windham, who calls a morning bath "a matutinal cold tub," and hates plebeians, should be avoided by gentlemen of condition! Well may he say of such haughty persons,—“They

believe not their commercial, shop-keeping origin, though they be M.P.'s and officers in the Guards."

Public School Education: a Lecture delivered in Twickenham. By the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, B.C.L. (Murray.)

PUBLIC SCHOOL Life is, doubtless, the most distinctive part of the education of such institutions as have been members of our ancient *domicilia studiorum*. No Continental nation has anything like it. At Oxford and Cambridge, public-school men, immediately on their entrance into university life, find themselves marked individuals. At scholarship examinations, at cricket, football, and on the river, the *alumni* of the great schools are ever distinguished among the hundreds of freshmen who make their appearance from lower academies and from private tutors. During his stay at the University, the public-school man seldom loses the *cachet* of the school he has left, and rarely does the public school fail to exercise an enduring influence on character. And it is just this influence on character which the apologists of the public schools find to constitute their chief merit. Now we would in no wise contest the value of this result, even though it were obtained somewhat to the detriment of that education which is the object of these institutions; yet the formation of character being accidental only to the scheme of the founders is an end which, it might be thought, would be equally arrived at by any system of education in proper harmony with the nature and requirements of the scholar. We dispute not that, on a robust nature, the life of the school exercises a most invigorating and generous influence,—that, in most men, republics, mainly bearing, self-reliance, respect for authority, and many virtues of high import to the English commonwealth, receive, for the most part, a healthy nurture and development. But still, admitting these advantages in the majority of the experiments, the question remains whether the same virtues are not obtained or obtainable by other systems, with less danger to the pupil, with less expense to the parent, and with a greater security for such intellectual and moral culture, as shall fit a boy for the business of life.

In the Lecture before us, Sir John Coleridge principally addresses himself to the discussion of the system of education pursued at Eton, and the temperate strictures which he has thought proper to apply will probably receive greater consideration from the reverential feelings which he addresses himself to, especially, and from the fact that he was a member for four years of the Oxford Parliamentary Commission, and assisted in framing measures for the reform of the sister foundation of Winchester. In the same liberal spirit, we now find Sir John Coleridge advocating the annihilation of "that monopoly of King's men," which renders the area of choice in the Assistant-Masters of Eton of such limited dimensions, with many other suggestions of which the Commission which is now constituted for the reform of Eton will doubtless take note. Indeed, the appearance of this Lecture may be regarded as a sign of the times. Instead of the fiery and uncompromising indignation with which reformers of some years back attacked our educational institutions; we have, from high authority, a just and impartial criticism of the system, in all its defects tenderly and conscientiously dealt with, and the remedies proposed; and all in language of such calm and deliberate character as must be listened to with respect by the very bigot of extinct systems.

There is, however, one very important fact brought forward by Sir John Coleridge, which proves that the effect of the educational system of Eton on the majority of the pupils is highly unsatisfactory. The total number of the school in July last was 821; and few need information that these are divided into Oppidians, who reside with the masters and in boarding-houses, and Collegers, who reside in the College, the latter being the boys on the foundation. Now the Oppidians are above seven hundred in number, and the proportion to the Collegers is somewhere about ten to one. But, notwithstanding this immense superiority in number of Oppidians to Collegers, in the examinations for the Newcastle Scholarship and Medal, the Collegers have, of late years, beaten the Oppidians by a large proportion in their favour, and of the boys selected by the examiners for favourable notice, the proportion of Collegers to Oppidians has been as ten to one. "I think," says Sir John Coleridge, "this indicates more industry quite as much as more ability in College than out of it; and what is worse a positive want of industry and interest in the studies of the school among the Oppidians." In fact, it appears that, at this "Boy-University," the chance of an Oppidian receiving an education equal to that of the Colleger is about the hundredth part of an unit, a consideration which may well impel anyone to consider the prudence of subjecting a lad at great cost to an experiment of such enormous risk. But, we believe, that with a large number of those who send their sons to Eton, education is one of the last things thought of. That which has tended more than any other consideration to swell the numbers of Eton to their present gigantic proportions, is fashion and its aristocratic reputation. The Etonian aspirant rarely sends his son to Eton for any other consideration, the latter is then considered *lancé* into the world of high life in a manner which cannot fail to waft him with little exertion into Olympian altitudes. Mothers who are struggling after a position are as anxious that their sons should be sent to Eton as they are for a presentation at Court. The studios are not to be found among the sons of such parents; on the contrary, those latter carry with them to School and University an inordinate love of display, expense, pleasure-seeking, and neglect of intellectual occupations which inoculate the mass, to the destruction of the spirit of study.

We wish Sir John Coleridge had dwelt more on the well-known fact that the present condition of Eton, and indeed of most of our great schools, is directed at variance with the purpose for which they were founded. The main object of the ancient foundation was not to be a place of pleasant resort for the sons of opulent people, where they might form good connexions, and be "left to educate themselves," if they chose, at enormous expense, for the benefit of the Master and Fellows of the establishment. All the great schools were founded as Henry the Sixth founded Eton, for the education of "poor and indigent scholars." In many cases before the Reformation, as at Eton, the primary motive of foundation was to do honour to the Church, as then understood, and for this purpose every school was connected with the chantries, and it was the duty of the priest to teach the children grammar and singing. In the statutes of Eton, Henry the Sixth, after providing for the provost, the priests, the clerks, the choristers, and the almshouse of his Eton foundation, ordained that a certain number of "poor and indigent" boys should be taught grammar gratuitously; and that the benefits of his establishment might not be confined to Eton, he ordered, expressly, that the

masters of his college should teach "all others whomsoever and whencesoever from his kingdom of England who should repair to his college, without exacting money or any other reward." There cannot be a doubt but that the design of the establishment was, not that an Eton education should be the privilege and pastime of the sons of the opulent, but that the rudiments of education should be dispensed there gratuitously, and should be as free as air to the boys not only of the town of Eton but to those of the whole of England, to be granted without fee, obstruction, or reward. The other great schools were all founded on the same principles; but as at Eton the privilege granted to the masters of taking boarders has obscured altogether the munificent intentions of the founders of the colleges, the boys of the foundation are everywhere outnumbered, and so often treated with a supercilious scorn and a bullying system of persecution by their more fortunate fellows, that such an education is accompanied with very great disadvantages.

Sydney Smith, in his famous article, 'Too much Latin and Greek,' may have gone a little too far in the ridicule which he threw on the defects of the present system; still there is no denying the fact, that the boys at public schools expend the greatest portion of their youth in efforts to master dead languages, which they seldom do acquire and still seldom use. The genius of our language has too long been servilely subjected to those of Greece and Rome. There can be but two reasons for studying an author: the one for his matter, the other for his style; or rather, as the Germans would call it, form (*Gestaltung*). Now, as to matter it is absurd to say that all the facts of a Greek or Latin prose writer may not be as well studied in a translation as in the original, and it is only about the poets and orators, whose beauty consists so much in the form, that any real discussion can arise. And with respect to the study of "form," since the genius of every modern language has developed its own form, the continued study for centuries of Greek and Latin has already converted to our language as much of their excellence of form as the different construction of our sentences will admit of. Have not our greatest literary and other successes been produced by men of limited acquaintance with the Greek and Latin models, and is not the general tendency of Europe to emancipate itself further and further, both in prose and poetry, from the old classic tradition? It is impossible to imagine, indeed, that the intellect of Europe is to go on yearly adding rows of books to the number with which it is essential that every cultivated man should be acquainted, and yet that a more minute knowledge of Latin authors, to say nothing of Greek, is to be required of the student than has existed in the days of the *Trivium*. *Quintilian*, when all scholars wrote and thought in Latin; and the sentences of Peter Lombard, and the works of Saint Gregory, and Boethius, and Cassiodorus, were the text-books of students. When scholars had nothing else but Greek and Latin worth reading it was natural that they should think the study of Greek and Latin indispensable; but in the presence of the enormous range of modern literature, it is impossible not to arrive at the conviction that the dead languages have lost much of their importance as instructors of the reason and the imagination. But granting, even, that an accurate knowledge of Greek and Latin is essential, we cannot but think with Sydney Smith that the methods in vogue to teach them are of the most imperfect and dilatory nature. The dead, unsystematic "Ground-Grinding," to

use the expression of Tristram Shandy, the constraining without understanding, the unceasing grammatical torture of all the years of boyhood and the incipient years of manhood,—the thousands and thousands of lines devoted out of Horace and Virgil and the Greek Tragedians, with or without the help of the Gradus and the Indices, all these are surely but impediments to a speedy acquisition of the languages. It is lamentable to think at the present time of the number of masters employed in stopping to ask the distinction between *deus* and *divus* in one of the most pathetic passages of Euripides, or teaching *hic, hæc, hoc* out of one of the most sublime passages of Virgil. The main defect of our system of teaching Greek and Latin is not only that it is entirely opposite in nature to the way in which we learn a modern language, but that all the teaching is exhausted on the letter, and that so little pains are taken to initiate the boy into the spirit of what he is at work on, so that he shall understand and feel the subject of his lesson; for those who can master the meaning of what they read will speedily overcome the grammatical difficulties. This almost total inattention to the meaning of an author is, we suppose, the reason why Doctors of Divinity are able impudently to go through an anatomy of Horace or Catullus, or to explain the riddley of Aristophanes, or to dodge in and out of the impurities of Juvenal without the slightest feeling of the peculiarity of their position.

Yet notwithstanding all the objections which may be urged against public schools as places of education, they are, on the whole, institutions of which England may be proud. They partake of her own liberty, and contribute largely to the formation of those habits and dispositions which are essential to the working of her institutions, and, in the majority of instances, the remembrance of the time spent there has a charm both for manhood and for age—in the words of Sir John Coleridge,—"To have been together at Eton or Harrow, Winchester or Rugby, is a spell the influence of which is felt at any period of life, in any climate, after however long an interval: to have been friends there is a charm which makes the oldest friendship more holy and tender; even merely to have been at the same school and under the influence of the same traditions, to have studied, though at different times, in the same class-room and knelt in the same chapel, is a link which binds together old and young, great and humble; which makes strangers at once familiar on common topics and the same associations. The School is personified, the founder revered, gentle Howe's distinctions melt away; and so Wellesley, the stately and puissant governor of millions, and Metcalfe, the lad unknown, but just commencing his career from Eton, meet first on the banks of the Hooghly, and feel themselves sons of the same mother."

Dinners and Diners, at Home and Abroad; with Piquant Plates and Choice Cuts, Comical, Astronomical, and Gastronomical. By E. L. Blanchard. (Adams.)

THE grand art of Plagiarism does not seem to be understood by its most earnest professors, in our degenerate days. If these gentlemen do not look to it, the world will be confirmed in its simple preference for originality. In the early days, the Latins, who stole from the Greeks, had one of two objects in view. They either improved upon their author, or they repeated him, as Pope, in 'The Dunciad,' repeats Addison and mimics Denham,—for the fun of the thing. Even when Pope himself took the prose apophthegms and maxims of the Frenchman—stole,

that is, the 'Thoughts' of Pascal—he, at least, did them good service, by converting them into the verse of Pope. So with Pley; if he took with both hands from the logic and illustrations of the philosophic Hollander Nieuwentijt, he, at all events, built an elegant English mansion with his Dutch bricks,—entailing his edifice 'The Evidences of Christianity.' This arrangement was so well understood, that when Richesource earned his daily bread, and ate it in a charming drawing-room,—by teaching the art of Plagiarism,—Flecher himself, then young indeed, saw no more harm in sitting at his feet than Bossuet did in attending nightly at the theatre. As the latter listened to the players (whom he afterwards consigned to everlasting perdition) that he might master the inflections of the voice, so Flecher attended the classes of Richesource, in order that he might learn the art of arranging his ideas. Richesource, it is true, undertook to teach men without any ideas to deliver speeches which had been delivered by the first orators, with such re-arrangement of thought and language that the original orators themselves would never have recognised them. Flecher was in no need of this peculiar instruction; but, from the samples of harangues set up for imitation by his master, he learned much of that art in which he subsequently excelled. Intercourse with the great originals qualified him, in his own peculiar way and fashion, to reach the heads and the hearts of all mankind.

In our own country, we have also had to boast or be ashamed of professors of Plagiarism. In years gone by, when bishops had occasionally to let a sermon be preached on their behalf, and would not learn,—Dr. Trimmer stepped in for the benefit of these young gentlemen. He was the inventor of the sermons printed in secretary-hand to look to the galleries like manuscript, and sold at a moderate, yet remunerative, price,—thirteen to the dozen. Thirty shillings for the packet, and discount for cash payments!

This honest branch of commerce has not yet entirely died out. At clerical bookstalls, the mysterious packets, invented by Dr. Trimmer, are still to be seen; and with no great mystery about them after all, for they are advertised in what are called "religious newspapers," and the advertisement is so worded as to show that the original writer, perhaps the original plagiarist, has a large assortment of the article, suited to every season of the Church, and to every man capable of giving expression to what he thinks,—or, it may be, to what he does not think.

This is a traffic, however, which demands considerable discretion on the part of the purchaser. There is more peril therein than at first thought may be discovered. For instance, we remember, some years ago, attending at a beautiful little church, in a beautiful village, in a south-western county. The vicar, after a holiday of some months' duration, inaugurated his return by a sermon, the vigour of which seemed to indicate that relaxation had as much strengthened the good man mentally as it appeared to have done bodily. The congregation congratulated themselves, and there was a feeling amongst them that the pulpit had not sunk so low, or, as you might ignorantly suppose, at evening service, the pulpit was occupied by a curate from a neighbouring parish, who had come over on this particular occasion to assist the rector, whose own curate was ill. This gentleman aroused general attention by giving out as a text the words selected by the preacher of the morning; and we were all delighted at the pleasant thought of hearing the same theme discussed by two different expositors. Our

new friend, however, had not uttered half-dozen sentences, before we found that he was repeating, word for word, the discourse of the morning. To those who were too unsophisticated to have the most remote idea of the truth, perplexity presented itself. Could the rector have lent his morning sermon to the evening preacher? Why had the latter none of his own?—or, why had the rector not lent him one that the congregation had forgotten? To the enlightened few, however, the whole fraudulent matter was patent enough. The two gentlemen had bought copies of the same sermon, and preached it to the same audience, on the same day. Among the audience was the rector himself, and never shall we forget his countenance as the fact flashed upon him, and his agitated

—eyes began to roll
In dreadful memory of all he stole.

The forms of pulpit plagiarism, however, are various. They obey a market pressure, and are lively or dull according to events and their exigencies. Not many years have elapsed since the incumbent of one of the duller of parishes sought to escape a little from the melancholy of his situation by composing a series of funeral discourses,—adapted for sinners, for all ages, both sexes, and, with regard to men, for such whether in public or private life. This book got into a publisher's catalogue, through the good nature of the publisher himself. Not a single copy was sold. But a grand event was at hand. Arthur Duke of Wellington died! The advertisement was immediately repeated, and in a few hours there was a demand for the book from all corners of the country. We have heard of a result nearly similar, connected with a volume of discourses on Fasts and Thanksgivings. The interest in such books is to be accounted for. They perform a service of suggestion to clerks of slow-moving ideas, as Dr. Trusler's manuscript sermons did a service of substitution for men who had no ideas at all.

Both of these latter classes of books help themselves, by being more pleasantly helped by others. We were once acquainted with a young pastor, who had more good nature than brains. He strove hard to compose tolerable sermons, but it was all in vain. He was only

Sleepless himself, to give his hearers sleep.

The matter, as it lay between himself and his flock, was waxing serious, when suddenly the shepherd took unto himself a helpmate in the strictest sense of the word. With marriage, improvement ensued; for his wife was a true-hearted, clear-headed, well-endowed and highly sensible woman. Ill-natured, yet very contented, persons did say that she wrote all her husband's sermons; and, we happen to know that the ill-natured persons were, for once, in the right.

If we turn to history, we shall find that realm not without its slibsters. It was our mission once to compare, with legal ends in view, a voluminous historical work in manuscript, with one which had been long in print. The larger work was not worth copying, but it enjoyed some mild public favour with the classes who read but do not inquire, and the proprietors wished to protect their copyright. The plagiarist, in this case, was of the most amusing quality,—most astounding in quantity. It consisted chiefly of a mere change of one word for another, throughout. If "the king got up early," in the primitive writer,—"his Majesty left his couch at rosy dawn," in the other. If one used Saxon terms, the copier employed the equivalent Latin; and the only points on which the two agreed were in the references, the blunders of the historian who led

the way being faithfully and unconsciously followed by the reader on his leader's footsteps. The result, of course, was that the plagiarist became, not a distinguished, but an extinguished writer.

Beaumontarch could never recognise any wrong in literary theft. He did not even allow of its bad taste. His works teem with plagiarisms; but he was the first to point them out, and ever ready to humbly proclaim that wherever he found a good thing, he would certainly appropriate it if he needed the article in question. Since his period dramatic plagiarists have increased in a singular way. Often a French dramatist builds up a new piece out of an old English play; and then the furnisher and upholsterers of our own stage seize the English manufacture. Between the two, the venerable story of the knife which first had a new blade and then a new handle is not realized; there is no improvement in the article; and the original blade is only blunted by the would-be sharp fellows who pass it for their own. But the plagiarism of the dramatic compounders would need an encyclopedia for its illustration. It is rampant, from the inspired gentleman who sits down and steals his plots from writers beyond sea, to the other practitioner who pays a clerk to find them for him.

The harmonious felonies of those who claim to rank with poets have often been exposed in these columns. Sometimes, no doubt, what may seem plagiarisms are but parallels, or unconscious re-echoes, perhaps unconscious recollections of echoes of old lyrics. Both Pope and Halliwell have lines (the one in verse, the last in prose) the sentiment of which may be found, word for word, in Petronius Arbiter. Hood has strange duplicates of Wordsworth, as Wordsworth has of Dryden and Spenser and Beaumont and Fletcher. In some cases, perhaps, the feeling of Beaumontarch is upon some writers,—a monomania which they cannot resist, like that which compelled Newton the preacher, Lady Corke, and the old Duke of Ancester to steal silver spoons. Poetry, doubtless, compels some; but that could not excuse Coleridge, if it be true that De Quincey alleges against him, that he once "liffed" bodily an entire essay from Schelling.

After such an English name as the last we may pass by the Lords who have written novels not their own; and the ballad-mongers who have committed musical felonies on Landblad and other original sources. These have hardly had recourse to the grey device of colouring their stolen children, the better to conceal the theft. They trust to the doctrine of chances, and laugh when they are found out.

Nevertheless, this plagiarism is a discreditable affair. You lock up the "decayed tradesman," who comes into your hall and walks away with the "gentleman's" great coat on his back. Why not lock up the plagiarist, who is exactly in the same position? Sheffield has said that of all writers he is the basest and lowest; but, the truth is, he is no writer at all. He is only a more or less dignified thief. To-day, he may rifle a sleeping man and send his red gold into circulation, but he is often a mere resurrectionist, exhuming dead and forgotten things,—and that not for the sake of the common welfare, but simply of his own.

We have enumerated offenders of various classes. No walk of literature seems to be free from these pests. We open the book named at the head of this article, and soon find ourselves "en pays de connaissance." We come upon anecdotes that have an ancient and fish-like smell, but we pass them and pause only at a story, the hero of which the author

asserts to have been "a bachelor friend of his." This story is therefore given as original; but our memory of a review, in these columns, of Dr. Doran's "Pictures and Panels," leads us to the recollection of a novelette in that work, in which Admiral Boughenville, in order to while away a certain Fontbonne from without, lay away to whose smiles the Admiral assiduously his rival to a breakfast at Versailles, lures him on thence to Boufront, and, by various excuses, to the support of Brest, where the sailor induces his friend to dine on board his vessel, which sets sail during the repast and carries the rivals a three years' voyage round the world. In Mr. Blanchard's version Boughenville is transformed into M. Bonville, and Fontbonne into the "London bachelor friend of ours," who does duty as John Smith. With a delicious idea of the geography of France, Bonville is made to take (without any cause) the author's bachelor friend to Versailles, on the road to Rouen. This would be like going from London to Richmond in order to reach Newcastle! From Rouen, however, they set out on the voyage round the world; and Mr. Blanchard states that his bachelor friend did not reach London again, till after a lapse of five years. How far, in other chapters, this book is made up after this fashion, we cannot, and do not care to say; but having trapped one "varmint," we nail him to the barn-door.

NEW NOVELS.

Wearing the Willow; or, Bride Fiddling: a Tale of Ireland and of Scotland Thirty Years Ago. By the Author of "Nut-Brown Maids" (Parker & Son).—"Wearing the Willow" is a charming story, good in its spirit and pleasant in its details. The description of old Dublin society at the end of the last century, before the "Union," are given with genuine feeling and humour. The rollicking Irish wedding, the Irish wooing, and the good Irish Counsellor Fiddling and his wife, are all excellent, and amusing,—which is the virtue most incident that divides the lovers, and the working of good out of evil are well and tenderly done. The story lingers too long in places,—there are words long drawn out when the reader is impatient to get on; but as a whole we can end as we began by giving our cordial assent to the interest of the charming *Bride Fiddling*, who so faithfully "were the willow" till—but we are not going to reveal the secrets of "Captain Francis."

The Wretched Bank Diary; or, some Old Stories from Kathie Brande's Portfolio. By Helme Lee. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—In an advertisement prefixed to this work the author says, "In 'The Wretched Bank Diary,' which is entirely new, I have set, as in a framework, many old stories."—This *Manne Thomas* is one of the *Household Words* and *National Magazine*. It is not our custom to notice reprints at length, but we may say of this work, that to those readers who admired and who may still remember "Kathie Brande," it will give pleasure to see the records of her marriage and her life, as well as pleasantly given as the setting for the old stories.

The Manne of Mastland: Speeches Serious and Numerous from the Life of a Village Pastor in the Netherlands. Translated from the Dutch, by Thomas K. Rightley. (Bell & Dalry.)—This *Manne of Mastland* is in one of John Paul Richter's sketches of a German village, with all the genius left out of it. There is simplicity in abundance, but it is self-conscious; the incidents are simple, but they are also insipid; there are no distinctive traits of character or of local colouring to make it differ from America. The book reminds us in its calibre of some of the later works of the Author of "Queechy,"—it has a washed-out look, as if the original substance had been worn away by the process of translation. The *Manne of Mastland* is highly offensive, but, like mild

Scotch broth made without meat, it needs the knuckle of ham dipped into it to give it a flavour.

The Evil Eye: or, the Black Spectre: a Romance. By William Carleton. Mr. Carleton has written some powerful though unequal novels, but this last one of 'The Evil Eye' is not one of his successful efforts. The style is heavy and flaccid—there is no spirit in the dialogue; they have the air of being reported rather than uttered; and at the moment there is a want of power throughout the story, though, as in all that Mr. Carleton has written, there are evidences of talent. The story is not a pleasant one—the situations are melodramatic, and it seems to have been written with an eye to the theatre; the situations are sufficient to make a man like Woodward a villain of indelible blackness. The two innocent victims of his baseness are as beautiful and unfortunate as the most exacting reader could desire. There is an outlaw and a conjurer, prisoner, fortune-teller of mystical baseness. The villain in the end is all disposed of, according to the most rigid laws of poetical justice, and the good characters are all made happy; but the charm does not work briskly—there is a feebleness of touch which hinders the story from being effective. 'The Evil Eye' will no doubt, however, find a sale at the railway libraries. It is got up in a way to attract the eye and excite the curiosity of those who want a novel for the moment.

The Osbornes of Osborn Park: a Tale. By George R. Sargent. (Wesley.)—There is a has to understand how any human being under the age of a baby, could have written the rubbish that calls itself 'The Osbornes of Osborn Park,' and lays claim to be considered a tale. It abuses the privilege of the freedom of the press. There ought to be some limitations to the right of any mortal to perpetrate such nonsense.

The Marston; or, Struggles in Life. By George E. Sargent. (Tinsdell.)—Mr. Sargent is an inexperienced author, but he writes, honestly and from the heart, of the world as he knows it. We therefore turn to his novels, and find a purely literary capacities are by no means entitled to. Debt in prison and debt out of prison, starvation, suicide, and madness, are the materials of his painful story, which, though it possesses beneath a few artistic details, cannot be honestly praised, either loudly or faintly. If Mr. Sargent is, as we judge him from his pages to be, a young man hoping to find in literature the means of livelihood, we exhort him to relinquish the intention. He has at present done nothing to merit contempt, but enough to justify friendly warning and invite friendly admonition. Should he, however, undertake a second work, we advise him to avoid imitating Charles Dickens, to abstain from putting pen to paper till he has shaped the framework of an interesting story, and to remember that the province of the novelist is to comfort and gladden, rather than to depress with sadness. Works of imagination should beguile their readers into forgetfulness of the purely mortal cares of life, unless they direct attention to such forms of virtue and misery as are likely to escape observation, and consequently to remain without alleviation. Poverty! Poverty! is the dull burden of a mournful song, that is only too familiar to the ears of the compassionate.

OUR LITERARY TABLE

What is Music? An Elementary Sketch of Musical Acoustics. By G. F. Wright, M.A. (Ashdown & Barry.)—There is nothing like inquiry for striking error into the minds of the world in general.—The littlest woman we have ever met in any society pretending to intellectual distinction, kept her place there by three warts, with which all and every conversation could be split and traversed. 'What is Life?' she would say, solemnly. Who knew what to say in reply?—She was accordingly rated as profound. A reputation might be built up by any one, who in right pauses and places discharged the query, 'What is Electricity?' Mr. Wright professes in this small pamphlet to explain and make clear that which he owns 'is not easy to lay down.—The Physical Principles of a Noise and a Musical Note.' We do not find that

he has succeeded, nor that his dissertations on acoustical phenomena will bring home clear ideas to persons beyond the pale of the scientific laboratory, who desire to understand something concerning the generation of materials for an art—among which discords (are these not noises?) figure prominently. The pamphlet is an example of that solemn trifling, which is awful rather than instructive.

The Annotated Paragraph Bible: containing the Old and New Testaments according to the Authorized Version, arranged in Paragraphs and Parallels, with Explanatory Notes, Prefaces to the several Books, and an entirely new Selection of References to Parallel and Illustrative Passages. (Religious Tract Society.)—The grateful acknowledgments of all who may wish to possess themselves of a splendid, and at the same time truly serviceable, edition of the Holy Scriptures, are due to the Editor of 'The Annotated Paragraph Bible.' The rationale of an arrangement of the sacred text into paragraphs and parallels, instead of presenting merely a succession of verses, and the aid which it must afford to the reader, are sufficiently obvious. The explanatory notes appended, although chiefly of a devotional and theological character, convey a brief survey of good deal of valuable information connected with the history and antiquities of Palestine. Some of the exegetical statements advanced would, however, require revision; and the 'prefaces' to the various books of the Bible are meagre, containing little which might not be gathered from a simple perusal of the text. A more serious objection, which unfortunately applies not only to this, but to almost all similar publications, attaches to what, by a bold figure of speech, are termed the 'illustrations.' The maps of Palestine, by which extracts of the Scriptures and other ancient records are accompanied, are for the most part grossly erroneous—a defect for which, in the present advanced state of Biblical geography, there can be no excuse. We have a lively recollection of a school-map of the Holy Land, that two divisions, exhibiting the arrangement of the country during the time of Jewish independence, and again under Roman rule, where the difference in the mountain-ranges could only be accounted for on the supposition of some tremendous geological revolution. Happily, we attach little value to the maps, as on the map inserted in the 'Paragraph Bible,' and that prefixed to the New Testament, though leaving much to be desired, presents one of the very few instances in which, at least, the boundaries of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee are correctly indicated. In the illustrations of the Tabernacle and its furniture, however, many of the old blunders are reproduced, as if no progress had been made in the study of Biblical antiquities since the days of Lullius. The curtains which cover the Tabernacle are still represented as sweeping the ground, although according to the ancient writers in the text—even the second curtain, which was specially intended for a covering, could not have quite reached to the ground. Still more palpably—the innermost, or first curtain, was expressly intended to reach to the tabernacle roof (Ex. xvi. 1), and ought to be represented as inside, not outside, the framework of boards. In this respect, also, the 'illustration' is, to say the least, indistinct, and not calculated to convey a correct impression. Similarly, it can scarcely be doubted that only one of the 'lars,' by which the framework of the Tabernacle was held together, extended transversely the whole length of each 'side' (Ex. xxvi. 26), and not all the five bars, as represented in the 'illustration.' The representation of the high priest's dress is utterly bewildering, and in several particulars quite different from the description given in the sacred text. The above are only samples, which might readily be multiplied. Mistakes like these ought not to occur in so beautiful an edition of the Scriptures, nor indeed in any publication issued by a Society from which the public have a right to expect the utmost carelessness in such matters.

Life Memories; and other Poems. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jun. (Boston, U.S., Monroe & Co.)—This book of Transatlantic origin, though not rising to high excellence, is worth a word of

encouraging notice. If 'Junior' affixed to the author's name mean 'young,' Mr. Rand may live to do credit to America. Till now, he seems, like a student, undecided among sundry models. Sometimes the taste is in (to use the style of the *Palmist* Books) is 'Tennyson,'—sometimes it is the Long Metre of 'Longfellow.' Here, for instance, is a lyric in the moon pattern (though Prof. Longfellow's long metres, and some of the subjects thereof, treated, would hardly have had not Goethe, Heine and Uhland gone before). The chime of Mr. Rand's lyric must be familiar to all who know American and German chimes.—

ALONE.

Alone in my room while the midnight hour
Peaks silent and long from the dull chamber floor.
Alone in my room while the clock hands fall
How the minutes are speeding past hours to avail.
Alone in my room while the moon's pale beam
Flows close at my feet in an argent stream.
Alone in my room while the embers' ray
Shines brightly, then flickers in darkness away.
Alone in my room while my fancy dreams
How man ever seeks in two quickening gleams:
The one his own will and its changing hue,
Like the sea's bright light which the embers throw.
Alone in my room while the clock hands fall
As the moonbeams contrast with a smile of Heaven.
—The two October verses, which shall next be given, justify our good opinion of their writer's promise:—

The sleepy haze of the autumn days
Is laden with the softest of all mists.
And the willow weep where the brooms sweep
Adown by the meadow rill;
Weary tales of gold in the crystal brook,
And wave their fingers here,
For the frost has laid on a chilly look,
And left a memory there.
The vine's long hair on the trellis bare
Sways mournfully in the wind,
One pale near night when the moon was bright,
Some spirit of old, unkind,
With by finger had plucked the leaves,
And left them there to fall;
And the naked vine for its parent grieves
In the heart of the waning year.
The poet falls into the proceeds. Our idea that Mr. Rand may be young encourages hope, but warrants counsel. He has here and there fallen into the fashion of the day,—too entire a disregard of the power, nicety and euphony of language. The world of writers, we are aware, is growing rapidly polite and fastidious. The Academy appointed to settle what words are 'orderly and well,'—which are adapted to state occasions,—which belong to more intimate discoursing,—is not enforceable by spright and free-born folks. Still, unless schools and styles and sounds are to be so confused and confounded, that speech shall lose its pertinence, and song the cadences distinguishing music, knowledge of the uses, privileges and peculiarities of words and epithets must be retained and studied. Poetry is a craft as well as an instinct.

Forms. By Morgan de Penelope. (Bennett.)—There is a real life in these verses showing a feeling for melody, with a frequent flash of fancy. For example:—

The rolling wave breaks on the shore,—
And hark! hark! to me!
The thimble ring, and the cavern roar
And the solemn roar.
A while all glimmers on the deep—
A vessel walking in her sleep—
Hark, hark! to me.
And:—
She lived in sunshine, little thing,
Like an angel's dream bright wandering,
And her life went never a way,
She lived to die, and died to live,
And she would not could never give
In a world that's dark and dreary.
Her life was but the transient gleam
Of a little, merry, dancing stream,
Murmuring and laughing and
A moment flashing on our sight,
But now beyond our view in light,
—We shall hear further from the author.

Autumnal Leaves. By Mrs. Edward Thomas. (Walker.)—We do not wish to speak unfeelingly of poems written on a great bereavement. These were undoubtedly prompted by a loving fondness. But, betwixt that motive and the power to reproduce

2. In regard to the inclination of the earth's axis of rotation to the plane of its orbit round the sun, the answer is not so simple. This inclination will be affected, both by change of the direction of the earth's axis in space, and by change of position of the earth's orbit round the sun. Now, if the plane of the earth's orbit were unmoved, the earth's axis, though constantly changing its direction in space, would not change its direction that its inclination to the plane of the earth's orbit would not vary. The motion would be exactly similar to that of a common peg-top, which (until the conditions of its motion are seriously modified by friction) reels round, preserving sensibly the same inclination to the plane of the floor. [There is this difference only, arising from a difference of mechanical action, that the axis of the earth, like that of the peg-top reels round in the same direction in which it rotates; whereas the earth reels round in the direction opposite to that in which it rotates.]

But the plane of the earth's orbit is not absolutely unmoved. The minute actions of the planets, though unable to produce any sensible change in the direction of the earth's axis, are able to produce a sensible change in the plane in which the earth's annual revolution round the sun is performed. In consequence of this change, the angle of inclination between the equator and the ecliptic is at present slowly diminishing; not by the earth's approach to the ecliptic, but by the ecliptic's approach to the equator. Upon the earth's surface, the two tropics are at present approaching the equator, and the arctic and antarctic circles are approaching their respective poles, each at the rate of forty-five feet annually.

But this change is not continuous. The same theory, which explains how the action of the planets produces the shift of position of the plane of the earth's orbit, shows also that the movement of the plane is oscillatory, and that after many years it will return and will repeat its present position. It shows more in consequence of the reeling round of the earth's axis at any instant having respect, not to any invariable plane, but to the plane of the earth's orbit for the time being, and the amount of the change of inclination of the ecliptic to the equator will not be quite the same as it would have been if precession were always the same as it is now, but will be somewhat less.

The general result of all these considerations is, that the complete change of the angle of inclination of the ecliptic to the earth's equator can scarcely exceed two degrees: a change which is totally inadequate to explain the apparent alterations of climate that introduced this discussion, and which would scarcely afford, to a discoverer of degree, any physiological phenomena, animal or vegetable.

G. B. AIRY.

THE WEATHER.

Board of Trade, Nov. 12.

AN alteration in the words on scales of barometers having been suggested, and daily tables of weather having been lately published, respecting which various questions have arisen,—may I, as the person responsible for these scales, now submit a few brief remarks on the subjects of these alterations and "Weather Tables."

1. As it is impossible to have many words on a barometer scale that may be read easily, without at the same time being liable to confusion, and, in part, for words, most wanted, in a systematic manner, as notes advertising to instructions elsewhere, and of general application.

2. By comparison with the meteorological reports now published daily, one may ascertain the state of a barometer, anemometer, thermometer, or elevation above the sea level, the comparisons made between eight and nine in the morning, and two or three of the observations published, for the same time, and for places near, but on different sides.

3. It is unnecessary to draw general attention to the use of such a continuous, uniform and simultaneous series of observations as are available in these tables; but to practical seafaring members of our very maritime community—to pilots and fishermen, especially, who may possess weather-glasses and may take this easy method of verify-

ing them while studying the weather with these daily reports, they should be found invaluable.

4. Anemoids are now made more portable, so that a pilot or chief boatman may carry one in his pocket, as a ready gauge carries his timekeeper; and, thus provided, a pilot cruising for a long voyage would be able to caution strangers arriving, if bad weather were impending, or give warning to coasters or fishing boats.

5. Harbours of refuge, however excellent and important, are not always accessible even when most wanted, as in severe rain or darkness, when neither land, nor buoy, nor even a lighthouse-light can be seen.

6. Not only do these daily statements of weather and indications of accurate instruments show, to all who are sufficiently interested to compare them day by day (aided perhaps by a map with wind-markers), the present and recently past character of the weather generally, and in some specified places,—but they enable one to foresee the probable nature of wind and weather, during the next day or two, even the next few following days.

7. Recent comparisons of accumulated facts have induced the conclusion that winds move in parallel currents, or circulate around a central area; and that whether the extension of such movement or circulation be immense, as between the tropics and the polar regions, or whether it be small even as the dust-whirl, the laws of circulation, or gyration, are uniform, except in very rare and limited cases.

8. When movements of the atmosphere, such as those of the perennial trade-wind, or the very prevalent westerly winds, or "anti-trades," are on the largest scale, the wind appears, at any one place, to move in straight lines, owing to the really circular arcs having so little curvature; but when the scale is comparatively limited, as in a cyclone, rapid changes in the wind's direction are obvious to every observer.

9. When such movements are not horizontal, but inclined to the surface, more or less, perhaps nearly vertical, or parting of varied directions, they are exceedingly difficult to trace, except by upward clouds seen crossing heavenly bodies, or by visits to high mountains, or by examining "dust" (so called) carried from far distant places through the higher regions of our atmosphere.

10. Nevertheless, it appears from the facts ascertained, that the current—from polar regions—extends upward when intermediate between the tropics, and then as a tropical current, eastward,—while the lower or polar movement is southward, and, apparently, westward. Apparently, because it is caused by the earth turning towards the east; not by its own inclination or impulse, which is solely southerly. Near the equator it has almost acquired that equatorial, rather than centrifugal impetus, which, as it rises into an upper region, causes it to move eastward while returning towards the pole, and to be cyclonic as it approaches the equator.

11. This circulation, therefore, closely followed out, is similar to that of all the smaller cyclonic motions (*elipsoids*) against watch-hands in north latitude, with the hands of a watch in the southern hemisphere.

12. A practical, important and hitherto unnoticed consequence of these facts is, that lines drawn on a map, at right angles to the right (*left* in south latitude) of the wind's direction towards the equator, will, all tend more or less toward the central area (whether oval, elliptic, or circular), around which there is then a movement of circulation, more or less varying; and, therefore, that a fair average of such lines of direction (radii), drawn from various stations, will show (where they intersect each other most nearly) the approximate centre of such general circulation, which even thus roughly ascertained, may enable any person acquainted with cyclonology, to complete the circle on paper—show how the wind is thus blowing, its probable relative strength at any parts around there, and over what countries or coasts the central part of such circulation will probably pass.

13. Having this knowledge, it immediately fol-

lows, that telegraphic warning may be sent in any direction reached by the wires, and that, consequently, on the occurrence of very ominous signs, barometric and other—including always those of the heavens—such cautions may be given before storms, as will tend to diminish the risks and loss of life, so frequent on our exposed and tempestuous shores.

14. It has been proved that storms, indeed all the greater circulations of atmosphere, between the tropics and the polar regions, have an eastward motion, locally, while circulating around a central area.

15. This universal motion (however irregular, or modified, in some few localities, by exceptional and minor causes) is independent of the regular circulation above mentioned, which, when compressed by the earth's surface, or otherwise, has the effect of movements like the "parallel currents," as first spoken of by Duvé. These circulations of the polar and tropical currents, with their attendant peculiarities of dry, cold and heavy air for most, warm and light air, raising or lowering the barometer, as they pass over any country, have probably caused the idea of "atmospheric waves" corresponding to barometrical oscillations, as well as to the "gyrations" of wind, so well elucidated by the late Mr. Dove.

16. Such prolonged and excessively broad currents are always flowing, in nearly opposite directions, if side by side near the earth's surface, or parallel; but, if overlapping, or entirely superposed, crossing in various directions, and more so impinging one on another, and intermingling with each other. These greater currents, incessantly in motion, occasion by their eddies the minor movements of cyclones, successive, and perhaps numerous—one cyclone following, impinging on or counteracting another, more or less, and thus causing the complicated changes of wind, sudden shifts and apparent contradictions of the general law, which have so baffled some investigations, and have caused doubts as to the reliability and universality of the laws of storms.

17. While these normal polar and tropical currents are respectively moving towards wide inter-tropical regions, and toward those very limited spaces around the poles of our world, they have, as has been stated, a general movement, in mass, laterally, towards the east.

18. While moving towards the pole, warmed, loaded with vapour, and expanded around the whole globe, about its equatorial bulk, is vastly greater than the aggregate of cold, dry, condensed and heavy air in the polar regions. This equatorial mass of air, around the world, has acquired a temporary impulse eastward with nearly the velocity of rotation in that zone; but prevented by gravitation from rising above a certain distance, pressed on by air in motion below (or behind), toward either pole it must go, to equilibrate the atmosphere.

19. While moving towards the pole, retained for a time, though gradually losing, its acquired eastward motion, which is continued only till the momentum due to its weight and velocity fails in effect towards the polar circles—there must be a continual impact, a constant impulse, from westward against the polar current laterally, as it is drawn towards, and after the "sub-solar" rising part of the atmosphere.

20. The polar current has no lateral impulse of its own; it is drawn towards the pole, in appearance only, because an air-lateral's surface has a greater rotatory velocity eastward than the polar current, proportionally to its approach to the equator; while, on the other hand, that current is gradually acquiring equatorial motion.

21. Therefore the sensible effect on the whole system of circulation may be continual easterly progression, a general motion of the atmosphere towards the east, even in the lower (percentual) trade-winds, where its motion is only less different from that of the earth's surface, than it is in higher latitudes.

22. The continuous impulse of the tropical current eastward, while that of the polar stream is solely southward, in itself, seems to be the cause of that (almost) universal law of gyration against watch-hands in north latitude, with them in the

* Dove. † Berchard. ‡ Aches, or Infanzara.

Southern Hemisphere—which is now generally recognised, though, as far as I am aware, it has not been hitherto explained, or accounted for generally.

23. The normal state of our atmosphere appears to be a regular alternation, or circulation, of currents between polar and tropical regions,—the polar advancing along the earth's surface,—the return current above at higher elevations.

24. Sometimes for weeks together, a polar current prevails—excessively broad—many thousand miles in width, and in latitude reaching from icy regions through the perennial "trade winds" quite to the sub-tropical zone. The more marked characteristics of this current, where it does not blow over an expanse of comparatively warm ocean, are relative cold, dryness and heaviness, with positive electricity.

25. During such a normal condition of atmosphere the return, or tropical current, passing above, is only made evident to us by light upper clouds seen crossing heavenly bodies, and by the evidence of feeling, at high elevations, on mountains or in balloons.

26. At other times, and by far the more prevalent, there is a more or less conflicting alternation along the earth's surface, or in the upper air, of these great principal currents, in such a variety of proportion and combination, that observers, however careful and discriminating, cannot be otherwise than perplexed until more be ascertained, not only of the mechanical, but the chemical and electrical laws of the atmosphere. With the tropical current there is little, if any, positive electricity manifested in the air. Sometimes, and particularly with moist deposit, there is negative electricity in a greater or less degree.

27. Part of the tropical current descends, between the latitudes of 20 and 35 degrees, turns towards the equator and combines with the perennial or the periodical winds. Part flows on towards the polar region, invariably coming, or descending, towards the earth's surface, wherever the polar current fails; and then, having obtained access, it increases in breadth and strength till a revival of the polar element enables it to turn, overcome and eventually displace its usurping antagonist.

28. As the polar current diminishes, or fails, gradually, while moving eastward, as the first descent of the tropical stream is more or less from the westward, the feeble extremities of the polar current are turned to the eastward, and, as they become combined with the advancing tropical stream, turn actually northward till lost—thus causing a rotary movement, *spiral watch hands*—a movement as constant in the northern hemisphere as its analogous motion, in the contrary direction, is general in southern latitudes.

29. When the polar current recovers energy, being recruited from far remote sources, it usually presses suddenly and violently against the polar side of the tropical current, which is flowing from the southward and westward, making it diverge in direction by curving away from the place of most pressure, and the increased energy of its circulation, as above mentioned, in one direction rather than another. These currents combine, or mix, variously, in nature as well as in direction. There may be also an electrical agency, not yet ascertained and traced distinctly, though frequently indicated.

30. In conclusion, let the remark that, although these appear to be general outlines in accordance with observed facts, it ought to be borne in mind that similar scale in some localities, and apparent exceptions or contradictions in others (such as *tempestuous land or sea breezes, occasional gyration of a local whirlwind or waterspout, contrary to usual law*), or exceptional, however, that they may truly be said to prove the generality of these great laws no necessary to be studied by the student.

ROBERT FITZROY, Rear-Admiral.

SIR CHARLES FELLOWS.

A tribute is due to the memory of Sir Charles Fellows, who died on the 14th instant, in his 61st year. He was a native of Nottingham, and son of Mr. John Fellows, a banker of that city. His name has of late been long prominently before the

world of art and literature, but the services he rendered to the antiquarian world, by his discoveries in Lycia, are not likely to be forgotten. He may be said to have been the first of the modern Asiatic explorers, and by the success of his operations, to have induced others, on a larger and more efficient scale, to explore the Eastern Asia, Lybia, and Hæliaræanæ. The Xanthian Marbles, notwithstanding the contemptible space at present assigned to them in the British Museum, will ever be the best monument to his name. Without any claims to classic attainments, or even the preparation of a dictionary, by him the Marbles, of his own sacred and with his unassisted means, achieved a vast amount of material for the learned to labour upon, and induced the Government, by what he had already done, to pursue the subject under his guidance. His first expeditions to Lycia, in 1850 and 1851, were followed by two other visits, when an organised band of Government officials and skilled workmen was placed at his disposal. The result of these expeditions has been before the public. In science Sir Charles took a very general interest. He was one of the first of the now numerous adventurers to the summit of Mont Blanc,—a narrative of which was privately printed in 1857. Even at that time he struck out a new path in ascending to the summit. His travels gave him a special position at the Geographical Society, and the Vice President and active member of the Council of the Royal Institution, in Albemarle street, he paid a willing homage to science in general. The seclusion of his later years, chiefly in the pursuit of agriculture in the Isle of Wight, was varied in some degree by his active interest towards the restoration of Brockhampton Castle, and for the establishment of a museum, in that locality, of antiquities found in Hampshire and the adjoining counties. A little work, which he recently published on the ancient coins of Lycia, contributed still further to establish the importance of the distance of his travels, those shores in early times. His collection of old watches, which contains many rarities, was commenced long before such subjects were generally cared for, and his amateur drawings, illustrative of Lord Byron's wanderings, were the natural result of early admiration, and of an interest in the writings of a poet connected with his own country. A part in the drama of the world was assigned him, and he fulfilled it thoroughly.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Munich, November, 1860.

THE gossip of Munich, pleased with the hasty sketch I conversed to it in a former letter, has given me another sitting. Passing the Propylon, the large gate that has so long been building between the Glyptothek and the buildings for the exhibition of paintings, somebody asked how long before it was to be finished. Two years, was the reply: King Ludwig, who is building it from his private purse, given 80,000 florins. But, as the building is not to be finished, so if he builds many together, all must progress slowly. Another would prefer to finish each thing separately out of hand; but King Ludwig has a notion that when all his buildings are complete, Death, who has only been waiting for that consummation, will come and take him by the hand. Besides the Propylon, he is engaged on some great junction canal, the idea of which came into the mind of Charlemagne,—a tempting justification for King Ludwig. But a dethroned king, who spends a sixth part of his income (he has 500,000 florins a year, of which he spends 80,000) on public buildings, is a good example, in these days of detronements. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the Grand Duke of Modena, or the King of Naples, or the German Emperor, call these special buildings, do they give anything out of the money they have sent out of the country, or run away with themselves, towards Duomo fountains, or prolongation of the Lung' Arno! King Max is also building in the street which bears his name, and the Emperor's works have not yet progressed so little, that no judgment can be passed either on their architecture or their use. No one knows for

what purpose they are to serve: the gossip of Munich is puzzled, and the King never explains of his ideas. Consequently, each one assigns a different object to the Maximilianen, which is a great building across the end of the street, well placed on a high bank just the other side of the last. I suppose people have no very exalted idea of the King's capabilities, for after seeing what they expect he will turn the Maximilianen into, they add that he will probably fail.

I had the pleasure, a few days since, of seeing my face reflected in some of the silver mirrors inventing by Liebig, in which silver is substituted for quicksilver. The Apostle says, that man looks at his face in the glass, "and goeth like a man, and straightaway forgetteth what manner of man he was." I presume the bigots of Munich, who are already on no good terms with Liebig, will quote this passage against his mirrors, or, as of old, Judah's *reconcile* with the Sun was quoted against Galileo. After seeing oneself in Liebig's new glasses, if one forgets oneself, one does not forget the reflection. They throw out such splendid clear light, that you see yourself from the further end of the room, with as much distinctness as if you were standing close—when one is newly hung up against the wall, it seems like an additional window. I know not whether science in England has pronounced herself on them or not, favourably or unfavourably; but here have heard of no objection on the score of higher price or less durability, and I have seen sufficiently good results. A lady said, it was quite a pleasure to look at herself in them, and I believe if they were hung up in rooms, they would afford a capital excuse for people looking oftener into the glass than now. E. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

Mr. Murray's Annual Trade Sale took place on Thursday evening. The attendance was unusually large, and the sale of the new books excellent. Of Mr. B. P. Dixon's "The Personal History of Lord Byron," 1,000 copies, of Mr. J. M. Motley's "History of the Netherlands," 2,950 copies, of Sir Francis B. Head's "The Horse and his Rider," 1,400 copies, of "The Diary and Correspondence of Lord Colchester," 500 copies, of the new edition of "The Works of Pope," 600 copies, of Mr. Forster's "Debates on the Grand Remonstrance," 650 copies, of General Wilson's "Diary," 1,000 copies, of Capt. Forster's "Iceland," 1,360 copies, of Mr. Marryat's "Jutland," 1,100 copies, of Mr. Farrar's "Origin of Language," 900 copies, and of Mr. George's "Imprisonment in Barmah," 700 copies. The sale of reprints and new editions was unusually large.

The Council of the Royal Society have awarded the medals at their disposal as follows:—The Copley Medal to Prof. Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, of Heidelberg, for Mem. R.S. for his Researches on Caecolyl, Gaseous Analysis, the Voltaic Phenomena of Iceland, and other researches. A Royal Medal to Mr. William Fairbairn, F.R.S., for his various contributions to the Works on the Properties of the Materials employed in Mechanical Construction, contained in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in the publications of other Scientific Societies; and a Royal Medal to Dr. Augustus Waller, F.R.S., for his investigations into the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human System, and for the introduction of a valuable method of conducting such investigations. The Rumford Medal was awarded to Prof. James Clerk Maxwell, for his Researches on the Composition of Colours, and other optical papers.

Capt. Burton, the famous African traveller, has arrived at Salt Lake City, the capital of the Mormons. He is travelling through the prairie and preparing to pass the Rocky Mountains as a mere amusement and relaxation. His health, we are glad to hear, has improved.

The new planet recently discovered at Berlin has been named Erato, by M. Kicke.

Mr. Edward Barry writes:—

"I, 14, Palace Yard, Westminster, Nov. 14. In your issue of the 11th inst. week, of the new National Schools, about to be opened in Endell Street, St. Giles's, you state that the outlay has reached upwards of 11,000. Will you allow me

'On a New Entomostrean of the Genus *Etheria*,' by Mr. W. H. Pease, 'On New Marine Mollusks, from the Sandwich Islands'; and by Mr. Otto A. L. Mörch, 'On the Species of the Genus *Tenagides*.' Dr. Hammon exhibited some hen pheasants (*P. edwardsi*), which had partially adopted the male plumage.—Mr. Gould called attention to a kangaroo, living in the Society's Gardens, and generally considered to be *Macropus rufus*, but which he considered distinct, and for which he proposed the temporary appellation of *Macropus pictus*.—The Secretary read extracts from a letter, addressed to him by the Rev. G. Boardman, of Soling, Kent, giving an account of Colonel Stanger and his son (probably *Hyperaspis rotstrata*), killed on the Kentish Coast, near Whitstable, on the 29th of October.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*General Monthly Meeting.*—Nov. 5.—Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P., in the chair.—Carl Haag, Esq. was elected a Member.—The resignation (on account of ill-health) of the Rev. John Barlow, Honorary Secretary for eighteen years, was announced from the chair.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—*Nov. 6.*—The Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron, President, in the chair.—J. Scott, R. Gordon, and W. Plumtree, Esqrs., were elected Members.—The Chairman congratulated the Members on their now being enabled, by the aid of the photographic process, to be present at and to hold their Meetings in that institution.—Mr. Jobert exhibited specimens of his new process of photographing burnt in glass, by which means they become as indestructible as the glass itself, and almost transparent surfaces, such as the inside of a window pane, could be photographed. They included some minute details of domestic scenery from negatives, by Mr. H. White, as well as an enlarged portrait of the late Douglas Jerrold, taken a few days before his death, by Dr. Diamond.—Mr. Barnes contributed a photograph of the interior of the Crystal Palace, a paper photograph.—Mr. Silvy presented, by the hands of the President, a copy of the "Manuscrits d'Eserra," being a fac-simile of the original in the possession of the Marquis D'Arellio.—The Secretary read a communication from Mr. Rothwell, on the subject of the photographic process of painting pictures.—Mr. Malone briefly addressed the Meeting on printing by means of electric light, and exhibited specimens which he had been enabled to produce through the kindness of Mr. Ganot and M. Dubouche, they having been given him the useful result of his experiments. Mr. Malone observed that, although somewhat costly, he believed that electricity might be often used with much advantage where it was requisite to produce photographs in dull weather, and the light of day could not be obtained.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MOR. Royal Academy, 8.-'Anatomy,' Mr. Partridge.
 UEA. Statistical, 8.-'Criminal Returns, 1864-5, Reformatories,'
 Mr. Baker.
 — Engineers, 8.-'River Orwell and Ipswich,' Mr. Harwood.
 MED. Meteorological, 7.
 — Society of Literature, 83.
 — Society of Arts, 8.
 — Geological, 8.-'Geology of Bolivia, &c.,' Mr. Forbes.
 THURS. Royal, 8.-'Curvature of Indian Aris,' Archdeacon Pratt.
 — 'Physiological Anatomy of Lungs,' Dr. Boiss.
 — Antiquaries, 83.
 — Philological, 83.
 FRI. Royal, 4.-Anniversary Meeting.

FINE ARTS

NEW PICTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

This recent addition of four new loans to the Gallery at South Kensington, being loans from Mr. James Bell, brother of the late Jacob Bell, affords an opportunity of introducing the general question as to how far it is desirable that the curators of a national gallery—which is especially dedicated to the use of Art-studies, and intended for the public education in Art—should be granted powers by which they may decline such portions of collections offered to the public by generous individuals, as may seem to them to be of a doubtful or spurious character. The National Gallery have previously received pictures which may come in a lump with better works when purchased, and this authority has been more than once exercised: but when several ro-

ductions, otherwise excellent in themselves, but unequal to the standard required for admission to a national collection, are combined with others of the highest value, what is the Board, Council, Curator—or whatever the authority may consist of—to do?

The difficulty must have been felt soon after Trafalgar Square, when the late Miss Jane Clarke bequeathed that unworthy specimen of sentimental clap-trap, called 'The Blind Beggar'. The misapprehension was not cleared up until the end of its working is to be found in the number of copies made by the tyros among the students, as quoted in the last Blue-Book on the National Collection, and transferred to our columns. The picture, which is a copy of a copy, was turned out by this wretched picture had absolutely displaced the 'Gevartius,' by Vandeyke, of yore the favorite, from its adaptability as a study for portrait-painting. To think that Dryckman had been taken to be a copy of the picture of the variously Dutchman, because it was copied, that Dryckman had given rise to fourteen copies, the 'Gevartius,' nine: Cypus' famous landscape, seven; and Correggio's 'Venus, Mercury and Cupid,' only one, is a very curious error. It shows the matter to be calling for attention.

In examining the recent additions to the collection at South Kensington, we shall briefly indicate a few of them, otherwise meritorious, which do not appear to us worthy of their position. The foremost of these is a drawing of a lion, by Mr. E. J. Cooke, from the objectionable list, are—one, by Mr. E. J. Cooke, a marine subject, exhibiting the usual qualities of the artist's works; an admirable painting by Collins, in his best and saddest manner, styled "The Lioness," four or five feet square, by Mr. Frish, another, which the popular "Illustrated Sir" is to be observed; and a less important work. Mr. Mulready has also sent four drawings in water-colour, by himself—first, a sketch of "The Disobedient Prince," where there is a fine conception of a skillful draughtsman, but the figure prostrate before the lion, which animal is "something like a lion," far other than the usual miserable attempts at the king of beasts; second, *Arch misreading the Mariners*, which is a very good drawing, but the lions are of no importance, though most excellent.

The Ellison Gift consists of fifty-one drawings, to which fifty more are to be added at the death of Mrs. Ellison. She has expressed a wish, contrary to that of Mr. Sheepshanks, that these works should not be exhibited on Sundays. These we have no objection to. The first drawing (No. 1, No. 428), by Mr. S. P. Jackson. Here the water needs the lucidity which is never absent in nature under any effect, with regard to the remainder of the study; this is weak, so as to render it hardly possible to see the sky. The second drawing (*The Disabled Vessel* (529)), by the same, is similarly wanting of profound study in felt. The sea is glassy and hard—does not truly tell of the sky it reflects; the reflection of the boat in the front is untrue, and the sky has no body. The sky is purple masses of clouds above. The third drawing (*Sea and Shore* (538)) is a work of a different class, because at once powerfully painted, truthful and poetic. From the shore, in a deep cove, a boat is putting off; a sailor waves farewell to his friends; a sunset dusky with purple masses of clouds above. The sky fades into a pale blue, and the sea is a pale blue, and the sun to dull grey in the zenith of coming night. The sea is truly fine. Right in the west the pebble rocks of the promontory are burning softly in the light—*Survey Your Threshold* (introducing), by Mr. Wright, with its same design and feel as the second, but put before the public and the student as an example of Art.—Nor is Mr. Louis Haghe's *Recall to Leisure* (521) with its cork-like architecture and stiff architectonic figures, worthy of the artist's position. The same artist's drawing—*A Boat* (520), is a study of the sea, and is a study and hard.—Mr. J. F. Lewis, R.A., has a

study of a Fox (531), which, as a sketch, is effective, characteristic and valuable. By the same is *A Halt in the Desert* (532), a good specimen of the artist, where we find his somewhat unselective treatment of his subjects. The minuteness, keenness and clearness of his draughtsmanship, these qualities are, however, carried a little too far in the sacrifice of tenderness of colour and breadth of effect. With all deference to the artist, we venture to say that he is not too Eastern. The *dimmy study* by Mr. Leslie (533), *Two Islands* (534), is positively an inferior work, not fit for a model.—Mr. F. Taylor's *The Outer-Hounds* (544) is both weak and chinky, and exhibits very much of the same faults as the *dimmy study* and drawing. It is completely devoid of colour and tone; what artistic merit it possesses we cannot discover,—at least such as could deserve a place here, be it understood, which is a very different thing from the *dimmy study*.—The *room*.—De Wint's drawing, *The Cricketers* (515), is in the good old English water-colour style, at sunny broad, rich in colour, effective and soft. A sunny haze that is both agreeable and true to nature, and which is well contrasted with the men at play, steeped in the cool, evening shade, and the ruy, fading hill above are, interesting as an example of a contemporary of Turner's work, and seem to show some of his influence. There was a time when De Wint began to draw, and he began to flourish when De Wint began to draw. *Nottingham* (516), by the same artist, is effective, broad and telling in clearness, without hardness. Here are the great stretches of the level meadows in the distance, the green of the trees, and the sunlight De Wint delighted in so heartily, and the bright windings of the river that seem to loiter from tree to tree.—We have no space for more than merely to designate Nos. 57 and 325.—*Wentworth's Chase* (57), and *Wentworth's Chase with Cattle*,—the last one of the purchases for the nation made by the Department: a collection which is being formed with great judgment and most happy taste, mainly, we believe, by Mr. Selgrave,

Copley Fielding's *Vale of Irthing* (518) is not unlike the works of De Wint in handling, but better in colour. We see down the broad valley through "zones of light and shadow," lying upon belts of trees and far-off meadows; a bright light in the west. Allowing for the low key in which the artist has painted his scene, it is a fine work of art. At the same time this is a fine specimen of English Art. Very different in effect, but equally English, is the same painter's *The South Downs* (591), showing, treated with much greyness and tenuity of colour, the broad rolling Downs of the South, with a slow ascent towards the coast seen from the level of the land in the distance—a mill on the crest of the Downs standing half lost in the light.—Mr. F. Macneil's *Lincoln, from the Cloisters* (504), shows, as it may well, despite much hardness, holds light in sky. The treatment of the central tower, from east or west, and the study of colour, are noteworthy. At the same time the magnificent rose-window comes well from the clever management of the reflexion on the glass, and deep transparency of the shadows cast by the great buttresses. In this respect the sombre chill in which the cloisters beneath lie, is almost as good as Turner's *Wardour Castle*. The landscape is very well known work. A roll of sunlighted clouds come up the valley from the dim evening land below; the river rolls slowly and somberly along at the foot of the cliff, surmounted by the castle that takes the last sunlight. A quiet, telling drawing, that produces its effect more upon close examination than does any other picture here. The midday tints of the sky above where it issues between the rocks and the cloud-painting in mid-distance, to see what Turner could do with nature.

Hornby Castle, Lancashire (88), is one of the Shepherdson's Gifts: An early work, probably made before engraving, and has often been engraved before the gift of Mr. Ellison Gift.

A contrasted work to these last is that by Mr. Carl Haug *In the Sabine Hills, Figures at a Shrine* (520), being sharp, brilliant and clear, wanting solid colour and variety of tint. We are glad to

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—It was no bad idea to revive the opera of 'The Night Dancers,' founded at the Court of Louis XV. originally produced at the Comedie Française, under the management of Mr. Madaix. In spite of the drawback which attaches itself to every ballet dramatised for singing, M. E. Loder's music is skilful and elegant enough to keep the stage management of the words offended. But where the text of this opera is not inane, it is vulgar to a point at which patience the most tolerant must be driven into plain-speaking. No singer can be expected to study his part thoughtfully, if the language of it is inane or coarse. No composer can write his best (which means expressly) to lead grammar or namby-pamby.—Compare—as an emphatic illustration—the songs of even a Handel, in which the words of Milton and those of Morell are set.

That Mr. E. Loder, as a composer, has not done himself justice must be admitted by all who know his music. There are pages of great grace and melody in his 'Nourjahad' not yet forgotten. A song or two in 'The Dice of Death' (a melodrama, by the way, worth reviving by any management at a low or a grim rate of hire) are in style and higher in order. 'The Night Dancers' is the most even work from his pen. It would not be easy to name a better modern fairy opera—naturally to be ranged with M. Aubert's 'Les des Fées,' and von Flotow's 'L'Amour en l'air.' 'The Night Dancers' will bear comparison with the first, if M. Aubert's delicious overture and dainty elfin march be withdrawn from the contest. It surpasses the second in every respect.—Mr. Loder's style has greater affinity to that of his French contemporaries than that of any other English composer. By fits, it is true, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Macfarren, try at that piquancy of form, that clear liveliness of colour, which are characteristic of our neighbours,—but shortly they fall back into Germanism, or Italianism, or English baladism, as may be,—whereas in 'The Night Dancers,' one and the same hand, one and the same manner prevail. The score contains some very attractive melody, always neatness of instrumentation, if nowhere startling enterprise. The opera (naturally) is well fitted to a style and manner which have been followed up by half-a-dozen more. Mr. Loder might have developed that clear individuality in humour, fancy, and form of expression, by which alone names are kept alive, and Weber are recollected, while Winters go quietly down to the dusty and respectable museum belonging to Oblivion.

It is better to offer the above general remarks than particular criticisms on the occasion of a revival, in most respects honourable to the intentions and to the resources of the Royal English Opera. The orchestra throughout and (in most numbers) the chorus were good,—had been duly prepared, and were "well-in-hand." Madame Palmieri is the heroine, and sang steadily, though, as was to be expected, she was not heard to such advantage as in Signor Verdi's opera,—his music more successfully making incomplete her vocal performance than any opera music in being. But her spoken words were next to inaudible. Mr. Haigh, as the lover, made good the ground that he has gained; though he did not add to it. His voice (we must say again) is a true one, and he sang well, and, and blinding with particular sweetness, as apart from power, in the concerted music.—Miss Leffer showed improvement. All parties concerned have still to study English. There used to be a dream of Italian vocalists that to such was harmful to the voice, as they pondered their notes in a dead, little less absurd in the neglect of speaking their language properly. Too high praise (their occupation considered) cannot be given to the three young ladies, Mdlle. Albertazzi, Miss Mary Huddell, and Miss Leng, who sang the first trio in *Wald*, in the second act, and were most properly encoined. Better it could not have been given. Such competence in secondary parts speaks well for the forethought, care and modesty of all concerned. The roles will be at once appreciated by musicians if he said that Covent Garden Theatre, thus provided, is competent to the mounting of the

most complicated fairy opera, be it Gluck's 'Armida,' be it Mozart's 'Zauberflöte.' That it was instantaneously felt by the public this day week was evident.—The opera was, from first to last, well received; and, in every respect, will add capital to the theatre, so far as character is concerned.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Popular Concerts.—Better, more intelligently managed entertainments than these are not in our experience. Let them become only a little more prospective as well as retrospective, and nothing could be left to desire. The opening concert of this season included an early Quartet by Spohr,—interesting from its individuality—and a Duett Sonata by Dusek (Op. 59), charming from its fresh beauty. The distinction of the master's works is not calling for gratitude from all who love the best music. From the first bar to the last this Sonata (some abruptness in the closes of the several movements for given) is delicious. Three performances have established it as a first favourite. The last movement, on Monday, played by Mr. Hallé and Herr Becker, was encoined.—It was impossible to avoid feeling that its brightness somehow tarnished a subsequent composition in the same key, on a larger scale—none other than Weber's 'Piano-forte Quartet in C.' These (without overlooking Weber's Solo Sonata in C major, with its incomparable scale, *con moto perpetuo*) were the principal instrumental novelties of the evening. The vocal music included a most excellent (because vocal) Canzonet, 'Dumme, dumme, dumme'—better than—new and well given by Madame Lomena-Sherington. In the opening romance from 'Euryanthe,' which she also sang, she forced its expression too much, and the music, in itself strained, will not bear any other stress. Emphasis is not always feeling. The other songs on the evening, two by Spohr, were sung to Miss Augusta Thomson, and were presented by her exceedingly well. Having arrived here, after success in Paris,—having hardly realized the same here, on her arrival,—it would seem as if she had now understood her position. Whenever she is the case, she does not do us so to the theatre. Her voice is as agreeable as she has proved it to be available—it appears to have settled itself. Something of the musician has been added to her style. In brief, her Monday's performance, though in two songs alien to her past habits, gave us the best of a singer, as a being artist, as such to be looked to, and to be hoped from. This we had hardly received hitherto.

DEURY LANE.—That the taste for rational amusement is on the increase may be safely implied from the fact that, during the run of 'The Colleen Bawn' at the Adelphi, Mr. Webster is not afraid to engage himself, and some favourites of his company, at the national theatre, for the performance of a new piece written by an author of his own establishment who has hitherto been very successful. The title of the new piece is, 'The Duke of 45' and the author is Philip St. John. The plot of the drama is partly taken from a story formerly written by him for a magazine. Be this as it may, the title of the play well enough expresses its design. Its purpose is to represent English manners of the past, and the demoralized state of the public mind consequent on civil war. Accordingly, the first act was almost totally confined to the introduction of the characters, and the exhibition of scenes and manners. The story made no progress, and its bases in history were scarcely touched. The scene was particularly significant; it represented a view of the Thames from a dining-room window, with the moving panorama of a boat procession; and shortly after we had the scene of a seal-country road in the outskirts of London, with the Andalusian and the Taverne, a tabled representation of Hogarth's 'March to Finchley.' In this scene Mr. Paul Bedford's talents are called into requisition as one *Sergeant Guffey*, who, with two rival ballad-girls, in the respective interests of the Andalusian and Jacobine parties, give some dramatic interest to the scene. The piece, as played by Mr. Webster is that of *Sir Andrew Silverton*, who pretends a friendship for *Sir William Ashford* (Mr. Spencer), which he does not really entertain.

There is, in fact, an old grudge between them, which Sir Andrew has secretly resolved on revenging. In the first, Sir Andrew assumes the part of a laughing philosopher, and is a puzzle to all who surround him. In the second act, however, he is seen plotting with one *Enoch Ficker* (Mr. J. Toole)—a character that stands out from the rest, and is so well performed by the excellent comedian to whom it is confided, that it is likely to be the main attraction of the drama. There is also another part which is very distinguishable—that of *Enos M'lan* (Mr. Bedford), who has also a wrong to avenge, and ultimately does avenge it on Enoch, who he discovers had formerly betrayed his father to death. To this he is wrought up by Sir Andrew, who, in the course of the piece, changes sides,—having found out that his son has married the daughter of Sir William (Miss Henrietta Simms), and that, to pursue his project further, would involve them all in ruin. He therefore, abstracts from Enoch the fatal document; which he is able to burn before the troops can examine the premises, but not before he has received his death-wound by mistake from M'lan, whom he had placed in the way of the troops. Enoch is soon rectified; for while the baronet is dying in front, a report is heard behind the scenes which only too surely procures the completion of M'lan's revenge. The play is in four acts, and occupies four hours. The interest, after the first act, becomes strong, and increased greatly towards the end. Mr. Beverley has painted some of his best scenery, introducing novel effects which excited great applause. One scene, on the Banks of the Thames at Night, in which the filmy clouds are made to pass over the face of the moon, is a 'beautiful exceedingly,' and Mr. Beverley was summoned to receive the plaudits of the audience. The performance of Mr. Webster was first-rate; and, indeed, the whole was so well done that the propriety of the piece was not doubted for a moment. The curtain fell to unanimous applause.

STANDARD.—On Tuesday, the tragedy of 'Strathmore,' by Mr. Westland Marlow, was revived to a full house; in which, as in the first performance, the hero and *Katherine Lyon*, were most effectively acted by Mr. Proctor and Miss Marriott, who sustained the pathetic scenes of the drama with great energy. The refined sentiments of the dialogue were fully appreciated by the audience.

HAYMARKET.—Another new piece, by Mr. Tom Taylor, was produced on Saturday. It is in three acts, and entitled 'The Babes in the Wood.' The title is merely figurative, the wood standing for the world, and the babes for a newly-married couple in difficulties, named *Lord Hamlet Ruskton* (Miss Amy Selwick), and *Mr. Frank Ruskton* (Mr. W. Farren). Their marriage has been clandestine, and entailed results not expected by them. Thrown on their own resources, the sincerity of their mutual affection is strongly tested, not first in the consciousness of love and fidelity, they commence the task of self-dependence, with courage and resolution. After consulting in vain the *Times* Subscription, they set to work in real earnest; the husband trusts in a club-house companion, *Mr. Stield* (Mr. Compton), to get him a government situation, while Lady Blanche resorts to the pawnbroker's, and pledges a diamond ring for fifty pounds. She drops the duplicate in the street; it is picked up by *Sir George Leachville* (Mr. Villiers), who, for no good reason, is determined to marry her, as he supposes, at her address, but most interested with the landlady of the house, *Mr. Beetle* (Mrs. Wilkin), whose husband is accordingly moved to jealousy by the interview. *Mr. Beetle*, who is persecuted by Mr. Buckstone, is an amusing character, being set on for herpetology on the latter's letter half that he performs all manner of manual drudgery for the establishment. It so happens that the bride's father, the *Earl of Leachville* (Mr. Clippendale), in a moment of repentance, has also decided to marry a fifty-pounder in the handwriting of *Sir George*, and which falls into the hand of Mr. Frank Ruskton, and excites his suspicions also. Here the act closes, and presents a group of characters which

* Written, if we recollect right, for an opera on the antebellum subject of 'Mansfield,' which was never completed.

had great promise in them, which was however not carried out. As the plot unfolds, the story leads, interest, for the young couple are in no real peril; by the Earl employing Mr. Stidell in a generous ruse, which a convenient print-publisher and a friendly music-seller are induced to purchase all the productions of the dear innocent delinquents.

Nevertheless, Frank Eustace gets arrested for an accusation, and at the same time Mr. Beule is consigned with him to the Queen's Bench on account of a bill of sale. In the third act, Lady Blanche appears in a new character, and is seen working chair-covers and pecking her husband's dinner. She goes through these trials bravely;—and the faithful couple thus prove that, adversity,

Tho' like a toad ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in his head.

These various trials trace their source to the anger and malignity of a step-mother; but the Earl of Laseaux apparently at last rises superior to her influence, since he duly appears in the prison to pay off all liabilities. Meanwhile, too, General Ruskon (Mr. Rogers), Frank's father, finds his way to the Queen's Bench, as a bankrupt, and his way out of it as a lucky speculator in some mining affair. And thus the curtain falls on the happiness of all parties. During the third act, considerable disapprobation was expressed by the audience;—but at the close of the piece the applause was pretty general. Mr. Buckstone, at an evening of repetition, stated that much abridgment would be made of the action;—and this certainly would be judicious, as four hours were occupied by the three acts.

LYCEUM.—A new drama by Mr. Leslie, late an actor at the Olympic, was produced on Monday. It is entitled, 'Adrienne; or, the Secret of a Life,' and is in three acts. It possesses all the interest of a powerful melodrama, and a great skill in its construction. The secret is maintained with great care until the conclusion. There is some mystery about *Adrienne's* nativity, of which M. *Eugene de Gramme* (Mr. G. Vining) takes "a mean advantage, in order to compel her into a marriage with himself." Her true name is *Victor Scarpino* (Mr. H. Neville), challenge the villain to a duel in the Pontine Marches by moonlight, and wounds him dangerously in the arm. To prevent him, at this juncture, from revealing the dreaded secret *Adrienne*, who has been summoned to the spot by *De Gramme*, undertakes to become his wife. In the second act, we find her acting in the capacity of his nurse. But the wounded man becomes worse, and ascertains that he is being poisoned. The guilty party is *Bertrand*, poor *Adrienne's* servant, who is strongly moved to avenge the wrongs of his mistress. *Adrienne* takes to flight, and in the Pass of the Tournalet, meets again with *Scarpino*, now an officer of a regiment, and with *Bertrand*, who confesses to the crime and then precipitates himself into the abyss. A cruel robber has been taken by the soldiers, who explain the secret to the satisfaction of the heroine, who is consequently free to marry the man she really loves. The scenery of this piece has been beautifully painted by Mr. Calcott. It is well performed throughout, *Madame Celeste* herself acting admirably in a part, thoroughly suited to her style, and evoking her extraordinary energies.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—The occasional home strophes added to, or written for, our National Anthem are generally so very inferior that the following, of American origin (the best of their kind in our knowledge), cannot be overlooked. They are by Dr. Wendell Holmes, and were sung the other day at the Festival given to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Boston:—

God, bless our Fatherland!
Keep her, in heart and hand,
Ours with our own!
From all her foes defend,
To her true People, be her friend,
On all her Rulers descend,
Protect her! Thine!

Father with Justice
Guard Thou her Kingdom's Herd,
Guide all her ways;

Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea,
And storm and danger flee,
From his dear People's eye.

Lord, lead War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in Peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy Nations free,
All Hearts beneath the sun,
Thy Throne on all reign alone,
Great King of Men.

Mr. Planche replies to the letter printed a fortnight since, by forwarding the following Preface to the open-book of 'Maid Marian,' from which it is obvious that his obligations to the Author of 'Headlong Hall' were, at the time of their being incurred, duly acknowledged:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.—The Opera of 'Maid Marian' is founded principally on the incidents, poetry and dialogue, of a very beautiful little novel, so named, by the Author of 'Headlong Hall,' and other related productions. But the adapter has availed himself likewise of some undramatised situations in the romance of 'Ivanhoe,' and of such information as he could glean from the various legends and ballads, collected by Misses, and others, concerning Robin Hood and 'Maid Marian,' and which appear to him capable of adding to the interest or effect of his composition. A few of the songs, given, &c. which have been culled from various sources, have generally undergone some trivial alterations for the sake of the music; those not stated as selections are the composition of the adapter of the piece."

The singers at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday last were Miss Poole, Madame Louisa Vinning, Messrs. Tennant and Allan Irving. The instrumentalists were Hervey Becker and Lehmann. A selection from Mr. Benedetti's 'Udine' was performed; the managers of the entertainments keeping true to their excellent purpose of offering variety.

A concert-bill of a late entertainment given by the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association is sensible, enterprising and various enough to meet the eye.

PART I. Solo Organ, 'Prelude and Paeon'; J. S. Bach.—The Twenty-second Psalm, Mendelssohn.—'Offertorium,' Mozart.—Psalm and Chorus, 'I waited for the Lord,' Mendelssohn.—Chorus, 'Blest be the Lord,' Schubert.—'Veni,—Memento, Mendelssohn.—The Eighth Psalm, Lechmere.
PART II. Solo Organ, 'Overture to Oberon,' Weber.—Madrigal, 'Sweet and Low,' Mendelssohn.—Solo and Chorus, 'A Macfarlane,—Jerusalem, This House to Love is Holy,' Maynard.—Solo and Chorus, 'A Macfarlane.—Part Song, 'Ave Maria,' W. Smart.—Hunting Song, W. G. Macfarlane.

It is obvious from the above, not merely that research is thought indispensable, but that new English composers are holding their own in a world of music, intimately congenial with English tastes,—the world of Part-song. There is in all this something very like a fulfilment of certain ideas which we have never ceased to entertain in regard to the direction of English creative talent. The Sacred Harmonic Society will commence its Concerts on the 30th of this month, with a performance of 'Solomon.'

Mr. H. Leslie's choir will shortly resume its concerts at the St. James's Hall; and, we hope, that the same success which Mr. Hallé's classes have found a place for meeting.

Diapason again!—On the revival of 'Il Barbiere' at the Italian Opera at Paris—now sunk to the orderly pitch of Imperial comfort—the principal singers were distinguished by singing out of tune, too flat. Will the committee be convened anew to lower the pitch yet half a tone!

A Symphony from the pen of Herr Reithaler, whose 'Jephtha' is only a little short of first-class merit as an oratorio, is to be shortly expected. There seems to have been a rain of new Masses lately in France. On the national festival at the grand Church of St. Eustache in Paris, a mass by M. Castagner was introduced. Of this work, M. Pongin (in whose criticisms we are disposed to place considerable weight in very favourable terms) has written in the splendid Cathedral at Bourges was inaugurated with great state on the 30th of last month.

Madame Ugalde, who, as has happened in former years, seems unequal for her duties in the Opera Comique, is to be replaced by Mlle. Stanzani, a lady who has sung on the Italian stage. To the credit of their taste and the discredit of all who have urged or sanctioned the expedient, it must be said that the female Held in M. Meyerbeer's

'Le Farden' has made that *furze* which results in one or two last performances announced.—A Mlle. Bareilly, from the Conservatoire, is forthwith coming forward at the Théâtre Lyrique.

Why, when artists have formally taken leave, will they condescend or consent to come back? There may be reasons, however, in some cases, which, over-ride time and taste. It is not to record that M. Ponceau (born, biographies say, in 1770!)—in his day, the most violent solo-player—run after, pursued, watched with eager homage and intense curiosity, as we have heard Mendelssohn tell, by all young musicians—should be still permitted to advertise himself as at the service of Parisian concert-givers. There is nothing of the deep tragedy of common life in this. Another more eccentric player, some quarter of a century younger, M. Ole Bull, intends, we read, to begin again—as we think, too late for the world of music.—A younger virtuoso, Madame Castellan (regarding whose powers, when she was last in England, there could be no dissentient judgment), is about to emerge from her retreat, and to appear in Italian opera, at Hanover,—since, now, when there are no Italian composers nor Italian singers, it would seem as if German opera-goers could not submit without opera in Italian.

We hear from Vienna that Herr Leopold de Meyer's career as a pianist has been interrupted (it may be feared finally) by an attack of paralysis. —Sad tidings, too, have arrived from the state of Herr Krug's health, which is said to preclude all hope of his recovery.

Signor Mariani, whose remarkable sensibility and skill as a conductor have not to be introduced to our readers, has left Genoa, apparently, for Bologna. In this town, he seems to have wrought out the difficult symphonic prelude to M. Meyerbeer's 'Farden' with the utmost success. The public could hear it twice, and composer and conductor (the latter, of course, only present) were called for, and cheered, in the most enthusiastic fashion. All who appreciate the worth (and rarity) of a man of southern genius, will be glad to have this news of Signor Mariani.

MISCELLANEA

The Oxford Essayists.—You are hard upon the Oxford Essayists and Reviewers. You seem to think there is some similarity between the balance-sheet of a modern tradesman and subscription—the one being a statement of actual facts, the other a declaration of adhesion to laws and formularies three hundred years old, and confessedly inapplicable, in many respects, to the present times; for though men may differ as to the How much of their subscription is now really in force, yet all well know that some part is obsolete, and is believed and obeyed by nobody. Subscription surely is analogous rather to those oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration which, till lately, were taken by all persons who were to be admitted into the ranks of homogeneity. You assume that the laxity of the Oxford Essayists as to subscription is a new thing: when I was at Cambridge, some years ago, Paley was the great authority on this subject, and he says, subscription was intended to exclude, 1, Abettors of Popery; 2, Analysts; 3, The Puritans. Certainly the Oxford Essayists, whose state has outgrown the limits of our old ecclesiastical arrangements, are not of any of these three classes. It is intelligible that a man, whose Church is a mere assembly of men, who view the Church of England as one of the sects or denominations of Christians in England, should agree with you. Why should he continue member of a sect whose strictness hampers him? But if a man considers the Church of England as essential part of the constitution of England, he surely is no more bound to leave it because he has read up to the present state of thought and knowledge, than he is bound to quit England because he may be of opinion that some of its laws and institutions are obsolete and unsuitable to the present state of the country. A CAMBRIDGE MAN.

Duckhamshire, Nov. 5.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

LITERATURE

Popular Tales of the West Highlands. Orally collected, with a Translation, by J. F. Campbell. 2 vols. (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas; London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

SINCE the fact became recognized that we are not descended from Brutus nor any other Trojan Chief, but that we must put up with the Scythians, who got intoxicated out of the skulls of their enemies, or the Massagetae, who delighted in horse blood, and ancestors, the study of legendary lore of all kinds has reached a vast development. Some of the most learned, as well as discriminating, critics in every country have devoted themselves to the collection, criticism, and collation of the neglected wealth of popular literature which, in its written or unwritten form, was either hived up in libraries, or lived in the memories of the people. It is sufficient to call up the names of Percy, Herder, Sir Walter Scott, Jamieson, Achin von Arnim, Clemons Brentano, Geijer, Aefelius, Finar Magnusson, Weinhild, Faircliff, the brothers Thagsson, the brothers Grimm, Dasent, and others, to account for the very different estimation in which this century holds ancestral traditions from that which formerly prevailed. In every country in Europe, the old song, ballad or tale has sprung up as fresh and as radiant as the fancies they represent, and with a renewed vitality, like that of the grains of corn found buried under the cements of the mummies of Egypt, which have survived the decay and the oblivion of many centuries. These studies have not only had a most extensive and enduring influence on the poetry and romance of our time, but are found also to throw gleams of historic light across epochs and across the migrations and kinship of races which seemed destined for ever to remain unintelligible obscurity; so that now the simplest tale of the most extravagant legend becomes a torch in the hand of the historic sage which illustrates the very darkest portion of the annals of mankind. The fairy popular and nursery story is that which has received the latest attention; and to the brothers Grimm is chiefly due the merit of having appreciated its significance and erected its lore into a science. By their discoveries and those of kindred philologists and students a nursery tale may be traced from the German to the Icelandic, from the Icelandic to the Zend or Sanscrit, and from thence even to the pyramid of the Pyramids, so that in the end the probability becomes great that it may first have been produced in the shadows of Mount Inanus for the gratification of children of the primitive Aryan race; and "The House that Jack built" may, in inverse order, have delighted successively, at intervals of a few centuries, the infancy of Harald Blue-Tooth of Norway, Brennus of Transalpine Gaul, Tiglath-Pileser, and Psammetichus. We may remark, however, of the brothers Grimm, that it would appear that a fairy tale must at least have a few thousand years of antiquity before they esteem it of any value, since Hans Andersen found, to his utter disappointment, when he called on one of them at Berlin, that his delightful tales, which had made him a European reputation, were utterly unknown to the man who could trace "Little Red Riding-Hood" through the records and hieroglyphics of every known language.

The present book is a very valuable addition to this class of literature, and comes closely in the wake of the Norse Tales of Asbjornsen & Moe, published in 1843, translated, with a preface, by Ludwig Tieck in 1847 into German,

and by Mr. Dasent into English, with a very interesting Preface, in 1859.

Mr. Campbell, who has made this new contribution to what he terms the science of "Storyology," is a member of the "Clan Dharmaid," and dedicates his book to the Marquess of Lorn, the son of his chief. The Preface contains some very interesting information as to the manner in which the tales were collected. The first difficulty was to find the preserves where the stories were most abundant—the next, to get them told; and this latter was by far the most difficult part of his achievement—for the Highlander was shy and proud, believing his stories would be laughed at, till a few words of Gaelic established confidence between man and man, and the story was brought out of him by cordiality and persuasion. But even then it was necessary to get hold of men able and willing to write Gaelic. These, at last, Mr. Campbell found, and the largest part of the book was written by Mr. Hector Uniphart, gamekeeper at Anklindas on Loch Fich, and Mr. Hector McLean, schoolmaster in Islay. Many others, however, assisted, and among these was John Dewar, a self-educated man of advanced age, "whose contribution does him the greatest credit." John Dewar could repeat many of the stories from memory, and gives this account of the way in which he acquired them:—

"I remember, in the winter nights, when a few old people would be together, they would pass the time in telling each other stories which they had by tradition used to listen attentively to hear them telling about the *ceatharnaid*, or freebooters, which used to come to plunder the country, and take away the cattle, and how their ancestors would gather themselves together to fight for their property.—I remember they fought, and the kind of way they used to fight with the weapons of their ancestors, the dress they used to wear, and different hardships they had to endure. I was also sometimes amused, listening to some people telling Gaelic romances which we called *apneachda*. It was very strange for a few youngsters to gather together into one house, and whether idle or at some work, such as knitting stockings or spinning, they would amuse each other with some innocent diversion, or telling *apneachda*. In those days,.....tailors and shoemakers went from house to house to work wherever they were required, and by travelling the country so much, got acquainted with a great many of the traditional tales, and divulged them through the country; and as the country people made the telling of these tales and listening to them their winter nights' amusement, scarcely any part of them would be lost."

The greater part of these stories were collected in South Uist, in the Sound of Barm, and Benbecula. Mr. Campbell found that:—"men of all ranks resemble each other; that each branch of popular lore has its own special votaries, as branches of literature have amongst the learned; that one man is the peasant historian, and tells of the battles of elms;—another, a walking nursery, who knows the descent of his grandfather's families of Scotland; others are romancers, and tell about the giants; others are moralists, and prefer the sagacious prose tales which have a meaning, and might have a moral; a few know the history of the Fen, and are antiquaries. Many despise the whole as frivolities.—they are practical men, and answer to practical men in other ranks of society. But though each prefers his own subject, the best Highlander story-tellers know specimens of all kinds. Start them, and it seems as if they would never stop. I timed one, and he spoke for an hour with out pause, hesitation, or verbal repetition. His story was 'Connell Gullian,' and he said he could repeat fourscore. He recited a poem, but despised Balladism; he followed me six miles in the dark to my inn, to tell me numbers 19 and 20. The 'Shim Searchy Champion' used to last four hours. 'Con-

nall Gullian' used to last for three evenings,—those who wanted to hear the end had to come back. I have heard of a man who fell asleep by the fire, and found a story going on when he awoke next morning."

Mr. Campbell, however, did not trust altogether to collection. He walked with his knapsack among the Highlanders of North and South Uist, and found the people most communicative.—

"Every horse I met on the road stopped of his own accord. Every man asked my news,—'Where I took the walking,' where I lived, and why I came! Saddles were often made, straps a loop of twisted lint, bridle the same, and bits occasionally wood. Dresses were coarse, but good; but there was an air of kindly politeness over all, that is not to be found in homespun dresses in any other country I knew. When I was questioned, I answered, and told my errand, and prospered. I was not a drover come to buy cattle at the fair. Neither was I a merchant, though I carried a pack. I was the gentleman who was *after apneachda*. My collector had made my name known. I spoke Gaelic, and answered questions. I was one of themselves, and I got on famously. I told some of all ages and did tell true stories, children of all ages listened to them,.....and I was told that they now spend whole winter nights about the fire, listening to their old world stories."

The appearance of the tales must be regarded as an event of some importance in the history of the great race of the Gauls and the Kinur, which, with all Northern Europe consisted of forest and prairie, and not a town existed from the Baltic to the mouth of the Rhone,—with the exception of the Phocian colony of Massilia,—were migrating about in savage freedom over the whole Continent, and bursting down from time to time through the confines of Greece and Rome. "What do you fear?" said Alexander the Great to the chiefs who paid him a visit.—"We might fear the sky if it were to tumble down," said they; "however, we respect the friendship of men like you," which was not the answer Alexander expected. The descriptions which the Roman and Grecian historians give of them are very similar to the mythical heroes of the Gaelic stories. Their blond hair, if not red enough already, was dyed so as to be of a flaming colour—it was massy, untouched by iron, bristling up like a mane. Their mustaches were long and flowing, and "Reddish," "Rosaceous," "Reddish." On their heads they wore helmets of heads of beasts, set off with eagle's wings displayed, or horns of wild animals. They had collars of gold, huge sabres, lances, and painted shields. They were always at war either at home or abroad, and had the heads of their enemies and the trophies of the chase stuck about the doors of their huts and houses. Such were the men from whom these tales have, in all probability, come down; and though, in most cases, the main scheme of the tale is to be found elsewhere, yet the incidents have been dressed up to suit the genius of the people, and embellished with a local colouring suited to the place where it finally took root:—

"What is true of one Gaelic story is true of nearly all; they contain within themselves evidence that they have been domesticated in the country for a long time, and that they came from the East. But they belong to the people now, wherever they came from, and they seem also to belong to the language. In no class of tales, told generally as plain narratives, and which seem to belong to savage times, there appears to be shadowed out when iron weapons were scarce, and, therefore, magical,—perhaps, before the wars of Eirina and Lochlan began; when combs were inventions sufficiently new and wonderful to be magical also; when houses were sacred,—birds, cats, cats; apples, oak trees, wells, and twine, sacred or magi-

cal. In these, the touch of cold steel breaks all spells; to relieve an enchanted prince, it was but necessary to cut off his head; the touch of the cold sword from the marrow, when the giant's head leaped on again! So Hercules finished the Hydra with iron, though it was hot. The white sword of light, which shows so that the giant's red-haired servant used it as a torch when he went to draw water by night, was surely once a bright steel sword when most swords were of bronze, as they were of early times, unless it is still older, and a mythological flash of lightning."

The thing which is most sought after in these stories, after the white gold of light, is a comb. The reader of old ballads and legends will remember what a part the comb always plays, and how savage, no less than civilized, races have been found to be very delicate about the adornment of the hair. Combs in the old stories are magical; they are always of gold and silver. Princes comb showers of gold and silver out of their heads with them; the French story of *Peau d'Ane*, children comb jewels from their hair. Combs show maidens their lovers, and throw people into a magic sleep; and men contend with giants for these. As Mr. Campbell says, "there must have been some reason for the importance given to the comb."

"In the first place, though every civilized man and woman now owns a comb, it is a work of art which necessarily implies the use of tools, and considerable mechanical skill. A man who had nothing but a knife could hardly make a comb, and a savage with flint weapons would have to do without. A man with a comb, then, implies a man who has made some progress in civilization; and a man without a comb, a savage who, if he had learned its use, might well regret such a possession. If a black-haired savage, living in the cold north, was to comb his hair on a frosty night, it is to be presumed that the same thing would happen which now takes place when fair ladies or civilized men comb their hair. Cracking epistles of electricity were surely produced when men first combed their hair with a bone comb; and it seems to need but little fancy and a long time to change the bright sparks into brilliant jewels or glittering gold and silver and bright stars, and to invest the rare and costly thing which produced such marvels with magic power."

The apple also has possessed magical properties from time immemorial. When a king's son would cross over the sea, he throws sixteen apples into it, and steps from one to the other upon the water. Apples are cut in pieces, and each piece talks—a giant cannot be killed till an apple is smashed by the hoof of an enchanted horse, for *his heart is in the apple*. And in all other legends, the apple has been equally magical from the beginning of history; but we do not know that any valid reason has been assigned for this. The fairies and water-spirits of the Gaelic legends are very like those of Scandinavian origin; but they are not so human, and the water-spirits, especially, do not play so prominent a part. One of the prettiest of the Norwegian fairy stories is that of the *Priest and the Water-spirit*, in which where the water-spirit is seized with a fit of weeping till he is comforted with the news that he, too, is to have his share of the Redemption, which itself is a proof of the more affectionate sympathy with which these creatures are regarded in the North;—and since that legend it seems a settled point among those who lived in Sweden and Fairy-Lore that the Elfín population also will have a future existence. The fairies of the Highlanders, in other respects, are very similar to their Norse relatives; they live under little conical hills—"They pop up their heads when disturbed by people treading on their houses—they steal children." Their houses open at certain times of the year—they

delight in music and dancing, and have chests of gold and silver. Mr. Campbell thinks that fairy has created the furies out of the Lapps, though we hardly like to think the Court of Oberon and Titania of so very earthy an ancestry. Of the tales themselves, the *Battle of the Birds* is one of the best told, and is very similar to the tale as it exists in the Norse versions. It is not, perhaps, a pleasant proof of the identity of human nature, in all times and countries, that the story of the "Master Thief," which is told in Herodotus, by which the clever thief succeeded in arriving at high honours by accomplishing difficult thefts without discovery, has been a great favourite in every language. The following, among the shorter tales, is one of the best. We premise that the serpent has always been considered the beast of wisdom, and that it is said Michael Scott got his knowledge by serpent-bree or breath:—

"*Pearce Leigh, from Sutherland.*"

"Now, Farquhar was one time a drover in the Reay country, and he went from Glen Gollick to England (some say Falkirk) to sell cattle; and the staff that he had in his hand was hazel. One day a doctor met him:—'What's that,' said he, 'that ye have got in y' hand?'—'It is a staff of hazel.'—'And where did ye cut that?'—'In Glen Gollig north, in Lord Reay's country.'—'Do ye mind the place and the tree?'—'That do I.'—

'Could ye get me the tree?'—'Easy.'—'Well, I will give ye gold money, and can lift it if ye will, and I will give and bring me a wand of that hazel tree, and take this bottle and bring me something more, and I will give thee as much gold again. Watch at the hole at the foot, and put the bottle to it; and the six serpents go that come out first, and put the seventh one into the bottle, and sell me the wand, and come back straight with it here.' So Farquhar went back to the hazel glen, and when he had cut some boughs off the tree he looked about for the hole that the doctor had spoken of. And what should come out but six serpents, brown and black, and as big as the thumb, and he let him clasp the bottle to the hole's mouth, to see would any more come out. By-and-by a white snake came rolling through. Farquhar had him in the bottle in a minute, tied him down, and hurried back to England with him. The doctor gave him silver enough to buy the Reay country, but asked him to stay and help him with the white snake. They lit a fire with the hazel sticks, and put the snake into a pot to boil. The doctor hid Farquhar watch it, and not let any one touch it, and not to let the steam escape, 'for fear,' he said, 'folk might know what they were at.' He wrapped up paper round the pot-lid; but he had not made all straight when the water began to boil, and the steam began to come out at one place. Well, Farquhar saw this, and thought he would take the paper down round the thing, so he put his finger to the bit, and then his finger into his mouth, for it was wet with the brew. Lo! he knew everything, and the eyes of his mind were opened. 'I will keep it quiet though,' said he to himself, 'till presently the doctor comes to ride and look round the fire. He lifted the lid, and dipping his finger in the steam-drops he sucked it; but the virtue had gone out of it, and it was no more than water to him. 'Who has done this?' he cried, and he saw in Farquhar's face that it was he. 'Since you have taken the brew of it take the flesh too,' he said in a rage, and threw the pot at him. Now Farquhar had become alive, and he set up as a doctor. There was no secret hid from him, and nothing that he could not cure. He went from place to place, and cured all sorts of ailments, and called him Farquhar Leithgish (the healer). Now he heard that the king was sick, and he went to the city of the king, to know what would all him. 'It was his knee,' said all the folk, 'and he has a rheum in it,' and they all said that the king's whiles they can give him relief, but not for long, and then it is worse than ever with him, and you may hear him roar and cry with the pain that is in his knee,

in the bones of it.' One day Farquhar walked up and down before the king's house; and he cried—'The black beetle to the white bone.' And the people looked at him, and said that the strange man from the Reay country was thoroughbred. The next day Farquhar showed the gate and cried, 'The black beetle to the white bone!' and the king sent to know who it was that cried outside, and what was his business. The man, they said, was a stranger, and men called him Physician. So the king, who was wild with pain, called him so; and Farquhar stood before the king, and said, 'The black beetle to the white bone!' And as it was proved. The doctors, to keep the king ill, and get their money, put at whiles a black beetle into the wound in the knee, and the beast was eating the bone and his flesh, and made him cry day and night. Then the doctors took it out day again, for fear he should die; and when he was better they put it back again. This Farquhar knew by the serpent's wisdom that he had, when he laid his finger under his teeth; and the king was cured, and had all his doctors hung. Then the king said that he would give Farquhar lands or gold, or whatever he asked. Then Farquhar asked to have the king's daughter, and all the isles that the sea runs round, from Point Storr to Stronness in the Orkneys; so the king gave him a grant of all the isles. But the king's Physician never told him to be Farquhar the King, for he had an ill-wisher that poisoned him, and he died."

This book can hardly fail of its welcome in many quarters.

My Life, and What shall I do with It? a Question for Young Gentlewomen. By an Old Maid. (Longman & Co.)

There have of late been so many books and pamphlets written about the rights and wrongs of women, and of what they might, could, would or should do to ameliorate their own position, and put themselves in a better social, socially, and financially, that it is a great relief to find that a class of women yet survives who have their material comforts secure, and who have no need to labour for daily bread.

There is a reverence and shrillness of tone in most of the books on the condition-of-women question, which make the present work, with its interrogative title, pleasant in its quiet good sense and good taste. It is addressed to women who have no need to work for their living, and who are at leisure, with no pressure of domestic duties to take up their time. The lot of these women looks prosperous at first sight—they are free from the difficulties and anxieties that lie in the way of those who are dependent on their own exertions for daily bread; but they have no work for their energies—no employment of adequate value for the leisure that is theirs. They are weighed down beneath a fearful load of *ennui*, under which their faculties and feelings are stupefied or led to crave for excitement of any kind, no matter what. *Ennui* is the most fatal of all the children of idleness. It is a form of moral inanition which leads to anything from drowsy drinking to setting out French novels as an exercise of energy. The morbid unhappiness—the permanent depression of spirits—the bodily ailments and incapacity which they endure are harder to live under than the anxiety of how to provide meat, drink, washing and lodging. These women, who can buy anything they want, go anywhere they please, have sixteen waking hours to get through every day—what use do they make of all this leisure material of unminced relief? What ought women to make out of it? It is to the young women, more or less, belong to this class, with abundance of leisure, that this little book is addressed. It is written with good feeling, and also with that crowning virtue—the only virtue "that brings its own reward"—

good sense. The author does not offer exasperating sympathy nor aggravating consolation to unmarried women who are past their prime. She is genial, and has a sense of the humorous, as she shows by the way she deals with the "sage advices" which have been uttered as maxims, and set forth as panaceas for the condition of women, in books, sermons and works in general, written for the benefit of the sex in particular. She takes up as her position that those women who have any leisure and any means are bound to give their help towards ameliorating the condition of those who are in wretchedness, ignorance and want—to help them and to teach them how to exercise their privileges as human beings and Christian people. She does not treat this work of charity as optional—to be taken up by unconvinced women for the adornment of their own lives—nor for the interest and occupation it may afford: she treats it as an imperative duty that a woman should spend her time in a way adequate to its value—to work for results worthy to be the "chief end" of a rational being. The attempt to utilize the heavily hanging time, the *œmæ*, the undisciplined energies of women, is as important in its way as the problem of how to cleanse the Serpentine, or what to do with the rich, rank, accumulated mud-banks of the Thames.

The author states her object briefly, as follows,—the whole book is the working-out of the plan—

"We know we could do many things, and we believe we could learn to do more, for the still more-educated and self-reliant women we have been told to help, if we did but know how to get at them and to set about it. My object is to aid those who are left to themselves in the matter to do this; to assist them in coming to some conclusion upon the question,—whether this secular work for the uneducated and poor is their work at all, and how far it is so; to point out those portions which are of most use to beginners, and which lie nearest home to most of us. What is real work? It is work that is done for its own sake, and not merely to pass the time. It must be work that requires our best powers for its accomplishment; that is, if it is self-choice."

It is not "playing at doing good" that is wanted. The peculiar worth of this work is that it offers well-digested and practical suggestions on the training necessary to enable women to know how to make themselves useful, so that their desire to do good may not remain amiable unrealities nor desultory, ill-directed efforts, but be disciplined into a patient, systematic performance in well doing. It is not to "taste the sweets of benevolence," nor to enjoy the "serene approval of a good conscience."

—the satisfaction

Which good men feel who do a virtuous action,—which is to be the object of these labours. Charity and benevolence are not to be carried on to any purpose by mere compassion. It is Work that must be learnt like any other work, and the Workers must be taught and trained to be obedient to the discipline which alone can enable them to co-operate to any purpose. The days of single combats are over. Here are some pertinent remarks which bear upon the point:—

"It would be unwarrantable, even absurd, for the responsible managers of charities to entrust any portion of their real work to voluntary lay visitors, and still less should Government entrust any of the management of female prisons to the aid of the volunteers who have to reside in their neighbourhood. Though the lady in real right work to do, would be the best, if not the only remedy for changeableness and narrow-mindedness; yet it is no reason at all for giving us the work until we prove ourselves capable of carrying it on, and

are in a position to secure its being permanently carried on, that it may not fall through when its first undertakers drop off."

Again, she says:—

"What charity-work is taken upon an extraordinaryment of our lives, and left to the impulsive zeal of the young, and to the odds and ends of time which those can give whose real business is something else,—and whilst the many who come to help are supposed to be conferring a favour, and the one or two least the burden of the thing to be under some obligation to them,—there is little chance of proper management."

A great part of the work is taken up with a plan for establishing central houses "where gentlemen could live together and arrange their work with each other, and with those who are to work with them or over them; that they may have mutual protection and counsel, live at less expense, escape the loneliness and cheerlessness of solitary lodgings, and secure a wise division of labour." Whether this plan would be practicable to any extent we are inclined to doubt. It is a state that cannot be improvised. Protestant women are not trained to the peculiar discipline of obedience to a chief; and without that, no Home could hold together for a week. But, at least, the author offers an intelligible suggestion, which she has evidently well considered in her own mind.

We need not enter deeply into the question, —we refer our readers to the work itself, which, for its genial, earnest, sensible spirit, is well worthy the attention of all who, like children on a rainy day, are wanting "something to do." They will find suggestions innumerable, to which all who desire to use their gifts of education, money, or leisure to advantage may turn to use. They will open their eyes to see for themselves the ways in which they individually may "work and help." The value of a book lies in what it suggests to us,—in what it enables us to see and feel, which we did not see or feel before,—in the spirit it awakens within us,—and not in the things actually said. Such worth, such suggestiveness, are in the book we now leave to our readers. "My Life, and What shall I do with it!"

Patronymica Britannica. A Dictionary of the Family Names of the United Kingdom. Edited by Mark Antony Lower. (Lewes, "Bacon"; London, J. R. Smith.)
Concerning some Scotch Surnames. (Edinburgh, Edmonstone & Douglas.)

"*Patronymica Britannica*" is the highest flight yet endeavoured by its author. He has no reason to be ashamed of his attempt. We congratulate him on his success. That is, as far as such success goes; for there yet remains much to be done ere the subject is exhausted,—if one may say so of a subject which seems to be inexhaustible. Mr. Lower does not, in any respect, fail to have gone about half-way towards that end. He has not compiled a book with thirty thousand names in it; but has wisely been content to note down the fifteen thousand which have fallen in his way, and concerning which he has here, generally speaking, given good account. The other half will, doubtless, come in due time. *Patronymica* is an excellent device for labourers like Mr. Lower to have continually before them.

Meanwhile, it would not be ungrateful to suppose, considering the local habitation of the author, that every Sussex name, at least, would be found on his list, whatever might be the case with other counties. He has, however, no more exhausted the Sussex than the general subject. Only the other day, passing through a Sussex town, the first four names by which our notice was attracted, were Wymark,

Alchorne, Shoosmith and Kinninmonth. On opening Mr. Lower's volume, we find the first of these, under the form of Wymark, described as "an obsolete personal name," which it does not appear to be, for there is a living family bearing it between Lewes and Peversey.

Mr. Lower adds, "Wymark Piggette was an inhabitant of Windlesham, 30 E.ward 1st." It is a common Christian surname in Dorsetshire, and succeeding records, down to the fourteenth century. Ned Wymark was a famous wit and Member of Parliament under Elizabeth and James the First, to whose eccentricities there are scores of allusions in the correspondence of the time. "Alchorne" is thus accounted for by the author—"A manor in the parish of Rotherfield, Sussex, where the family lived in the fourteenth century. Some of their descendants, still resident in that parish, have, within a generation or two, corrupted their name to Allcorn." We can certify that others have kept to the old orthography, which is a better one than that other corruption of the name into Alchin. "Shoosmith," of course, speaks for itself,—and, again, of course, it is borne by many now who have nothing to do with the once noble mystery of farriery, which gave rise to the exalted title of Marshall, once the name of a servant who looked after the horses, and subsequently that of the master of the cavalry himself, and later of generals and great officers of state. "Marshall" and "Constable" have experienced different destinies. The former has mounted from the lower ranks to the very highest; the latter has descended from the shadow of the throne to the state of a parish vestry. The fourth name observed by us in a Sussex town,—the name of Kinninmonth—is not to be found in Mr. Lower's list, and, therefore, we may conclude, has not fallen under his notice. Was it originally a nickname for an *underhand* individual? or, did it indicate one *unning* of speech? In the Supplement to his volume, Mr. Lower registers a name something akin to it in "Kynningmond," "of that ilk," in Fifeshire, a member of this family became Bishop of Aberdeen in the year 1172. The heiress married a Murray in the seventeenth century." This would indicate a Scottish origin; but we must observe, that in the copious list of Scottish surnames given in the second book, whose title heads this article, the name of "Kynningmond" is not to be found.

The transmigration of names would afford a good object to the travelling men who, without it, might have none at all, and find time weigh heavily on their souls. We can answer to have made a dull day at St-Germain's a merry one, by endeavouring to discover in many a queer French name there, an English, Scottish, or Irish origin. The same at least harmless result might agreeably vary a sweet do-nothingness in Savoy. Six hundred years ago, we possessed a Savoyard Archbishop of Canterbury, that "Abaslon" of episcopacy as he was called, the lady-intoxicating Boniface. Now, it is well known that, in one of his visits to his native country, this handsome prelate was accompanied by a score of English gentlemen—Norman and Saxon, who were so smitten by the charms of the ladies of Savoy, that nearly all of them took wives of the land and there set up their households. Are the old familiar names of that time yet to be traced within the limits of what was the ancient duchy? From Nice to Genoa is no great distance, and we make the transition merely to note a strange fact which, many years ago, brought two names together which were often on the popular lip. We allude to the Marquess Michael Imperiali and Judas Iscariot. The Marquess wrote

a book to prove that Judas had been very unfairly dealt with by his contemporaries and posterity; and dying, Imperial left a sum to be expended in masses for the benefit of the soul of Iscariot. Those who sided with him named their boys Michael, and some would have called theirs by the name of the traitor, had not the Church authorities stepped in and stopped the scandal.

Let us return to our own patronymics. With regard to the antiquity of surnames, Mr. Lower shows that they were in some, though not in general, use here before the era of the Normans. The oldest hereditary surname on record appears to be that of Hall. There is another name which has recently been perplexing some of the learned pundits who culled the columns of *Notes and Queries*, "Antrobis." The conclusion arrived at, if we remember correctly, was that the name in question is derived from *Antropos*, and that the founder of the race was, by very particular excellence, a man. Mr. Lower shivers this splendid idea to fragments, by telling us, in a business-like way, that Antrobis is "a township in Cheshire; the original residence of the family, sold by them, temp. Henry the Sixth, but re-purchased in 1808, by Sir Edward Antrobis." Thus, once more there is an Antrobis of Antrobis; and the author remarks on designations after this fashion, that "the proportion of English families who still enjoy possession of the lands from which their surnames are derived, as Ashburnham of Ashburnham, Worsell of Worsell, and Polwhele of Polwhele," is infinitesimally small. The same remark applies to Scottish families, who properly write themselves "of that ilk."

In reference to Scottish names, Mr. Lower points out a singular difference from English rule. In Scotland, the man who joined a clan not his own assumed the name of the Chief—in token of respect. Had the retainer of an English Baron followed this fashion, the chances are, as Mr. Lower signifies, that a halter would have rewarded his pertinence.

On this subject, the writer of the second work named at the head of our paper says:—

"Though our Highlanders in their names generally put forward descent of the clan from which they are or even mythical personages, some tribes have a different manner of surname. The M-Nals, (sons of the abbot) seem to have their ancient name as representing the old Abbots of Strathfillan or Glendochair, who had become secularized, and appropriated the lands which belonged to the monastery. Some such descent may be expressed in the name of M-Pherson, which means the sons of the parson, M-Vicer, and other clerical surnames, as well as M-Intosh, the sons of the chief, had others; while some, who assume, I would contend with the name recognized among Celtic hares another by which they pass in the outer world, as Cameron, Fraser, Campbell. I must leave to more competent hands the curious subject of our Highland and Island surnames, and the endless variety of shapes they assume. I would submit only one or two observations.—1. The greatest class were not the earliest to assume uniform fixed surnames, instead of fluctuating patronymics. The Macdonalds and others had the recognized general surname till almost within the last century. The earliest fixed Macs I have met with in record and charter are M-Gillane (M-Lesne), M-Leod, M-Intosh, M-Neill, Mac-kennie, M-Towal, M-Vachan. 2. Where the settlement of a powerful southern factor within a Highland border is followed by the sudden spread of their name through the neighbouring glens, we may presume—not that the former inhabitants are exterminated, but that the native population (being in truth no surnames) readily adopted that of their new lords. Even after surnames had become common in the Highlands, we find the

adoption taking place by written compact. I have seen petitions of some small clans of the Brases of Angus, to be allowed to take the name of Lyon, and to be counted clansmen of the Strathmores. Many families and small tribes of Breishallane in the sixteenth century renounced their natural heads, and took Glenleach for their chief. Many more, in Argyle and the Isles, must have suffered a change from awe of Macdonalds. The Gordons are hardly settled in the Highlands, and forty daugh' of Strathbogie when the whole country round is full of men calling themselves Gordon."

The following, from the same book, is illustrative:—

"Of names derived from office, first in this country occurs Stewart, variously spelt, though as I have already told you, it was not till after several generations that the Fitz-Walters and Fitz-Alans took that name destined to become so illustrious from their office of steward of the royal household. We find names derived from all other classes of high and of low degree. The office of keeper of the Wardrobe gave name to a family of Wardropers, since shortened into Wardrop, just as Forrester was cut down into Forrest. The keepers of the Aspery became Naperers (cut down to Naper). The great office of Clerk or Burward, gave name to a powerful family, now extinct or sadly decayed; but even yet, the Devids peasant believes that the church-bell of Cool rings of its own accord when a Burward dies; and I am inclined to trace another old Angus name to the same source. The Duerward may have become Huisier, and Huisier early took the Scotch shape of Wischier."

In returning to Mr. Lower, we may as well observe that, in some of his derivations our author, if he occasionally travels too far, does not always times travel far enough. The "Hackbloek," like Shakespeare, Shakespeare, Hurlbath, Wagstaff, &c., he derives "probably, from some unusual feat." May not the "Hackbloeks" have descended from some active butcher, or some inefficient headman? There is a branch in Surrey, who proudly look down from Box Hill Ridge on pleasant little Brockham; but they would be hard put to it, we believe, to determine whether they were Dones, as some have called them, or perhaps heirs of some gloomy official who once dealt sharply with knaves, in the meadow near Reigate Castle.

If we cannot settle the Hackbloek genealogy, what are we to say of the Rottenherings? Mr. Lower says, that "Rotten" and "Rottenhering" are "obprobrious names," which occur in the Archives of Hull in the fourteenth century. But it is so clear these names are obprobrious! Have they no affinity with "Red," and may not "Rottenhering" have been originally the *Red Lord*? In 'The Book of the Princes of Wales,' we find Edward of Caernarvon writing to Richard Oysell, Warden of Kingston-upon-Hull, bespeaking in warm terms his *favour and friendship* for one "John Rottenhering" of Kynegston, who was not likely to have been a "villain." The correspondence of this Prince would have added some queer names, not to be found in Mr. Lower's roll; one of these is "Joh. Lannecegrul," a London horse-dealer, perhaps, from his name a horse-doctor, to whom the Prince orders that his "dear clerk," Sir Walter Reginald, shall pay the other fifteen pence due for a horse on which the like sum had been already paid, on account. Another surname occurs in these letters is that of Hamond Dundie, of which name, Mr. Lower only remarks, that it is "familiarily used in Scotland for Andrew." He says as much for *Dand*, which sounds like that of the hospitable Turkey-

seller ennobled by Henri Quatre,—Mons. D'Inde (*dinde*), whose family, like that of the clever lady immortalized by Horace Walpole, must have been akin to that of *D'Aucune*.

In recording the Brumstons, Mr. Lower notifies that "the Brumston of Skreens trace lineally to *Ernp*, Richard the Second, but I cannot find the locality whence the name was assumed." May they not have come from Brumstodt, in Lower Saxony?—would not Brumpton in Cumberland furnish them with a cradle? However this may be, we will avail ourselves of this opportunity to make record of a notable bearer of this name. In Upton Churchyard, near Slough, under the shadow of the ivy-covered tower, there is a tiny tombstone, laid to the memory of "Elizabeth Brumstone, a woman who dared to be just in the days of George the Second." This riddle, as we take it, is to be read by the light of the accompanying date, 1745. No doubt, the bold Elizabeth was an inveterate Jacobite, and in the village so near to Windsor Castle itself, dared to lift up her voice and wish success to the cause of the Stuarts.

In Domesday-Book there is one nobleman, Richard, son of the Earl of Brionne, who is described by five different names. In Langley Marsh Church, adjacent to Upton above named, where there is one of the most singular chapels or tribunes ever seen in a church, the name of its original owner, Kidderminster, is spelt, we think, in as many different ways. This variation is nothing, however, when compared with that endured by the Mainwaringes, whose well-sounding name is made to vary in its orthography one hundred and thirty-one ways! To discover all these changes may be a pleasant occupation to dissipated persons wearied with excess of pleasure in playing at *Solitaire*.

There were occasions when certain changes of occupation were accompanied by complete change of name—as, for instance, when a man became a monk, and he whom few would have regarded as plain Tom Jenkins, drew all hearts to him under the softened appellation of Dominic Angelus, or some such refined and refining designation.

Then, many a name which has a vulgar sound in it to our ears, or is vulgar from associations connected therewith, is in reality very dignified indeed. *Cattach*, for instance, we connect only with the Seven Dials and ill-printed ballads. But when we learn that this surname, in its old form of *Cattachac*, is found in the Highlands of Scotland, and that its signification is "warrior," we are ready to confess that the air from the Highlands purifies the "Dials," and the patron of street barbs who call therein forth their bravado.

It is much the same with the *Startups*. The objects so called were, originally, the leech jackets worn by heralds; and then, mayhap, "Startup" may have been only comparatively beneath "Blue Mantle." Subsequently, it was a name for rough, high-topped boots, and figuratively for those who put them on, and looked gruffer than they had any right to do:

A piece of *Startup* had he on his back the leg;
How they were, and easier than most,
And in their soles, full many a good peg;
which last line, from the old verses called "Thyne's Debate," proves, says Mr. Lower, that the use of pegged soles for boots, recently introduced into this country from America, is no modern invention. They are no more modern or American than Colt's Revolvers.

Is it any use seeking to adapt a locality to the origin of a family name? If one Mandeville came from the place so called near Louviers, may not another owe the appellation to his

* A *Na puer—nam puerile* is the childish etymology of the genealogists for the name rendered illustrious by John Napier of Merchiston, and borne by many a gallant name of our own time.

evil qualities? Was not the Norman Robert le Diable, a man-devil? This form of the word is well-known in Germany, where *Manndiabol* is a familiar name. It is not in all cases that a degrading nickname can be so pleasantly turned. The Irish chief who, from being suckled by a peculiar nurse, was called *Filius Canis Fœtoris*, could never turn it to agreeable account; but we all know how readily, in an English form, the name is given and returned by the well initiated in the vulgar tongue.

As another illustration that localities are not always to be depended on, we may cite the name Livermore, to which name Mr. Lower only adds the explanation—"Two parishes in Suffolk, more usually written Livermoe." The name, however, Livermore or Levermore is a Welsh term, signifying "the great Lewis," and it is common enough in the West of England. Of another family name, Gin or Ginn, Mr. Lower takes it to be the same as Genn, which, he says, "is Cornish and rare, and believed to be the Celtic form, or rather root, of *Planta-genista*, broom. The *g* is sounded hard." To this we must remark, that the name is the very contrary of rare in Picardy, as Mr. Lower may assure himself by running across the Channel, and walking from Boulogne up to the churchyard at Fœulx, where "Gin, with the *g* soft, will be found on many a tomb. This name, with the initial letter hard or soft, would be difficult to refine, as the Americans have done with *Taylor*, softening the same into *Taylor*. Mr. Lower is uncommonly sarcastic against those very unhappy and ill-used persons who are born "Smiths," and who wriggle into *Smythies*, and in the case of a resolute old English gentleman, even into the horrors of *Smithie!* The hyper-gentle people who thus wriggle, we give up to all the fun that Mr. Lower, well skilled therein, can pour upon or get out of them; but, for the Smiths generally, let us put in a protest; and let us earn their eternal gratitude by informing them that their name, in two forms, was long ago rendered illustrious by being that of a whole house of Assyrian Kings—for what were Hadad and Ben-Hadad but Smith and Smithson? What are the Dukes of Northumberland but Smithsons, and the Earls of Derby but Smith-Stanleys? Look up! noble Smiths, look up!

Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic. By Sir W. Hamilton.

[Second Notice.]

THE exact sciences are logic and mathematics: not the logic of many of the books, which is loaded with every kind of irrelevant psychology; not the mathematics of our old systems, which takes in carpentry and fireworks; but the study of the necessary laws of thought, and the study of the necessary properties of space and time. Strip existence of all you possibly can, till you are a single soul in an otherwise empty universe, and still it hangs by you that you live and last in space, that there is no medium between "either A or not-A," and that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third. That is, you can imagine this knowledge acquired without any other data of operation than the law of conscious existence, and without any other subject-matter except the necessary properties of space and time.

Hamilton acknowledges this community of nature by which logic and mathematics stand apart from other sciences, as follows: In respect of irrefragable certainty, says he, "Logic and Mathematics stand alone among the sciences, and their peculiar certainty flows from the same source. Both are conversant about the relations of certain *a priori* forms of intelligence."

But by a process which will amuse as much as it puzzles, he became a philosophical Manichæan, and arrived at the conclusion that, of the two necessary sciences, logic is the good principle and mathematics the evil one. The sciences of space and time were to be almost proscribed, as absolutely noxious if taken in any but the most moderate quantities. He avers that "reason and experience concur in showing that Mathematics and Logic, like Love and Majesty,

Hand ten conveniant, nec in unâ esse morantur."

But which is to compare with which he does not say; nor whether, in such a comparison, initials are homoeopathic or allopathic.

If a mathematician ventured into the field of logic, he was to be treated as in *mental delirium tremens*; his science was assimilated to dancing, and he himself was saluted as "Tohy Philop!" And all these paradoxes were neither the excesses of controversy nor the ebullitions of personal dislike: they were, in their quiet forms, the inhabitants of the mind at rest, which took wildness and fierceness from any thing which caused disturbance. We are perfectly aware that a schism has grown up between mathematics and logic, in these latter days. Logic has fallen into the province of literature, while mathematics has been given over, for its applications, to science. Which are the more silly of the two, the logicians for their disregard of mathematical discipline, or the mathematicians for their refusal to cultivate the analysis of the laws of thought with which they work, will be discovered by the first generation in which the two sciences are treated in their proper connection. Our concern is with the extreme case of the phenomena now before us.

The University of Oxford was long in the habit of giving undergraduates an option between a little mathematics and a little logic: a more foolish course could not have been taken. Those who most wanted either would be sure to take the other; and we shall show ample evidence that Hamilton must have been allowed to pass through Oxford without mastering so much a reputation of geometry. The very curious results of his training have chronicled the unskillful alternative of his University in the history of letters: one book of Euclid, a slight attention to arithmetic, would have prevented the first philosopher of his age and country from the appearance which he must make, dating from the publication of the *Lectures on Logic*. When he produced his celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review*, a curious and powerful exhibition of his own weakness, there was nothing which betokened absolute ignorance of mere elements. It was strange, indeed, to find him affirming that in mathematics there is not merely necessary truth to be got for the seeking, but an absolute inability to go wrong: he says that being right in that science has no more merit than walking straight in a ditch. We wondered how he came to be ignorant that even the beginner must often cut his own ditch, and that, when cuttings are made for him, the points where several ditches meet are incessantly occurring. The mathematics, he says, have long since cracked the husk, though philosophy is even yet militant about the kernel: it may be that the reason is because philosophy has got into that ditch in which there is no walking straight, the ditch into which the blind lead the blind. Such remarks as these came into our head when we read that article; but at that time we did not know that the writer had a lower than schoolboy ignorance of the subject, coupled with a want of power in the quantitative faculty which prevented him from picking up the ordinary approach to correctness common among

nonmathematical scholars. These are strong terms: we proceed to justify them.

Discussions, p. c. 645* (1st ed.). We learn that logical Breadth and Depth, "though denominated quantities, are, in reality, one and the same quantity." We learn in a sentence or two afterwards that "the greater the Breadth, the less the Depth; the greater the Depth, the less the Breadth." This is, we believe, unprecedented in the annals of publication: it partly arises from the writer not being able to use the word *quantity* in its abstract sense. To Hamilton, quantity is the concrete, as in "a quantity of salt." But even so, the blunder is marvellous: for though a quantity of salt may be "one and the same" quantity of chloride of sodium, it is inconceivable that the more salt the less chloride. The truth is that logical breadth and depth are two different quantities: as the words are used by Hamilton, the breadth refers to the number of species in a genus, the depth to the number of genera which may be predicated of a species. These two kinds of quantity he sublimates into one, to use a phrase of his own—he often plays off metaphors upon quantity, as people do on hazy notions—and so produces the memorable result of *identical quantities, and the greater the one the less the other!*

Throughout his writings, Hamilton confounds equation of quantities with identification of subject-matters possessing quantity. He affirms that all propositions are only and "merely" equations of quantities; he uses "equation of quantities" as identical with "coalescence of notions"; and also informs us that this "mere" equation of quantities, breadth or depth at pleasure, may still be used to measure their quantity. He never learns the meaning of the word *equation*: he confounds it with the *adequacy* of the schoolman, which must be translated by *adequateness*, and by *equality*.

Metaphysics, vol. i. p. 527. We find a paper full of the simplest crudities about infinity, things which the lowest student in mathematics soon learns to laugh at. They are called "contradictions proving the psychology of the theory of the conditioned," and were written as late as 1852. One of them is "A quantity, say a foot, has an infinity of parts. Any part of this quantity, say an inch, has also an infinity. But one infinity is not larger than another. Therefore an inch is equal to a foot." This we do not quarrel with; we do not expect the writer who will be shown to make a gross mistake relative to Euclid I. 1, to have any notion of that consistency which mathematical habit gives to the ideas of infinity; a thing about which most of the unmathematical psychologists talk glibly. We quote the preceding merely in passing to the next sentence, which begins thus:—"If two divaricating lines are produced *ad infinitum* from a point where they form an acute angle, like a pyramid . . ." Two lines making an acute angle like a pyramid! No boy who has been a month at Euclid would believe that the writer of this sentence had ever followed the study for part of a week: and, in truth, the state of mind in which any one *peaky* thing will serve as illustration for any other is altogether pre-Euclidean.

Logic, i. 79. Confusion between equality and identity; "A is A" the same as "A=A"; a concept the *sum* of all its characters, "equal to all its characters." This is, for instance, that rose=red+flower+bulky+sweet-smelling+. . . T is only the utmost development of a notion which has prevailed widely among the logicians, who will have it that *red* and *fragrant* are parts of a rose, just as *Cornwall* and *Devonshire* are parts of England. They say a concept is the *sum* of its attributes.

They do not grasp the distinction between the quantity which has *partes extra partes* and that in which the *partes permeant* one another, as Hamilton well said, when on one occasion he seized the point. The distinction is that of *aggregation and composition*.

Logic, i. 81. "What is contradictory is unthinkable. $A = \text{not-}A$ is A or $A = \text{not-}A$." A very little algebra would have taught that $A = \text{not-}A$ gives $A = \text{not-}A = 0$. The reader should remember that all these things were given out to the class, year after year, for twenty years. And the non-existence of $A = B$ being signified by $A = B = 0$, is not the notion of any person who has ever solved a simple equation.

Logic, i. 97. "They are like the three sides of a triangle; not the same, not reducible to unity, each pretending with equal right to a prior consideration, and each, if considered first, giving in its own existence the existence of the other two." This is true, may be, of the three logical laws, identity, contradiction, and excluded middle: but it is not true of their likeness. The existence of one side of a triangle does not give the existence of the other two. Undoubtedly if one side be the side of a triangle, there are other two sides, or there would be no triangle; but such a notion as Hamilton here propounds could not have been enunciated by any one who had a tincture of geometry.

Logic, i. 103. The author, so confused when he attempts a mathematical phrase, becomes fit to teach the mathematicians in almost any matter in which neither quantity nor space are predominant ideas. By some accident one of our memoranda of his lectures has found its way among the deficiencies: it is a pleasure to give it. "The indefinite is, however, sometimes confounded with the infinite; though there are hardly two notions which, without being contradictory, differ more widely. The indefinite has a subjective, the infinite an objective relation. The one is merely the negation of the actual apprehension of limits; the other the negation of the possible existence of limits." An excellent lesson for many mathematical writers, who make this confusion of set phrase.

Logic, i. 143. "A concept is a quantum or quantity: for that which contains one or more units by which it may be measured, is a quantity." The notion of a person who does not apprehend that mensuration demands repetition of similar units: it is like to say that rose is *ten* so far as it is *flower* and *fragrant*, and *three* so far as it is *living*, *vegetable*, and *English*.

Logic, i. 436. The want of acquaintance with the language of the algebraist is evident: "9 is made up of 7 + 2." No such thing: 9 is 7 + 2; made up of 7 and 2; because 9 is made up of 7 and 2, it is 7 + 2. This is what a careful teacher explains to little boys, when they make the same confusion.

Logic, ii. 19. "The circle is *curved* line returning upon itself" is objected to, because "every line returning upon itself is *curved*." The italics are ours. The least geometry would have taught that all which has length without breadth is *line*; the boundary of a square is a line; it returns upon itself; and is not *curved*. Hamilton had not got so far as to distinguish *curved* and *long*.

Logic, ii. 41. "In the geometrical problem—to describe an equilateral triangle on a given straight line . . . the proof finally demonstrates that these circles must intersect each other, that the drawn straight lines necessarily constitute a triangle, and that this triangle is necessarily equilateral." This refers to Euclid, and is translated from Fries, which only makes it more extraordinary: for a person who cannot

avoid a gross blunder can very often detect another person; and the elementary error of one teacher is not to be palliated by saying that he took it from another. Euclid does not prove that the drawn straight lines bound (no typo would say *constitute*) a triangle: he could as soon prove that parallels never meet. And it is notorious that Euclid does not prove that the circles meet: it is the well-known omission of the first proposition of the first book, which we cannot believe Hamilton had ever read. Strange that he should have given this out to his class, year after year, without any intelligent young man respectfully asking where Euclid proved these points.

When we say Hamilton had never read the first proposition in Euclid, we do not deny that he had, in a certain way, looked into the original Greek, and compared it with the translations. But, somehow or other, he managed to read philologically, not geometrically. With such very defective power over the notion of quantity, and no drilling when he was young, he might have been like the recorded student who had read Euclid and, according to his own account, understood everything except the A's and B's and the pictures of scratches and scrolls. That his mind had ever seriously mastered a simple proposition, we cannot believe. The above is to us sufficient evidence; and there is more to come.

Logic, i. 185. "We show in geometry that two right lines can never contain a space." How could any one who had read ever so little imagine that geometry *shows* this? Euclid *assumes* it, and informs his reader that geometry can teach him nothing until he has granted it as known.

Logic, ii. 463. "Every angle of every triangle infers,—necessitates,—contains, if you will,—the whole of every other, equally as do the several angles of an equilateral triangle." So when we know one angle of any triangle, we can infer the other two, just as much as if the triangle were equilateral. We interpret this geometrical curiosity as follows:—Hamilton could, by usage, only imagine an angle under definite lines and so his angle of a triangle had a definite pair of including sides.

If what we have produced do not prove our point, namely, that the author of these mistakes had read nothing about space and number, and was unusually destitute of power over those notions, we should be curious to know what would prove it. It must be remembered that we are not quoting from an ordinary writer, who occasionally carries slip-stops into any part of his subject. We are quoting from a good scholar, who, independently of immense erudition in metaphysics and logic, had a very varied field of acquirement: for example, he had no mean amount of reading in physiology. We are quoting from a writer whose power over language was notably great; who illustrated, by his command of expression, every subject he wrote upon, except one. On this one subject, the object of his antipathy, his delivery was what we have shown it to be. Who can doubt that, on this one subject, there was both want of aptitude and utter absence of information?

This part of our task is unpleasantly necessary. Hamilton talked and wrote about mathematicians all his life in a manner which combined a tone of immense superiority with an affection of the right to judge them. He never brought his power to the test of publishing anything definite about mathematics. When he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, he concealed inability under conclusions without premises: he wrote over the subject, and under it, and about it—never into it. Was there a

latent consciousness that he had better not be too particular? All this time he was promulgating the absurdities of extreme misconception to a class which was dazzled by his learning, and by his acuteness in all things but one; and his death opens to the world the secret that the great teacher of logic, who made a specious anti-mathematical appearance when he raised a cloud of generalities, was so thoroughly ignorant of the science he was criticizing that he could not detect two gross blunders in a description of the very first proposition in Euclid.

We now come to his logic as a whole. It divides into two parts:—general logic, and his own particular system of proposition and syllogism. We are inclined to put these Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic at the head of his other works: they will be more read than his other philosophical writings; there is more of the fruit of learning, and less of the leaf. And we place the Lectures on Logic above those on Metaphysics: we think we see in them the advantage of their being the *second* course which he wrote, and of their being put together after he had taught for a session. He is an unparing rejecter of the load of matter irrelevant to pure logic which his predecessors had taken from Aristotle and others. He discriminates with accuracy the domain of the necessary law of thought, and keeps within it; or, if he should wander for a moment into foreign lands, it is to bring home matter of legitimate illustration, or to play the part of a judicious critic. He refuses to be bound by the accidents or the usages of language: he claims for logic to state in language all that is in the mind of thought. What he has of applied logic is fully separated from the pure science. His learning is not obtrusive nor excessive: when wanted, it pours out freely. Between Hamilton and his editors, the notes are made to present a valuable set of references, which would be effectively supplemented by those in Mr. Mansel's edition of Aldrich.

A reader may be curious to know what books Hamilton recommended to his class, he having published none of his own. He tells them that the one best entitled to their attention, though with errors and imperfections, is that of Whately, which had a few years before been the object of his most slashing criticism. Watts and Duncan, he says, are worth reading as books, but not as books upon logic. We take the liberty of asserting that Watts is worth reading as logic, and Duncan not worth reading at all. In this last opinion we are corroborated by previous opinion of Hamilton himself, who describes Duncan's work as containing a "muddy scudgery." He recommends, in French, the *Port-Royal* book, and those of Duaurion and Delarivière; and also Wyttenbach, Genovesi, and Burgersdicius.

Hamilton, as is known to all who know anything about the matter, proposed a logical system of his own. This system led to a controversy, one prominent part of which arose out of the publication of Prof. De Morgan's system. Into this we do not intend to enter. Mr. De Morgan's system can be found in his 'Syllabus of a Proposed System of Logic' and also, more briefly still, in the article 'Logic' in the proper number of the 'English Cyclopædia,' published a few months ago,—we believe in July. We shall have occasion to adopt some of the objections; but we shall, were it only from want of space, take no notice of the system out of which or in company with which, they arise. Hamilton's system was introduced with much flourish, but only with partial exposition. Mr. Baynes, his pupil, illustrated part of it by the publication of a prize essay; Dr. Thomson, from Hamil-

ton's information, gave some account of its proposition and syllogism; Hamilton himself added something, both in a note to Mr. Baynes's work, and in one of the Appendices to the "Discussions on Philosophy." But though the papers he left have been thoroughly ransacked, Mr. Mansel is able to add very little, hardly anything in fact, to what has been already published, even with the aid of the notes of old students. It seems to us that there could have been very little to add; and we find no allusion which suggests that anything was to come, more than amplification and vindication of what was long ago before the public.

In every part of his system, so far as it lays down canons, Hamilton ran his vessel against what was always his rock-ahead,—the notion of quantity. He began by a revival of the old distinction of comprehension and extension, or, as he calls them, depth and breadth. The distinction is so easy and so fundamental that, stript of technicalities, it lies open to all readers who are accustomed even to that rough mental introspection which is common among inquisitive men, though not trained to logical analysis. Aristotle opened the subject in one of those powerful *otia dicat* which abound in his writings; in one point of view, says he, the species is part of the genus; in another, the genus is part of the species. This is learning; but it can easily be brought down from the philosophical heaven to mix with men. Horse is species, animal is its genus; and the species is contained in the genus. All horses are animals; all horses are some animals; or, as the logicians delight to say, all horse is some animal. He also says that the concept of the species is that of *extension* of the concept *animal*; and it is as difficult to dispute Aristotle, when he says that the species is part of the genus, as it was to poor Moses to oppose him when he said that relatives are related. Moreover, the notion of extension is mathematical: *horse* is part of *animal*, just as one area is part of another. But if we consider the manner in which notion is part of notion, we see that *animal* is also part of *horse*; the whole notion of *animal*, all the attributes which compose it, form part of the notion of horse. So that Aristotle is not to be gainsaid when he affirms that, from another point of view, the genus is part of the species. And the logicians have always said that *animal* is part of the *comprehension* of *horse*, while *horse* is part of the *extension* of *animal*. It will be obvious, on the slightest consideration, that in the two different aspects of the proposition, the logical quantities, whole and part, are, and must be, inverted. All (class) horse is part of (class) animal; all (notion) animal is part of (notion) horse. This was sufficiently laid down, as to universal propositions at least, in the Port-Royal Logic, which Hamilton mentions as the work in which the distinction was revived. For the logicians retained *extension* for logic, and *comprehension* into metaphysics. Hamilton brings both into logic; and very justly pronounces that upon either alone the science is incomplete and one-sided. But he rejects the change of the quantities: he affirms that "All horse is some animal" is the proposition of comprehension (depth); and that "Some animal is all horse" is the proposition of extension (breadth). Thus he says (*h* and *A* being replaced by *Socrates* and *Athenians*) that "Socrates is (*h*, as subject, contains in it the inherent attribute) some Athenian." Now Socrates is some (one) Athenian; he classes among the Athenians; but, when once we take *Athenian* as an attribute, Socrates has the whole of it. Not that what Hamilton says is in itself wrong, if a meaning be made for his term. We can, if we please, decompose

attribute thus: we may say that Socrates has one instance of the quality Athenian; and Plato another. But this is not common usage: this is not the common thought of mankind; this is not the way Hamilton thinks, when he dismounts from his system: this is not what Aristotle justly announced as the great distinction between species in genus and genus in species. But Hamilton means to be Aristotle's distinction: he tells us, in various places, that his breadth and depth are to be the old extension and comprehension. We wait with curiosity to see whether any disciple will, in a work on logic, adopt this—as it appears to us—strange and evident perversion of a plain law of thought.

Hamilton also gave a system of propositions and syllogisms. The old logic distinguished four kinds of propositions: the universal and particular affirmative, "All A is B" and "Some A is B"; and the universal and particular negative, "No A is B" and "Some A is not-B." The quantity, universal or particular, was considered as applied to the proposition, not to the subject. The later logicians quantified the subject A, and also the predicate B: they detected quantity in the meaning; thus in "All A is B" they saw "All A is some B." Hamilton insists on the full amount of received quantification, and also on the application of each of the quantifiers, *all* and *some*, in every possible combination. He affirms that all the propositions thus produced actually and usually exist in thought. This point we shall not argue. If they do not exist, they ought to be made to exist, provided only that they furnish a system of enunciation which completes and enlarges the most common system, so as to present neither omission nor redundancy.

A system of logical enunciation ought to be founded upon thought. It is objected to Hamilton's system that it is founded upon an arbitrary extension of language. Because the ideas of quantity, universal and particular, happen to occur in our recognized modes of speaking, under certain restrictions, we cannot sensibly admit that a truer system is determined by the removal of these restrictions. Before we can admit this, we must ask whether the usual language of enunciation is a philosophical representation of the law under which we think the proposition: that is, a proper basis for the structure which an analyst is to build when he comes to his synthesis. It was the complaint of Hamilton against Aristotle that he began synthesis before he had finished that he began analysis. It is perfectly true; all first inventors do it: we should never have had any system at all if they had waited for a perfect analysis. Nay, a perfect analysis is impossible without the knowledge and the habits derived from the imperfect synthesis which is founded upon imperfect analysis. But when, after a lapse of two thousand years, a new synthesis is attempted, we may then, if ever, expect it to be preceded by a more perfect analysis. And this Hamilton did not make; in fact, he made no analysis at all.

There is nothing of the kind in the mere adoption of the phrases *some* and *all* (even though any be written for *all* when grammatically desirable) scattered in every possible variety of collocation among subject and predicate, in both affirmative and negative propositions. Analysis of thought, as well as of language, is wanted. It would have been, if sufficient examination had been made, that the true mental basis of the four great forms of enunciation which the logicians mark by A, E, I, O, and which dictated the forms of language, is the notion of affirmation and denial, applied to the notion of contained and

excluded. Thus, "Every X is Y" asserts the class X as contained in the class Y; and "Some X is not Y" denies it. Again, "No X is Y" asserts the total exclusion of the class X from the class Y; and "Some X is Y" denies it. We are alive to the objection that what is called a negative is among our assertive forms, and what is called an affirmative among our denials; but those who have marked the phenomena of what Hamilton's successors call *discursive alpha* will not be surprised at the denial of exclusion taking affirmative form, &c.

But though not founded upon any analysis, though essentially and etymologically capacious, we should concede to Hamilton the discovery of a system if his net had really captured one. Many a good thing has come in an illegitimate way. And here we remark that Hamilton's system fails to satisfy conditions in more ways than one.

First, one of its propositions is a combination of two of the others: a thing which every idea of system demands should be carried through, if commenced. That proposition is, "All A is all B," which means that A and B are co-extensive terms; everything which is either is the other. This combines and includes the two ordinary propositions, "Every A is B" and "Every B is A," being Hamilton's "All A is some B" and "All B is some A." Hamilton maintained that his own proposition was a simple act of thought; but how a simple act of thought can be the joint effect of two others he did not show. And even if, which really is not the case, "All A is all B" had been a common act of thought, simple by usage, like the others, it ought to have been decomposed by the philosophy.

Secondly, there are propositions which do not find any contradictions in Hamilton's system: now, as every proposition has its contradictory, it is clear that no so-called system can have any claim to the name which does not discover and express the mode of contradicting whatever it allows to be affirmed. The proposition, "All A is all B" is in this predicament; and one of the other seven simply contradicts it. Hamilton ruined his own case by affirming, in answer to the objection, that there is a contradiction—"All A is not all B." But he forgot that the objection was that there is no contradiction in the system; and the introduction of this contradiction would, as he knew, have been ruin to the whole. He never ventured to attempt an explanation why it is not introduced.

It takes more space to blame than to praise: for approbation need but send the reader to the book to see what, but censure must detain him in the article to see why. We are not of those who say *Mallum cum Scailgore errare quam cum Clavio recte sapere*; but, nevertheless, the mixed truth and error of a great and powerful mind is better exercise to the level reading of a safer but smaller guide. Hamilton's writings are splendid thinking-ground; and the student of mental philosophy will soon find cause to acknowledge his obligations. It may be that his errors, strange as they are, will serve an end of high importance. It may be that they are destined to break down the barrier which has divided logic from mathematics. As discipline dies out, and reflection does its work, we shall see that our remarks will be repeated, and their truth acknowledged. Where Hamilton found the simile we have quoted we do not know or have forgotten; but one part of it has broken down in our day, and so may the other. In England, at this very moment, *bene conveniunt* may be said of Love and Majesty: we think the phrase may come to be true of Logic and Mathematics,

or rather of their cultivators, even though the contrary has been declared by the learning and acuteness of William Hamilton.

Shakespeare's Puck, and his Folklóre, illustrated from the Superstitions of all Nations. By William Bell, Ph.D. Vol. II. (Hotten.)

THIS is a continuation of the work, the commencement of which we duly noticed as long since as October, 1852; and we feel bound again to acknowledge the variety of information accumulated from all quarters by Dr. Bell. The learning he displays is of a very peculiar description, and his energy is untiring, and highly creditable; but still we have to complain of a want of what, we own, it would be very difficult to give to so disservice an undertaking, viz., system and arrangement. We must be aware we are better content with the nature and extent of the information, than with the manner in which the author has employed his complicated materials. He very properly commences with a sort of analysis of his previous volume, so as to put the reader in possession of the points which he thinks he has already established; and although in this portion of his work he now and then takes for granted, as proved, matters which we consider yet very doubtful, we are not sorry to see the prevalence of a strong conviction on his part, for if it did not exist we should necessarily have lost much that we now owe to industry and perseverance. We like to see a man write not only with a distinct purpose, but with a resolute determination to carry it out, and even to estimate it somewhat above its value.

Certainly not the newest, or, we respect, but the most important portion of the work before us relates to the performances of English actors abroad, and to the traces they have left behind them on the old dramatic literature of the Continent. It has been for many years ascertained that performers, some with unmistakably English names, such as Brown, Spencer and Jones, had represented English plays in some of the large towns of Holland, Belgium, and Germany, and one position urged at considerable length by Dr. Bell is, that Shakespeare himself was at one time a member of a company that attended the Earl of Leicester in the Low Countries about the year 1587. We cannot say that Dr. Bell has at all convinced us upon this question, or that he has proved his case, or that the "jesting Will" of one of Lord Leicester's despatches was intended for Shakespeare, and not for William Kemp. He follows it up by a dissection of some of the continental dramas, particularly in such works as Jacob Ayer's collection, in which he endeavours to show, either that Ayer was indebted to Shakespeare or Shakespeare to Ayer. He admits, however, that there may be a middle course, and that both may have availed themselves of the same, now lost, original.

We wish, as briefly as we can, to put this matter a little to the test, and to prove upon what slight and uncertain grounds those who are earnest in making out a theory are content to found their superstructure. We will take the instance of Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' for which, as everybody knows, no origin has yet been discovered in any language of Europe. Dr. Bell is anxious to convince his readers that there are striking coincidences between Sides, a Jacob Ayer; and he first gives a copy of a woodcut of a young Prince is enjined by a Wizard to cleave the logs for the fire course, the task cannot be a wooden axe. Of supernatural aid; and while the Prince is pon-

dering over his task, the Wizard's daughter interposes, and with the help of her father's magic wand, performs the duty for him. Of this incident, Ayer makes use, and how does he represent Sides (the Miranda of 'The Tempest') addressing the Prince according to Dr. Bell's translation:—

Come! see the wood be done quick,
Or my stripes shall fall full fast.
Thou'st a truly idle hound.

She afterwards relents, and falling in love with the "idle hound," she magically cleaves the logs, and, finally, runs away with him, having first received his vows of fidelity in these terms:—

Yes! I will thee with body worship,
Take thee for better or for worse up,
And to a princess raise thee truly.

Here, it must be owned that Dr. Bell seems to have derived his inspiration from our English marriage ceremony, for the original Sides has only so much words and rhymes as "worship" and "worse up," but no words that ought to be at all so construed:—

Ja ich will mich mit dir Lieben erben
Zu dienet und Lieb und auch sein Leben,
Und auch so clear Pures machen.

However, not to dwell upon such topics, we would seriously ask, where is the resemblance between Ayer and Shakespeare, beyond the fact that billets for the fire are mentioned by both?—because Ferdinand, in 'The Tempest,' was not compelled to cut up the logs with a wooden saw and wooden axe, but merely to pile them, much in the same way that Caliban is employed afterwards. Then, as to Ariel and Caliban, the wonderful and, as we believe, original creations of Shakespeare, Dr. Bell would make out that the English dramatist was indebted to foreign sources, because he finds the name of Ariel appropriated to a demon, and because Caliban is the German name for a large fish!

While we deny, therefore, Dr. Bell's conclusions, we do not dispute the elaborate ingenuity he displays in making out his premises. His new facts respecting the performances of English actors are curious, and in general sufficiently well arranged. The circumstance that 'Othello' was performed at the Globe Theatre in 1610, we do not remember to have seen noticed before.

NEW NOVELS.

Ballyblunder: an Irish Story. (Parker & Son.)
—Ballyblunder is the worst blunder in the way of novel-writing that we have met for many a day. Dull and malevolent, it is powerless to amuse; but by no means incapable of provoking evil passions. Ballyblunder is a large estate, situated on the north-east coast of Ireland, and in the possession of one Mr. Kindly, a model Protestant proprietor, who has spent the best years of his life in improving his land, and in endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of his numerous Roman Catholic dependents. Instead of regarding their landlord as a benefactor, the Ballyblunder peasantry, instructed and supervised by a gang of lying, tipping, vulgar priests, combine to drive him from the country. They slaughter his sheep wholesale, and threaten to do the like to him and his family. Eventually, this gentle opposition achieves the proposed end; and Mr. Kindly, selling Ballyblunder, takes his benevolent heart and large purse back to England. But before this result can be attained, the carcasses of sheep and murdered men be scattered in every direction. The teaching of the tale appears to be twofold—that signal disappointment will reward any English Protestant who attempts to settle in the Catholic districts of Ireland, and that all the troubles of the "Emerald Isle" are to be attributed to the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. So much for the graver side of this politico-religious novel. Its sketches of domestic life and character are not less delicate and pleasing. Mr. Kindly has two daughters, Kate and Baby Kindly,

waxen-faced, giggling hoydens, who, notwithstanding the childish enthusiasm of the author for them, closely resemble the young women who are accustomed to see acting as attendants in confectioners' shops. They and their big brother Archie and their mamma are continually indulging in little sportive ways, which they are permitted even to Irish gentry. Neither in the presentation of fact, nor the imaginative realms of fiction, are ladies and gentlemen accustomed to slap each others' faces and box each others' ears in pure pleasure. To match these two blushing hoydens, who are so much to be pitied for being so much guided only by the sound of their voices, two brothers, "the gentlemanlike Fortescues," also so like their voices that they can only be distinguished by their voices, appear on the scene—Mr. Findon Fortescue and Mr. Fanshawe Fortescue; Mr. Findon Fortescue being familiarly spoken of as Fin, and Mr. Fanshawe Fortescue being designated Fan. The brothers, as they are termed, with inverted commas, fall in love with the sisters,—the history of their sentimental intercourse being leisurely extended, page after page, in the following "stirring" and "style" tingling "style":—"The room descended, but we are not," said Fanshawe; "you have each a red rose in your hair, may we not have at least a stalk in our button-hole?"—The girls laughed and blushed slightly, as they presented a clove-carnation, embossed in a cup-shaped gemstone leaf, to each of "the brothers."—"We had not forgotten you," said Kate.—"The price of our service," said Findon.—"Not at all; see! they are tied together, already prepared for you before we knew that we should be honoured by your attentions." The brothers expressed their gratitude for the sweet gift. "The most delicious of all scents to my mind is the perfume of a clove-carnation," observed Findon.—"It smells as if it were good to eat," said Fanshawe.—"Then eat yours, Fan," laughed his brother.—"Thank you, it would spoil my hunger; besides, I don't like eating things that will keep it till it withers and dies; and then, perhaps, who knows what may happen to it?" He glanced at Baby as he tried vainly to adjust his flower in his coat; their eyes met for a moment, and only for a moment. Baby looked up and said, "Fanny, why had that rapid glance into each other's eyes so affected them? Why did a thrilling, tingling sensation, alike novel and delightful, course through their veins?" Baby died prematurely, but Fan does not eat her, for he has preceded her to the tomb. Fin and Kate marry and live happily all the rest of their days.

The Shadow in the House: a Novel. By John Saunders. (Lockwood & Co.)—We do not know how better to describe this novel (a piece of fairy hard reading) than by saying that it might have been written by any person who had made a careful study of three widely distant tale-tellers—Mr. Dickens, Mr. Howitt, Mr. Thomas Miller—dwelt on the least excellent passages in the writings of all three. But looking at the contents of the introduction. The persons of the tale expatiate on many subjects, and do not spare the reader one single thought that passes in their minds. We feel, as we are apt to do when the two chairs are brought down to the foot of the stage, on which the villainous man (after the fashion of the Italian), opens his villany to the luckless woman in his net, whose past and present resolution to be virtuous and to dare the worst is expressed with like minuteness and regularity. The "low life" is very nearly as good as the "high life." The incidents and combinations are such as are to be found by the hundred on the dusty shelves of the oldest circulating libraries.

Keeping up Appearances: a Novel of English Life. By Cyrus Redcliffe. 3 vols. (Skelton.)—Keeping up Appearances is the work of a literary veteran, well known and esteemed; but in attempting the novel line he has hardly been well advised. His style wants the ease and flexibility necessary to make a novel read like a novel, and his dialogue, although enriched with apt quotations and graceful allusions, is nevertheless stiff and slow in its movements. It is not entertaining, and that is a fatal fault, which no amount of other virtues will re-

dem. What hero, in any novel intended to move the heart or attract the interest of a reader of romance, would deliver his feeling after the following fashion?—"My thoughts clashed, then ran riot, then met again, concentrated on the same lovely object. I felt attracted at myself. 'This surely must be love,' thought I, against my own imagination, was proof—the most powerful of all the passions." The next day I rose early, and wandered about my gardens alone, building châteaux en Espagne, until my appetite reminded me of the necessity of returning to recruit myself with breakfast." There is an instance in every observation, which is worthy of a treatise on logic, but is sadly out of keeping in a novel, and entirely thrown away on an ungrateful reader, who, we fear, will hardly read on to the end.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Captain Cook's Voyages of Discovery. Edited by John Barrow, Esq. (Black.)—Captain Cook was so enterprising and brave a man that any attempt to do honour to his memory is secure of meeting with a successful audience. It is also peculiar to a hero with young and old, that a new narrative of his oft-recounted adventures is sure to find readers. To illustrate the career of the intrepid and persevering navigator, Mr. Barrow has spared no pains of search and study. It is, however, to be regretted that the documents relating to his voyages, which the Commissioners of the Admiralty permitted the editor to inspect, have not met with a more expert historian. Mr. Barrow's style is so cold, confused, and inelegant, that it would mar even the most valuable materials that he has so unobtrusively handled. The following sentence, which concludes the story of poor Mrs. Cook's sudden bereavement of her husband and three sons, is a fair specimen of the work from which it is taken:—

"Thus was a tender mother prematurely deprived of her husband, of children, and left to mourn their untimely fates, which had so powerful an effect upon her mind as to reduce Mrs. Cook to a mere shadow of what she was formerly." The lady, we are informed, survived her husband fifty-six years, dying May 15th, 1835, at Clapham, in her fourteenth year of her widowhood. A material that has hitherto been erected to Cook is a tablet in the Church of St. Andrew the Great, Cambridge. Mr. Barrow asks for a public monument to the distinguished mariner. Most cordially do we assent to the petition, though we as warmly disapprove of the language in which it is couched. "One thing," says Mr. Barrow, "yet remains to be done—a public monument to Captain Cook, and one worthy of his great achievements, the benefits he has rendered to mankind, and the lustre shed by his name on the Navy of England—some noble lighthouse in the pathway of ships of all nations, which may lead them safely to their respective havens; or, if this cannot be, at least a statue in Trafalgar Square, where Dr. Hensler and Sir Charles Napier are most grievously out of place, occupied as they are by the site of statues of Collingwood, Hardy, St. Vincent, Howe, Duncan, &c." What does Mr. Barrow mean by these ungenerous comparisons and unjust reflections? Why are we to think the statues of Jenner and Charles Napier must be removed from their place in Trafalgar Square? Mr. Barrow should not allow his admiration of "Collingwood, Hardy, St. Vincent, Howe, Duncan, &c." to blind him to the merits of heroes without a naval uniform.

Ralph Seabrooke; or, the Adventures of a Young Artist in Florence and Turkey. By Alfred Elwes. (Griffith & Farran.)—The hero and heroine of this child's novel are Ralph and Rose Seabrooke, the son and daughter of a gentleman whose slender means and delicate health induce him to make a prolonged sojourn in Florence, where Ralph studies Art with the view of becoming a painter by profession. Rose is a charming young lady, and her brother is a generous, hot-blooded lad, disdaining the proprieties of life, and making his way through the volume with a pistol and a clenched fist, both of which he uses somewhat too freely. The conclusion of the tale marks the commencement. The boy, who sets out in life with a magnificent resolve to become a great artist, and meet the world

boldly in his own brave way, fails to effect his object, and is well content to be an easy-going do-nothing amongst fortune's favourites, when at the close of the drama he becomes heir to five thousand a year. The circumstances that bring about this change of position are the deaths of an uncle and a cousin. It is the cousin, Miss Elwes there assures us, or, like real life, than that of her brother. She marries an Italian nobleman, endowed with all the fascinations of a Minerva-Prom Apollo, and rejoicing in the title of Viscount Francesco Cesari. The story, the reader doubtless sees, is as one of the legends of English children, and is to grave objections. The action is almost entirely confined to Italy; and the characters and positions too often remind one that the author has read "The Newcomes." Still, with all its faults, "Ralph Seabrooke" is readable and amusing, full of incident, and by no means without good feeling. Mr. Alfred Elwes will one day do better things.

Digby Heatside; or, the Early Days of a Country Gentleman's Son and Heir. By William Kingston, Esq. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. (Koultledge.)—Digby Heatside is a novel, and is accordingly recommended "to parents and guardians" who wish to make a present or give a prize to the boys under their care. It is an extremely interesting story; the boys are real boys of different grades of goodness and badness; the sayings and doings of the English children are so true, and the relation between fun, mischief and stupid badness of disposition, is carefully and sharply maintained. The adventures are spirited and stirring; generally speaking, one shipwreck in the experience of a boy of fourteen would be an ample allowance, but Digby Heatside sustains at several times. However, all well described, and boy readers will not be critical when that is the case. The escapade of "Follow my Leader" will find many ardent admirers; whilst the questionable proceeding of the "Adventure" which brings his lawful cousin, which will commend themselves to the common sense of young readers. There are admirable counsels scattered through the pages. Altogether we could not desire a better or more entertaining book for boys.

My Little Book. By Arthur Brown. (J. Blackwood.)—Mr. Brown trusts that even with the worst possible reception, he shall be able to say of his book, "It died, but paid the printer." If the printer is to be paid from the sale of "My Little Book," we pity the poor man. Even idle and foolish people have by this time grown weary of the spasmodic laughter and vulgarity of "the Cockney school." Besides three or four stories that are intended to provoke merriment, "My Little Book" contains a comedy, in three acts, called "Courtship under Difficulties," which the author presents to the public on paper, and not on the boards of a theatre, because "he does not believe that, under ordinary circumstances, there is a single London manager who would accept it." This estimate of the performance is not otherwise than ridiculous.

Hannah Lavender; or, Lady Hall. Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—Hannah Lavender is a novel, and is accordingly recommended "to young girls going out to service. The peculiar danger and faults to which that station of life is liable are very cleverly marked—the counsels and moralities are all good and shrewd, growing naturally out of the story, and not extraneously stuck to the tale. The story is told in a simple style, plain, without vulgarity, and the tendency to even good qualities to degenerate into faults, unless carefully watched from the heart and conscience, is well shown. 'Hannah Lavender' is a good book, of a very useful class of literature, where wise and reasonable books are greatly needed—and not by any means easy to write.

Catholic Italy: its Institutions and its Sanctuaries. By Charles J. Hemans. (Florence, Barnack.)—The view taken by Mr. Hemans is, that while, in former ages, the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs was tributary to the Italian and European civilisation, the time has arrived when the Papacy should exist distinctly and solely as a

spiritual power, with an exclusive government over the Roman Catholic Church. Such, also, was the opinion of Cardinal Pacca when reflecting upon the deposition of Pius the Seventh. Mr. Hemans, while seeking to be impartial and endeavouring to moderate the views of the English with regard to the Papacy, conceals no part of the evidence which convicts it of having been, at one period or another, or rather with alternations of gentler rule, a merciless despotism. He examined, for example, the old dungeons of the Inquisition,—ones still up, but now opened under the superintendence of the French. He explored the vaulted cells, the vast low-vaulted chambers, the corridors of penal aspect, the den in which a prisoner could never stand erect; but then, he adds, it must have been many long years since those atrocious caverns had an inmate. With regard to symbols and ceremonies, he remarks, "I should be very sorry to see the characteristic popular observances of devotion in this country suppressed; but the tide of political events, it is to be feared, will sweep away many old and beautiful usages of the Church, and of the people, or other peculiar strongholds." Mr. Hemans, in the course of his volume, analyses the ecclesiastical administration and discipline of Rome,—notices the present state of the monastic institutions,—records his impressions as to the condition of sacred art in Italy, and the progress of modern literature, to be read parallel with the history of the actual day.

Contemporary Novels.—[Nouvelle, &c.] By Anatole Claveau.—Contes & Dromes. Delcourt. By Auguste Vitu. (Hachette & Co.)—The first of these railway volume contains four interesting, reasonably well-made little stories, somewhat in the calm and melancholy manner of Madame Charles Reybaud. "The Extinct Family" is the best; but it is very mournful. "Monsieur Aristide" is one of the most unsatisfactory of novels, and is spoiled by charming heroines was brought into fashion by Miss Brontë, tired (as well might a clever woman be) of the hairdresser's-shop Adonias who played such havoc with tender and enthusiastic hearts in the romances of the Fortunate. Mr. Vitu's collection of novellas is less to our liking than M. Claveau's. The wit of his title will puzzle other besides ourselves; it shall be left to be translated by those whom it puzzles. To startle rather than to soften seems to have been M. Vitu's aim; but as it falls out, we are not startled. In striking effect, he falls utterly short of Edgar Poe, or his English contemporary, Mr. Wilkie Collins.

The "Oxford Pocket Classics" now include *Virgii, Books XXI.—XXIV., with Short English Notes for the Use of Schools.* (Parker.)—Both text and notes are excellent, the size of the volume is convenient, the printing good and the price moderate. A *Handbook of Latin Syntax, with Short Exercises*, by W. H. Harris, B.A. (Leavis), is a compilation from the Grammars of Madvig, Zumpt and Key, not distinguished by any remarkable feature. Nor is there any thing to attract the notice, except cheapness. *Virgii: the Bucolics, Georgics, and Aeneid, complete; with English Notes, Explanation and Critical*, by R. Mongan, A.B. (Stimpkin.) The notes are not at all of a superior cast, though the explanations show a diligent and intelligent in studying some of the best-known annotations.—A fourth part of *My Country: the History of the British Isles*, by E. S. A.; edited by Rev. John H. Broome (Wertheim),—has appeared, carrying on the history from the accession of Elizabeth to the Revolution. We are pleased to observe somewhat less of that straggling and straggling, which we had occasion to condemn in previous portions of the work.—Under the title of *A New System of Tabular Geography—Europe*, by F. Bolus (Davis & Allen), we have the facts and statistics of geography arranged in a tabular form, not well suited for school purposes for reference, but well suited for school purposes. It would be absurd, if not cruel, to try to burden anybody's memory with all the names and numbers here given in a shape neither attractive nor calculated to assist the memory.—The Rev. J. L. Rose, M.A., has devoted his leisure hours to the production of *Demetrius, by M. de Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, rendered into Eng-*

exist in the lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Scotland and Ireland, at one or two miles from the shore. It would be worth while to explore them, and collect the remains of industry belonging to the first inhabitants of the British Island. Allow me to refer you to the able Memoirs published by Dr. Keller of Zurich, and of M. Frederick Troncyon, whose book, comprising every thing which is known, will shortly appear in Lausanne."

By Royal resolution, a competition, with a prize of 5,000 francs, has been opened in Belgium, for a History of the National Meetings since Philippe the Good. The work may be written either in the French or Flemish language, and must be delivered before the 1st of January, 1864.

We hear from Munich that the library of the late Geheimrath von Thiersch has been purchased by the Otto University at Athens for the sum of 25,000 drachmas. The Senate of the University voted unanimously for this resolution, which has to be looked on somewhat as an act of gratitude towards a man who strove, with all the energy of his life, to establish and promote everything good and useful in that new state of Greece, which was so much in need of a helpful hand.

Herr Dingeldey, President of the Schillerverein, at Weimar, publishes an account of its present condition and activity throughout the last year. Considering that this beneficial institution dates only from the 10th of November 1859, the number of its highly satisfactory members, the capital of the Schillerverein amounts to 70,000 thalers; the benefit of the interest of the whole capital has not been reaped this year, because the money came in slowly from the different associations throughout the country. What money there was, has been judiciously disposed of, pensions having been granted and testimonials given. Herr Dingeldey winds up his report by expressing his wish that the contributions for the Verein may be regularly continued at every anniversary of Schiller's birthday, and that the German nation may not slacken in its devotion to which it has supported hitherto the undertaking; so that it may trust "to see the sun of a second century, the sun of the 10th November, 1959, shine among the other completed Pantheons and Capitols of the German nation, also on the birthday of the Schiller-estimator. To Schiller's birthday has again been celebrated in all parts of Germany, if not in the manner of 1859, yet with festival meetings, appropriate representations in the theatres, &c. At Dresden, the great national lottery for the benefit of the Schiller-stiftung was drawn, on the 10th of November. The fortunate winner of the principal prize—a house and garden near Eisenach, is a miller in Westphalia. The second great prize—an original letter of Schiller, fell to the lot of No. 355,972; the third great prize—a lock of Schiller's hair,—on No. 509,432; Jahn's house, on No. 371,924. A catalogue of the most important prizes will be printed. It has been calculated, that if a catalogue of all the prizes were printed, in only 10,000 copies, it would require a year and a half of time to print, and an expense of 89,000 thalers, at 1,100 per copy. It is clear, that it is necessary. The number of prizes is 660,000.

It may not be generally known that Pallavicino, not long ago the Pro-dictator of Naples and Sicily, was a fellow-prisoner and fellow-sufferer of Silvio Pellico, the Austrian fortress of Spielberg. A young and rich man, he was kept for fifteen years there, in chains, "a State criminal"; no news from his family was permitted to penetrate to his cell, no letter, no book; his food was scanty, and he had to consider it a favour that he was allowed to pore over a little Latin and Greek. Taken in 1848, Austria sequestered his large estates in Lombardy, where he had been one of the greatest landed proprietors. In 1856 this measure was withdrawn. But in all circumstances his patriotism was the same, and his love for Italy's liberty roused all his thoughts and actions.

The Society for the Promotion of the Science of Music at Amsterdam had invited, about eighteen months ago, the learned in music of all countries to join in a competition, for which the works might be written in any language. The prize was an historical treatise on the musical condition of the Netherlands during the sixteenth

century. At the meeting of the 23rd of last October, the disposition of the prizes took place: they were all won by German competitors. The first prize was gained by Herr D. Arnold, at Albersfeld, for an historical-critical essay on the Rhythm and Melody of the old Netherland National Popular Songs. Herr Kade, at Dresden, won a second prize for a monography on Matheson's Rites; and Herr E. Pasque, at Darmstadt, received a prize for a monography on Adrian Petit. Moreover, the Society has undertaken to support the publication of the works of the Herron Arnold and Kade.

Mr. Radetz has published an account of Mahomet's report of the Eclipse of July last. It will be remembered that the Observatory of Egypt organized a small Expedition to observe the Eclipse at Dongolah. This locality, which is situated far above the navigable Nile, was not attained without considerable difficulty. A short time previous to total obscurity, two red flames appeared from the sun's disk were observed, and three other protuberances of a reddish colour. The magnetic declination was not observed to vary during the Eclipse. Mr. Mahmoud adds, that all animals exhibited great terror, and that the inhabitants were in a state of confusion.

Mr. Blanchard vindicates himself from the charge of plagiarism. Coincidences are proverbially curious,—and this is very curious. Of course, we do not for one moment doubt Mr. Blanchard's good faith:—

"Richerville, Nov. 17.

"Some men may wake up and find themselves famous; but for me, a hard literary labourer, proud of no other credentials than his twenty years' good character, has been reserved the comfort of a breakfast spoiled, by a startling charge of felonious misappropriation. I am 'nailed as a varmint on the barn-door,' as your reviewer mildly put it, for having in a very trifling tract on the trifling outskirts of a grave science, *Gastronomy*, narrated a piece of stale and possibly appropriated anecdote, which looks like an abridged version of a novelette, printed in Dr. Dornan's 'Pictures and Panels.' Believing that the author of your 'plagiarist' article might have been long seeking a peg to hang it on, I wonder not at your selection of such a subject. I am not one of the 'varmint' order, as my bantling on 'Dinners and Dinners'; but I should wonder more if you denied an old member of your craft room for a word of explanation. The pamphlet—for it is no more—was written thirteen years ago, for the late Mr. Bage, who at that time having a widow or two in his stock, and a story or two in his portfolio that he thought might add to the value of his bargain, desired their incorporation in the text. To have invested them with all the pomp and circumstance of quotation—even if I had been acquainted with their source—would have been absurd in pages written in such a jocose vein,—that I fancy should have exempted them altogether from the notice of a 'heavy' reviewer. But may not a belief in my plagiarism from the interesting pages of a well-known and accomplished author,—who was the book was afterwards purchased,—a plagiarist from him; or, are we not equally entitled to thanks for having drawn up an old story from the French well of fiction? I can assure you that, the critical acumen which might have been worthily employed in classing a 'varmint' crew has done so more this time than to impale a griddle-dove, whose proudest and prettiest feather, tame though his plumage be, has ever been originality. Rob him of that, and he is poor indeed. Relying upon your usual justice to give publicity to this statement,—Yours, &c.,

E. L. BLANCHARD."

MR. HOLMAN HENRI'S PICTURE OF "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1859, and is now at the GALLERY OF THE ARTS, 108, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—Advertisement.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THOMAS FAYO. Fay, son of the late M. Fay, died at 50, at the Chateau de Waterville, Fall Mall, from Ten to Four Daily.—Advertisement.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Nov. 18.—General Sabine, R.A., Treas., and V.P., in the chair.—The following papers were read: "On the Laws of the Phenomena of the Larger Disturbances of the Magnetic Declination in the Kew Observatory, with Notices of the Progress of our Knowledge regarding the Magnetic Storms," by General Sabine, R.A., Treas. H.B.

GEOLOGICAL.—Nov. 7.—L. Horner, Esq., President, in the chair.—W. T. Blanford, the Rev. T. B. Chamberlin, J. Sparrow, and R. Fort, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—"On the Denudation of Soft Strata," by the Rev. O. Fisher.—"On an undescribed Fossil Fern from the Lower Coal-measures of Nova Scotia," by Dr. J. W. Dawson.—"On the Sections of Strata exposed in the Trenches for the South High-level Sewer at Dulwich," with Notices of the Fossils found there and at Peckham," by C. Rickman, Esq.

ASTRATIC.—Nov. 17.—Col. Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair.—H.S.H. Prince Frederic of Sleswick Holstein was elected a Member.—Omond de Beauvoir Priault, Esq., read a paper, "On Pliny's Account of the Singalese Embassy to Claudius."—A large number of donations to the Society's library were laid upon the table, among which deserve special notice, Herschel's 'Elements of Astronomy,' and De Morgan's 'Algebra,' translated into Chinese by Mr. A. Wylie, with the assistance of two native scholars of high rank, and recently published at Shanghai.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Nov. 19.—Mr. G. Godwin, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. W. Burgess read a paper "On the Architectural Drawings," in which he described a number of ancient drawings, beginning with the eighth century, and commented on the style at present in use.

STATISTICAL.—Nov. 20.—Col. Sykes, V.P., M.P., in the chair.—M. de Paris, of Paris, was elected a Foreign Honorary Member, and W. J. Borill, Q.C., M.P., A. Hamilton, and George Porter, Esqs., were elected Fellows of the Society.—Mr. Barwick Lloyd Baker read a paper, "On the Criminal Returns, 1857-59," with a Statistical Reference to the Influence of Reformatories."

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Nov. 5.—J. W. Douglas, Esq., President, in the chair.—The President exhibited *Mycetophorus angulatus*, found on the coast at Shoreham, Sussex, on the 7th ult.: the species had not hitherto been found in this country.—Dr. Power exhibited a number of rare and interesting Coleoptera, including *Quedius infestus* of Erichson, found by Mr. Crotch in nests of *Formica rufa* and *Americus brevis*, taken by Mr. Howard on the sands at Southport.—Mr. McLachlan exhibited *Limnophila borealis* and *Argyrina Paysoni*, found by Mr. Winter, in the Kanworth fens.—Mr. Scott exhibited some specimens of *Leptus tatarus* lately found by him near London, and *Philonthus apicidatus* taken under bark of oaks at Abergeenny.—Mr. Stevens exhibited some splendid Coleoptera, lately received from M. Moulou, captured by him in the sandhills of Algeria. They were both seen of *Eulodius Walleyi*, a fine species first figured and described in the *Transactions of the Society*, and the female hitherto unknown. A beautiful new Buprestis, equal in size to the largest known species; and a smaller species, of splendid colours, also new. The collection also contained some fine new Anthridiæ.—Mr. Waterhouse read a paper "On the Chrysomelide in the Linnean and Banksian Collections," in which the author detailed the result of his recent examination of the original specimens of Linnean Chrysomelids, with the view of identifying them with the descriptions of those, and more recent authors.—Mr. F. Walker read "Descriptions of New Species of Lepidoptera of various Families, in the Collection of Mr. W. W. Saunders."—Part VII. of the current volume of the *Transactions of the Society* was announced as published.

JAMES HOGG & SONS' ANNOUNCEMENTS for DECEMBER.

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Saturday Review.

"Almost the last moments of Lord Dundonald were given to the completion of a work which is a wonderful proof of mental power. His death followed within little more than a week of the publication of the second and concluding volume of that 'Autobiography' to which he looked for his vindication from the malignant charges which so long oppressed him. The brightest talents, the most heroic courage, and the warmest patriotism, earned for Lord Dundonald an ignominious expulsion from the service of which he was the most brilliant ornament. Now that he is dead, his country will place him high in the catalogue of her naval worthies."

Daily News.

"It is a happy thought that Lord Dundonald had finished the second volume of an Autobiography which ought to be a classic in every English library, at sea and ashore."

Times.

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Spectator.

"The eagerness of public expectation for the second volume is fully justified by its contents, and we cannot be too thankful that time was granted its illustrious author to leave on record so complete a vindication of his spotless honour. Had he died without writing it, the event would have been nothing less than a national misfortune. His name will be honoured by Englishmen to the latest generations. He will be dear to them as one of the greatest English seamen and purest patriots."

Examiner.

"From the grave to which the remains of Lord Dundonald have just been committed, we turn to the book in which he spoke his last words to his country. Scarcely were they written when 'the heart unbroken' ceased to throb with a righteous anger. Were the work very far less interesting and instructive than it is, still it would claim a prompt and almost reverent consideration. The second volume contains that for which the whole Autobiography was undertaken, the full vindication of its author in those matters for which he was made to suffer loss of character and check in his career."

Observer.

"The second edition of the second volume of the late Lord Dundonald's 'Autobiography' is now before the public, and the noble author who has just departed in the fullness of years and honours may be said to have left it as his last testament. It will be perused with deepened interest now that the writer has gone to his last resting-place, and every one who honours true greatness will not fail to obtain the Autobiography of one of the best of the naval heroes of England."

Globe.

"The famous old sea-king has gone. The sudden death of Lord Dundonald, combined with the immense interest excited by the first volume of his 'Autobiography,' has already called forth a second edition of the second volume before the public knew that a first edition had been exhausted. The demand for the work is a tribute to the memory of the man as much as to the skill of the writer. His narratives belong to the best class of autobiographies."

Morning Chronicle.

"It has been granted to Lord Dundonald to realize what must have been his dearest hope, indeed, almost his only desire for nearly half a century, to regain for himself in the world that reputation for spotless integrity of which envy, malice and unscrupulous villany had successfully conspired to deprive him. He has been spared to publish the second volume of his life, and thus to convince at least those who are not blinded by envy of the grievous wrongs which his country has inflicted on him. Among the great dead who sleep beneath the Abbey's venerable walls, there is not one who has served his country with a more ardent gallantry, a purer conscience and a bolder patriotism than Thomas Earl of Dundonald."

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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1727.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—GOLD MEDAL STUDENTS IN ARCHITECTURE are invited to exhibit for the **TRAVELLING PROSPERITY** Drawing, properly attested, are to be sent in on or before the 15th of Dec. 1860. The design to be as large as an entire sheet of Double Elephant will admit.

JOHN FREDERICK KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.
ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—At a General Assembly of the Associates held on WEDNESDAY, the 26th of November, GEORGE SILVERMAN, Esq., was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Art.
JOHN FREDERICK KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, in connexion with the Science and Art Department, Government, W.C. (removed from 27, Dover-street, to 1, BLENHEIM, F.R.S.), has commenced the course of instruction on FRIDAY, 11th, at 10 a.m. Ladies admitted to this Course without entering the other classes of the School. For the names, see the **WOOD ENGRAVING**—A class is opened for the Study of Wood Engraving, three days a week. Classes also meet daily for the Study of French and Drawing, Geometry, Perspective, Drawing and Painting from the Antique, Flowers, Landscapes, &c. For Prospectus apply at 1, Queen's-square, W.C.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. Established April 18, 1832. The Society, which is open to all who are desirous of promoting the Progress of the Society, Third season, 1860-1861. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 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William Eden was the third son of a baronet,—a rather lucky position for a boy with brains and industry, for, having no pretensions to succeed to the paternal title, he exercised all his energies, and exercised them very successfully, to found a family of his own, and excel his eldest brother. He was born in the year 1745, passed through Eton and Christ Church with credit, and may be said to have commenced life on his own account in 1765, at which period he was called to the Bar. From that time till 1806—an epoch of above forty very eventful years—he was one of the most indefatigable and varied workers of his day. He retired from office in the year last mentioned, after having fulfilled a remarkable round of duties. A three years' training at the Bar introduced him to the first step of the ladder which he rapidly ascended, without a slip; beginning with a directorship of Greenwich Hospital when he was a very young man, and ending with a British peerage and handsome pension, not only for himself, but for his wife, as was the fashion in the good old days. He had been Under-Secretary of State, Member for Woodstock, and a Lord of the Board of Trade and Plantations, before he received, in 1778, his appointment as one of the Commissioners for negotiating a peace with our revolted colonies in America. Two years later he effected a higher ascent, was gazetted as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and continued his fight till he paused for awhile at a very brilliant elevation—the post of Envoy Extraordinary to the "Court of Versailles," as the Government of France was still called in 1785. Subsequently, he was the representative of England at Madrid, in Holland, and, in 1793, at the Congress of Antwerp. To add dignity to some of those offices he was created an Irish peer, as a reward for the way in which he had performed these duties, he was made an English one. How fondly, earnestly and fixedly he had looked to such recompense has been fairly shown in the 'Diary and Memoirs of George Rose.' In the closing years of his public life he played a few minor parts in the political drama not ineffectively, finally retiring in the sixth year of the present century.

The pension granted to Lady Auckland did not so much puzzle our fathers as such a matter would surprise their sons. She was an excellent wife, and followed her lord over land and ocean, sharing his perils and honours, watchfully looking to his comforts, and wisely making a "home" for him, wherever he might find himself for the nonce. It is not exactly true of "my lord," as we have somewhere read of him, that "he had children in all parts of the world," but Lord and Lady Auckland were certainly the heads of what may be termed a cosmopolitan family. One son was born in London, another in Kent, and a third

at the Hague. Two of the daughters were born in this metropolis, a third in New York, a fourth in Dublin, a fifth in Spain, and the sixth at Eden Farm, near Bromley. Their mother was a model of a woman, according to the theory of George the Third, who looked on large families as useful contributions to the State. What he chiefly admired, however, was a mother of "men,"—that is, next to the men themselves, so often required, at that time, to serve for a bloody libation poured out to the Fates. Had Lady Auckland's children been all men, perhaps her modest pension of some seven hundred a year would have been run up to a thousand,—with an odd hundred-and-fifty in, to make it the even half of that granted to her lord.

In retirement Lord Auckland arrived till he had almost reached his threescore years and ten. It was a retirement, the felicity of which was all but entirely shattered, in 1810, by the mysterious death of the eldest son, who was formerly directed in the Thames under circumstances that were never satisfactorily explained. Lord Auckland never recovered the shock. He lived on, indeed, till 1814, on a May morning in which year, he suddenly fell dead at his own breakfast-table.

His diplomatic career was altogether one of more than ordinary success, although Lord Auckland was far less a brilliant character than he was a man of good sense—wrapped a little now and then, perhaps, by his prejudices. Still less brilliant was he as an orator, and yet he was not an ineffective speaker, for he gave reasons, not always sound, it may be, for his opinions, and conducted his argumentative speeches logically and finely to their end. As an author he is forgotten; but he published some useful pamphlets, and some unpleasant ones, at least to the eyes of persons who have added little to that great war burdens should be borne, provided they were not called upon to lend a shoulder, or give a shilling, in support. Some measures he introduced had a far-seeing, sometimes a political, often a philanthropical purpose; and assuredly these volumes, so illustrative of his career, will go far to prove that he was not merely a respectable or only a good—but that on many trying occasions he showed himself a great man.

We say this advisedly. The Bishop states in his preface, that one chief reason for the publication of this work was that his father might be, in some degree, justified in the minds of men, whose opinions of him may have been erroneously formed through the assertions or insinuations of contemporary writers—expressly named Lord Malnesbury and Sir George Rose. The Bishop might have added Lord Walpole, whose gossip is much more damaging and entertaining (more damaging, perhaps, because it is more entertaining) than that of the brace of statesmen so coupled. Rose, as we have already said, is not unfair, for his gossip has less weight than the letters of Lord Auckland himself, which are to be found in Sir George Rose's book, and such, after all, only exhibit the weak side of Lord Auckland's nature. What is contained in the 'Malnesbury Diary' is of similar quality. There are evidences there of Lord Auckland's indiscretion, chiefly on a church matter, the secrecy to be observed in connexion wherewith, he is hinted at as, rather than accused of, betraying. The only other charge that we remember is, that when his friend Pitt was out of office, Lord Auckland made a speech, by the implication exhibited Pitt as giving a reason for his retirement which was not exactly the true one. Walpole is far more bitter than either of these diarists. He had one of his hearty antipathies against Lord

Auckland. As Mr. Eden, he ridicules him for his arrogance, his assumption, his affectation, and his impudence. As Mr. Eden, Walpole sneers at him as a "commissary present," and a "wicked excomb"; and when this Mr. Eden develops into Lord Auckland, the prince of letter-writers tickets him for posterity with the pretty phrase that he had "waded to distinction through dirt."

What one man would call honest ambition, his enemy would, perhaps, style "aspirancy," or "eagerness for place." Lord Auckland, no doubt, was not too rigid; neither was he at all indifferent to promotion—nevertheless, these volumes show that he had noble purposes in view, and that he was a better and a greater man than he was accounted by his foes,—or his political friends, between whom there is not so much difference as plain-thinking people might imagine. Indeed, if we mistake not, Lord Auckland's friends and the opera-box politicians of the by-gone days were more severe in their remarks upon his declining to go out with Pitt, and his taking office with Addington, than any of his adversaries were.

Into the controversies, however, of those days, we need not enter. Let us open, read, and close these volumes, and be thankful. For general readers, who love to be amused and who delight in anecdotes, sketches of character, and traits of social life, this work will have great attractions. Young diplomatists, again, will find much therein to help them in their studies. Political economists will probably read, again and again, the well-told story of Pitt's Commercial Treaty, which Lord Auckland endeavoured to carry out with France; and they will compare, with smiles and some frowns, some contemporary raising of the shoulders and wounding of noses, the sayings and doings at that long task with the more recent labours, rebuffs, and successes of Mr. Cobden, engaged in a like manner.

It is difficult to convey a clear idea of the mass of interesting matter contained in volumes which run to a thousand pages, and which are as varied as they are interesting. This is especially the case, as might be expected, in the portion devoted to Lord Auckland's journal. His own letters are those of an able and amiable man, but it is in those of his correspondents, particularly of the vivacious Storer, that the public will find most amusement. From all, however, we will now proceed to make some extracts, by way of antepast of a great feast to come.

The sketches of scenes at our English court are lively enough; and some of the personages are curiously given. The sayings of George and Lord Harcourt, who is weary of him. It is the Duchess of Marlborough who writes from Blenheim, in 1765, to the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

"We were much obliged to your Grace for your intelligence concerning their Majesties, but no invitation was required, as Lord Harcourt wrote the Duke of Marlborough word of their intention of honouring us with their company to breakfast, but made a mistake in the day, when we would have been very disagreeable had we not got better information from their Majesties themselves at Oxford, where we went to receive them, and made part of their suite in the theatre. The Duke of Marlborough was his doctor's gown, and Blanford stood in the area with the doctors, and kissed the King's hand immediately after the Vice-Chancellor. Lord Harcourt stood by the King's chair. Their Majesties were much pleased with their reception, both at Oxford and here, as they were so good as to say, and, indeed, to show the shortness of the notice, it went off very well. They stayed here from eleven till six. We had

breakfast for them in the library, and, after they returned from seeing the Duke, he told me that he had seen the Duke and Lady Harcourt told us that we were to sit as Lord and lady of the bed-chamber all the time they stayed here; and poor Lord Harcourt seemed quite happy to be able to rest himself, and the Duke of Marlborough found him sitting down behind every door where he could be concealed from royal eyes.

Of the Prince of Wales, who was employed in making the Duke of Orleans as drunk as himself, in giving away regiments to sots, when in his cups, or in canvassing members of the Commons to vote for a grant of money to him, here is a slight sketch—Lord Sheffield sends it to Mr. Eden, from Tunbridge.

"The Prince of Wales passed the day and dined with Lady Betty Deloë, but shocked this place by his want of curiosity. He neither saw the Well nor the Pastille. He amused himself with shooting pigeons at Brighthelmston, and so close to the window of a young married lady, that she proceeded to hysterics. He, however, graciously inquired after her the next day. Charles Fox also passed this way another day, and dined at the same place. The Prince's comrade is George Hainger."

It is curious to find Lord Sheffield asserting that when the matter of confessing or denying the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert was under discussion, the lady herself insisted that "she should not be considered." Then we have the following from Lord Auckland:

"The Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were living as man and wife. The Prince persuaded Mr. Fox to deny their marriage in the House of Commons. George Selwyn said, that the Prince's request to Mr. Fox was conveyed in the language of Othello:—'Villain, be sure you prove my love a—'"

This "pastille" of the King's brother, Cumberland, is to the very life, as we conceive the man. Of this, Miss Sayer is the artist:—

"But here two anecdotes of the wise Duke of Cumberland, which most likely you have never heard; one came from Sir Joshua Reynolds himself. The Duchess of Cumberland was sitting for her picture; the Duke came in, tumbled about the room in his awkward manner, without speaking to Sir Joshua. The Duchess thought it too bad, and whispered to him her opinion; upon which he came, and, leaning on Sir Joshua's chair while he was painting, said:—'What! you always begin with the head first, do you?' And once when, at his own public day, he was told he ought to say something to Mr. Gibbon, the author:—'So,' says he, 'I suppose you are at the old trade again—scribble, scribble, scribble.' I should think, with such pretty witty sayings, His Royal Highness must be very entertaining."

The Prince's marriage reminds us of many others in these volumes. The Duke of Longborough is admirably touched upon by himself, in a letter replete with sound sense and logic. In some we find young ladies changing their minds just as they are about to don their bridal dresses; and anon, we meet with eager damsels who cannot wait for such dresses at all. In 1783, Storer writes to Eden:—

"We have had three runaway matches. A daughter of Lady Strathmore, Lady Anne, Mrs. Clinton, General Sir Henry Clinton's daughter, and Lady Augusta Campbell, at last, are married to Mr. Joseph, Mr. Dawkins, and Mr. Clavering, the youngest son of General Clavering. His being only two-and-twenty, and his bride, making people being a good many years older, makes people imagine that she rather ran away with him than with her. They went away from the Duchess of Ancestre, who saw marks that night. The Duchess of Argyll went home, and thought that Lady Augusta would not have been left after sitting up till five o'clock, and no Lady Augusta returning, she sent in search of her to the Duchess of Ancestre's. No tidings were to be learned there of the late fugitive. She, it seems, as soon as her

mother went home, left this Duchess with Mr. Clavering, and went with him to Bicton in Oxfordshire, where they were married. She, it is said, was married in her dominions. Accounted as she was she plunged in. It is to be hoped she dropped the mask.

The lover had been the day before to Cranbourne Alley, and had procured every kind of dress, dresses, dresses, dresses. Lady Augusta, after the marriage they returned to Salt Hill. The Duke of Argyll has written to her to say he will receive, and so it is to be hoped it will all end well. There seems to be a fatality attending the family of Clavering. Miss Clinton had, the day before she eloped, offered to take her oath on the Bible that she would not marry Mr. Dawkins without Sir Henry's consent. He, after her solemn protestations, did not think it necessary to administer the oath; and also, perhaps, imagining that at that other time he might, lost no time in escaping from the sin of perjury, and likewise from her father's house. Mr. Dawkins had posted half a dozen hackney-coaches at the different corners which lead into Portland Place, in order that they might send all parties off, as soon as the hackney coach was which he was to go off, all the others likewise had their orders to set off, too, and go where they liked. The General, when he called out in quest of the runaway couple, asked the watchmen at one corner and then at another if they had seen any carriage go off! Each had seen a carriage. This went one way, that went another, a third had gone up the street, a fourth down, and so on. The General was like a dog in a rabbit warren, did not know where to follow, or which to pursue. In his perplexity he asked a vigilant family of Clavering, if he had seen any man go into his house. No; but he had seen a young lady go out of it in a great hurry. I knew no more of this couple. Lady—Bones lived in Flouder Street, which you know is very narrow, and well it was, considering how close she came to getting her lover, Mr. Joseph. She excused herself to her father for not coming down to supper, saying that it was inconsistent with female delicacy to be in company with so many men as were to sup with her father. As soon as everybody was gone to bed, she passed her time in looking out of a window till the day reached from her window to that of her lover. She must pass this bridge. Loander was a fool to her. She had never seen this man but at his window, before she went over to him. So much for our marriages, which have scarcely left me room for anything else."

From English subjects, if we turn to those of the Irish Houses of Parliament, we shall find even more racy details. The subjoined is the speech of a peer in 1785:—

"The Duke of Leinster and all his friends are in high spirits at what has happened. The Duke said this day to the House of Lords this question:—that this House will at its rising adjourn to the 5th of September. 'Why should we continue to sit, since the Irish propositions, or rather English resolutions, are disposed of—gone to the devil, I hope, never again.'"

There were other odd peers in that Irish House:—

"Lord Bellmont entertained the Lords on Saturday with an attack on Lord Farnham concerning some immaterial paragraph in the newspapers, as his passions growing warm, says Archbishop of Cashel moved for clearing the House, on which his Lordship exclaimed, 'By my Lords, if you clear the House the throat of a man must be cut.' They, however, pacified him and brought him to terms, which Lord Farnham readily accepted, being most judiciously disposed."

The Irish Commons House had its incidents, too, of which here is one told by Cooke to Eden, in connexion with Lord Henry Cavendish's motion for retrenchment in 1783:—

"The debate was afterwards most extraordinary. Flood, in supporting Sir Henry, dropped some hints which were very strongly personal to himself; in answer he was severe, but orderly against Flood. The latter replied with good ability and invective, arraigning his conduct and discretion of the people, &c. &c., and saying 'that having been purchased

by the people to support their rights for 50,000*l.*, he had not been so great a traitor as to be ended by turning him a Mendicant Patriot, and saying that if Mr. Gratian courted colloquies of such a nature, he would have no reason to rejoice at the end of the session.' The galleries were with Flood, who was able, playful, accurate, and valuable. Gratian felt he had lost the House, and was obliged to justify his conduct, and to prove that the person who aspersed him was the most contemptuous and odious character in the nation. He therefore delivered, after a justification of himself, the most violent and unadvised invective that was ever, I believe, spoken in a House of Parliament, going through his private and public life, abusing the defects of his person, the affection of his manner, the vanity of his egotism; called him a notorious cheat and perjurer, of a bad character, of a bad heart, and representing the public contempt as a tissue of false patriotism, hypocrisy, treachery, duplicity, cowardice, and corruption; and he ended by saying that 'he would tell him to his beard that he was not an honest man.' Flood replied, 'that while he was in the House, he would not speak thoughtless, at last, when it was totally improper for him to, interfere. The House supported the Chair. No one supported Flood. He demanded to be heard in vain; so sed from the House. Magistrates were then desired to take him, and Alderman Eschew found him; to whom Flood promised that he would not stir from his house before he saw him again. Gratian was suffered to be in the House for some time. He then went with Cuffe, wrote to his wife that he was sent for to Colonel Mordaunt, and he left himself from the magistracy. Warrants have been issued against him to-day, but neither are to be found; the truth is, some message has passed, and they have agreed to settle their private affairs to-day, and to meet decisively to-morrow. Cuffe is 'Gratian's second. Flood said to Sir Frederick told me 'nothing would bind his relative, and that the business must be decisive.'"

Cooke subsequently writes of a famous episcopal supporter of Irish independence:—

"The Bishop of Derry had the honour of hanging Yelverton in effigy at Armagh on his return home; his troop and himself, and the Armagh corps, got into a quarrel with Yelverton, and burnt one of his corps proposed hanging Lord Charlemont, for having given the Bishop a cool reception. A battle was near ensuing, and the night ended in confusion and drunkenness. The question which is most likely to be fought is that of protesting duties; first, because it is a stroke against England; and secondly, because it may ruin Ireland; and thirdly, because it is a popular sound, and is not understood."

Let us now wend with our diplomatist over the water, to the Court of Versailles. We have something characteristic of the man, whose English name we still call his name, the Duke of France, as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, that he would not allow the former title to Louis the Sixteenth, but begged that he might be written and spoken of as "His Most Christian Majesty." Of his quiet wit, too, we have a sample, when the subject of "rags" in the treaty was under consideration, in his remark to Lord Carmarthen:—"L'excuse des chiffons n'est que des chiffons." Mr. Colman must have said the same. He thus writes to Pitt on the criminals in the "Affaire du Collier," one of whom claimed to be a Valois, and two of whom he saw punished:—

"Madame Lamotte's sentence was executed yesterday morning. She was called up at five, and informed that the court was to sit. She had the appearance of the judgment, which is not communicated here, except in a capital sentence. She went in an undress, without stays, which proved convenient. Upon the greffier's reading the sentence, her surprise, rage and shrieks were beyond description. The interpreter and his assistants instantly seized her and carried her into an outward court, where she was fastened to a cart, with a halter round her neck. The bourgeois

talked to her like a tooth-drawer, and assured her most politely that it would soon be over. The whipping was slight and *pro forma*, but the marking was done with some severity; after which, she was carried to the *Salpêtrière*, where her hair was cut off, and she was put in the uniform of her house. It is a good idea that the "V" on her shoulders (Volens) stands for Valois. When D'Olive was told that she was adjudged *hors de cour*, she thought it a prohibition against going to Versailles, and promised heartily to obey it.

Of the signs of the times which followed he saw many, but could not read them rightly:—

"I am quite afraid to write all that is passing here on the interior disturbances." (*C'est des horreurs*.) Hand bills were dispersed a few days ago in the following words:—"Le Roi à Charenton, — la Reine à Sainte Félange, — le Comte d'Artois à Sainte Lazare, — le Dauphin aux Eaux Trouvées et Monsieur Régent." You probably know that Charenton est pour des fous; Sainte Félange pour des hommes de mauvaise vie; — Sainte Lazare pour des mauvais sujets. And it is said that a few days ago, 'Damien' was written in several places in the great gallery at Versailles. Monsieur is popular merely because a name is wanted to be placed at the head of the list of those in fermenting. All this is infinitely disgusting to the great percentages concerned; and yet I have little doubt that it will gradually revert to good order, for the force of this government is of a kind which is not easily shaken even with bad management, of which there has been much."

For this opinion he is not to be sneered at. Lomercier uttered a similar, but a still stronger one, all Republican as he was. So, at a later period, when the Parisians were attacking the monarchy of July, the *Times* laughed to scorn the idea of their triumphing over Louis-Philippe. In the following we get a glance at the Queen:—

"When Mrs. Eden and I went to Madame de Polignac, the ladies made war upon our holocaust with considerable violence. The Queen was present, and was too polite to join in it, but was execrably silent and reserved. Madame de Polignac told me that she could not give it to me here, but that she would write a letter to Spain, to state all the perfidy of England towards a nation that wished to be its friend. I am sure, I could only desire her to recollect (personally) that, '*les petites brimeries ont presque toujours suites des plus tristes amertumes*.' If you had been twenty months in France, you would think these female politics not immaterial. I am anxious to know whether M. de Montfort will come."

Of a nobler woman than any there we get a glance also, in the following passage. The English ambassador, mother of the present Duke of Sutherland, had been courageously benevolent to the royal prisoners in the Temple:—

"After the Paris mob had been at Lord Gowen's to get hold of his Swiss, for the declared purpose of killing him because he was a Swiss, the ruling powers offered him a guard. He refused this, on the high ground of being protected by his character, &c.; but thought it prudent, however, to publish that circumstance as much as possible, by writing in large letters over his door, '*Hôtel de l'Anglais*.' The English Lady Sutherland, writing about this to a friend here, concludes her letter: 'Now we have done all we can; and if the mob attacks us now it is their concern, not ours.'"

They were people who did not forget what they considered as materially concerning them; never forgetting, either, their provocations. Why, when they hung the Marquis de Foulon, did they stuff his mouth with hay? Because years before he had said of the hungry masses, "The beasts! let them eat hay!" It was provocation like this which fired sanguinary zeal, and which made Anacharsis Clotté exclaim, "Enfin, citoyens, mon cœur est Français, et mon émeu est une collette."

From those enlightened people we will now

accompany Lord Auckland to the Court of Spain:—

"I have never said anything yet about the state of Spanish honesty. It seems to be inferior to that of France, where I never lost anything, with an open house at all hours, and amidst multitudes of servants of all sorts. Here we suffer by small pilferings, but in a trifling degree; and, upon the whole, as far as I have yet seen, my own dear good country greatly surpasses all nations in the articles of pickpockets, footpads, highwaymen, and house-breakers. There are very seldom any capitalists in this kingdom; and even when the Government is so arbitrary, they would not be spared if there were any occasion for them. We dined to day quietly enough, having nobody but Frederick North with us. The Princess de Masseran supped with us; and so she came lately from Paris, and is much connected with our friends of the Montmorin family, and is a Frenchwoman, she felt quite at home here. A little before supper the ambassador and she went out together to make a visit of ceremony to a Spanish lady who fills the principal seat at the Court, and whose birthday it is. There is an almanack printed and published here of the birthdays of the grandees, on which occasion they receive compliments from all who visit them. As the ambassador-major speaks no French, Madame de Masseran, who talks some Spanish, undertook to be the interpreter. They were announced, and walked into the room, where they found the camera sitting in a circle of about thirty Spanish ladies, in large hoops, and in court dresses trimmed with gold. The ambassador, who walked in first, made her courtesy in due form to the whole set, and then made her speech, and turned round to Madame de Masseran to explain it, more especially as it was to explain why they both arrived without being dressed sufficiently; but, on turning round, there was no Madame de Masseran: on seeing the circle, upon opening the door, she had been seized with panic, and had fairly run away. The embarrassment would now have been ridiculous enough, if a good-humoured fat old lady, who happened to talk a little French, had not stepped forward and given her services. The Princess de Masseran did nothing to say in her defence. Her words, but that her courage had totally failed her."

These other incidents are noted down, amid pages of similar ware, for the information of his mother, whom Lord Auckland always formally addressed as "My dear Madam":—

"Yesterday some wild boars were baited by dogs at the bull amphitheatre, by permission of his Catholic Majesty, for the benefit of the Convent of the Fathers of the Divine Agency." I translate the words of the advertisement. And this morning there is in the Madrid newspaper a long anathema from the Inquisition against several books published of late years in Spain. It is useful to know that it gives me the names of the books which I wanted, and some of which are said to be good and well written. They will be sold to me, as a privileged heretic, without difficulty. But this is not all. Last night a fatish lady was playing at cards at an assembly. Her partner exclaimed out: 'Dear me, Madame, what are you doing, what can you be dreaming about—I you have the ace in your hand, and you suffer the adversary's king to pass.' On further explanation, it was found that the poor lady was under the stroke of an anaphora, which put an end to both her and the rubber."

Apologies of books, this may be added with some other illustration of Spanish character, which remains now just what it was then:—

"If I go into a bookseller's shop and buy ten or twelve books, no indocumment will make him send them home; and he will rather return my money to me. If a servant is sent to buy twelve pounds of sugar, the woman of the shop says, 'Have you brought something to put it into?' if the servant answers 'No,' she quietly puts the sugar away, and wishes you a good morning, for it is not her business to furnish paper; and this same indifference is shown towards every branch of trade. One of my servants, a few days ago, carried a slipper to be mended; the shoemaker told him that it was

his business to make and mend shoes, and nothing would induce him to touch the slipper; and the staymaker employed for the children refused to alter some stays made for them at Paris; he said, that as he had not made them it was not his business to mend them. If you want a looking glass, you must buy the plate at St. Idelfonso, you must next send it to one part of Madrid to be silvered, and then to another part to be framed, and to another to be gilded. All this trouble is given to you with perfect civility, and by poor creatures who are in extreme want of the money, which they will not take, because they will not go one step out of the beaten track; and the consequence is, that a great part of the business is done by bad manufacturers here, for the prejudices are such that the consumers have little encouragement."

We conclude, as we commenced, with the English Court, and people most familiar there. In the following incident, where the lady mentioned is Selwyn's adopted daughter, afterwards Lady Hertford, Selwyn's well-known predilection for a particular solemn sort of spectacle was neatly touched off by the King:—

"A great event has taken place in Selwyn's family, Middle. Fagnian has been presented at Court, of course, and has been very much presented as a subject of Great Britain, was very splendid, but George was most magnificent, and new in every article of dress. Either a few days before this event or soon afterwards, he was at the levee; at the same time there were some one in the circle who had brought up an address from the country, and was to be knighted on that occasion. George, as soon as the King had spoken to him, withdrew, and went away; the King then knighted the ambitious square. The King afterwards, in the closet, expressed his astonishment to the groom in waiting that Mr. Selwyn should not wish to stay to see the ceremony of his making the new knight, observing that it looked so like an *exaction* that he took it for granted Mr. Selwyn would have stayed to see it. George heard of this still, but did not like it; he is on that subject still very severe."

We had marked some scores of other passages of interest, as illustrations of life, but we must leave these, with the volumes themselves, to the general public, who will, doubtless, read them with avidity. There are stories enough in them to set up a hundred or two of habitual diners-out, for life, and among them we do not remember a single bad one. These volumes, too, have an historical importance far beyond that of any similar work that has been recently published; and considering their power of instructing as well as amusing, we do not know any section of the public to which they will be otherwise than heartily welcome. We conclude with observing that some notes to the text are quoted from the "Auckland MSS." These are so excellent that we cannot but hope to see the entire manuscripts speedily in print; and that the Bishop of Otago and the Duke of Devonshire will be gratefully acknowledged in the present occasion—the able co-adjutants of Mr. George Hogge.

The Horse and his Rider. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. (Murray.)

THE history of the horse spans the distance between remote epochs. He has seen many changes come over the face of the earth, and his enduring powers have experienced without injury mutations of temperature that have destroyed other genera, or driven them to warmer latitudes. In nearly every region of the world, and at various depths from the earth's surface, his foot-hoofs are found with strange and diverse hellebells. In Polar ice, with the Siberian mammoth; in the mountains of the Himalaya and the caverns of Ireland; in the caves of Comstock, with the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger and hyena; in Servia at Argenteuil, with the mastodon; in Val d'Armo

and on the borders of the Rhine, amid colossal urns, he has taken his long rest. His grave is everywhere, and everywhere also is his sphere of usefulness. The friend and servant of man under an infinite variety of conditions and circumstances, he takes part in the achievements and glory of his master. In honour and dishonour, triumph and defeat, delicately tended at Newmarket or munching a scant meal on the roadside, winning the Derby or drawing a dust-cart, dying on the field of battle or surrendering his life a needless victim to science under the cruel knives of the veterinary professors at Alfort and Lyons, who demonstrate equine anatomy to their pupils, twice a week for seven hours a day, by the interesting process of *vivisection*,—the noble brute offers many affecting points of resemblance to the chequered lot of his tyrant. The Emperor Caligula treated him worthily, creating him a high priest and consul, assigning him a marble palace, and decking him with rare pearls and the costliest garniture that the entire Roman Empire could furnish. Lord Byron would fain have had his bear the recipient of the highest academic distinctions of Cambridge; in the last century an English gentleman did actually seduce the authorities of a German University into conferring an M.D. degree on his dog Ponto; but we are not aware that any modern enthusiast has reproduced Caligula's cynical affection for his steed. The creature has not, however, been without honour in death. Sir Francis Head speaks of our equestrian statues to Charles the First, William the Third, George the Third, George the Fourth, and the Duke of Wellington; but he omits to observe that until recently the equestrian statue was kept in this country, as it still is in some States, as the peculiar honour of Royalty. Alas! there might serve the most ignoble; but dead, he might be matched only with kings.

The exigencies of modern society have modified that passion for the chase which coloured all the amusements, and business too, of feudal life; but the horse is still the chosen associate of the Englishman. In childhood every boy with British pluck in his breast loves the quadruped, going forth to greet it as Dr. Johnson's heart went forth to meet Burney. His nursery plaything is a log of wood mounted on four legs, adorned behind with a flowing tail, furnished in front with equine neck and head, and set on an oscillating framework that makes-believe a gallop cross country. As soon as he is breeched he revels in the possession of a Shetland, or enters rich men's children in the enjoyment he is denied by tinkling carriage engines. In manhood it is the same. The lawyer in his chambers, the doctor in his stuffy brougham, the merchant in his dark office, however much their calculations for future enjoyment may differ in other respects, have all a latent hankering after a well-ventilated stable and a choice lot of horseflesh.

Sir Francis Head, in his fiction for the horse and his liking for the pursuits in which horses take a prominent part, is a favourable specimen of the polite Englishman of the present day. "He has never been, need, steep-chased, nor betted sixpence on any colt, filly, horse or mare." To the Jockey Club he is unknown; and he has never taken any interest in the proceedings of the turf, which Mr. Asheton Smith, to the lasting displeasure of Lord George Bentinck, held himself aloof, so irreverently stepped in blackguardism did he deem it to be. Simply as one who likes a good horse and knows how to treat him, without laying claim to any remarkable amount of horse-and-bound knowledge, or asking to be looked upon as a sporting authority, Sir

Francis presents us with a very pleasant volume of anecdotes relating to the horse and his rider. It is only fair both to public and the author to say, that the collection smacks more of the library than the covert side. Sir Francis is neither Nimrod nor Youatt,—lacking the picturesque vigour of the former, and the scientific exactness of the latter. He is a gentleman gossiping in an easy way about stud interests, not a mighty hunter capable of rousing in the breasts of others a strong yearning for his cherished pursuit. As a writer, indeed, he is liable to a charge of book-making; as, for instance, where he probes about the best hair-oil to obviate premature baldness; and again, where he spins out more than twenty pages with a nerveless memoir of Asheton Smith, drawn from Sir J. Eardley-Wilmot's excellent Biography of the famous Master of the Tedworth Hunt. Still we would not re-commend his voluminous series of Sporting books are such agreeable reading, and form so refreshing a contrast to the ordinary material found on publishers' shelves, that we are never inclined to be hypocritical with a new candidate for a place in the same row with Beekford and Somerville, Scrutator and Harry Hiever.

The following observations on the proper seat and handling for a gallop down hill are judicious:—

"If a horse be not properly dealt with, he can gallop down a turf hill with nearly as much rapidly as along a racetrack. A testable would stand ill at ease on the declivity, because its limbs are immovable; but a quadruped, by throwing all his legs forwards and his body backwards, has the power to adjust himself, with mathematical precision, almost any descent. To insure this safety, however, it is essential that he should be encouraged, by a loose rein, to carry his head as low as possible, to enable him to take care of his feet, and in case of treading on a rolling-stone to recover his position by throwing it up. Now, when in this balance, if of sudden the rider, who is seated on the inside of the horse, throws his weight backwards—in fact, if from the saddle the backs of the two animals are separated from each other by only a very small angle, both can descend the hill together at considerable speed without the smallest danger. The only circumstance the rider has to contend against is an over-caution on the part of the horse, amounting to fear, which induces him to try to take the slope diagonally, very likely to result in the poor animal slipping up on his side. In keeping his head straight, however, care must be taken not to induce him to raise it up; and when this little difficulty is overcome, no other of any sort or kind remains to impede a safe and rapid descent. Seated on his saddle, in the attitude we have described, the admirable rider Jack Brierley whips in the Trent valley, and with a large open clasp-knife in his mouth, was one day observed fixing a piece of whiplcord to his lash, while following his bounds at a slapping pace, down hill, his reins lying nearly round his forehead's neck. On the declivity, when a gentleman, however fearless he may be, sitting at an angle of 45°, like a 13-inch mortar on its bed, attempts to ride down the steep declivity described, the afflictions that befall him are really pitiable, for the instant his horse's fore legs sink considerably lower than the hind ones, he feels that unless he holds on very tightly, he must inevitably pitch over the bows of the vessel that is carrying him. To maintain his equilibrium, he therefore pulls a little at his curb bit, which not only raises his horse's head till it nearly touches his nose, but throws the animal and the weight he carries into such a false position, that it becomes difficult and dangerous to advance. The restrained quadruped, impatient to follow the horse before him, yet shies out of gear, on every little twitch of his bridle, keeps clucking up his heels until the rider, who a moment ago expected to glide over his ears, now feels that he is going to fall backwards over his tail, which is nearly touching

the hill. In short, the poor horse is resting on his knees instead of his hoofs, with his fore feet barely touching the ground. When a lot of riders find themselves in this hopeless attitude, they generally, according to their amount of activity, crawl, jump, or vault from their saddles to descend on foot, which the sooner they do the better. As a matter, for the heads of their boots not being like horse-shoes, concave, take insufficient hold of the turf; and thus while they are slipping, sliding, and tottering in the descent, each linked to a quadruped that is bobbing him to death, if, feeling a little alarmed, they resolve to stop for a moment or two, their impatient horses, unable to advance, and unwilling to stand still, often compromise the matter by running round their masters, with the chance of rolling them, like mincepies, down the hill."

The following story needs no introduction:—
"In like manner when Mehemet Ali, under the pretence of investing his son, Toomsoon Pacha, with the command of an army, by a treacherous invitation inveigled the Mamelukes into the summit of the citadel of El Kahira (the Victorious), commonly called Cairo, and then suddenly dropping the portcullis, directed upon them from barred windows, they resolved to stop for a moment or two, their impatient horses, unable to advance, and unwilling to stand still, often compromise the matter by running round their masters, with the chance of rolling them, like mincepies, down the hill."

Headlong from the mountain's height
He plunged to endless night,
for, on reaching the hard rock, he was enabled to death, the rider, who, no doubt, had expected the same fate, was enabled, with only a broken saddle, to crawl away to recover, and for nearly thirty years to enjoy, with health and wealth, the well-earned appellation of 'the last of the Mamelukes'; in short,
The man recovered from the blow, the horse it was that died."

There is no need to continue our extract. A gentleman living in one of our mining counties, an enthusiastic sportsman and large proprietor, much beloved by all who came in contact with him, had been dining with a neighbour whose house was about six miles distant from his own hall. Perhaps our friend had the generous frailty of liking a bottle or two of claret at a sitting, when the wine and company were both good. Possibly he had indulged this weakness on the occasion to which we direct attention. Anyhow, when he left the dinner-table at ten o'clock p.m., and mounted his horse to ride home, he was able to sit firmly in his saddle, though his head was giddy. "Never mind," said he to himself, feeling secure in his seat, as he turned round under the shade of his friend's plantation, "nothing can go wrong off, and Magnet knows his way home. I'll have a spirit or two 'the waste,' and be at my door in half-an-hour." A leap over a rotten fence put the old foxhunter on "the waste"—a heath of some thousands of acres in extent,—and a touch of his heel at Magnet's flank was the prelude to bounding along over the rough turf under the starlit heaven, at an honest racing gallop. All went well for five minutes, when—a daring bound, a vivid leap, a sudden check, a fall backwards, a terrific straddle, a lunge forwards, another fall back! "Good God! it is the shaft,—I am a dead man." The rider remembered nothing more for several minutes.—Magnet reached home; he was unhurt, but his black sides were covered with white foam, his nostrils distended, his muscles palpitating with fear. In the side was the master's white, red, and unconscious. In the courtyard of—
"Hail, the groom who had been waiting his master's return, took hold of Magnet's bridle, expecting the rider to alight. But the occupant of the saddle remained seated. It was not till the groom had violently shaken him that he was resolved from his stupor, and

the muscles of his legs ceased to grip the saddle. When he dismounted, he was effectually sobered. Magnet was led to his box, and ere long was at rest. But his master had no sleep that night. As soon as it was dawn he went off to the spot where the plunge and the alarm had occurred. Two miles before he reached the shaft—the open shaft of a mine that had long been wrought out,—he came upon Magnet's homeward track. Tremendous bounds the beast had made, but there at wide intervals were the deep impressions of his feet. At length the shaft was reached. The soil in front was torn and ploughed up as it would be by the desperate struggles of a horse, with its hind-quarters down the shaft,—struggling to recover *terra firma*. How was it that Magnet having got to that position did not fall down the fatigues of the hideous pit? His rider approached the edge, and inspected the interior, when he saw projecting about an inch from the clay-bank, some feet down from the aperture, a fragment of the old brickwork of the shaft. Only one of Magnet's heels had caught that speck of brickwork. But it had found a sufficient point d'appui. That speck of brickwork had saved Magnet and his rider from destruction.

Sunday: its Origin, History, and present Obligation. By J. A. Hessey, D.C.L. (Murray). THIS book contains the Bampton Lectures for the present year. It will take its place among those volumes of the series which nearly exhaust their subjects,—that is, the views of the subjects which they treat. There have been also one more proof that the Oxford pulpit is abandoning the theological traditions of the University: the Sabbath is no longer recognized; the Sunday, the "Lord's Day," is to stand on its own basis. We do not mean to say that Oxford ever insisted on the puritanical Sabbath as binding on Christians by the Fourth Commandment; but between this doctrine and that held by Dr. Hessey there is the intermediate Sunday, the substitute for the Sabbath, the Sabbath with the day changed by Apostolic authority; and this has been the common doctrine of the Established clergy. Dr. Hessey abandons this ground. He does not see in the Sunday a transferred Sabbath; he says, "I hold that the Lord's Day is, as to its origin, much on a par with Confirmation." That is to say, he, speaking to hearers of the Established Church, propounds the Sunday as an ecclesiastical institution, having a divine character of a secondary species as of "Apostolic practice, and of Scriptural indication." These words, which we have put in italics, have a special meaning, an obstructive or terminative meaning: they are intended to signify that there is no *line* on the subject except that which the Church has drawn from practices and indications. This is what we take to be meant by the observance of Sunday being on a par with Confirmation.

The doctrine of the Sunday is one the subject-matter of which must needs be more frequently brought to the attention of religious persons than any other. The practice arising out of it is the test of Christian virtue. Once in each week does the Pharisee apply his hagiometer, graduated in Scotland, to the conduct of his neighbours, that he may know to a quarter of a degree how much better he is than they. In modern days it is true, that the self-appointed judge has a hard time of it in the cities and the large towns of England; but his power is not yet quite extinct in the parts where men of education are fewer and further apart. Forty years has worked a great change in this respect: and the same augmentation of

the mass and closeness of the educated community which has thrown the volunteer spiritual director out of function has been the moving cause of that inquiry into the current notions of Christianity, of which the proofs spring up around us daily. When Mr. Godfrey Higgins, in 1830, published his 'Home Sabbatarian,' he was represented by the majority of his own neighbourhood as an infidel, and his doctrine was held by very many to be of the most dangerous character. We have compared this book with what we now have from the Oxford pulpit, and we find the difference to be purely ecclesiastical: that is to say, if Dr. Hessey should now write against the 'Home Sabbatarian,' he must ground his opposition upon the right of a Church to collect doctrines inferentially from the New Testament, and to deduce obligatory rules. To any one who denies that the New Testament gives to the Ecclesiastical authority in matters of faith and practice, our lecturer has nothing to say, except that he must infer for himself the precedential force of "practices" and the true intent of "indications."

There are two extremes of theory in this matter. The Sabbatarian deduces from the prohibition to *Jeans* of all work on the seventh day of the week, a prohibition to *Christians* of all play on the first day of the week. He first places the Christian under the Jewish law, except so far as he shall be proved to be free to the satisfaction of the self-appointed judge. He then affirms all play to be work: a thing quite in the power of a gentleman who denies the right of Aristotle to prevent Christians from drawing affirmative conclusions from the figure as the logical phrase is. This is the process.—Assume that the prohibition of work is *solely* to give time for devotional exercises: this is a great point, and must be carefully guarded. Next, affirm that play, amusement, relaxation, call it what you will, is as distinct from devotional exercise as work; and conclude that play is therefore prohibited as much as work. The Sabbatarian gets over his ground with a certain appearance of reasoning; but the great point is yet to come. The command is to keep the seventh day holy; and it is necessary to turn this into the first day. The Apostles made the change: when and where? it is asked; and here the treatment of the question subdivides. The Sabbatarian who has a church here appeals to it; the Sabbatarian who has none appeals to himself; but no one ever pretends to name the occasion on which, or to produce even a reference to the document by which, this important change was made.

At the other extreme of doctrine, the Sunday is treated as a purely civil institution, grounded, not on the practice of the early Church, but on the permanence of the reasons which made that practice useful. Nothing is more certain than that the first Christians did meet on the first day of the week for purposes of united devotion and of receiving instruction. It cannot be proved that they rested from their usual work when their devotions were finished. The slaves could not do so: and had the change been made for which the Sabbatarians contend, and had the new Sunday been what those reasoners proclaim it to be, we should have read of persecutions manfully endured by bondsmen who refused to work on the Lord's Day. The Jewish converts, as we know, retained their seventh day; and it would need direct proof before it could be credited that they rested on two successive days. The edict of Constantine, commanding those in the towns to abstain from labour, leaving agriculture to its usual course, has an appearance of novel legislation—say in favour of a growing custom, as is not unlikely which nothing but positive evidence can

rebut. Adding these "indications" to the direct discouragement of keeping the Sabbath, the instances of which are known to all, the extreme of doctrine we are now describing repudiates all obligation to observe any day whatever, and, for the most part, acknowledges the utility of a day free from labour, for the sake of religious instruction and mental and bodily relaxation, to be sought in air, exercise, and cheerful amusement. The reason given for the union is the obvious one: a day wholly passed in religious exercises would be, in its consequences, a most irreligious institution; and the part of the day not so employed is most profitably devoted to relaxation.

We must venture to hope that the time is coming at which the state of mankind will allow of a second day of rest in the week. Is our power over nature, so large as it is grown and so fast as it is growing, never to allow on race a little more time for instruction and amusement? It is strongly urged on the working-classes that if they allowed themselves to lose their Sunday, they would get no more wages for seven days than now for six. We believe it; and it is, we think, reasonably likely that they would get no less for *six* days than now for *six*. If all the work could be done in five more willing and more energetic days, which now is done in six, no alteration of wages would ensue. Nay, if all the work of the week could be done in one particular ten minutes of the week, provided that no other ten minutes could enter into competition, wages would be unaltered. If, two hundred years ago, any one who knew his own time well had been shown a true picture of our first age, as to the power of art over nature, his first idea would have been that we were enjoying at least three holidays a week, with red-letter days into the bargain. How is it that, instead of gaining holidays, we have absolutely lost them? The demand for material comfort has grown faster than the supply. Say we have done right,—which is saying a good deal,—in postponing the claims of the mind till a more convenient season; say we had a great deal to make up before the bodily wants of the community were properly supplied; still the time must surely come when we shall at last begin to think about a little more relaxation. And the end might be progressively gained; first, one fixed national holiday in the month, then two, &c. If the stern Sabbatarian, and even the strong Dominicalist, as Dr. Hessey calls them, would put their shoulders to the agitation for secular holidays, they would strengthen their power of insisting that all the relaxation and amusement of the Sunday should be of the most private and quiet character. As it is, the doors of the Museums and Exhibitions will soon be open on the Sunday, if they do not contrive another day of freedom from work; the reason and feeling of the community will not always be willing to keep the gin-shops open while the reading-rooms and museums are shut.

Between the two extremes of doctrine which we have described, the conclusions of which have at least a show of following logically from the assumed principles and facts, there is nothing but far and single, equivocation and evasion. There is the doctrine of no Sabbath, because every day is a Sabbath to Christians; that is, every day is distinguished from all other days by a peculiarity common to all! There is the retention of the Ten Commandments of the Jewish law because they are moral and not ceremonial, a distinction unknown to Moses, or, at least, undecared by him. There is the assertion that to reject the Ten Commandments would be to leave

murder and theft open to Christians, not worth answer. There is the "primal Sabbath" anterior to Moses, which it is affirmed was revived when the Moenic Sabbath expired; and some have contended, and even in holy books, that by some accident the Jewish Sabbath got fixed a day too early, so that our first day of the week is nothing but the true original Sabbath. There is the assertion, that "seventh day" only means "one day in seven," with the questionable—if not actually dishonest—suppression of the reason given for the seventh day. In view, says Dr. Hessey, is extensively held, in spite of its logical and exegetical difficulties. This word *difficulty* is doing great things in our world: when two Americans shoot at each other, they have had a difficulty; when a reasoner finds it necessary to say that all birds are geese, instead of the converse, another reasoner finds a logical difficulty in his proceeding. According to Dr. Hessey's account of the view last mentioned, it states that "one day in seven" is covered by the expression "seventh day"; which is not true; the expression "seventh day" is covered by "one day in seven." Then we have the purely ecclesiastical view, the Sunday of Church authority. Dr. Arnold thought that the Apostles instituted Sunday as an "afterthought," as the result of their disappointment at discovering that men could not at once do without something like the provision of the abolished Jewish law." How this could be shown, when it is clear that the "practices" and the "indications" are as many and as strong at the very beginning as at any subsequent time of the Apostolic period, we are not told. The Church of England, as happens now and then, has treated the subject evasively. The Fourth Commandment is publicly read, and the people are then to pray that God would incline their hearts to keep this law. But the child's Catechism, in its comment on the Commandments, has not a word upon the observance of a day; and there is no Article upon the Sabbath.

Nevertheless, the English Church has something to say for its proceeding. In our recent discussion of the subscriptions we pointed out—a thing very seldom done—that the *Articles* are subscribed to as all *affirmed* by the Word of God, but the *Book of Common Prayer* only as *nowhere contradicted*. The reason is plain and sensible. Statements of deduced doctrine are intended to have entire agreement with their source of derivation; but it is not meant that every piece of devotional warmth shall be interpreted as a categorical announcement of doctrine. To make such an interpretation is the part of those who want plenary authority for doctrines not found in the Articles. Our readers can hardly have forgotten how keenly, in the famous case of Gorham and Philipotts, the High Church party contended for the Prayer-Book being at least equal to the Articles.

Dr. Hessey, as we have said, takes the ecclesiastical view. He distinguishes two kinds of church authority; the higher or Apostolic, the lower, such as he holds to exist at this day; he gives the Sunday the first kind of authority. His proofs are not very cogent, except as addressed to those who admit the power of Churches to infer Apostolic commands from "practices" and "indications." When he puts his Sunday on a par with Confirmation, he has very briefly settled his relation to all who are no more than Biblical Christians. We are amused with the distinction between A-B and B-A. Dr. Hook puts Confirmation on a par with Sunday; but he and Dr. Hessey state two very different propositions.

We shall not follow our author through

more of his details; though, had we room, there are many things which we should like to say to those who vex themselves, their neighbours, and their poor children, with a day of asceticism once a week. Many of them follow leaders whose advice they greatly exaggerate. Forty years ago, and less, there was a great leader among the *low*, or *evangelical*, Churchmen whose name, Charles Simcox, is well remembered among them. The sect of *Sinaitists*, at Cambridge, yielded to none in pious notions about the Christian Sabbath. Their leader was a good and genial spirit, and, though heart and soul in his doctrine, rode the best horses and gave the best wine in Cambridge. But no wine which he ever gave his guest had a better flavour than the rebuke he gave his followers, which Dr. Hessey has reprinted, and which we shall quote:—

In my own personal habit I am as strict as most; but in my judgment as before God, I think that many religious characters,—ministers as well as others,—are in error. I think that many *Judaize* too much, and that they would have joined the Pharisees in condemning our Lord on many occasions; but I would have you remark this. I do not think they err in acting up to their own principles (*where they are right*); but that they err in making their own standard a standard for all others. This is a prevailing evil among religious persons. They will in effect argue thus:—I do not walk out on a Sabbath-day; therefore an artisan may not walk out into the fields for an hour on that day. They forget that the poor man is confined all the rest of the week, which they are not; and that they themselves will walk in their own garden when they have no garden walk in. Now in this I do not think that they act towards others as they, in a change of circumstances, would think it right for others to act towards them: and if your brother will limit his refreshment to such a relaxation as is necessary for health, or materially conducive to it, I shall agree with him and shall rank this among works of necessity or of charity. Again, I am not prepared to utter either anathemas or lamentations if Ministers of State occasionally, in a time of great pressure of public business, and in a quiet way, avail themselves of an hour or two for conference with each other on that day. I do not condemn it; but I do not condemn it. They cannot command their own times. Public affairs may be full as pressing and may call for immediate conference, as much as an ox or an ass for deliverance from a pit into which it has fallen."

This is good sense.

As a repository of information on its subject, Dr. Hessey's book will be effective. We trust the author himself will enlarge his views. If, as he acknowledges, it is quite right to employ part of the Sunday in examining God's works "in earth and sky," can it be very wrong to examine selections from them in a Museum?

History of the Venetian Republic: her Rise, her Greatness, and her Civilization. By W. Carew Hazlitt. Vols. III. and IV. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Ten years of the Council of Ten, the Quirini-Tiepolo conspiracy, the Venetian Inquisition, the tragedy of Marino Fabbro, the mission of Petrarca, the war of Chioggia, the story of the Two Foscari, and the fate of the Doge Francesco—here are materials for two volumes of history! Never could author be more fortunate. His colours must be rich and bright as Beckford's; his portraits austere as ever solemn Italian artists painted; his style and architecture of language to restore the magnificence and revive the romance of the days when Venice was a Republic, and her galleries came out of battle leaving a crimson circle on the sea. Mr. Hazlitt, in these two volumes, becomes a more

vivid narrator in proportion as the interest of his argument increases. He has, we perceive, amended his plan in some of the respects to which we adverted when the earlier sections of the work were published, and makes more frequent reference to meditated authorities. These, it is said, are the days of "new views." Historians are rebelling against the tyranny of traditional interpretations. Demolitions and reconstructions are going on apace, and the images of the past are being scraped, cleaned, polished, and presented to the eye under totally new aspects. We have seen the buckram stripped from not a few of the great men who figure in our own annals, and to a similar task Mr. Hazlitt annexes himself when treating of the Venetian State-Inquisition. Dars, it has long been known, was, whether deliberately or otherwise, a blunderer, and the documentary evidence in this case substantially refutes him. He must have been misled by forgeries, or perjured himself, himself, the statutes set forth by him being neither in the manner nor in the language of the times to which they refer. His anachronisms are glaring. He attributes wrong titles to the Venetian magistrates, and he anticipates facts by grossly displacing them. Mr. Hazlitt only follows Romani, Giovini, Botta and Tiepolo in rejecting Dars's authority; but he adds to their repudiation his own criticism and analysis, which would go far to convince the reader, had not the point been already established beyond discussion or cavil. We are certainly sorry for the romantics. It is cruel to deprive them of their demon dukes, of their shrouded inquisitors, of the Piombi, in which heretical vestals pined and sighed; but, perhaps, Mr. Hazlitt, in his admiration for the poetry and glory of Venice, has too warmly supplied the light of its actual history. However, it may be conceded that his version of the Quirini-Tiepolo conspiracy bears an appearance of superior authenticity, and is better sustained than others which have long received credence. The parts taken by Quirini himself, by Tiepolo, Badoer, and Donato, are clearly discriminated, and the passage is well worth studying; but Mr. Hazlitt, notwithstanding his sympathy with the Venetian councils, does not attempt to deny that they employed torture in order that prisoners of state might, if possible, be forced to criminate themselves. The Republic had never before experienced so mighty a danger. Thence arose the Council of Ten, designed to root out sedition and treason, and invested with terrible powers. To them were the inquisitors responsible for every coin they expended from the public treasury. They appointed and removed the judges, and gradually grew from being a judicial and temporary committee almost to rule the Republic. Shortly after their organization had been completed, the Doge Gradenigo died, after a reign of twenty-two years. The Forty-one proceeded to elect his successor. They were embarrassed for awhile. Marino Giorgio, surnamed the Holy, happened just then—so the tradition goes—to pass by the open door, followed by a servant bearing a sack of bread for the poor. Immediately the Council elected him. Soranzo followed, and under him the public rogues and water-fetes reached their acme of splendour,—and Venice, embellished by her thousand artists, glittered more brilliantly upon the throne of the Adriatic. Soranzo died at the age of eighty-nine. Twenty venerable senators bore his pall; he was buried in his robes, with the golden spurs, indicative of his equine rank, upon his heels. Next was Francesco Dandolo, surnamed *Cane*. Under him the Decemviri approached the period of their dissolution. With respect

to its influence in the state, Mr. Haslitt says, is total contradiction of Dario:—

"The tribunal was more or less fatal to the political liberty of the Venetians, but it left untouched their civil privileges, and it was highly conducive to the preservation of the national independence. While it was inaccessible to the whispers of treason, it was not a stranger to the softer influences of humanity. Instances were known in which a female suppliant was permitted to penetrate into the Hall of the Decemviri, and obtained that redress which had been denied to her elsewhere. An instance might be cited in which, when a foreign tyrant had tempted and overcome the virtue even of members of the College, the Ten alone incorruptible and without a price, provided for the safety of the imperilled State! A leading peculiarity of the Decemviri was this, that its functions were never exactly defined, and that its place in the Constitution was never accurately marked. This vagueness and laxity of principle contributed more than any other cause to promote the wonderful growth of the tribunal. It can only be said in general sense that of all questions of high moment, where secrecy and despatch were essentially requisite, the Council resorted to itself the exclusive custodian, and that its decrees were practically final. An appeal lay nominally to the legislature; but hardly more than one instance was known, in which the latter ventured to reverse the judgment of the Decemviri."

The Inquisitors were two or three of the number appointed specially in cases where peculiarly delicate investigations were requisite:—

"The Inquisitors of the Ten, who were thus nearly coeval with the Ten themselves, may be recognized as the forerunners of the famous *Inquisitors of State*. But no tribunal existed at Venice under the latter title prior to 1596: nor even then was it clothed with the revolting attributes which have been ascribed to it by ignorance or malignity."

A census taken in Venice in the year 1335, exhibited a return of 40,000 new-made adults, between the ages of twenty and sixty, inclusive, of whom from 3,000 to 4,000 were ready to take the field, so that the Republic was rather Grecian than Roman in its proportions; but she could dictate peace, nevertheless, to formidable enemies, and celebrate her victories on the Piazza of St. Mark to the cry, "Italy avails and is jubilant with delight." This was the first conquest of Venice on the Italian *terro firma*, and her first alliance with the rampantly and powerful city of Florence. Taking charge of Treviso, she established a new system of municipal rule, and appointed a Podestà:—

"During his year of office he was forbidden to see his wife or any female member of his family, or to receive into his house such of his male relatives as had passed their twelfth year."

During the seventy-four years in which the poverty of Angelo Badoer yielded the Ivory Sceptre, the most Christian Venetians, according to the legend, gave an asylum to the bones of St. Mark. Whereupon, "Viva San Marco!" became the war-cry of the Venetian armies.

Forthwith the sagacious Government, not unwilling to foster the popular belief, decreed that the Republic was under the guardianship of St. Mark, St. Nicholas, and St. George. The architect went on building and beautifying, and the rescued city glowed in new magnificence under the inheritance of Gradignego's name, and Andrea Dandolo, the warlike Doge. In his epoch was fought the celebrated battle of the Dardanelles, which was strictly a Venetian victory.

Venice was in an ecstasy of pride, Genoa in an abyss of despair. The Beautiful City was eclipsing. The Superb Milan, too, fell abject,—and Petrarach, who thought himself more illustrious as a diplomatist than as a poet, vainly endeavoured to arrive at terms of agreement with Andrea Dandolo, the Count of Virtue,

a great and brilliant man, even in the age of apparitions upon the stage. The Bucentaur carries him to Venice as her own Doge, and ominously lands him between the Red Columns, the symbols of death. His story is minutely related by Mr. Haslitt, who refers to the apocryphal incidents which have crept into the narratives of some modern writers. The anecdote of Steno's lampoon, however, is warranted no less than that of Stefano Chiazza's appeal to the exasperated Doge. It was agreed,—to annihilate the Venetian aristocracy. And thus it was that Marino Faliero, Count of Valdemarino, forty-two years a servant of the Republic, and seventy-seven years old, went to the block:—

"The execution took place on the following morning at the hour of tierce. Giovanni Mocenigo, the senior Privy Councillor, followed by his five colleagues, the Decemviri, the Advocate of the Commune, and the other great officers of State, advanced to meet his Serenity, who had been conducted under guard from his own apartments to the Great Council Saloon. Forming a circle round him, they escorted him to the fatal spot (where he was selected for the honour of death). A stupendous concourse of persons of all conditions had congregated to witness the spectacle. A gloomy and awful stillness reigned throughout the Piazza. The Doge, amid a silence in which a whisper or a sigh would have been audible, implored the forgiveness of his countrymen, and extolled the equity of the doom which he was about to undergo. He was then uncrowned and disrobed. A black cap was substituted for the berretta, and a cloak of the same colour was cast about his shoulders. At an appointed signal he laid his head on the block, and at a single stroke the executioner severed it from his body. Immediately after the removal of the latter, the doors of Saint Mark's were thrown open; and the crowd entered in wild disorder, eager to catch a glimpse of the mutilated corpse, which was then exposed from the balcony to burial (Friday, April 7th)."

Times were had in 1361. Therefore sumptuary laws were enacted limiting the amount of marriage-presents, forbidding parents to take young girls to wedding-suppers, and restricting maidens to 300. worth of personal ornaments. For those were days of wars and rumours of wars, and Petrarch, the stormy petrel, was soon again at Venice. In one siege the Venetians, who had been prodigiously surprised by the new bombards, introduced a novelty into war by planting lines of bees on the ramparts, and thus showering living clouds of stinging missiles upon their assailants.

The stories of Carnagnoia, and of the Two Focieri, are given in full and interesting detail; and now that Venice is once more like some Andromeda of twenty waiting in chains for deliverance, all these Venetian reminiscences come to us with the breath of romance and history. We turn from these, however, to one of Mr. Haslitt's Italian portraits. It is that of the famous Filippo Maria:—

"He could never be persuaded to have his portrait painted; but a contemporary has preserved a graphic picture of his person, his character and his manners. In stature, he was considerably above the common height and long, from his habit of sleeping, he seldom looked tall. As a boy, his figure was remembered to have been singularly lean and ungainly, his frame then being spare almost to emaciation; but gross indulgence and unrestrained sensuality soon changed every thing into corpulence or condensation; and when the Duke reached middle life he grew monstrously corpulent. From a deformity in his feet, his legs had always been weak; and in later years the feebleness of his lower extremities increased so deplorably that he was obliged to support himself, whenever he rose from his seat, on a stout cane, or to lean on the shoulder of a page; but his

biographer relates that, throughout his reign, he was never seen to stand alone. Large, rolling eyes of a fierce, wandering expression, with pupils of a yellowish tint; projecting brows; a snub nose; a receding chin, on which the nose seldom intruded; high cheek bones; a head which could only be described as an oblong; black hair, worn off the face, and combed and brushed as far as possible; a bull-neck, on which the face sat lazily like in folds; and short hands with dumpy fingers, made his physiognomy by no means classical or fascinating."

He had a passion for quails, liver, and turkeys: he often changed his couch three times in a night, always lay in his clothes, and slept across the bed. Absorbed in his study, he affected the gayest apparel, and always at hand, never saw a sight. He liked puppet-shows, was afraid of lightning, hid himself under the coverlet while a thunder-storm lasted, and always wore a green suit on the first of May. Mr. Haslitt's fourth volume, diverging from a series of admirable personal sketches, concludes with a description of Venetian customs, especially in the early relation with England and civilization generally. Some of his notes are of peculiar interest;—for example, on the Venetian houses:—

"They were constructed, however, for the most part of wood; and fir, larch, and elder were the three descriptions of timber in principal use. The house, which was not uncommonly one-storied, seldom exceeded two stories exclusively of the *Loggia* or *Balcone*, a terrace or balcony at the top of the building, where the inmates were accustomed to resort in the evening, namely, the basement, or *Terreno*, on which were the kitchen offices and the Armoury, and the upper story, which contained the sleeping and sitting apartments. Every establishment of any pretensions was provided with a well, an oven and a bakery."

Charlemagne himself wore cloth of gold-and-purple from the looms of Venice. Mr. Haslitt proceeds to say:—

"Amid their graver callings, the Venetians were distinguished by a passion for three objects—music, birds and flower-beds, and were without a garden and an aviary, in the former of which flower-beds and avenues of fruit-trees were agreeably diversified with shrubberies of cedar, cypress and laurel. In the gardens which belonged to the wealthier class, exotic plants became not uncommon, when the Crusades had rendered Europeans familiar with Oriental botany; and a crystal fountain, which sometimes was to be seen playing in the centre, completed the picturesque effect of the landscape."

And then to the costume of the Venetian ladies:—

"Her hair is elaborately arranged and parted, and is combed off her brow; her head-dress is a species of turban. The robe which, though a high body, leaves the neck exposed, is confined at the waist with a narrow zone; the sleeves are of the simplest description. The head which is not concealed by the drapery is gloved; the arms are bare considerably above the elbow; and a bracelet encircles the right wrist. The feet are quite hidden from sight, and the curious patterns displayed in the present time consist merely the covering which was employed in traversing the kennels and alleys, and which was replaced in the house by easy slippers, or on formal occasions by shoes of more elegant workmanship. When Pietro Caola, the author of 'A Journey to Jerusalem,' was at Venice in 1516, the pattern, or *stiva*, as they were called, were worn so monstrously high, that ladies in the streets were obliged to save themselves from tumbling by leaning on the shoulders of their lacqueys!"

—They even wore gloves, and used forks. The laws were not peculiarly severe. The first offence, or *forfetta*, was punished by a fine, or a second,—until, graduating in the scale of ruin, the men were hung between the Red Columns,

and the women put to death as the judges might order,—by starvation, decapitation, strangulation, or upon the gibbet. Starvation was sometimes inflicted on men:—

"In the starving process, the condemned, having been led to the Campanile, were there inclosed in a large wooden cage with iron bars, suspended by a strong chain from a pole attached to the building; and he was fed on a diminishing scale with bread and water which he received by sliding down a cord (as strong is the love of life), until the unfortunate wretch, exposed to every weather, perished of cold, hunger and misery."

The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Hazlitt's History are far superior in point of style and interest, to the first and second; but the entire work promises to be one which will reflect permanent credit upon its author, and occupy a place in literature.

Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox. By John Tulloch, D.D. Second Edition. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution Settlement. By the late very Rev. John Lee, D.D., LL.D. With Notes and Appendices from the Author's Papers. Edited by his Son. (Blackwood & Sons.)

The Scottish Reformation: a Historical Sketch. By Peter Lorimer, D.D. With Twenty-five Illustrations by Birket Foster. (Griffin & Co.)

The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters, 1638-88. By James Dodds. (Edinburgh, Edmonstone & Douglas.)

We lump together these four recent products of Scottish Ecclesiastical literature, not for our own convenience merely, but because the activity which their almost simultaneous appearance evinces is one of the most characteristic facts about our Northern fellow-subjects. Lord Macaulay said once, of England and Scotland, in his dangerous epigrammatic way, "The nations are one, because the churches are two." There is little doubt that the ecclesiastical differences between them make them know each other less than they ought. An Englishman finds it difficult to comprehend a country where a Bishop is a Dissenter with the revenue of an English curate, and no social "my Lord";—and where, if he tries to simplify matters by remembering that the mass of people are Presbyterians, he finds the Presbyterians hating each other rather more than either of the two parties into which they fall do Prelacy. Such an observer soon discovers that almost everything Scotch turns on something ecclesiastical. Only a short time ago, if a Professor of Sanscrit had been wanted in Edinburgh, the first question asked would have been, whether he belonged to the "Free Kirk of Scotland." At this moment, the same old capital is electing its town councillors with an eye almost solely to the working of the new Annuity Tax Bill,—a compromise after some thirty years' agitation on the point how the Edinburgh clergy's six hundred per annum should be paid. Turn to the Education question, and it all revolves there on the point whether the Church of Scotland shall retain its old control over the parochial schools. Lines of ecclesiastical are also lines of political division in that country. Tory answers to Episcopalian—as Conservative virtually does to Established Churchman.

An instructive essay might be written on all this:—on the greater *rapprochement* in feeling between the Churches of England and Scotland, since a Dissent singularly bitter in tone

has veered and menaced the latter;—on the injury done to literature, free thought, practical reforms, and even social refinement, in Scotland, by sectarian controversy and division. But, for the present, our duty is a less comprehensive one, though fertile in hints towards such a performance. We have simply to offer some remarks on the books above mentioned. And we place that of Principal Tulloch first, not only for its good literary qualities, but because it appeals to a wider circle of readers than most works of the class from the other side of the Border. Dr. Tulloch represents the younger section of the Liberal party in the Scottish church; and his writings show more vivacity than might be expected the influence of a popular English writer. His sketches of the Leaders of the Reformation aim at being portraits of the men, as well as discussions of their doctrine. And their "point of view" in every case is taken by the writer, not as one to which we (even when we belong to their special Churches) are bound to confine ourselves,—but as a resting-place in an ascent to quarters from which we may get a wider range of vision:—

"A second Calvin in theology," he says, "is impossible. Men thirst not less for spiritual truth, but they no longer believe in the capacity of system to embrace and contain that truth, as in a reservoir for successive generations. They must seek for it themselves afresh in the pages of Scripture and the ever-dawning light of spiritual life; or they will simply neglect and put it past as an old story. The age of tradition is gone beyond recall; and the most venerated creeds, no less than the most novel religious theories, must submit to the tests of an expanding historical and moral judgment."

This is frank, at all events, and the whole country on Calvin, in which it occurs, is distinguished by the same characteristics. "It was a hard and bad world that needed Calvin as a Reformer," says Principal Tulloch; and so, elsewhere,—

"An impression of majesty and yet of sadness must ever linger under the name of Calvin. He was great, and we admire him. The world needed him, and we honour him; but we cannot love him. He repels our affections while he extorts our admiration; and while we recognise the worth, and the divine necessity of his life and work, we are thankful to survey them at a distance, and to believe that there are also other modes of divinely governing the world, and advancing the kingdom of righteousness and truth."

Passages like these sufficiently show the spirit and temper of Principal Tulloch's book, the style of which has a boldness and picturesque far from common. It is not exactly the work for young students, and we doubt whether the old school of professors would pronounce its author sound and deep in his subject. But it is admirably adapted to invigorate the thinking of those who already know something of the Reformers treated of in it; and assuredly it is readable enough (no slight praise) from cover to cover.

The late Principal Lee, besides his other claims to regard, was conspicuous in Scotland for his knowledge of the history of the Kirk. He pursued the subject not only with the zeal of a scholar, but with the curious minuteness of an antiquary, through Presbytery records and forgotten old manuscripts of all kinds. He was, therefore, a standard authority on Presbyterian antiquities—a subject less known in England, we suspect, than those of Egypt. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the 'Lectures' now before us are to be considered worthy of his high reputation. They were early in the writer for a special purpose, while his knowledge was immature and his style unformed, and would never have been

published by himself. If the Editor doubts this, let him turn to Vol. I., p. 33, and tell us whether he thinks his learned father would have suffered it to go out under his name, that Dunbar the poet was a "Scottish bishop."

There is an interest, however, about everything that has come from a memorable man, which will give these volumes a place in many libraries. Besides the Notes and Appendices from the author's later papers have a separate value. They contain many interesting details, chiefly from manuscript sources, about the past social and ecclesiastical condition of Scotland. We would particularly direct attention to those contained in Appendix xx. (Vol. II.) on the Parochial Schools. No institution is more creditable to Scotland, nor ought to be more delicately meddled with than this; to which the Scotch people have long owed the best part of their prosperity.

In turning to Dr. Lorimer, we may remind our readers that we were among the first to recognize the worth of his excellent Biography of Patrick Hamilton. The volume before us, with its fine engravings and lustrous cover, is a drawing-room table-book on the Scottish Reformation, which has a right to its pretensions as to its graver and more solid facts. There is nothing offensive in the South as about the book in a literary sense; for its style is sensible as well as elegant; and the author gives the latest gleanings of his research as freely as if he were writing only to critics and divines.

We now come to Mr. Dodds, who, unlike the writers just noticed, is a layman and an amateur, but who, for that very reason, deserves a cordial recognition. He is, we believe, a man of business, who seeks in the Covenanting struggles, and in lecturing on the same, that intellectual recreation which in the South is more generally sought in translating Horace or collecting coins. It is a fierce joy, like bathing in winter, but argues a manliness which it does not require one to be a Covenanter in order to sympathize with. Mr. Dodds's point of view may be defined as the opposite of Mr. Mark Napier's:—he sees heroic martyrs where the other sees only fanatical knaves. There is a spirit and life about the 'Fifty Years' Struggle,' which make it animating reading; and there is a most undoubted truth latent in that billowy declamation of Mr. Dodds, which we heartily recognize. But there is no criticism without philosophy. Our sympathy with the Covenanters is confined to their *defensive* side. They were as intolerant of all others as Charles the Second's Government was of them. Their deeds were often savage and their language brutal; and many of them held opinions incompatible with all civil government, and the ascendancy of which would have been a despotism more odious to flesh-and-blood than any the world ever saw. Hermed with this caution, the book of Mr. Dodds well deserves reading; and we shall only add one special observation on a point of much prominence in Covenanting history. Mr. Dodds mentions the martyrdom of the two women in "the waters of the Blednoch," which suggested a remarkable paragraph to Macaulay. Does he know that the original instrument of their recantation and reprieve exists in Edinburgh? Such is the fact; and it throws light on this other fact, that original martyrologists add to their account of the execution the statement, that "this is denied by some." What do the Wigtonians mean who have been preparing a monument to these martyrs as to this recent discovery?

NEW NOVELS.

The House on the Moor. By the Author of 'Margaret Maidland,' &c. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—This work does not need the touching apology put forth in the Preface. 'The House on the Moor' is superior to Mrs. Oliphant's later works. The story is very interesting, and the interest deepens as the story proceeds. In the first volume the germ of hate, and the morbid brooding over a long-past injury, are seen beginning their deadly growth. There is a quiet tragic power in the picture of the lonely house, the pines fremde, the unloving household, which is better than anything we remember by the same author. It is perfectly life-like and unexaggerated. The dark shadows are relieved a little by the old servant, and the young girl, so patient and gentle in her hard, comfortless lot, and the ever-present bitterness of her domestic life. The sympathy of the reader is, in spite of himself, awakened for the bitter, brooding father, always occupied with the injustice to which he is the victim, till all human feeling has been choked out of him, leaving nothing but an insane hatred to his son; who, like himself, has only been the agent of an almost malicious caprice. The terrible evil wrought in the son, by the father's perverse and wicked energy, develops itself with a simple and powerful truthfulness, which tempers the reader's disgust with the "mild grief of pity." This above great skill in the author; for though he is a fairly weak artist, as detestable as they well can be, yet the reader is not allowed to hate either of them; the wrongs and perverseness which have driven both wrong are kept fully present to the reader's sympathy. The climax to which evil rights, enemies and malice lead a man, is carefully and grimly worked out. The last scenes of the father's death-bed and the son's remorse are extremely well done, with a quiet veracity that adds to their power. In contrast to the misery wrought to themselves by father and son, stands the pure, gentle, loving nature of the daughter, Susan, who, in the midst of all the circumstances can work any real harm to a human being unless he consents to it himself,—unless he lets evil and bitter feelings into his own heart. The old Colonel, the good genius of the house, and the pendant to the misanthropic, is not so vigorous in his handling, nor effective in his results. He is good—very good, indeed—but there is not the knowledge of human nature shown in his character, nor the same delicate shading, as in those of the evil-natured men in the book. The minor characters are well done in their respective ways, and the underplot is cleverly made to bear upon the main current of the story. It is a well-compact, well-managed story; and though the final end is rather more huddled than a thorough novel-reader would desire, still there is much to be thanked for, as the reader will agree when he reads for himself.

NEW BOOKS OF MUSIC.

On Drama and Music: Historical Critical Studies (—*Über Theater und Musik: Historisch Kritische Studien*, by Baron Alfred von Wolzogen.) (Breslau, Trewen.)—This is a book of pleasant reading, largely made up of articles which have already appeared in the German periodicals, those to which Herr Lobe's writings on music are congenial, and who remember Herr Eduard Devrient's agreeable 'Letters from Paris' with favour, will find another companion to their liking in Baron Alfred von Wolzogen. The Red Republican party, of course, read his book with complacency. A tone of gentlemanly fairness pervades it, which can be disputed by no reader, whether he be "Black, or Red, or Gold," or all three colours, in his opinions. It need not be said, that agreeing largely, as it does, with the principles on which musical criticism is attempted in this journal, it is, therefore, to ourselves especially welcome. The contents are those:—Present State of the German Theatre; Theatres of Paris; The English Theatre at the time present; The Preservation of the Classical Repertory on the German Stage; On Theatrical Criticism; Musical Maladies of the time present; On the ques-

tion of Music; The Music of the Future; German Music in Italy; The Decay of the Art of Singing; The Italian Guitar; The portrait of an artist of our time; Nadja Bagdadoff and the Modern Ballet. The above list of subjects, and account of the humour in which they are treated, will suffice to direct all who love a particular class of reading to the volume before us. No doubt, it contains an error or two here and there,—while going over foreign ground the Baron's pen has more the once slipped; but to no great extent, the space traversed being taken into account.—Here and there, too, a conclusion is to be met with at which we fail to arrive, but nowhere is the right of private judgment maintained in caricature.—Lastly, though the style is temperate, it is not dull. The book, in brief, is one that we can commend.

Paris in 1860: The Theatres of Paris from 1806 till 1860—(Paris en 1860: Les Théâtres de Paris depuis 1806, jusqu'en 1860, par M. L. Véron.) (Paris, Librairie Nouvelle).—Railway reader, do not buy this little book, expecting from it such amusement as was to be found in Dr. Véron's 'Mémoires.' You will have run through its pages before you get half way through Paris to Creil, and will have reached the end of the journey before the memorandum of the changes and developments of the capital under the current Empire, illustrated with fifteen woodcuts by M. Bourdelle, some of which (instance the general view of the Louvre) have a certain neatness and spirit.—As to the second moiety of the book, that devoted to the Theatres, it is, inasmuch as it is a résumé of the losses and gains which managers are liable, owing to the want of State assistance, the caprices, exactions, and wandering habits of artists, and the difficulty of hitting the taste of the public.—Dr. Véron would meet these by a confederacy among all the principal Parisian managers. They should sit, he thinks, in a sort of Agamemnon of mutual love and succour. A. is to study B's interest as much as his own; C. to lend D. a singer when need is, and so on.—a pretty picture, to be met, obviously possible of execution, under the conditions of the present régime. Here, however, is an anecdote (almost the only one in this poor book) which may be added to the list of tales about royal festivities and commissions of Art. Dr. Véron cites M. Aubier as his authority. At the beginning of the winter of 1847, M. Aubier was sent for to the Tuilleries. He was received in one of the small private apartments at the Tuilleries. Three persons only were present,—the King, the Queen, and Madame Adelaide. 'M. Aubier,' said the King, with a smile, 'how much would it cost to get up Haydn's Oratorio at the Palace at Versailles?' 'Sire, for rehearsal, and for a good performance, from eight hundred to a thousand pounds.' 'That is too dear for me,' replied the King.—'And a useless expense, besides,' said the Queen, generous and generous, 'profrugally when acts of beneficence are in question.' 'It is, most certainly,' replied the King, 'a wise policy to honour artists and literary persons, to bring them round the throne, and to occupy and amuse the society of the future, and, perhaps, not to contravert the King, whom she respected and loved so much, left the room. 'Brother,' then said Madame Adelaide, who was pleased with everything that pleased the King, 'you shall have your Haydn's Oratorio.'—'admirable,' added Louis-Philippe. 'I wish the Court to be amused during the winter of 1847.' The King then desired a list of operas to be drawn out, and continued:—'In 1850 I had too grave affairs on my hands not to charge the management of the Opera with its own risks and have it done by M. Véron withdrew, in 1855, I had the idea of putting the administration of the Opera into the hands of Montalivet, were it every year to cost the Civil List some hundreds of thousands of francs; but M. Véron was said to have succeeded and made money. People would certainly have been of only seeing in the matter a good speculation for myself.'—The King did not get his Oratorio before March 1848. The present Government of France is willing to manage and to endow, from both hands, the Grand Opéra—but where is the music?

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Plato's Doctrine respecting the Motion of the Earth. By George Gifford, Esq. of Murray.—There is a curious passage in Plato's 'Timæus,' in which he speaks of the earth as packed or wrapped round the axis of the universe, and as being the regulator—in some sense—of day and night. Aristotle supposed Plato to advocate the rotation of the earth; and opposed his supposed view. Others maintained that Plato let the earth revolve on a comical axis—a solid cylinder—passes through it, carrying round the celestial sphere. It is usually taken to be impossible that Plato should have carried both good and evil spheres round with the axis, because then there would obviously have been no relative diurnal motion of the stars. But Mr. Grote argues that Plato did make this mistake, not seeing it—to us—obvious absurd consequence. It is certain that Plato distinctly affirms the revolution of the celestial sphere; and it is also certain that his very difficult words, in the passage discussed, have much the appearance of making the rotation of the earth the cause and companion of the celestial rotation. Mr. Grote brings all his learning to the question. We agree with him that the supposition of the two-fold motion of the earth would be affirmed impossible on the part of Plato, because our well-trained notions of relative motion pronounce the apparent rotation to be thereby rendered impossible. It is difficult to say how far the reader ideas of a Greek might allow him to go the wrong way, and we must stick to what Aristotle, who must have understood Plato as well as our scholars, or even better. At the same time, the supposition that Plato could have made such a blunder is a difficulty; and one on which the controversy will probably continue unsettled. The astronomical historians have taken but a little notice of the passage; and, in truth, the philologists must settle the meaning before the phrase is their affair.

Valentine Duval: an Autobiography of the last Century. Edited by the Author of 'Mary Powell.' (Bentley).—All the impudent efforts in the way of book-making, and of the kind of literature, this is the most daring. Indeed it is so shameless that the most indignant critic is at first compelled to laugh about it. Here is the whole history of the transaction. Many years since the offender, while reading Dr. Aikin's 'Biographical Dictionary,' was so struck by Valentine Duval's name, that he wrote 'Duval,' that she recurred at some future time to read 'Duval's Autobiography,' and make the incidents of his life the substance of a story. 'Long years afterwards, which is to say, last year,' the Author of 'Mary Powell' was reminded of this decision, and she proceeded to set upon it in the following manner. The audacity of the culprit herself is so piquant that we cannot do better than quote the words of her confession, from the dedicatory letter addressed to a young lady, named Beatrice, who is now on her way to America. 'Northampton, My dear Miss Duval, I write a story about Duval; and as I could not go to the British Museum to collect materials, you affectionately do so yourself, day by day, for two or three months; and I have had translated for me not only the biography, but a great mass of letters. Meantime I found, from what you daily sent me, that the plain narrative so little required the aid of foreign ornament, or rather would he so hurt by it, that I thought it due to Duval and to the public merely to fill up the blanks, subdivide into chapters, and alridge very little except the correspondence.' The long and short of the matter is this:—Miss Manning gives up her idea of writing a story about Duval, and instead of carrying out the original plan stitches together Beatrice's stationery transactions, and offers them for sale under the cover of a title which, while it steers clear of positive falsehood, is so incomplete, and withholds so much of the whole truth, that even its fabricator's admirers must regard it as a fraud intended to delude the incautious into buying a meagre translation of a 'rightly written' promised work. In the name of common honesty, this sort of shuffling ought to be protested against! Why does not the title state that the work is a translation?—that the translation was made by

who teaches his pupils nonsense out of other people's heads, is just as much to be reprehended as one who teaches them nonsense out of his own. We contend that if Fries really—we put no loss Hamilton's translation, and we—we no faith in his power of translating mathematics—asserted that Euclid (I. 1.) proves that his three lines constitute a triangle, and that his circles meet, he knew nothing about the matter; and, if successful in forming a class, must have abounded in pupils who, to teach any other teacher, would have become fit to teach him in a week.

We do not need to answer the whole of Mr. Mansel's letter. We shall be quite content if those readers who intend to decide will do it with our article before them. We feel much confirmed by the weakness of our opponent, whom we know to be a strong man when he has a strong case. But what is a poor editor to do, who has to defend the mathematics of a man who thinks an acute angle is like a pyramid, and makes two blunders in the First Proposition of Euclid; or, which is the same thing, knows no better than to follow those who make such mistakes as these?

LITERARY ADOPTION.

November 17.

On a cursory perusal of Mr. Smiles's book on 'Self-Help,' I was haunted by a feeling that I had met with some of the language before, and immediately consulted a volume with which I ought to be somewhat familiar, when I found the following "coincidences":—

*Essays on the Formation of
Opinions, &c., 1821.*

"It cannot be too deeply
impressed on the mind that
application is the prime to be
paid for mental acquisition; and
that it is as absurd to expect
them without it as it is to
hope for a harvest when we
have not sown the seed."—Page 261.

"Application is the only
means of securing the end
at which they aim; and they
may rest assured that all
schemes to put them in
possession of intelligence and
treasures without any regular
or strenuous efforts on
their part, all promises
of instant learning to their
minds at as small an expense
of time and labour that they
shall scarcely be sensible of
the process, are mere delu-
sions, which can terminate
in nothing but mortification
and disappointment."—*Ibid.*

Those borrowed passages are not distinguished by quotation marks, nor are they accompanied by any reference to the source whence they were derived.

I thought it had been an understood law in the republic of letters that one author should not borrow from another without acknowledgments. There may possibly be some difficulty in determining how far he may use the sentiments and opinions of a preceding writer without any reference when he clothes them anew in his own language; but that can be none in pronouncing that which the *opinions* words are adopted, they should not be incorporated as part of the borrower's own composition; they should be distinguished by the conventional marks of quotation, and, above all, they should be accompanied by a reference to the work from which they have been taken.

I should scarcely have troubled you with this communication if the question had been merely a personal one: it is, on the contrary, a matter which concerns both authors and readers in general, and especially authors of any eminence.

THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ESRATA.'

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, Nov. 16, 1860.

AMONG the chief national works now being planned throughout Italy even at this period of fusion and transition, for the glory "of the good time coming" is one which well deserves that it

should make it known to English readers on account of its grandeur of design, and the lustre which its execution will cast over the beautiful city which are long may possibly become the capital of the Italian kingdom.

The great scheme aims at no less a work than the transformation of our noble old Piazza della Signoria into a Pantheon for the great men of Italy. The Jove of this Olympus, as is fitting in the midst of the united and regenerated Peninsula, will be the mighty Poet of Heaven and Hell, who, amid the suffrage of exile and persecution, struck out with nervous hand the first rough sketch of that 'Italian Empire in Italy' which now, after five hundred years, is on the eve of completion under auspices more glorious than even his sublime antecessor had ever dared predict for it. The project is to extend the beautiful Loggia di Orpagna (now named in later days of tyranny Loggia dei Lanzi, or of the Free Lances) around three sides of the area of the Piazza. Beneath the lofty arches are to stand the statues of Italy's illustrious dead, and the internal walls of the gallery are to be clothed with a series of frescoes representing the great events of Italian history, and illustrating the development of the national idea from the days of the Lombard League down to the Coronation of Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy. The accomplishment of such a work would assuredly realise a Valhalla for the Latin race, which would reduce to very pigmy proportions indeed that beautiful temple of the Teuton glories which stands so vauntingly upon the hill above the Danube.

In the centre of the Piazza is to tower the colossal statue of Dante, on a lofty pedestal, adorned on three of its sides with bas-reliefs from 'The Divine Comedy,' and bearing on the fourth the inscription: "A Dante Alighieri. L'Italia Unita."

It may be seen by reference to Lemonnier's recent edition of Vasari, that the project of thus extending Orpagna's magnificent work is by no means new or unsupported by perhaps the highest authority that could be set on such a subject. In the first of Vasari's *Vite* (vol. 2, page 150) the editors of the new edition record that when Cosmo the First applied to Michel Angelo for a plan for the buildings then in contemplation, which eventually took the form of the fabric now known as the Uffizi, the great universal artist answered that Cosmo could do no better than continue the Loggia of Orpagna around the Piazza; and it would seem that the only reason which prevented the execution of so splendid a work was the thrifty despot's fear of the immense cost.

Here, in the midst of the ancient glories and new triumphs of Italy, it is proposed to institute a grand quinquennial Dante Festival, to commence from the year 1865, the sixth centenary from the date of the poet's birth. This national festival is intended to promote the growth of the Italian Literature, and well as to diffuse the culture in general, throughout Italy, and to bring together and mingle in one common rejoicing the long-divided members of the great Italian family newly gathered from every province of the Peninsula.

A committee has been formed, with Prince Ferdinand Strozzi, President of the Academy of Fine Arts, at its head, for the purpose of setting afoot this splendid enterprise. The funds are to be raised in right English fashion, without any dependence whatever on Government aid or influence. To this end a fine edition of Dante's complete Works, in five volumes, royal octavo, is to be immediately produced under the direction of the committee, with all the *reclercs* of paper and type which may entitle it to the reputation of a national edition. The work will come out at the rate of a volume a year, and its entire cost will amount to 200 Italian lire (8*l.* English), to be paid in annual instalments of 40 lire each, for five following years.

The cost of such a scheme as that proposed will doubtless be very great, but without reckoning on the subscriptions to so grand a work which will flow in from other countries and those of private individuals in Italy itself, the nearly thirteen

thousand communes of the kingdom will furnish no inconsiderable portion of the expense, as not one of them, however small, but will assuredly become the purchaser of a copy of the work. Moreover, the municipality of Florence have entered warmly into an examination of the scheme, and will probably in a great measure adopt and make a project their own which will adorn their city with a national monument as glorious and unique as the Italian regeneration it is destined to inaugurate.

Nor will the Florentine people, so sensitively proud of the great memories of the past, be behindhand in adding its mite to the Dante fund. No one, who has not lived long and on intimate terms with this population, can form any idea of the degree in which this national pride in, and acquaintance with, the deeds of their ancestors is rare among these descendants of the turbulent old Art of Florence who so often gathered clamorously on that grand old Piazza under the walls of the Palace of the Signoria, to impose their sovereignty will on the rulers who sat calmly on their thrones.

To mention one single instance of this birthright of old memories out of many that have come under my own eye.—I was walking not long since past the picturesque Croce di Tribbia, a quaint old column with richly figured capital and shaft, by a Gothic stone rose and quagmire of dark wood, which stands in the centre of a maze of narrow streets close behind the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. It is the memorial of a hard-won victory gained over the *Patricii* (a species of Tuscan nobility) in the middle of the thirteenth century by the High Church party, headed by Fra Pietro di Verona, who had been sent to Florence by the Pope for the express purpose of inquisitorially hunting down and expelling,—if need were, by force of arms,—the sectarians who numbered in their ranks a great many of the most influential citizens.

As I passed by this antique grey cross the other day, the little girl who was my companion, pausing for a moment in its shadow, looked up and asked earnestly if it was "very, very old?" Before I could reply to the question, a grimy journeyman locksmith, sauntering past in dingy shirt-sleeves and leathern apron, with a huge door-key dangling from his hand, struck in, with that simple familiarity which is no whit akin to disrespect in the mouths of the lowly, and answered, "sworn in *per fuoco*! old enough; as old as the time of the Great Republic; before the civil war began. But," added he, smiling, "the *fratelli* were more insolent (*propetiti*) then than they are now. *Che mi fa creia?*" (or as one should say, "do mis mistake?") There can be no fear that the Italian of all nations will interest themselves warmly in a project so calculated to flatter all their most cherished feelings of national pride, and the Committee have already despatched to Milan a commissioner charged to select the names of the persons to be detailed to the Lombard populations. There seems indeed, to be little doubt that the necessary funds will be forthcoming; but as the edition of the great Poet's works will be one sure to interest Dante-worshippers in every part of the world, and as it has been thought, judging from the intense sympathy England has shown for the work of Italian liberation, that many Englishmen might like to be associated with the promoters of so grand a scheme, it has been determined to appoint a London agent for the purpose of procuring the names of subscribers to the proposed edition. Mr. Trübner has undertaken this agency, and the Committee have had every reason to be satisfied with the cordial seal with which he has acceded to their proposals. I reserve for another letter some account of the nature of the edition proposed, and of the various names of note to whom the different portions of it will be entrusted.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

We are glad to be able to announce that Mr. Woodward, Her Majesty's new librarian, is preparing plans for the publication of the whole body of the Stuart Papers in the Queen's possession.

These papers compose, as scholars are well aware, a mass of material for history of very great interest. Mr. Woodward will very soon be ready to submit his proposal to Her Majesty.

While writing on this subject of the Stuart Papers, we may connect one or two errors regarding them which we find going the round of the newspapers. They were not, as we see stated, bought by the Queen; but, being left, by the last of the Stuarts, the Cardinal of York, to a gentleman of his household, were secured for this country by an agent of the Prince Regent. It is also a mistake to suppose that a former attempt to publish these papers failed through lack of public curiosity, and that Mr. Glover, the late Royal Librarian, suffered the considerable loss of a thousand pounds in his adventure. Mr. Glover began his publication on a bad plan as regards the commercial interests; yet a considerable number were sold at a price which Mr. Murray or Mr. Longman would never dream of charging. We have reason to think there was considerable loss on the *Athenæum's* defective sale as the volume was in selection and high in price. Mr. Woodward, a more practical man of letters than his predecessor, will find it easy enough to arrange so that his boon to the public shall involve no loss to himself—quite otherwise.

Mr. Dorman writes in vindication of his originality—

“Nov. 26.

“My attention has just been directed to the letter of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, which appeared in your last Number, and should not have intruded on your columns, but for the fact of the two dates there given, at which that gentleman's ‘Dinners and Dinners Out’ was written (1847) and that at which my little work containing a tale which had been written for his use was published (1856). The tale in question was developed from the well-known circumstance that the French Admiral did actually carry a friend with him round the world,—who never intended to make such a voyage. The filling-up by my own, but as the incident appears according to your review to resemble those which are described as befalling Mr. Blanchard's friend, I fear I may, in my turn, come under the charge of plagiarism. There would have been the loss of chance of this had your reviewer described my tale by its proper name.—‘No Dinner Out’ and ‘Dinner Panels’—a title which indicated that some of the contents were reprints. Of the latter, the story of Bougainville is one. It originally formed a portion of an article under the heading of ‘Things We Don't Know,’ of which I am the author, and which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1848.—This date will, I am sure, satisfy Mr. Blanchard that I have not poached on his marrow of 1847; and this statement will, I trust, set me right with yourself, your reviewer,—and else where, if need be.—Yours, &c., J. DORMAN.

The Duke of Devon, who, as reviewer of the ‘Life of Philip Howard,’ said that since he claims a place among ‘noble authors,’ died last week. His Grace's literary exertions were confined, we believe, to writing his name on the title page; but he was, however, to be his own herald in the British Museum Catalogue, and in the lists of any future Walpole.

We hear from Bonn that the friend of Niebuhr, and the historian of Ancient Egypt, has passed away. Christian Charles Dunsen had reached the full patriarchal age of man,—had gained the highest honours of his profession,—had obtained a patent of nobility from his sovereign,—and had won from scholars and critics an eminent place in the world of letters. It is impossible to speak of the removal of such a man—no whose life, harassed and successful, was fulfilled—with any other feeling than regret. Baron von Bunsen is gone from us, crowned with years and glories; and if any mournful sentiment mingles with our kindly recollections of a good man and profound scholar whom we shall see no longer in the flesh, it is the sentiment of our loss, not of his.

A death, melancholy in its circumstances, is that of Dr. Croly, a popular preacher, and at one time a popular writer of the second or third class. His romance of ‘Balthiel’ has been the best read of

his many books, but we fancy he was known to a larger world of newspaper-readers by his prominence in that Walbrook squabble, which made dinner-table merriment at the expense of all the parties concerned, a few years ago. Dr. Croly died at the age of 76.

By an error, the bust of General Sabine, presented by Mr. Gascoit to the Royal Society, was attributed to Mr. Norman. The sculptor is Mr. Joseph Durham.

The Rev. Dr. Cureton, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Royal Trustee of the British Museum, has just been elected Foreign Associate of the Institute of France, in recognition of his services rendered to Oriental, Theological and Biblical Literature. Out of 29 votes, 18 were given in favour of Dr. Cureton, a proof of the high estimation in which his labours are held by Continental scholars. In 1855 Dr. Cureton was elected a Corresponding Member of the Institute, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Gaisford, and the recent decease of Professor Wilson has caused him to stay to the distinction just now conferred upon him.

The following speaks for itself—

“Leipzig, Nov. 25.

“Will you be kind enough to allow me to correct, through the columns of the *Athenæum*, a misstatement made by Dr. Waagen in his Preface to the new edition of ‘Kugler's Handbook of the German, Flemish and Dutch Schools.’ I ask you to do this, in justice to Mr. G. B. Cavalcaselle, my valued friend and fellow-labourer in the ‘History of the Early Flemish Painters,’ because I know him to be as unwilling as I am to take credit for more than his share in the undertaking in question. Dr. Waagen states that ‘the ‘Early Flemish Painters’ was published by the combined labour of Mr. G. B. Cavalcaselle, the Italian critic on art, and Mr. A. Crowe,’ and in the course of his copious annotations he quotes the book as ‘Cavalcaselle's Early Flemish Painters,’ as if there were but one person to whom any importance in the work can be attached. Mr. Cavalcaselle is no more modest. The ‘Early Flemish Painters’ was published as the joint labour of ‘Mr. A. Crowe and Mr. G. B. Cavalcaselle,’ and Dr. Waagen has no right to assume that he knows better than the authors the relative importance of the contributions of each. I am, &c., A. CROWE.”

M. Thiers will publish in the beginning of December his eighteenth volume, and he announces his intention of extending the work to twenty volumes. The ‘History of the Consulate and the Empire,’ strictly speaking, is complete in the seventeen volumes already published, but the author desires to complete the ‘History of Napoleon,’ and the three new volumes, which will, as it were, form an Appendix, are to contain, the eighteenth, the History of the First Restoration and the Congress of Vienna; the nineteenth, the Reign of Elbe and the Return of Napoleon; the twentieth volume, Waterloo and St. Helena. The last volumes are promised to be ready in the course of 1861.

Two days ago there was sold in Paris, by the Sheriff's officer, a large parcel of old books, very dusty and very dirty. The fortunate buyer of the lot, for two francs, found among the books one of extreme rarity, the first printed book in which an account of Paris is given, and is entitled, ‘La Description de la Ville, du Palais, et des Faubourgs de la plus Noble et Triomphante Ville et Cité de Paris, Capitale du Royaume de France,’ in which is found the marvellous genealogy of Francis the First, who is shown to be descended in a direct line, through sixty-four generations, from Hector, son of Priam.—The book is said to have been immediately sold to an English amateur for 500 fr.

A scientific Expedition is about leaving France to explore Southern Siberia, and particularly that portion contiguous to the Amoor. It will be headed by Dr. G. Meynier and M. Louis d'Eichthal; and the Commission has been appointed by the Paris Academy of Sciences to draw up instructions for the Expedition.

A new Expedition to Central Africa in search of Dr. Vogel is being prepared in Germany; Com-

mittees for the promotion of this undertaking, which promises to become a national one, have been formed in different places of Germany. The Central Committee at Gotha, under the auspices of the Duke Ernest, have issued several papers on the subject, inviting the German nation to support the Expedition, at the head of which Baron Thiersdorf von Heuglin has been appointed. Although little chance may exist of finding Dr. Vogel a prisoner and alive, yet the results of his laborious work, his manuscripts and last notes may be secured, and his views of discovery continued. Even the confirmation of his death would be an advantage; and the Committee are right in making it a point of honour to lift the veil which still surrounds Vogel's fate, pointing to the example which England has given in the long course of search for Sir John Franklin, long after all hope of finding him alive had vanished. The Expedition has for its aim the exploration of the vast tract of land between the Nile and the Lake Tana, a territory belonging to the very heart of the unexplored interior of Africa. Except Vogel, on his journey to Wadai, no European has set foot on these entirely unknown regions. The expense of the Expedition has been estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000 thalers, about the half of which sum has come in already; and, as Baron von Heuglin intends not to spare his own means in the undertaking, no pecuniary obstacle presents itself to the Expedition, which will set out from Khartoum as soon as all the necessary preparations can be completed. Herr von Heuglin has held a seven years' official position in the service of the Nile. The experience which he has gathered there, the practical knowledge of the country, his acquaintance with persons of power and influence there, combined with his scientific capacity, eminently fit him for such an undertaking.

An assistant in a great metropolitan library submits the following considerations to general readers of books—

“Nov. 28.

“May I request you to call the attention of your readers to the early-closing movement in connexion with libraries. There has been lately so much done in a short time, mainly through the kind consideration of the public in arranging for early shopping, I hope they will feel encouraged to continue their efforts, for much remains to be accomplished. Only two or three years ago the idea of the West-end retail trader closing at four o'clock on Saturdays was looked upon as simply impossible—now it is becoming more general every month. I am connected with a library, and as there are difficulties in the way of our closing early peculiar to the trade, I shall feel obliged if you will kindly make them known to the reading public. The librarian feels a sort of pledge not to alter any important rule of his library during the term of current subscriptions, and as those commence at any date, desirable alterations are rendered difficult. There may be particular cases where the only convenient time for changing books is just before the hour of closing, and we are only able to judge of this by the time generally selected for doing so; if however, subscribers would kindly arrange not to exchange their books after two o'clock on Saturdays, the change would be made—would soon feel the benefit of the movement, in common with those of the publisher, bookseller, stationer, printer, and binder. Many subscribers imagine that the absence of the monetary element in the exchange of books is just from the category of shopping, and have therefore overlooked it; but, from the large numbers who inquire the hour we close on Saturday, taking for granted it is earlier than on other days of the week, I feel persuaded there would be no surprise expressed, little inconvenience felt, and none complained of, if we closed at two o'clock, and I beg to appeal to subscribers to libraries generally to assist us in obtaining this great boon. I would also beg and entreat of those who already enjoy this great blessing (they happily have no inconsiderable portion) not to be among those who assist in keeping it out of others. T. M.”

THE DUBLIN EVENTS. Preview of "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR" AND THE TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1848, is NOW ON VIEW at the Grand Gallery, No. 10, Strand, London, from Dec. 1st to Nov. 1st. Four daily. Admission, 1s.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THOMAS PAERD, Esq., a NEW OPERA at the Grand Gallery, No. 10, Strand, London, from Dec. 1st to Nov. 1st. Four daily. Admission, 1s.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—HAMILTON'S EXTRACTS FROM THE CONTENTS, AND THE PRESENT STATE OF THE GREAT CANAL, &c., &c.—Chambers, Mr. LEBERREYER BUCKINGHAM.—Sale, 1s. Arts, 1s. Gallery, 1s.

SCIENCE

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, containing a Clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice. Edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S. Contributors eminent in Science and familiar with Manufactures. Illustrated with nearly two thousand Engravings on Wood. Fifth Edition. Chiefly re-written and greatly enlarged. 3 vols. (Longman & Co.)

Dr. Andrew Ure accomplished a great work for one man when he sent forth the first edition of this Dictionary. Much consulted as a practical chemist, and particularly on patent rights, himself a man of comprehensive mind, industrious habits and keen observation, he had both by nature and experience the requisite qualifications for producing an extended technological dictionary, which his publishers cast into their cyclopaedical mould.

When this work first appeared it was hailed as supplying an acknowledged deficiency, and yet many who consulted it frequently found to their discomfiture how defective it really was on several heads of inquiry. Fifty times, at least, have we counted the times it was turned away with disappointment. We had one of the later editions at hand for consultation during a long winter's work, while far from other books; and we grew as wrathful with Dr. Ure at last as we had been grateful to him at first. The truth is, as we discovered, that Dr. Ure's 'Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures' was itself but the improved manufacture according to the old art of dictionary-making; and that, being the work chiefly of one man, it was full on subjects whereon the author was full, and meagre on those which the Doctor had not studied, and did not happen to know any one who had. Technological books, English and foreign, he pretty well knew; and they supplied to some extent his lack of practical acquaintance with particular departments; but still the fact remained that the practical men who might consult the Dictionary on their own specialities, would often see at a glance that Dr. Ure was so far their inferior.

Such defects became more conspicuous as practical science advanced with rapid strides; and, although the Dictionary was still a valuable book and a good library-shelf occupant, it was manifest to the publishers that an effort must be made for its improvement and adaptation to the present state of knowledge. There were difficulties in carrying their views into execution, arising, we suspect, from the desire to retain as many of the old woodcuts as possible; but they employed Mr. Hunt to edit the present edition, and empowered him to associate with himself competent contributors on those particular industries to which they had devoted their attention. The names enumerated are respectable and some are eminent, but we find it not easy to trace out their respective contributions. We have succeeded, however, with some by first conjecturing their articles, and have been baffled in the attempt to discover the work of three or four others whose ability we know.

Mr. Hunt himself appears to have performed full duty, and he is honourable and candid in

his account of his own doings. "I commenced," says he, "the New Edition of Ure's Dictionary with an earnest determination to render the work as complete and as correct as it was possible for me to make it. I soon became conscious of my imperfect knowledge of many subjects embraced within the scheme, and even after having laboured to acquire that knowledge from books, I found there was still a want."

In many necessities I have asked the aid of the manufacturer and the advice of the man of science; and never having been refused the information solicited, I am led to hope that those who may possess these volumes will find in them more practical knowledge than exists in any work of a similar character. For this they are indebted to the liberal feeling which marks the great manufacturers of England and distinguishes her men of science. This is testimony worth repeating, and those who personally know the jealousies of many foreign manufacturers will be gratified with the national compliment.

This edition is said to be "chiefly re-written," and the editor remarks:—"Although this Dictionary is based on, bears the name of, and is in style and intention similar to, the production of Dr. Ure, it cannot but be regarded, from the extent of original matter which has been introduced, as a new publication." It is on this account that we have thought it entitled to the present notice, and have consulted it with a view to estimate its claims as a newly rewritten work. We may suppose that about two-thirds of the whole have been re-written, and it is a publisher's question whether it would not have been expedient to turn the new third. That this would have been much more satisfactory admits, we think, of no doubt. Still, critical examiners have no jurisdiction in pecuniary arbitrations, and have no right to make a motion in a question of costs. There was the fourth edition, with its heavy cost and its light cuts. Here is the fifth edition, with an additional volume, and our only business is to look at it as it is presented to us. In so doing we glance at a number of the principal subjects on which advanced information may be expected. We find full articles on Alloy, Alum, Aluminum, Bread (good), Brick, Calico-Printing, Caoutchouc, Coal-Gas, Cotton Manufacture, Electro-Metallurgy, Electro-Telegraphy, Flax (ample), Glass, Indigo, Iron (ample), Lead, Leather, Oils, Ores dressing of, Paper, Photography, Pottery, Ribes, Silk Manufacture, Silver, Steel, Sugar, Tin and Tin-Plate, Water (see), Wool, and Woolen Manufacture. Such are some of the articles which have attracted our attention, and which appear to have been carefully elaborated.

The question of re-writing world, in our view, have been specially directed to the article 'Mines and Mining,' which in this work ought to assume a prominent position, and to represent fully, though concisely, the present practice of British mining. This is an integral part of a 'Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.' Now the Editor knows as well as any man that the article contributed by Dr. Ure, and principally retained in this edition, is no adequate representation of British mining, and would have been found great fault with if laid before himself as such. We can see no sufficient reason why it was not entirely re-written. The proprietors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* found it necessary to have an entirely new article for their current edition of that great work, and yet "Mines" is not a word on their title-page; nor was the article so indispensable in a miscellaneous work as in the present. For Dr. Ure it might be pleaded in excuse that he was no miner, knew nothing in particular about mines,

and probably had never been down a mine, or not more than once or twice. But the present Editor is keeper of mining records, and in the very School of Mines which Government supports. Ought we not, therefore, to expect an accurate and ample account of the practice of Cornish mining, with its latest details of modes of sinking and of working the lodes, plans of excavation, and best modes of laying out mines, economy of underground work, Cornish methods of timbering and drainage with improvements in shaft machinery, especially by the invaluable *man-machin* for descending and ascending, and other allied topics, all of which present themselves immediately to the mining inquirer? Are those treated of in this article, or even elsewhere in the Dictionary? We find Dr. Ure's old borrowings from foreign works, woodcuts of the timbering in German mines, and many things which an English miner would not care to read,—just the old foreign shreds and patches which should be made up so worth with the Doctor when it was so much more difficult to obtain mining information in print than it now is. Ville-Fosse's great book was often the Doctor's source of knowledge, and so is Atlas his copy-book; but who would now refer to Ville-Fosse for English mines and mining? Undoubtedly, the entire article should have been re-written. As the work now stands, we fear its weakest part is that relating to British mining. We might specify several particulars of deficiency, but it is far from agreeable even to intimate what we have felt bound to advert to, though we feel assured the Editor would be one of the first to acknowledge the justice of our remarks.

Although, therefore, we cannot indulge in an indiscriminate eulogy of this important work, which we might be tempted to do, if we merely bestowed a passing glance upon it, and regarded it exclusively in the light of the many and material improvements made in the present edition; nevertheless, apart from the deficiencies we have denoted, we are ready and rejoiced to say, that, on the whole, it will be found able to a large class of readers. It is precisely the kind of work which would form a highly acceptable addition to the libraries of Mechanics' and Literary Institutions, and might be presented to them by some one or more of their wealthier patrons. It gave us sincere pleasure to observe that a Government Under-Secretary had chosen this very work for a present to an intelligent artisan in one of our national establishments, who, during his scanty intervals of leisure, had found time to write a little book which even royalty condescended to accept and reward. These three volumes would form a tolerably complete library for any superior artisan. All he would need to profit by them would be good eyesight or a good pair of spectacles. Small print is, we suppose, a necessary condition of such a form of publication, and by the use of it, vast mass of information has been included in these three convenient and comprehensive volumes. An index list of the articles contained would have saved us some trouble, and been generally serviceable, particularly in avoiding frequent cross-references.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—Nov. 22.—General Sabine, Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—The Right Hon. Sir W. Erle and the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole were elected Fellows of the Society.—The following papers were read, 'On the Curvature of the Indian Air,' by the Ven. Archbishop Pratt; 'On the Physiology and Anatomy of the Lungs,' by Dr. Hearn.

GEOPHYSICAL.—Nov. 26.—Lord Ashburton, President, in the chair.—The Rev. L. J. Berney,

the East of Dunmore, Major J. B. Edwards, Lieut. A. G. Glancote, R.N., Col. W. L. Grant, W. R. Halliday, R. W. Kenna, Lieut.-Governor of Trinidad, Lieut.-Col. W. K. Lloyd, Rev. R. C. Lumsden, Capt. Sir R. L. M. Macleod, R.N., Major R. L. Taylor, Rev. G. Richards, Lieut.-Col. J. Shadwell, Consul Don Ramon do Silva Ferro, Col. Sir Anthony Stirling, Messrs. E. Strickland, T. S. Begbie, H. W. Bird, A. Cave, J. Rodney Crookley, T. Devine, N. Gould, B. Hamilton, A. Joseph, F. Perkins, W. Richardson, M.D., J. Sherrin, C. C. Sim, J. W. Sullivan, and J. Irvine Whitty, D.C.L., were elected Fellows.—Mr. F. Galton read extracts from despatches addressed by Capt. Speke, of the East African Expedition, to the Secretary, dated September 22, 1858, Majesty's Consulate, Zanzibar, and the 1st of October, Camp Bagamoyo, in which Capt. Speke announced that he had landed with Capt. Grant and the rest of the expedition, and had proceeded into the interior. He expressed a hope that he should be able to meet Consul Peterhark near Kismayu, on the Nile.—The President stated that the subscription towards defraying the expense of sending Consul Peterhark from Khartum to proceed up the Nile to meet and assist Capt. Speke and Grant's expedition, had been opened with 100*l.* from the Council of the Society, and that a further amount had been contributed by the National Geographic Club in 1858, at which a system of observations was determined on by the representatives of England, the United States, Holland, France and Russia; and, in accordance with that plan, instructions were given to the commanders of the ships of those nations to make observations at all latitudes. The result had been the collection of upwards of 1,000,000 observations on the currents of the ocean, the direction of the winds, the temperature, the height of the barometer, and other meteorological phenomena, the whole of which Capt. Maury undertook to discuss. He gave the results of which he described. He stated that, in pursuing the investigation of the physical geography of the sea, the inquirer is led into the examination of phenomena connected with various sciences, which he must pursue to arrive at satisfactory conclusions. The points to which he especially drew the attention of the Meeting were, the directions and variations of the trade winds north and south of the equator, and the difference in the temperature and in the height of the barometer. Taking bands of latitude 5° wide from the equator, he found that on the south the direction of the wind in the bands nearest the equator was more southerly than in the bands more remote, until, on arriving at south latitude, between 35° and 40°, the wind during exactly half the year was westerly, and for the other half northerly. He stated that the proportion of water in the southern hemisphere is sufficient to account for its warmer temperature, and Capt. Maury supposed the effect to be produced by the greater fall of rain observed in the tropics. On the coast of Peru, the annual fall of rain, if estimated from the observed fall during 41 days, must be nearly 12 feet, instead of 2 feet, as in the neighbourhood of London; and this great condensation of the vapour, he assumes, causes it to part with its latent heat and warm the adjacent air. The lower state of the barometer in the southern hemisphere he did not attempt to explain, but contented himself with mentioning the fact that the average of a vast number of observations shows that the mean height of the barometer is half an inch less than north of the equator. Beyond 40° S. the wind blows from the south of the pole, and this regular current of air Capt. Maury attributes to the comparative heat of the Antarctic regions. Another curious fact is, that the wind is much stronger on the south of the equator than on the north. The frequent appearance of large icebergs in the Antarctic zone indicates that there must be land there, for icebergs are never formed at sea; and he called on the Royal Geographical Society to promote explorations to the south pole,

which might open important resources. He said that the region to be explored—if only ten days' steam from Australia, and if this country did not already have the means to investigate the hidden treasures of the Antarctic circle, the United States would "go ahead."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Nov. 21.—Dr. Huxley in the chair.—Mr. Hogg read a paper, in which he pointed out the various mistakes that have been made between George the Arrian Bishop, and St. George the Martyr, and showed how stories that were true of the one had been transferred and attributed to the other, owing to the confusion of the chronicles; and further, that this confusion exists even in a work so generally excellent as Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography."—Mr. Vaux read a paper 'On Recent Researches at Carthage,' in continuation of one he had read about a year since; in which he called the attention to the results of excavations made by M. Delebe on the presumed site of the Byrsa, and mentioned the great success he had had, although the means at his disposal were very limited.

NUMISMATIC.—Nov. 22.—W. S. W. Vaux, President, in the chair.—Mr. Madden read a paper, 'On some Unpublished Roman Coins,' either all gold, or the type described as silver in the recent learned work of M. Cohen. Among these were coins of Claudius with the types "DE BRITANNIA," and "DE GERMANIA," of Nero, with that of "JUPITER CUSTOS," of Vespasian, with that of "ROMÆ PATRIS," one of the coins presented to the Museum by J. De Solla, King—of Titus, with that of "PAX. AEO," exhibiting a symbol, which has been doubtfully described as the purse of Mercury, but what is, most probably, a wing-bag.—Mr. Vaux read a paper 'Upon some Coins which, from the character of their Workmanship or their inscriptions, have been hitherto attributed, though on no sufficient grounds, to Pannorum, but which are, almost certainly, those of Carthage.'

LINNEAN.—Nov. 1.—Prof. Bell, President, in the chair.—Mr. Joshua Clarke exhibited specimens of a new British plant, *Lathyrus tuberosus*, found in August last, at Fyfield, near Ongar, Essex; and read a short notice of the plant.—The paper read was 'An Introduction to the Flora of Aden,' by T. Anderson, Esq., M.D.

Nov. 15.—Prof. Bell, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—Catalogue of Diptera Insecta, collected by Mr. A. R. Wallace, in Bactrian, Kaimas, Celebes, &c., with Descriptions of New Species, by F. Walker, Esq.—'Note on the Frustrations and Affinities of *Hypocypselus*, Scop.,' by F. Curry, Esq.—Extracts from a letter of Miss Drew, 'On the Habits of Singing Mice,' communicated by the President.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Nov. 27.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Gould exhibited a series of Skins of Penguins, of the genus *Eudyptes*, obtained by Capt. Abbott in the Falkland Islands, and pointed out the characters of two new species, proposed to be called *E. signatus* and *E. diadematus*.—Mr. Slater read notices of some rare species of Queensland, living in the Society's menagerie, calling particular attention to two Macaques, considered to be *Macacus cervinus* (Gillib), and *M. maurus* (F. Cuv.), a *Cercopithecus* from the Zambesi, referred to *C. capensis*, and a *Protopithecus* specimen of *Cynopithecus senilis*, from the Bight of Benin. Mr. Slater also exhibited some Bird-Skins, obtained by Capt. Herd in Hudson's Bay, amongst which was an adult specimen of *Grua fraterculus*, Cassin.—Dr. Gray read a note 'On the Food of the Hyperion, lately killed in the Kentish Cause,' as reported by the Rev. G. Boardman at the last Meeting of the Society, and stated that the skeleton of this animal has been obtained for the British Museum. Dr. Gray also made some remarks on the River Toxide from the Zambesi, lately named by him *Aphyodyscus Zambesicus*, which appeared to be identical with the species described by Dr. Peters, in 1844, as *Cycloderma frenatum*.—Dr. Günther described two new Snakes

from Western Africa, by the names *Cornelia interpres* and *C. Dumerilii*.—Mr. Bartlett read some notes 'On the Reproduction of the Australian Trunk Turkey (*Talagala lathami*) in the Society's Gardens.' Pelicans were also read by Mr. W. H. Poyser, 'On New Mollusks from the Sandwich Islands,' and 'On Six Species of Land-Shell from Ebon, Marshall's Islands Group,' by Dr. L. Pfeiffer; 'On Forty-seven New Species of Land-Shell, from the Collection of Hugh Cunningham, Esq.,' and by Mr. Sylvanus Hanley, 'On some new Species of Neulidæ.'

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 27.—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters,' by Mr. W. H. Preece.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Nov. 28.—Prof. Owen in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Accclimation of Animals,' by Mr. F. T. Buckland, M.A., Assistant-Surgeon, 2nd Life Guards.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal Academy.—'Anatomy,' Mr. Fawcett.
Tue.	Entomological, &c. Society, &c.
Wed.	Royal Institution, &c.—General Monthly Meeting.
Thurs.	Philosophical Society.—'Submarine Telegraph Cable,' &c.
Fri.	British Association.—'Structure of N.W. Highlands of Scotland,' &c.
Sat.	Entomological, &c.—'Aryan Theory,' Mr. Crawford.
Sund.	Linnean, &c.—'Astronomy,' Prof. Owen.
Mon.	Chemical, &c.—'Royal and Coal Gas,' Rev. W. R. Bodditch; 'Geyser,' &c.
Tue.	Antiquarian, &c.—'Archæological Institute,' &c.

FINE ARTS

A Manual of Illumination. By J. W. Bradley, B.A. (Winsor & Newton.)

This little book introduces itself on the old plan of not defining the art it treats upon, as that would require a disquisition, and because its readers are such as may be acquainted with the character of the art. The author drops definition, and proceeds to give a description or two, borrowed from Dibdin, of the 'Hours' of Artists of Brittany, and the famous 'Mening Hours' in the British Museum. This done, we are rapidly taken back to the beginning of the art by a peculiarly disjointed account: its employment by the Romans in one form, whence a jump is made at Egyptian Papyrus and Persian silk-paper MSS., and a sideways glance at Byzantine work, of the most unsatisfactory kind, and a snatch at the wisdom of medieval symbolism in colour, which literally means nothing. The whole of this account is so fragmentary and unsatisfactory, that we may leave it, briefly stating that very great injustice is done to the magnificent 'Durham Book,' in merely stating it to be "a venerable example." It really is one of the most valuable and beautiful works of Art in existence, at least equal, if not superior, to the great 'Book of Kells,' preserved at Dublin. In reviewing Mr. F. Dela Motte's little work on this subject, we complained of the omission of the reference-numbers to the MSS. quoted: Mr. Bradley's work is free from this fault.

Part II. deals with the materials to be employed in illumination. We are a little amazed to learn that, "with the exception of scarlet or bright orange, our colours [pigments being intended] are everything we could wish." Then follow congratulations upon the advantage accruing to the modern illuminator by his not being required to prepare his own pigments, after the fashion of Cennino Cennini, who recommends that a pupil (if we recollect aright) should spend seven years on that department of his art. As to modern pigments being perfectly satisfactory, that is news to many a student. Besides the exceptions named, we may quote

the want of an unchangeable and brilliant white, such as the mediæval artists had. Nevertheless, the list of pigments, recommended for employment by the modern student, is both comprehensive and practicable, although a good deal is too extensive for use, and much too elaborate for the beginner. We discover something like supererogation in the information respecting vellum, that it will not survive sea-water or fire. The portion devoted to the use of pens is clear and valuable, showing that the writer is not only a workman with his own hands, but willing to impart serviceable information to his readers; it is written, indeed, in the right spirit of affording exact and precise instruction on these matters of execution, such as is rarely found in books of this class.

In contradistinction to Mr. F. Delaforest's book, all the technical advice contained in the one before us is as we have just stated. We are glad to observe in the paragraph referring to the use of metals in illumination, that both aluminium and platinum are included. The employment of silver, against which, however, we are not warned, is included in these. It is little but a snare to the draughtsman from its certainty to tarnish. Tin, not named, would be a good substitute for silver. It is comparatively unaffected by exposure to the air, and, we presume, might readily be prepared in the name manner, in shells, &c., as the other metals. It was tin, we opine, that the early Italian painters employed, wherever their white-hued metals have stood the test of time; many pictures seem to confirm this. The coldness of its colour might be corrected with a warm varnish, such as the golden amber-varnish well known to photographers. The advice which is given respecting the acquirement of skill in outline-drawing is almost as minute as the directions of a drill-sergeant; the enthusiasm of many a student will be checked by the recommendation to imitate the mere calligraphy of an old manuscript, by way of acquiring freedom of hand, before taking up the brush for colouring, or the pencil for drawing, *per se*. The advice is, however, excellent, and its principles might, with advantage, be applied to the more ambitious and pretentious branches of Fine Art than this. The aspiring student of historical painting will be no worse for observing the hints here given on the necessity of learning to see, which is, indeed, the thing most required of all. "Correctness of eye will very soon produce correctness of hand," says our author.

A well-practised eye must have been obtained by the writer before he got experience enough to give the advice, eminently practical as it is, contained in the fourth section, 'On Colouring.' His suggestions on the need of using pure tints will be valuable to many a slovenly practitioner. The table of colours and tints, as far as any instruction upon the subject can be, is very satisfactory. The student will soon find ways of his own to attain the end required. We notice, with thanks for the tyro, the good advice respecting the production of the peculiar beauty of some illuminations, which Labarte aptly styles, "idiosyncrasy." This is too purely technical to be abstracted, so we comment page 40 to those who desire to be enlightened. Upon the method of using gold, whether in leaf or from the shell, Mr. Brodley is judiciously minute, even to the trick of cunning men to pass the "tip" (or brush for removing the gold-leaf from the book containing it to the drawing) over the draughtsman's hair or face, so that it receives an infinitely small portion of grease, which is essential to make it adhere to the surface of the film of metal. The "wrinkle" Mr. Brodley's rival

omitted to give his readers is disclosed here, whose method of producing the characteristic gilding in relief, peculiar to ancient illuminations, is carefully and clearly explained. A quotation from an Harleian MS., being the directions of a mediæval craftsman about producing "smooth gilding," is serviceable. It was a pity, nevertheless, not to give the "rugged and prolix" style of the old writer.

We have said more than enough to characterize this book as a useful one. It is by no means perfect,—indeed, much remains to be done upon this subject, and a more complete volume is yet desirable. Probably the necessity of keeping the present within the limits of a shilling pamphlet has made the illustrations poor and incomplete. It is to be regretted that these have not been chosen with better taste. Few of them are more than tolerable as examples, and none executed with sufficient care to be very useful. An Appendix, by Mr. T. G. Goodwin, upon "Design" in Illumination, is commendable for its plain sense.

COPYING MODERN PICTURES.

A question of some importance to Art and public morals arises out of the growing practice of copying modern pictures in our Public Galleries. If one will visit the South Kensington Museum on what is called a "Students' day," he will find the Galleries containing the Vernon and other gifts crowded with men and women, when not engaged in flitting, copying the pictures of that collection. It is not as students that they are so employed, but simply as manufacturers. Some persons seem to assume a monopoly of the right of copying certain pictures, especially Landseer's; and so ostensible is the purpose for which these copies are made, that they have been seen marked for sale with the prices attached to them. These copies are sold to dealers, who dispose of them in many cases to the ignorant as originals, or replicas by the artist; and thus the State is to a certain extent made the encourager of frauds. Such a reproach should not be considered as a legitimate object of a Public Gallery, and it seems to us that the Trustees of the National Gallery ought to take effective measures to prevent the practice. It cannot be defended as being of the slightest utility to the promotion of Art; on the contrary, it leads to consequences which are a serious damage to it. It may be doubtful whether permission should be granted to copy any modern pictures; we should say certainly not during the lifetime of the artist, and not for a long period after his death. And even when a copy is permitted, the copyright should certainly be prohibited from making more than one copy. There is more than one person who seems to get a living by copying 'Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Age of Innocence.'

There are many interests concerned in a proper treatment of the question; the interests of Art itself, those of the artist, and those of the public. Besides what is the proper course for the Government. It would be a fit subject for public discussion at the Royal Academy, if such a thing could be dreamt of within those walls; but failing this, the subject might be taken up by the Society of Arts, to which body the Royal Academy seems tacitly to have surrendered the discussion of artistic copyright.

FINE-ART GOSPEL.—The public will hear with the greatest pleasure, that, at the meeting of the Royal Academician on Wednesday evening last, Mr. George Gilbert Scott was elected an Academician, in the room of Sir Charles Barry.

We are glad to hear that there is likely to be an Exhibition of Stothard's works in the spring:—

"Your having alluded to English artists' work being exhibited, induces me to inform you I propose in the spring forming an Exhibition of my father's paintings, drawings and sketches."

—ROBERT STOTHARD.

The late Mr. E. Chalon, R.A., expressed a wish

some time before his death to offer to the nation a collection of his own drawings, together with many of his deceased brother's works, on condition of a suitable gallery being built for them. This offer was not accepted, much to the artist's disappointment. He has left and his designs, signed by himself, but not witnessed in the legal form, consequently, his natural heirs have been sought for, but not found.

Some months since Sir Bartle Frere sent to this country a magnificent collection of casts from Hittite architecture and sculptures; these are in the custody of the Committee of the Architectural Museum, and, pending the settlement of the points at issue between that body and the Government, are at present available to the public. We understand it is probable that much new light may be thrown on the interior of the subject these works illustrate by their publication; at any rate, they will form a most desirable addition to our collections of Architectural Art.

Several members of the Kensington Life Academy propose to form a Sketching Society of similar character to the well-known Sketching Club, of which Sir E. Landseer, the Chalmers, Messrs. Crewick, Stanfield, &c., were distinguished members.

The Eicking Club meets on Tuesday next, at the house of the member on the rostrum. This is the first session of the season, and it is presumed the new work will be found in a fair way towards completion.

The Managing Committee of the Artists' Rifle Corps (in Scotland), which body has largely increased in strength of late, has effected a separation of their non-effective (or those who have been prevented from attending drill by pressure of occupation, illness, or other cause) members from the constant attendants at drill. The former are now, we understand, to be enrolled amongst the Honorary Members, who subscribe, but do not drill.

The *Times* Malta correspondent, dated from Valetta, November 22, says:—"Her Majesty's paddle-wheel steamer Scourge, Commander James, left port on the 17th inst. for Gozo and the gunboat Border, sailing G.R.N., on the 19th. For Tripoli, Lieut. Porcher, R.N., and Lieut. Smith, R.E., proceeded in her. From Tripoli, these officers are to go to Cyrene, to examine certain ruins of high historical interest known to exist there, and to be enrolled amongst the Honorary Members, who subscribe, but do not drill. Lieut. Porcher has been before engaged in labours of this kind, and Lieut. Smith was successfully engaged for two years with Mr. Newton on the ruins of Haliessene."

Messrs. Sewall exhibit, at the New Water-Colour Society's gallery, some of the most costly carpets, manufactured by them for the Maharajah of Burdwan. These are magnificent in the dimensions of many of the specimens; as matters of Art we cannot say much for them. The display of scientific colour, for which so splendid an opportunity was afforded, has, however, been taken advantage of to the degree we anticipated, for they evince little refinement and small novelty. What a carpet ought to be, if originality of design is to be ignored, might have been learnt from the reproduction of the wall-paints of Persian palaces, some of which are hung on the walls.

Some table-covers, forming part of the exhibition, are much more satisfactory. We regret not to find the designer's name stated, as it ought to be in such a case as this.

We observe with satisfaction the erection of a notable specimen of improved street architecture in Bishopsgate Street, near the church. This has been designed by Mr. W. Wilkinson, of Oxford, to be employed as offices, &c. It is of yellow, white and grey brick, with stone dressings.

The ground floor is a fine specimen of the run of the street, has an entrance under a lancet-arch, the head of which in the side-mouldings contains some very tolerable carving in stone; being rather shallow in the jambs, that effect is relieved by the

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LITERATURE

Catalogue of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, 1860. (Bazaar, King Street, Portman Square.)

WHAT is there in the flesh of bullocks, that we should honour it? in the fat of bullocks, that we should glory in it? It requires time, money and ingenuity to lure a pig through a protracted excess of barley-meal till it is encased in such heavy folds of adipose tissue that it can no longer stand up to its light breakfast of corn mash; till it divides the hours not devoted to mastication between gasps, grunts and slumber, never manifesting sign of that sprightliness of humour with which it once kicked and squealed in the farm-yard. An intimate knowledge of the animal's organization, and much delicate calculation, is required before a breeder can fix upon any porcine frame the greatest possible weight of meat; convey the object of his care from a distant county up to Baker Street; and support it under the depressing influences of an untired air and a new residence. We could point to a breeder, notable for his pigs, who allowed so little margin for fatigue of travel and strange beds that he barely escaped losing the reward due to his anxious toil. Just five minutes after the judges had assigned him the first prize, the brute sank under the weight of superimposed fat, and died before the public could enjoy the privilege of beholding it. "I didn't expect that," observed the owner, frankly acknowledging his astonishment; "I had made sure of its holding out the night. The butcher might have killed it before night." The winner of a prize from the Smithfield Club has to pass many troubled moments before attaining the object of his ambition. It would, therefore, be unfair to depreciate his labour. But considering that it terminates in a few stones more of dead meat in exchange for much valuable meat, the public who look at the Smithfield Show as one of the Lions of the Season—and the very dirtiest of these Lions—are apt to think that the exhibitors and their friends make a little too much fuss about it. A brave soldier, after enduring twelve months' suffering and hardship in the trenches, and after risking his own life and the happiness of his children a countless number of times, receives, in acknowledgment of his services, a silver medal. The breeder who, at an exhibition of the Smithfield Cattle Show, can display the best ox or steer, the best cow or heifer, the best long-woolled sheep, the best short-woolled sheep, or the best pig, society decorates with a gold medal. How is this? they ask. Why is fat so honourable? What is it, that its production should be so encouraged? Thrifty housewives say it is sheer waste. Men who feed beasts for the butcher's knife tell you that beyond a certain point fat is a dead loss, exceeding the bounds of what they term "legitimate grazing," in no way paying back the outlay for cake and meal. Alas! it is "positively hideous,"—the ladies say so; dead, an excess of it offends the fastidious palate. And yet once a year all London joins in an ovation to it. The proudest and wealthiest of our nobles, from the Prince Consort downwards, contend for the honour of producing the greatest possible quantity of it under certain specified conditions. To witness the grand metropolitan spectacles of fat cattle, crowds come up from every part of the kingdom; portly farmers in top-boots blocking up our thoroughfares, whilst the bold, sweeping curves of rotund animal life ask for admiration

in every illustrated newspaper. What is the explanation of these riddles?

The person best fitted to answer these questions would be one uniting the practical knowledge of a breeder with the sympathies of a scholar and the wisdom of a statesman. Nor is such a conjunction of qualities to be smiled at as an impossibility. They were found in Edmund Burke, who at the same time, and with equal earnestness, instructed Lord Rockingham in politics, and enlightened Arthur Young on such subjects as trench-ploughing, loam soils, the best means of fattening pigs, and the profits to be derived from the culture of corn. But the breeder by himself, without the learning of the schools, could do much in way of reply to the interrogatories. Under his treatment, the subject would assume an interest startling to the novice. It is a vulgar mistake to suppose that fat is the end of either breeder or feeder. Adipose tissue presents itself only as the concomitant of the breeder's production, not as the production itself. The problem of his art is how to bring into existence animals that yield the greatest possible weight of meat for the butcher's knife, the table and the consumption of man, at the smallest possible cost; and, if the method of his vocation were unknown, its results would appear as magical as anything Professor Houdin achieves for the astonishment of his visitors. Give him two beasts, of opposite genders; let them be four-legged, coarse-grained, hove-hoofed, large-horned, hungry creatures, loose and lanky in the barrel, lumbering in the shoulder, with bones exceeding the weight of their bodies, when in their plumpest condition; give him these hungry beasts, capable of devouring a whole county before they will be fit to nourish a single family for a week, and at the last, after being embowelled and fayed, not yielding a pound of flesh more tender than what might be cut from the hanch of a Shoreditch cab-horse; give him, also, a certain amount of grass-land, provender and housing,—and, ere many years have passed, he will put in your hands, in return for those lean and worthless kine, a drove of beasts, each of which shall be small and compact before, extensive and fleshy behind, *petite* in neck, head and bones, and top-heavy with a vast circular body that takes into itself nothing which is not forthwith converted into tender and juicy meat. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, when he was caught in Thrale's Brewery, bustling about in great excitement, with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, "we are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and wags, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. So it is with grazing, but under different and more trying circumstances. Your true grazer and breeder fabricates wealth "beyond the wildest dreams of avarice," almost out of nothing. When Dr. Parkinson told Paley that Bakewell, the introducer of the Leicester sheep, could fatten his sheep in whatever part of the body he wished, and that the problem was how to lead the plumpness to the shoulder, neck or leg, the moral philosopher replied, "It's a lie, sir; and that's the solution of the problem." Dr. Parkinson, however, told the simple truth. In the course of a few generations, though not in the life of an individual sheep, Bakewell could have seduced the preponderance of flesh from any one part of the bodies of his flock. And other parts. Indeed, short of putting their heads directly over their tails, he could have effected any conceivable mutation in the form of his sheep. The principle of selection, says Youatt, "is

that which enables the agriculturist not only to modify the character of his flock, but to change it altogether. It is the magician's wand, by means of which he may summon into life whatever form and mould he pleases. By exercising this principle of selection; by nating his animals so that their progeny were endowed with certain prominent peculiarities; and by repeating this process again and again, the distinguishing formation of the first parents being more and more developed with each succeeding generation, Bakewell effected those marvellous results, in which his society was sought by princes and nobles.

But the cattle-breeder is not always bent on producing a new stock; he thoroughly enjoys nurturing and training the individual. He knows the beast he takes under his special notice as intimately as a jockey knows the horse with which he wins the Derby. Feeling with it, he is alive to every constitutional difficulty under which it labours, mentally passing through the same sensations it experiences corporally. The artistic restlessness that can be appreciated only by those who know them. Some years since, during a visit to an eminent British agriculturist, our host assumed us by the warmth with which he described the merits and idiosyncrasies of the fruit in his greenhouses and orchards. "That pear," he said, "is in its perfection of ripeness for only three hours. Whenever I see one coming to its delicious maturity, I watch it; I am fed it ripen and *flavour* up; and at the very nick of time I take it off and eat it. The man who gets that pear in the middle hour is a fortunate man—a very fortunate man." What he felt for the ripening pear, he felt for a favourite amongst his fattening beasts. An inner joy informed him when the creature was going on well, when the muscle was coming up in soft, sweet, soluble fibre, when the fat was creaming out between the interior muscles, "marbling" the rich mass, as the butchers term it. The Irishman starved his pigs one day and fed them the next, so, as pork; they might cut up in streaks of fat and lean alternate. Under our friend, with nobler creatures and by another process, this desirable phenomenon is achieved. In taking a beast through the various stages of feeding, he is buoyant with a triumphant gladness similar to that experienced by a huntsman taking a horse, well bred and "up to his work," across a dangerous line of stiff country. By the observation of a thousand subtle and ever-varying symptoms, he is determined how to regulate the consumption of the turnip, what limit to put to the daily hay, in what proportions and at what hours to distribute the gruel and the bestifying oil-cake. In the same spirit he lifts his animal over the ground to the last—even to the death and the table. He would have it knocked on the head, as he would have the pear plucked, at some especially opportune moment when the aroma of ripeness enriches every vein; and, the butcher having performed his barbarous functions, he would have it choicest parts cooked and served at some middle hour, and put before that last and noblest work of civilization, an accomplished gourmet. Such are the breeder's labours,—labours which give the humble health, strength and contentment, indeed, all the physical and moral blessings that follow in the wake of "cheap meat"; and which confer on the educated and refined those exquisite delights of intellect and of society that are experienced only during the course of a really "good dinner." Possibly they do not necessitate much denial of self, but they contribute largely to the enjoyment of others. Such labours cannot well be overrated. The danger is rather that from not

being properly understood they may be undervalued. Charles Lamb did wisely in suspecting, on other topics, the judgment of a man who could not appreciate a luxurious *exotic*. And, in political science, the fact that above all others has the most pathetic moral considerations attached to it, is the truth that where there is present the most bread to feed men with, there is also the least need for rope to hang them with.

Those who notice cattle-men simply because the beasts exhibited at them are loaded with costly fat, that is of comparatively small service for human consumption, miss seeing the aim and use of such contests. A gold medal is not awarded to the owner of the fat pig as an encouragement to other swine-proprietors to make their stock prodigiously fat. The winner gets the prize for producing an animal constitutionally adapted to convert cheap food into good flesh, and so showing that others of his breed may materially benefit society as meat-creating machines. To demonstrate that an animal is endowed with this faculty, it is necessary to expand it to the utmost, that the limit of its productive powers, in respect of quantity, may be discovered. In thus ascertaining the extreme weight it can be induced to yield, a large amount of unprofitable fat is brought into existence. But fat alone, or a singular power of secreting fat, will not get an animal a Smithfield Medal. The uninitiated eye cannot penetrate the superincumbent masses; but a judge knows by "the feel" of an animal the sort of meat—fat or lean, firm or loose—its interior muscles are composed of as easily as a physician, by a touch of the pulse, can discover whether its patient is sick of inflammation. Indeed, the best practice in examining first the live forms of beasts, and then their dead carcases, enables breeders, by the unaided eye, without the assistance of touch, to tell of a creature "what it is like inside." It would surprise the profane to be told with what accuracy the priests of the Smithfield mysteries can by sight declare the feeding and worth of a huge ox—its breed, history, weight, the quantity and character of the internal fat, the size and quality of each joint. At the first onset of the Smithfield Club, the judges came to their decisions in the following manner. Out of an entire class they selected, by eye and handling, what appeared to them the two best beasts. These were killed, and after inspecting them dead, and examining their internal structure, the critics determined which was the better of the two. It was, however, ere long found needless, as well as embarrassing, to persevere in this plan.

"Speed the plough" is a toast which, in the present day, nobles of Norman lineage drink almost as frequently as "Success to arms." In the feudal ages it was far otherwise. Our forefathers boasted of their beef and ale, and indulgence in them made their glory at an early period the mark of political satire.

Quoniam pretuleris illi Angliæ videri voram

Est Juvæ, et tunc rectissime student.

Disertissimi comarum erant proventus cultura pisonis.

Turpet est potius bellum quam sit homo.

—The meat, however, with which a Baron of Edward the Third's time gorged himself was coarse and indigestible food, such as the proprietor of a cheap eating-house would now decline to purchase for his kitchen. The agriculture of the period was poor in theory, and contemptible in practice,—the pleasures of the rich and the disabilities of the lower orders alike combining to retard its development.

"I am satisfied," Burke writes in one of his epistles on 'Rural Economies,' "that no cheap method of tillage can be a good one. All profit of lands is derived from manure and

labour; and neither of them, much less both of them, can be had but at a dear rate." Amid general insecurity of life and property the tiller of the soil inevitably becomes poor if he endeavours to enrich the earth with labour and capital. That which he has sown another reaps. Prudence orders him to snatch as much as he can from the exuberance of nature, putting out with her as many richer tolls of money. Acting on this rule, the farmer of the Middle Ages avoided the extreme of indigence, but at the same time failed to win wealth either for himself or his lord; his art remaining without advancement, even as its practitioners remained without esteem.

In their judgment of agricultural pursuits the nobles echoed the words of the son of Sirach—"How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the good: that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder." Devoted to hunting and hawking, and looking with hostility on every occupation that interfered with his beloved sports, the Norman knight disdainful the cares and opposed the interests of husbandry. To him the waste, the fen and the forest were not to be reclaimed, drained and sown down, but to be jealously guarded by the hindrances of custom and the menaces of bloody enactments. With the break-up of the feudal system more enlightened views on this, as on other subjects, began to prevail; till in the course of generations the nobility, won over by reason or self-interest, condescended to bestow their patronage on a science in the success of which, they, as lords of the soil, and the raw material of agricultural manufacture, were more interested than any other class peculiarly concerned. The eldest work of any note on Agricultural affairs in the English language is 'The Boke of Husbandry' (A.D. 1534) written by Antony Fitzherbert, Henry the Eighth's Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the courageous opponent of Wolsey, when the Cardinal was at the height of his power. For his valuable treatise the brilliant lawyer has always, and with justice, been regarded as the father of Agricultural inquiry in this country. His 'Booke of Husbandrie' divided into four several Bookes, very necessary and profitable for all sortes of People, was speedily followed by other works on the same subject, of greater or less merit, but none of them equalling Fitzherbert's 'Booke,' as a repository of information, and a picture of the rural life of the period. Tussers's 'Hundredth Good Pointes of Husbandrie' appeared in 1557, and was followed by the universally known 'Five Hundred Good Pointes of Husbandrie' united to as many of good Huswiferie' in 1573. Sir Hugh Plat's 'Newe and Admirable Arte of setting Cornes' was published in 1601. And in 1614, when Barnaby Googe, the chief relation of Sir William Cecil, published his 'Whole Art and Trade of Husbandrie,' contained in four bookes, which was a translation and enlargement of Herbach's 'Economicall Treatise,' he was able to point to no less than thirteen English writers on agriculture. The agriculturists of the Elizabethan period were however very ill-informed, at the best being only lucky empirics. They used indeed lime, chalk, marl, and various volatile salts for manure, but, like the agriculturists of ancient Greece and Rome, they were without the guidance of sound scientific principles. Lord Bacon is said to have made a bonfire of a large collection of writings "De re rustica," observing as he watched the blaze—"In all these books I find no principles; they can therefore be of no use

to any one." Bacon's zeal in agricultural science was not inferior to his ardour in every other field of investigation. The Essay 'Of Gardens' is familiar to every English lady; and in his 'Advice to Sir George Villiers' there is a passage that would yield an admirable motto for a modern agricultural association:—"Good husbands will find the means by good husbandry to improve their lands, by lime, chalk, marl, or so-and-so, where it can be best; but it will not be amiss that they be put in mind thereof, and encouraged in their industries."

During the Commonwealth and the reign of Charles the Second the science of agriculture made great strides, though as a rule throughout the more remote provinces its practice was as unsatisfactory as ever. Samuel Hartlib, the friend of Archbishop Usher and the protector of Spier—the companion to whom Milton addressed his Tractate on Education, and to whom Sir William Petty inscribed his two letters on the same subject—the "ingenious Lithuanian" who showed Evelyn a manifold letter-writer with which he used "an ink that would give a dozen copies, moist sheets of paper being pressed upon it, and remains perfect,"—conferred such benefits on England by his agricultural writings and experiments that Cromwell awarded him a liberal pension. Hartlib was also one of the originators of the Royal Society, an institution that at its outset performed inestimable service to the practical farmer. It was to the Royal Society that John Evelyn presented his elaborate philosophical discourse, the 'Terra,' and his more beautiful and not less valuable 'Sylvia; or, a Discourse of Trees' (A.D. 1662)—the latter of which works occupied it some time in the position that Corn Law, Planting, hols in poetry, and Sir William Temple's tractate 'Upon the Gardens of Epicurus; or, Of Gardening in the Year 1685,' maintains amongst essays on matters pertaining to taste.

But the member of the Royal Society who did more for agriculture than any other writer of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was John Houghton, F.R.S., the journalist and newswriter. Towards the close of Charles the Second's reign he published 'A Collection of Letters for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade,'—the epistles appearing at irregular intervals, of a month or more, in the years 1681, 2 and 3. The success which attended them induced Houghton to start, on March 30, 1692, a weekly newspaper, entitled 'A Collection for Improvement of Husbandry and Trade,' which speedily obtained a wide circulation throughout the Kingdom. To No. 6, is appended the note, "These Papers are 2d. each here, and anybody in England may have them by the Post. But where that is thought too much, it may be eased by ten or twelve obliging themselves constantly to take them from a bookseller, coffee-man, or some other, who may afford to pay a carrier, and sell them for 2d. or 3d. at most, or carriers may gain well, if they'll serve country gentlemen." In No. 7, the same notice appears with the following addition, "And any such Bookseller, coffee-man, or carrier that will apply themselves to me, shall have good encouragement, with liberty to return those that want sell." Here is the germ of our modern newsagency system. Houghton's Collection found many purchasers, and became a great advertising medium, as well as a useful disseminator of information on all points of commerce, manufacture and husbandry. On the 17th of September, 1703, however, the Collection closed its career. After Houghton, and his contemporary John Worlidge, Gentleman, the author of the 'Apianum' (1676) and 'A Complete System of Husbandry and Gardening' (1716), agricultural

writers became plentiful and cheap. Harte wrote his *Essays on Husbandry* (1764) amongst a crowd of competitors for public attention. Arthur Young, though he was not to edit 'Annals of Agriculture' till 1784, was already preparing for his 'Tours,' which commenced in 1777; and Sir John Sinclair, whose zeal for the development of husbandry can perhaps too readily be put in pen and ink, was soon to be labouring at his 'Statistical Account of Scotland.' Authorship 'De Agricultura' became the amusement of men of fashion, both in England and on the Continent. Leipzig put forth new editions of the rural writings of Cato and Columella. And had Horace Walpole continued his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors' down to the time of his death, the list would have comprised George the Third, who, under the signature of Ralph Robinson, of Windsor, contributed to Arthur Young's 'Annals of Agriculture' two letters (Jan. 1, 1787, and March 5, 1787) on Duckett's Husbandry. In the style, imperious and commanding, of these epistles the temper of 'Farmer George' displays itself through the thin veil of an assumed name. Probably the monarch would have yet further indulged his taste for journalistic composition had it not been for the castigation he received from Jeremy Bentham, about two years later, in the *Public Advertiser*.

During the eighteenth century a change of tone came over English *Bella Lettres* with regard to rural interests, that strongly indicates the increasing familiarity of the polite with the details of country life. From Pope to Goldsmith the poets reproduced the archaic strains of Virgil and Horace, regarding the business of a farmer as a pleasant recreation, in which there was just only enough of care and toil to serve as a relish to its placid joys. The shepherd was painted with an open pipe, reclining on a sunny bank, and engaged in the composition of bewitching melodies; the ploughman followed his horses with blithe carol; the village milkmaid, rich in the charms of nature, was innocent and guileless, ignorant of the vices and troubled by the vanities of the world. If a sterner and more truthful view of pastoral existence was for a moment permitted to appear, it was only employed as a contrast to the prevailing gladness, or to enforce the moral that if an agriculturist was unhappy, grumbled at the badness of times, or feared rent-day, the fault was in his own discontented nature, not in circumstances.

What the sentimental lyrical declared in one fashion, the relishing novelist supported in another. The country was the sphere of enjoyment, for hounds at full cry and collars adorned with claret, a vast field for hunting,—not as the veteran witness at the police-station termed it, "the yard where the gentlemen live when they are out of town." By the close of the last century a very different fashion had asserted itself. The earth no longer yielded "golden returns"; smiling, to use Douglas Jerrold's beautiful simile, with a harvest in return for a tickle with a rake. It was discovered that hard fare and harder work were not the most favourable conditions for human virtue. Instead of peace and plenty, the song turned on strife and want; and to take the place of the discarded groups of amorous swains, crook-bearing shepherds, and prattling lasses born in honourable wedlock, the tale writers created a stock of ferocious smugglers and poachers, with concubines, quartering their illegitimate progeny on the poor-rates. The illusions of the village-green were dispelled; and literary ingenuity has of late years so delighted in peopling it with appalling forms of woe and crime, that the popular opinion of the present

day is as wrong in one direction as our great-grandfathers were misled in another.

The great obstacle in the way of agricultural reform in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the little communication that subsisted between distant provinces. An enterprising farmer, who hit on a new system of tillage in Hampshire, had no adequate means of imparting his discovery even to his neighbours within a circuit of twenty miles. The roads were so bad that a journey of three leagues was a day's work; the posts were rare and irregular; and, beyond the meagre news-sheets that were sent down from London to the houses of the gentry, there was no way of distributing public intelligence. It might well happen, therefore, that a valuable invention should be made in the South, and yet never be heard of in the North; that it should after a few years sink into disuse, and be forgotten, on the very land to which it had, a generation before, been successfully applied. Such was the fate of more than one discovery in husbandry. Marling, extensively practised in the time of Elizabeth, was in the last century considered a novelty by Norfolk farmers. Turnip-husbandry was warmly advocated and widely adopted in Charles the Second's reign. And artificial manures, largely used as early as the seventeenth century, were not universally known till the present day. Under the reign of Cromwell, Hartlib was anxious to meet the difficulty of diffusing useful information amongst English farmers, by establishing a guild or college of agriculture, which should be at the same time a school for the instruction of the young and a society of correspondence for men already in business. The scheme, worthy its ingenious proposer, may be found rudely sketched in 'An Essay for Advancement of Husbandry-Learning; or, Propositions for the Erecting a College of Husbandry; and in order thereunto, for the taking in of Pupils and Apprentices and also Friends or Fellows of the same College or Society.'—1661.

Hartlib's suggestion fell to the ground, and it was not till the following generation, which saw the establishment of Houghton's "Letters," that anything was done to mitigate a great evil. The newspaper was, however, a very inefficient channel for conveying the requisite instruction. Not one farmer in twenty could read a journal when it was put in his hands. Oral communication was the only way by which landowners and occupiers could be roused from their lethargy and shamed out of their ignorance. This objection, arrived at, the question remained, how to assemble the agriculturists for instruction, and where to find instructors. To these inquiries more than another half-century had to elapse before satisfactory answers were given. Eventually the problem was solved by Arthur Young, a gentleman possessed of a small landed estate that gave him an income of some £400 per annum, practically acquainted with agricultural operations, and enthusiastic for their improvement and development. Starting out on his famous "Tours," this gentleman visited the leading landed proprietors of different counties, noting down the various methods of tillage practised on their estates, drinking their wine and passing judgment on their pictures. As an Art-critic Arthur Young cannot be commended, although he appreciated Rubens sufficiently to say of three of his pictures, "they are fine in his general style; the females, especially plump." But the work he specially undertook—of rousing landlords to look after their interests—he performed to admiration. The task of persuading men of property to double the rentals, would now be an easy one; but when Arthur Young addressed

himself to the county aristocracy, he found them less enlightened than they are at present, more prejudiced, more timid of new-fangled notions, less inclined to exertion. In addition to their distrust and indolence, the old feudal sentiment of disdain for agriculture as an industrial occupation still kept its vigorous hold over the patrician class. The French noblesse of old *regime* so scorned trade, that proud *émigrés* expelled by the Revolution from the salons of Paris to the garrets of London, who trusted their few rescued hundreds or thousands to Thellusson's keeping, declined to take acknowledgments of the deposits, preferring to trust to their banker's honour for the punctual payment of their modest dividends, the few yearly guineas that stood between them and starvation, rather than have it put on record that they had tainted their nobility by participating in the dealings of usury. The French Marquis of Sterne's exquisite story was not of their school. In the same way, many an English peer of the eighteenth century would have thought he lost caste by superintending a model-farm such as the Prince Consort's. A contest, however, between pride and avarice is sure, in the long run, to be decided in favour of the latter. After a struggle, the British aristocracy consented to become graziers and master-agriculturists, thereby doubling their incomes. But if they yielded to the utilitarian tendencies of the age so far as to engage in the one branch of trade and manufacture in which they were the principal holders of raw material, they soothed their wounded feelings by increased contempt for all other commercial pursuits; at the same time, by clinging the less flattering features of their new vocation by a logic which, though unsound, was altogether harmless. In augmenting the value of their estates, they augmented the wealth and power of the nation. It was patriotic to add to the wealth and power of the nation. Therefore, in multiplying their revenues they were acting patriotically.

The highest and most enlightened element of what is now termed "the agricultural interest" having agreed to encourage scientific husbandry, the more intelligent lords of the soil forthwith began to stimulate their tenantry to discover, persevere and improve. In one county a leading proprietor would call his tenantry around him once a year to inspect his rare stock, discuss the merits of a new manure, feast at his board, and go home firmly convinced that the British Farmer was the important figure of the Commonwealth. From these meetings sprang the Farmers' Clubs now scattered over the country, which have conferred important benefits on agriculture, giving us our present inquiring, painstaking and ingenious occupants. In the autumn season of 1777, an Association was formed at Bath for "the encouragement of agriculture, arts, manufactures and commerce in the counties of Somerset, Wilt, Gloucester and Dorset, and in the city and county of Bristol." The printed papers of this Association, which was one of the first regularly-established Farmers' Clubs in the country, gave a new impulse to curious and enterprising farmers. Similar clubs sprang up in every direction. Premiums were offered for the display of beasts and other farm-produce, and as rewards to meritorious servants. On April the 6th, 1780, at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture in the East Riding of York, honorary premiums were adjudged to three proprietors,—Mr. Christopher Skyles, Mr. Robert Grimstone and Mr. Richard Carlisle Broadby,—for planting the greatest number of larch-trees, 64,430 having been set

by the first, 25,000 by the second, and 13,700 by the third. At the institution of the "Essex Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture and Industry," at Chelmsford, September 30, 1793, a premium was offered "to the cottager, being a day-labourer in husbandry, who shall have brought up the greatest number of legitimate children, not less than four, who, *de facto* parochial assistance." In days when the old poor-law fostered bastardy and rewarded improvidence, country gentlemen scarcely thought it possible for a farm-labourer to bring up four legitimate children without any parochial relief. Demonstrating the growing popularity of agricultural associations, the founders of the Essex Club state in their programme that "several societies have of late years been established in the kingdom for this laudable purpose, whose exertions have, in many instances, been attended with the happiest success."

Up to the year 1793, the movement derived its vigour from the gentry of distinct districts acting in co-operation, or from the patronage of a particular individual inspiring his tenantry with new ambition. Such an influence was exercised by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, and by Mr. Coke at Holkham; the latter gentleman, by his sagacity, enterprise and sterling benevolence, converting a comparatively worthless estate into a noble property, plunging his way into the peccage, and leaving behind him a memory that, throughout Norfolk, is at this day an object of affection, scarcely less than of respect. In 1793, however, agricultural development was taken under the especial protection of the Sovereign, and became an affair of national and provincial consideration. For some years the more enthusiastic agriculturists had felt sore at the little attention paid to themselves, and the little honour done to their calling, by professional statesmen. Cabinet ministers had not learnt the policy of complimenting the Country party on the dignity and importance of their particular branch of industry. Even as late as 1796, Lord Arthur Russell, a speaker to the House of Peers, enumerating the various causes of the national prosperity, did not pay agriculture the respect of even a passing allusion,—an omission that keenly annoyed several of his auditors. In 1791-2, Pitt had passed the same affront on husbandry, before the Commons, in a speech indignantly criticized by Arthur Young, in his "Annals of Agriculture." Only a few months after Young's article appeared in "The Annals," Pitt judiciously soothed the irritation of a numerous and powerful party by establishing the "Board of Agriculture," with Sir John Sinclair for President and Arthur Young for Secretary. The rank and wealth of the country supported this Board,—the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York, Clarence and Gloucester being enrolled amongst its honorary members. The labours of the new Board were unquestionably productive of good. A complete and elaborate survey was made of every county, and more than 2,200,000 acres were reclaimed from waste and added to the cultivated soil of the kingdom; but vast as these results were, they were small when compared with the prodigious sums of money squandered on publishing unworthy material and paying inefficient agents. Established in 1793, the Board died of premature decay in 1817, when there were few to regret its decease, so great had been its shortcomings and so completely had it degenerated into a mere machine to further the interests of a political clique.

Some five years after the establishment of the Board of Agriculture, the "Smithfield Cattle and Sheep Society," from which in the

fullness of time sprang the "Royal Agricultural Society of England," was instituted, December 17, 1798, by a party of noblemen and gentlemen, amongst whom the most conspicuous were Francis Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Winchilles, John Lord Somerville, and Sir Joseph Banks. At the outset it was regarded as an experiment, but success attending it, on the motion of the Duke of Bedford it was constituted, December 13, 1800, "a permanent club, to consist of fifty members, viz. the present committee, together with Mr. Wilkes, of Measham, the original proposer of the Society, and thirty-four to be elected by ballot. Annual Subscription, one guinea." At the date December 8, 1802, appears for the first time on the books of the Society, the title of "Smithfield Cattle and Sheep Club," from which time the association has been generally known as the Smithfield Club. It was found advisable to abolish the law restricting the number of members to fifty, almost as soon as it had been passed. In 1801, the Club numbered sixty-five, and in 1804 as many as one hundred and twenty members; that number rapidly increasing to three hundred, which has never been much exceeded. But though a small body, the Club has comprised many noble and illustrious personages. Since its formation it has had four Presidents,—Francis Duke of Bedford from 1798 to 1802, John Duke of Bedford from 1802 to 1813, and again (after his return from the Continent) from 1815 to 1821; Viscount Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer, from 1825 to 1835; and from 1845, the Duke of Richmond, whose personal death has left the presidential office once more vacant, and taken from the world a manly representative of a class of noblemen that is yearly becoming less numerous. In the roll of Vice-Presidents appear Lord Somerville, author of "Facts and Observations relative to sheep, wool, ploughs and oxen" (1803), and other works on farming; Lord Western, the Marquis of Huntley, Earl of Harlow, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Portman, Lord Erskine. Nor had the highest rank amongst English ladies disinclined to take part in the proceedings of the Club. The Duchess of Rutland became a member in 1823; and the Queen visited the Show in Baker Street in 1844, and again in 1850. The Royal visit in 1844 is believed to be the first occasion of an agricultural show being attended by the Sovereign of Great Britain; but it was not the first time that Royalty took an interest in the Club. George the Third was an exhibitor in 1800; the Duke of York gained a prize in 1806; and the Prince Consort, who, together with the late Duke of Cambridge, became a member of the Club in 1841, has carried off several prizes at the Baker Street Exhibitions with animals fed at the "Royal Flemish" and "Royal Shave" farms.

The Club has shifted its scene of annual display several times; having, since its first institution, had at least five different places of exhibition. In 1799 and 1800, the Club exhibited in Wootton's Livery Stables (Dolphin Yard), Smithfield; in 1804, the show was held in the Swan Yard; in 1805, the selected spot was Dixon's Repository, in the Barbican; the display for 1808 took place in Sadler's Yard, Goswell Street; and in 1839, the Club, moving westward, gave its first exhibition in Baker Street. From Mr. Brandreth Gibbs's "History of the Origin and Progress of the Smithfield Club," we learn that, at the first exhibition, the Club only received from the public 40*l.* 3*s.* The receipts of the first Baker Street Show were 300*l.*; and in 1867, no less a sum than 700*l.* was taken at the doors.

Possibly, the ladies may enjoy a few statistics relating to the provender devoured by prize-cattle. Between March 8 and 23, inclusive, of the year 1801, Mark and Spot—two animals belonging to the Duke of Bedford—consumed respectively 5,216 *lb.* and 4,616 *lb.* of turnips. Here, again, is the light, nutritious diet of the Duke of Bedford's ox, Sharper, for the months October and November of 1801—3,120 *lb.* of turnips, 232 *oz.* clover, 775 *lb.* of hay.

Like the sums paid by visitors to the Smithfield shows, the amount annually distributed in prizes has steadily increased. The value of the prizes in 1799 was 50 guineas; which sum rose, in 1800, to 120 guineas, in 1805 to 135 guineas, and in 1810 to 220 guineas. In the year 1840 the Society was able to apportion amongst successful competitors, in plate and money, 330*l.*, and in 1851, 1,050*l.*

Concurrent with the early career of the Smithfield Club were the Spring Cattle Shows, established by Lord Somerville, and known by his name. Lord Somerville's Spring Shows reached their zenith in 1805, when, on the 4th and 5th of March, the avenues to Barbican were literally blocked up by crowds pressing to Dixon's Repository. At his own cost, Lord Somerville gave six prizes. Amongst the exhibitors was George the Third, whose breeder, Mr. Frost, brought to the show two magnificent Hereford oxen. After the second day of the display, Lord Somerville entertained, at the Freemasons' Tavern, a numerous party of noblemen, gentlemen and farmers. On his right side the Duke of Bedford; on his left the Russian Prince Barakidze. Amongst the most professional of the breeders was George the Third, who, where the land is capable of carrying them, and "The Fleece carrying good flesh and a proper quantity of fat."

The Smithfield Club had to contend with no little ridicule at the outset of its operations. The London observer at first refused to see the good of "those enormous and unnaturally fattened beasts," and as the time for the annual show, commenced yesterday, drew near, he appeared in the journals, from cynical non-contentment. Dated December 27, 1801, is a letter to Mr. Urban, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which is amusing as a voice of sixty years since:—

"Mr. Urban,—Since the good people of the metropolis have been gratified by the exhibition of great oxen and great sheep in Smithfield, it has been repeatedly asked, to what does all this amount? *Cui bono?* If we look for a reduction in the price of meat, an increase in our number of cattle, a less expensive mode of rearing them for the table, or any of the schemes which are now so readily or substantially benefit the country, we may just as well expect national benefit from the exhibition of the great plum-pudding, such as was once baked in Southwark, and measured I don't know how many yards round; or the exhibition of anything else that is feverish, unnatural, and can never come into common use. For some years public curiosity has been gratified with the sight of monsters of various kinds. The Tower has its lions and tigers, and Smithfield its right honourable oxen and noble rinds; and the mass of the public are just as likely to eat the one as the other at a moderate price. If these pantomime scenes of plenty must be exhibited in the metropolis, I could wish the managers would chase some other season to bring their performers to town, than just before Christmas, when it is well known our markets generally rise, but have done so much more in the article of beef this year than ever was known. In truth, from the circumstance that seems to be the main object with these breeders of monsters, I mean fat, I should think that Chassard's Hall the proper place of exhibition, and the worshipful company the proper patrons of the art; and instead of exhibiting the productions of their fattening genius by daylight, let them be reserved for

good appetite—and a good cook. The Pope cut his eye on a written paper which he held in his hand; and having inquired about my country and place of residence, added, 'You have written somewhat!'—*Myself*. 'You, your Holiness! novels of domestic life, more properly descriptions of life, but in the form of novels.'—*The Pope*. 'But you are a Catholic!'—*Myself*. 'No, your Holiness, not a Roman Catholic.'—*The Pope*. 'Then you must become one. There is no completeness or consequence out of the Catholic Church.'—*Myself*. 'Pardon me, your Holiness, to ask a question!'

There was a Bremer Catechism and a Papistical rejoinder—reported much in the style of Mr. Senior,—and then the momentous interview broke up as follows:—

'I will tell you something. Pray! pray for light from the Lord, for grace to acknowledge truth; because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and selflove. People in controversy make a parade of their knowledge, of their acuteness, and, after all, everyone continues to hold his own views. Prayer, then, for light and strength for the acquirement of truth and of grace. Pray every day; every night before you go to rest; and I hope that grace and light may be given to you. For God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and He gives us grace to be humble. And now, God bless and grant you, for time and eternity!' This pure priestly and fatherly admonition was so beautifully and fervently expressed, that it went to my heart—and humbly and with my heart I pressed the hand paternaly extended towards me. That it was the hand of the Pope did not embarrass me in the slightest degree; for he was to me really at this moment the representative of the Teacher who in life and doctrine preached humility, not before men but before God, and taught mankind to cry to Him, 'Be merciful, for we are sinners.' His words were entirely true and evangelized. I thanked him from my entire heart, and departed more satisfied with him than myself. I had stood before him in my Protestant pride; he had listened with patience, replied with kindness, and finally exhorted me to cry to Him, 'Be merciful, for we are sinners.' I parted from him with more humility of spirit than I had come.

The plain sincerity of the above few last words must be duly recognized, though the story of "Myself" and the Pope is as curious a duet as was ever said, sung, acted, or published.

How the Swedish lady afterwards went into retreat, in a Catholic convent to prove that she was Rome-proof, and came out to journalism that she had wrested "the tall nun," also the "barefooted Carmelite monk," expressly appointed to look after her, whose conversation she much preferred, and whose "ingenuity and refined wit caused them both to burst out into very refreshing fits of laughter," we need not tell—Miss Bremer issued forth, of course, as she went in, to tell (and to sell) the tale.

Profitable Meditations: a Poem Written by John Bunyan, whilst Confined in Bedford Jail. Now First Reprinted from a Unique Copy discovered by the Publisher, and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by George Offor. (Hotten.)

To the half score of books which Bunyan sent forth from his prison, there are now added by this publication some small pieces which, we are told, have hitherto "escaped all the diligent researches of the editors of his works." They were originally written and sold "to provide a scanty means of existence for his family" while the author was in prison. "Having attained his first object," writes Mr. Offor, "the means of humble maintenance for his family, those loose sheets were soon worn out and destroyed; nor were they republished, their place being supplied by his poems on similar subjects. Every trace of them was obliterated, until a copy preserved in a volume

of tracts fell into the hands of the publisher, who, out of respect to the author's memory, and to gratify the wishes of his numberless admirers, has re-published these practical fugitive poems." They consist of "Nine Particulars" concerning Christ, Man as Sinner and Saint, Death, Judgment and other solemn subjects, woven roughly into a continuous poem. Mr. Offor's criticism on it is, that "None of the great effects of his imaginative mind are to be found in these little poems"—a verdict in which we agree. We fancy editors may have passed them by for their lack of everything good, save good intention. According to the fac-simile of the old title-page to these verses, they were published by "Francis Smith, at the sign of the Elephant and Castle, without Temple Bar, 1681." The introductory rhyme we quote as the best sample of the contents, and in order to gratify those who may be rejoiced to have music not familiar to them from John Bunyan's lyrics:—

TO THE READER.

Take none amiss, Friend, as we meant to please,
Cause thou in Verse simple Truth dost see;
But to them soberly incline thine ear,
And with the Truth itself affected be.
'Tis not the Method, but the Truth alone,
Should please a Saint, and mollify his heart:
Truth is or out of Metre is but one,
And thus thou know'st, if thou a Christian art.
You also that content yourselves to see
Man's Will in verse, and no further look:
You shall not see by them edited for me,
You see only the outside of the Book.
Man's heart is apt in Metre to delight,
Also is that to bear away the more;
This is the cause I here in Verse write,
Therefore affect this Book, and read it o'er.
When Doctors give their Physics to the Sick,
Does not it please you, when some thing is said:
Truth also by this means is very quick,
When men by faith it in their hearts do find.

I am thine in Christ,

John Bunyan of Bedford.

There is added to this signature, in imitation of the author's handwriting, "A Brasler, now in prison in Bedford, 1684." Is it meant, by this date, that the last words were the autograph of the author in a copy possessed by him three years after publication? If they are merely the ordinary subscription to the material preface, they present the difficulty of an introduction composed three years subsequent to the publication of the poem. A word from the editor would have been more useful here than many he has printed where they are not wanted. As regards Mr. Offor's qualifications generally as editor, we have little to say. It is understood that he has made a goodly collection of Bunyan's works. But the way in which he has edited even this poor fragment of Bunyan does not inspire the reader favourably. Why these flippant anecdotes, which illustrate nothing, and impertinent allusions to the conduct "of papists and puseyites in similar cases" to those with which Bunyan had to deal. All churches and all nations have, in one way or another, made of the inspired brazier an immortal possession. In these days, at least, it would have been but decent to have given any rare, however valueless, gift from his hand to the world, without a rule "flung" at any section of Christians by whom it is inhabited. The style of this compilation is of the very meanest; and Mr. Offor's method of editing the doggerel "Meditations" themselves is of a similar quality. He makes a note of "ick," tells us it means "also," and that it is now "obsolete." When Bunyan writes

God with the Whiskel he will dimes for ye,

he actually stops the reader with the explanation, "for ye," that is, "for any," and then says, "for ever"—*obsolete*. So impressed is he with the idea that these words present difficulties to the reader, whose memory he holds

at very inconsiderable value, that when the "for any" occurs again, in

For he and I shall meet, and never part,
When then in Hall for any meet by at length—

Mr. Offor once more informs us, that the words imply "for ever"; but as he does not add that they are "*obsolete*," he appears to have grown undecided on that point. The fact is, they are familiar household words in three-fourths of our English counties. Then, "God wot!" is "God knoweth," which the most ignorant reader would have guessed,—and at the common provincial word "fraz," he himself turns to the Imperial Dictionary before he discovers that it bears the signification of "fright, terrify!" Perhaps the most profound exhibition of the editor's learning manifests itself in an explication of the following lines:

But tell me playly, ha'n't ye questh' your light,
And knowesth' sin'd aginst the Lord of Decr?

Mr. Offor proposes a good deal of light upon this difficult passage. "Ha'n't ye" is a contraction of "have you not," which is an intimation to be thankful for! But, when the editor is so humoured, he can himself be obscure. Take the following extract:—"Reader, it will be asked, why, while we are in the enjoyment of the blessings of toleration should the sufferings of our fathers in the faith be so pathetically portrayed? It is to press on the happily time when toleration shall be denounced." What that means might puzzle Epibus himself. But what would it profit us to struggle after the meaning of a gentleman who sums up the glory of Bunyan in the astounding assurance that after he obtained a licence to preach, "he became for popularity and usefulness the *Spurgeon* of his day!"

Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah. By Henry Gough. With Illustrations. (Murray.)

REAL adventure is, in our days, a rarity. The explorer may encounter it, if he will, in the African or Tartar solitudes; but, for dismal narratives of dangerous travel, our generation must, for the most part, turn the old collections. Rifle cannon are making and have taken of romance in the land of Cathay. The Red Buffaloes and War-Eagles of the Rocky Mountains have contracted habits of costermongering; the noble savage retreats every year to a more vague and remote horizon. Be he Mandarin or Mohican, his dragon scales, feathers, paint and patchwork bear the least resemblance of all Midland stamps, and our Khalif, Khan himself, half dwarf, half cripple, and half beggar, throws at the door of the door. Grateful must we be, then, to Mr. Gough, who, gathering up his reminiscences, nearly forty years old, relates a circumstantial story of his fortunes in the mysterious realm of Burmah. The country, when he visited it, was little known to Europe. Even the servants of the East India Company were far from familiar with its outskirts; the interior lay behind an almost impenetrable screen of barbarism. Therefore, when we say that Mr. Gough was first a favourite and afterwards a captive in this quaint and extraordinary Empire, it may be inferred that he has something to tell more than is told by the ordinary Asiatic excursionist. He comes to us, not with a mere portfolio of hunting sketches, or a miscellany of jungle anecdotes, but with a curious picture of Oriental life un-Europeanized; and he was right not to retouch his descriptions, in order that they might tally with the reports of Messrs Yule and other more recent intruders within the precincts of the Golden Foot. His relation, fresh and unaffected, is suggestive as showing how even Burmah has changed since 1832.

under the influence of European associations. At that period Mr. Gouger was a silk-planter in Bengal, and, to improve his health, he determined on a residence in Burmah; a charm, something like that of discovery, tempted him. Colonel Symes and Captain Cox, it is true, had published accounts of their missions; three or four traders, moreover, were established at Rangoon; but the Bengal silk-planter resolved, discarding prejudice and judging wholly for himself, to push up the great river, to settle awhile at the capital, to open a traffic in British goods, and to try the effect of sundry presents on the King, the princesses, and the nobles. All went well at starting. The port officials, no doubt, wanted to unship the rudder of his vessel, and keep it ashore as a material guarantee; but the native functionaries had itching palms, and small shams of bullion alienated most of their scruples.

Tenhs were duly paid to the royal exchequer; the usual routine of extortion was endured, and away sailed Mr. Gouger up the Irrawaddi across a wilderness of swamp and low wood, the course of the stream marked by descending flotillas of grain-boats and pagoda roofs glittering on the distant hills. Arrived at Amersaporn, he experienced no difficulty in procuring a royal audience. The King, to be sure, was scarcely in state. For astrological reasons, he had vacated his palace of Babylonian magnificence, and was living in a dwelling of cane and thatch. The Englishman expected to see a monstrous human grotesque, and was mildly disappointed. The King appeared to be a quiet young man of small pretensions, and he received from his visitor, with evident satisfaction, certain bright-barrelled muskets and curious dishes.

"After some inquiries about my country, and the objects I had in view in coming to Awa, His Majesty addressed a few words to some one in the ranks behind me, which, to my no small astonishment, elicited an address to me in clear, good English. 'Are you, sir, an Englishman?' Robinson Crusoe's surprise at the celebrated footprint in the uninhabited island could hardly have surpassed mine, for I thought myself 600 miles away from any of my own race. I turned my head to the quarter where the voice came from, and shall never forget the whimsical figure the speaker presented to my view. He was a large, strongly-built man, slightly bent by age, attired after the fashion of the natives, already described—a long, ample silk cloth round the waist, a loose muslin jacket, tied with strings in front, covered his body, but did not conceal the white skin beneath, barbelled of course, and his long grey hair twisted into a knot at the crown, where it was confined by a strip of white muslin. His long grey beard was so thin, according to the native fashion, that that portion only which appertained to the middle part of the chin was preserved, and this being of a texture stiff as horse-hair wagged backwards and forwards in a most ludicrous manner whenever he attempted to speak. He gazed at me, and I gazed at him, till we had passed for a native, had not his fair complexion, his light-blue eyes, and prominent nose, of such shape and colour as I have never seen except among my own respected countrymen, unmistakably attested his origin."

This must have perpetrated an offence under the flag of his own country, and had exiled himself to avoid penal consequences. His history, as related by Mr. Gouger, was a melancholy one. The next audience of the stranger was with the principal Queen, whose concessions were alarming—

"Her Majesty then condescended to present me, as a mark of her especial favour, with a pawn from her own box. It was a leaf inclosed in a consultation of substances at which my stomach revolted,—arcanut, tobacco, terra japonica, lime and spices, and I know not what besides. What was I to do?

I could not chew all this nastiness to a pulp, as was evidently required of me, so with great deliberation I put it into my waistcoat-pocket. A burst of laughter followed from the young ladies behind at what they supposed to be my ignorance; another peal, when I told them I should keep it as a memento of Her Majesty's distinguished favour. The present of a pawn in its crude state is not much amiss, but the exhibition of it in a different shape quite sickened me. Her Majesty, after some chewing of one of these delicacies, took it from her mouth and handed it over to a pretty girl behind me, an extensive herself highly honoured by the gift—horrible diets!—popped the nasty morsel into her mouth, and completed its mastication."

The Englishman was in high power at Court. Next day his merchandise was freely purchased. The lights of the harem clothed themselves impromptu in Manchester chintzes and glazed muslins, and weighed out the price in genuine gold, though not without pretty little efforts at swindling. In return for his gifts, Mr. Gouger received a quantity of flamingo-coloured silk, which, as a discreet coat, he manufactured into a suit—jacket, waistcoat and trousers,—and thus, in the royal colours, made his future visits to the palace. Also, he went so far as to eat sand-cricket, but the black-headed palamang proved too much for his curiosity. His dealings were prosperous; but in that eccentric region even wealth was an embarrassment—

"It is true I have got 8,000*l.* in gold and silver, but what am I to do with it? It seems to be about as valuable as the weight of iron, or steel, or brass, or its equivalent, to Calcutta, but how is this to be accomplished? The simple mode would be to send the bullion itself, but that is illegal. The next impulse is to buy the productions of the country suited for exportation, but I am met by the fact that the country except in the case of gold and silver, and a few articles of even less value. Besides, how many huge ships will it require to carry away 8,000*l.* worth of timber, and what the loss and delay in effecting it! The thought is indeed disheartening, but can no mode of relief be found upon it, it is certainly clear enough that if a man residing in Bengal worth 10,000*l.* wishes to emigrate and become a denizen of Burmah, he may in effecting the change convert his 10,000*l.* into 25,000*l.* or even 30,000*l.*, but there he must remain for the remainder of his days at least his property unemployed.—But the worst has not yet been stated. So jealous was the Government of the drain of the precious metals from the country, that it objected to my removing so large a sum from the capital to their own part of Rangoon, under the conviction that I should do so merely for the facility it afforded of smuggling it on board ship. Altogether this was indeed a maze of embarrassment and perplexity, and unless I could find a pathway through it, the only alternative was to spend my money as quickly as possible, and then

Too much gold! Too much silver! The Englishman was fettered to the soil by precious chains. But, flattered as he was by the King, his Majesty turned out to be rather dangerously sensitive—

"He gives way to sudden bursts of passion, when for a little while he is like a raging madman, and no one dares to approach him. I was once present at a full durbar where all the officers of Government then at the capital were assembled. The King was seated on a gilded chair as you have seen him, to all appearance in his usual good temper, when something was said by my present which irritated him. His Majesty rose quickly from his chair and disappeared at a door opening to a private apartment behind the Throne. The council looked all aghast, not knowing what to think of it, but when he re-appeared armed with a long grey cane, he was under the necessity of saying: 'We made a simultaneous rush to the wide flight of steps leading to the Palace-yard, like a herd of deer before a savage tiger; down the stairs we went pell-mell, tumbling over each other in our

haste to escape, without respect to rank or station. His Majesty made a furious rush at us, chased the flying crowd to the head of the flight of stairs, and then, quite forgetting in his frenzy who was the delinquent, launched his spear in the midst of us at a venture. It passed my neck, and stuck in the shoulder of an unfortunate man on the step before me without doing him any very serious injury."

However, Mr. Gouger did contrive to get away with his treasure, promising to return with suitable presents to lay at the foot of the throne. More than anything the King yearned to have a mighty and beautiful dog, for his brother's kennel had expelled his own.

"When I asked whether there was anything my country produced that would be acceptable to His Majesty, he thought for a few moments, and then said, 'My brother, Tharawudi, is always crowing over me about his dogs; it is very improper that he should have a larger one than me. Can you bring me a dog taller than any in his kennel?' I replied that I would do my best to take the conceit out of the Prince. 'But,' added he, 'do not let him know what I tell you.'—The Prince was to be kept in profound ignorance of the humiliation he was to undergo, and I was to be as light as a child at the idea of quietly outwitting his brother."

In due time he was again in Burmah, with the promised dog, not so huge as Tharawudi's, but more majestic and symmetrical. The day was approaching, however, when the face of the monarch was to be averted from his English friends, even from Rodgers, whose public service had formerly been singularly well-appreciated—

"There was a time, he told me, when the Irrawaddi was so infested by gang-robbers throughout its course from Amersaporn to Rangoon, that the native trade was entirely stopped, and the capital suffered for want of the usual supply of grain from the low countries. The Governors of some districts declared their inability to put down these daring bands, whose atrocities became the terror even of populous towns, when the King, having great faith in the bold character of his Rajah subject, constituted him Admiral of the River, with unlimited powers. 'I picked out,' said the old gentleman, 'a little army of the bravest men I could find, and let them loose upon the robbers wherever we came upon them, and as the inhabitants were inclined to help me with information, I was pretty successful. We gave no quarter. Those who were taken alive we tied up to trees, and used to point a bull's-eye on their bodies for my men to fire at to improve their practice!'"

Mr. Gouger walked with the King one morning to the Royal Treasury, where exposed in the open air were ranged, by hundreds, logs of pure silver—

"You Majesty," said I, "must have honest subjects; in my country they would be stolen."—"They are too heavy," he rejoined, "they cannot be lifted; each piece weighs 100 *vis*."—"My countrymen are very strong—they would walk away with them on their shoulders. I could almost do it myself, your Majesty."—"Try!" said the King; "if you can lift one, I will give it you." The calculation ran through my head in an instant—365 *lbs.* avoidance of pure silver!—I would be trying for, at all events, I stepped forward. Oh! for the muscles of Hercules! I was young, and not deficient in strength. Up went one foot of the log in an instant, and I believe the Golden Foot was, for the moment, terrified lest I should run away with it. Had there been a handle I should certainly have accomplished the feat of lifting it; but the sharp edge of the block cut my hands like a knife, and I was obliged to give it up, amid the laughing of the King and his courtiers."

So far the Court. Now for the prison. The days of batter with queens and their handmaidens were past. Accused of a spy on the throne, stripped, condemned to the Death Prison, bound with cords, forced to squat on

the ground in front of the Criminal Hall, and given up to the custody of a gang of malefactors, all indelibly branded on the face, the adventurous traveler found himself in the most desperate plight conceivable. Every moment he expected decapitation, strangling or torture; and the place of his captivity was a painful den, crowded with half-naked wretches lying silent under the threat of being instantly branded if they spoke. A long bamboo swung across the prison-chamber:—

"When night came on, the 'father' of the establishment, entering, stalked towards our corner. The meaning of the bamboo now became apparent. It was passed between the legs of each individual, and when it had threaded our number, seven in all, a man at each end hoisted it up by the blocks to a height which allowed our shoulders to rest on the ground while our feet depended from the iron rings of the fetters. The adjustment of the height was left to the judgment of our kind-hearted parent, who stood by to see that it was not high enough to endanger life, nor low enough to exempt from pain. Having settled this point to his satisfaction, the venerable chief proceeded, with a staff, to count the number of the captives, bestowing a smart rap on the head to those he disliked, whom he made over to the savage, with a significant hint of what he might expect if the agreed tally were not forthcoming when the wicket opened the next morning."

Tortures the most infamous were inflicted on the native prisoners. Whole families, impeached of treason, were brought in, and young girls were not exempt from the hideous discipline of the gaol:—

"Within the walls, nothing worthy of notice occurred until the hour of three in the afternoon. As this hour approached we noticed that the talking and jostling of the community gradually died away. All seemed to be under the influence of some powerful restraint, until that fatal hour was announced by the deep tones of a powerful gong suspended in the Palace-yard, and a death-like silence prevailed. If a word was spoken, it was in a whisper. It seemed as though even breathing were suspended under the control of a painless terror, too deep for expression, which pervaded every bosom. We did not long remain in ignorance of the cause. If any of the prisoners were to suffer death that day, the hour of three was that at which they were taken out for execution. The very manner of it was the scene of cold-blooded cruelty. The hour was scarcely told by the gong, when the wicket opened, and the hideous figure of a spotted man appeared, who, without uttering a word, walked straight to his victim; now for the first time probably made acquainted with his doom. As many of these unfortunate people knew no more than themselves the fate that awaited them, this mystery was terrible and agonizing; each one fearing up to the last moment, that the stride of the silent might be directed his way. When the culprit disappeared with his conductor, and the prison door closed behind them, those who remained began again to breathe more freely. For another day, at least, their lives were safe."

These barbaric sketches are striking enough; but we cannot suppose that Mr. Gouger reflected, whether in the outer or the inner prison, upon the useful knowledge he was acquiring for himself and for a younger generation of general readers. But there was comedy even amid the ghastliness of Burmese penal discipline:—

"The most ridiculous instance of superstition, was that of a man brought into prison because he said he could fly. Why they should interfere to prevent his doing so, if he really possessed the power, no one could tell. The case was a difficult one."

"Father" Moung-lah was responsible for his safe custody, and was in terror lest the bird should take wing in the course of the night. The sagacious old man thought it was possible he might be able to fly out of one sort of fastening, but not out of another; so he wisely determined to take every

kind of security his wits could invent. The man was first put in three pairs of irons,—the jaws of the central Alligator then snapped upon his ankles, holding them tight,—his wrists were bound together with a long rope tied to one of the rafters of the roof of the building,—his long hair was twisted into braids, and each braid fastened separately to the floor,—another rope was tied round his waist and confined it to the floor also. As he lay thus grotesque, Moung-lah stood over him in contemplation, apparently deliberating in his own mind what further means he could adopt to clip the wings of this subtle captive. At last he bethought himself of the holes pierced in the man's ears, which usually are large enough to save the trouble of carrying a cross-case, and through these holes he fastened Moung-lah contrived to pass strings, confining his ears also to the floor. One would have thought he had read Gulliver. Still the cautious 'father' had his misgivings, and before leaving the prison, very strict injunctions were delivered to the savage with a long rope tied to his waist, to watch the captive, if it attempted to fly, he was to brain it as it rose."

The daughter of a jailer, a Burmese beauty sixteen years old, pitied the stranger and consoled his captivity by small graces, beyond the reach of art, of kindness and sympathy. But what could she do? Now there was a famished lioness thrust into the prison; and then, even more terrible, a small-pox patient! As a climax, Mr. Gouger was chained during a whole night to a leper. Again, he had to sleep in contact with a corpse. As if this were not enough, five sets of fetters were put upon his limbs, and he was hourly in fear of a secret execution. A change of prison, under these circumstances, was a boon:—

"On the evening of May our party, now eight in number, again found itself assembled around the memorable granite block. What a ghastly group! The naked hair, the hollow eye, the feeble gait, the emaciated frame, the filthy tattered rags—objects such as the sun surely never before shone upon—were mingled in the spotted man gathered round the last time. Thank God! I never cast my eye upon one of their detestable ringed cheeks after this day. They were now armed with spears, and each held in his hand a long piece of cord. Our iron was kicked off—for the first time for eleven months I found my limbs free. The sensation was ridiculous. At first I could hardly stand—the equilibrium of the body seemed destroyed by the removal of the fetters I had so long worn on my ankles, weighing fully fourteen pounds—the head was too heavy for the feet. This only lasted for a short time, and I enjoyed the first stretch of my legs. We were now tied in couples by the waist, one at each end of the rope, a *paquet*, with a spear, holding the rein, just as children are seen to sit one each other in their sports. Off we went, we knew not whither bound, by our conductors, in this manner of the men and their weapons, we were going to the place of execution."

It was a luxury for one of the party, when the old lions had been starved to death, to take possession of her den. For several months Mr. Gouger's companion, poor Mr. Judson, inhabited the cage, and read accounts in time to induce to leave it. The British and Burmese forces were then, it must be remembered, hotly at war, a fact which increased rather than mitigated the peril of the captives. One proposition of the native generalissimo was to bury them alive, at the head of the army, as a propitiatory sacrifice. Happily, the pious soldier fell from his command, and was trodden to death, as a criminal, by his subordinates, in time to save the bones of the Europeans, who, shortly afterwards, upon the conclusion of a treaty, were liberated."

Burmese manners and customs, as they flourished forty years since, are admirably illustrated in Mr. Gouger's narrative, which, romantic in details, is, nevertheless, written simply and in evident good faith.

An Essay on the Origin of Language; based on Modern Researches, and especially on the Work of M. Renan. By Frederic W. Farrar, M.A. (Murray.)

ALTHOUGH this little work cannot with justice be said to contain any new revelations on the origin of language, nor to have an independent scientific value, yet it is a very intelligent and useful exposition of the principal theories and conclusions which have resulted from the investigations of the most learned and thoughtful minds in Europe on the great study of Comparative Philology,—and the present authority modestly enough confesses his obligations to the distinguished names of whose labours he has made good use. Indeed, the book may be regarded as a useful review of all that has yet been achieved in the great study of which it treats; and the uninitiated reader can, at the present time, find no better guide in the English language into the vast and mysterious domain which has been opened before the eyes of this generation.

No discovery, since the days of Newton, is equal to that by which it has been proved that the vast populations, which extend from Cape Comorin to John O'Grat's House, are, with trifling exceptions, members of the same family of nations. The science of Comparative Philology has proved a sort of magic telescope, by which Celts, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Hindis and Scelaves are seen daily setting forth on their wanderings in the pre-historic period—from the common cradle of their race—civilizing with them the same Peoples, the same civilization, and the same words of speech, symbols of affection, passion and relation, destined, after the darkness of many centuries, to reveal their primal fraternal unity. The traditions of every nation in some measure verify the conclusions of science. Every European race has looked towards the East as the land of the mysterious origin of human existence. The Scandinavians, from which the name Fenates, the Cymri asserted that the fabulous chief, H. the Great, led them originally from the Hellespont to the Isle of Great Britain; while the Indians retained a mythic remembrance of their lost Paradise of the North,—and the Persians, the most stationary of all, placed the sacred birthplace of their ancestors in their own favoured land of Irin. It is the object of the very learned work of M. Renan, by the comparative study of the nomenclature of the Sanscrit, Zend, Irish, Gaelic, German, Lithuanian, Greek, Latin, and all the other descendants of the common Aryan ancestral tongue, to discover and put together the buried remains of the lost language, and by means of its vocabulary to determine, as far as possible, the social and moral condition and locality of this primitive Aryan race. But the project of Comparative Philology are not bounded here. The Aryan race, compared with the Semitic and the Turanian races, made a late appearance in the history of the world. The affinity of the Aryan languages, among themselves, have brought philologists to the irresistible conclusion that they are the offspring of a common parent; far otherwise is it with the Turanian languages. "Though the Turanian languages," our author informs us, "occupy by far the largest portion of the earth (viz, all but India, Arabia, Asia Minor and Europe), there is not a single principle, except perhaps agglutination, which can be proved to pervade them all."

Dr. Prichard, however, who has devoted much study to the American and African languages, is of a different opinion; and our author, Mr. Miller, on the other hand, has also a great deal to say on the same side; so that, on this

topic, Philology has yet a great deal of labour to go through before we can expect agreement. In the present volume, however, there is a great deal of information about what has already been proved to be true of the formation of language, and about its relation to thought as its exponent, which cannot fail to interest the most unlearned reader.

NEW NOVELS.

Lavinia. By the Author of 'Lorenzo Bescotti,' &c. 3 vols. (Edinburgh & Co.).—The state of the weather and the death of readable novels is at this moment becoming a calamity to the public at large. Among the most interesting works of fiction we have lately met with, may be mentioned 'Lavinia,' by the Author of 'Dr. Antonio.' The plot is intricate and well carried out, though highly improbable, and bearing singularly little resemblance to any occurrences in real life. The scene opens at Rome, where we are introduced to a little community of artists, well described in the following extract:—"Their manners were not refined, it is true, but frank and truthful; their jests, sometimes rather broad, but witty and original; their linen was somewhat doubtful. Also, with the greatest desire, it is not given to everybody to put on a clean shirt every day, but their beards were clear, and that was some compensation." The leader and head of these young men is one Paolo Mancini, a simple-minded and unsophisticated youth, full of talent, and enthusiasm, and chivalry, and honour. Paolo is one of the heroes of the tale, the latter being one Miss Lavinia Jones, the supposed niece of a retired tradesman, whose great object in life it is to obtain a title. Miss Lavinia is beautiful, but decidedly vulgar, not to say a little coarse in her manners, although her "heart is as right as a die." Lavinia writes rather amusing and wonderfully minute particulars of her proceedings at Rome to her intimate friend "Lady Augusta," in London. There is no want of variety in the course of the story, and we have some capital descriptions of scenes and characters, and of almost every part of the world. The principal performers in the drama undergo an unlimited amount of suffering, poverty, and distress, both of mind and body, including fevers, delirium and even insanity. Luckily, however, they ultimately recover their shattered health and fortunes, and happen to meet in a bottle (quite accidentally) at a hospital in the Crimea, whence they all pair off, most amicably, and retire to their respective villas in Italy and country-houses in England, in a state of domestic felicity and friendly feeling towards each other, which cannot fail to leave a most satisfactory impression on the mind of the reader of 'Lavinia,' and may put him in good spirits for the rest of the day.

High Places. By G. T. Louth, Esq. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—'High Places' is not without much cleverness, but as a novel it is very ill put together, entirely unimprobable, and contains unnecessary links to render the story, such as it is, intelligible to the reader. The author goes into minute details of conversations and descriptions, and makes the portions of no interest which would have required some amount of trouble and painstaking. The heroine is simply absurd, not from any fault of her own, but from the author being entirely unaccustomed to the ways of tolerably rational young women. If he had been describing a creature of the mind, he would not have set forth anything more unlike a young woman of real life, under any circumstances in which real life could be sustained. Whether the young men are any better we strongly doubt—they are not like any we ever saw; but then we do not pretend to know everything down in Judea, and the author may in his Eastern travels have found strange people. The book is not entirely unamusing; but it is so slight and flimsy that we fear the recording angel will count its perusal as time utterly wasted.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Original Letters of Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, and Biographical Recollections.—[Lettres Originales de Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, Héloïse de

Mecklenbourg-Schwerin, et Souvenirs Biographiques, recueillis par G. H. de Schubert.] (Paris, Magasin.)—The circumstance of this book—now first brought out—being its third edition absolves us from noticing the publication in detail. Truth to say, we are not sorry for such excuse; and this without any very slight abatement of our respect for the memory of a religious and unfortunate Princess. It is, perhaps, the worst consequence (after death) of such a life as hers, that the heroine of it is served up, martyr fashion, to suit party hopes and hatreds. Here we cannot but feel that another voice comes into very proper requisition. The pastor, confessor, ghostly counsellor—call him what the world may, of the Lutheran Duchess now sets forth a biography of the good lady, the tone of which is not altogether to our liking. There is a "management" of certain delicate questions, averring too much of expediency, to which we shall never become reconciled, when faith and conscience are the matters under discussion.—The tutor of Princess Helena of Mecklenburg, who writes of his counsels to her, and her consultations of him, with so much sensible caution, overbearing a little, is obviously that his devout, tender-minded Protestant Princess, for sake of ambition, placed herself by marriage in the compulsory false position of having to bring up her sons as Catholics. State necessities, we know, lay their iron grip on some of the best, highest-hearted of mankind; but, unfortunately, those exposed to the clutch thereof are thereby incapacitated from aspiring to such canonization as belongs to the high and the consistent. Accommodation and settled conviction are as hard to reconcile in certain matters, as sobriety and appetite in private judgment.

"The German mind," we know, admits, smooths, distinguishes on all matters of serious fact (as distinct from sentiment); here examines, there tries, anon qualifies; till at last, what the mind really is, on any given grave subject, becomes difficult to say. To cure this, the editor of *Lavinia* here does nothing to quicken or increase our sympathy for good Duchess Helen. They are not clear of that vanity of self advertisement which, however unhappily frequent occurrence, is an unpleasant feature in many of our popular literary productions. *The Mathematical Monthly.* Vol. I. Edited by J. D. Runkle, A.M. (Cambridge, U.S.; London, Trilinger & Co.).—This is a collection of simple things for comparatively elementary students. Our English mathematical journals are very lofty, and the beginner has no part in them. This American journal is full of pleasing elementary matter, and contains some things worthy the attention of the finished mathematician. We should like to see the same sort of thing in England; but where are we to find the editor! His must be of high knowledge and elementary turn combined, with firmness enough to keep his journal down to the intelligible point by refusal of contributions of too lofty a character, and skill enough to keep it up to the interesting point by selection from the loads of lower learning with which he would be inundated.

On the Physical Constitution of Comets. By G. G. Downes. (C. K. E. Layton).—Mr. Downes thinks that a comet may be a planet in a state of regression, and in support of this hypothesis, possibly, he reasons on what would, as he supposes, take place in a planet like our earth, if it had an orbit subject to such extremes of heat and cold as that of a comet. Among the many difficulties with which his hypothesis is surrounded is the one, that if the meteoric globe, as he calls it, would cause it to produce perturbations in the planetary motions such as no comet has been found to produce. In fact, it is not known that any comet has produced any effect of the kind.

Chef in Search of a Cook, with Divers Recipes. (J. Blackwood).—A valuable little book for young housekeepers, and a useful present for "persons about to marry." It contains bills of fare for fifty three excellent plain dinners, with much good advice concerning breakfast, luncheon, and supper. The work is small, and inexpressively got up, so as to contain the reach of the most humble varieties of the gastronomic art.

Fairy Land; or, Recreation for the Rising Generation. By the late Thomas and Jane Hood,

their Son and Daughter, &c. With Illustrations by T. Hood junior, Griffiths & Farns.) The mere title of this pretty volume of fun and frolic for children during the ensuing Christmas holidays will secure for it purchasers; but even if it stood altogether on its merits, without the recommendation of Hood's name, there would be no reason to fear for its success. Some of the fairy tales are recollections of the stories with which the poet-father amused the son and daughters, who now with much grace of thought and language put forth an appropriate memorial of that tender parental love which gladdened their childhood. Some of the pieces are, however, genuine, untouched relics of Hood's genius, alive with the drollery and mirth which, in the richly furnished storehouse of his humour, he preserved for the especial delectation of children. "Brown Mal" has two aspects and dispositions for little people, — just as they themselves are good or naughty.—

"She has a little silver wand,

And when a good child comes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

"And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of four and twenty golden rings,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And how their branches at a wish.

"But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she waves her ring,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only soft, brown, black, and white."

The rising generation will not, however, find many "ugly, horrid" things in the 'Fairy Land' that is here offered for their vacation. Let them enter it, and try.

The Boy's Book of Ballads. Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings on Wood, from Drawings by John Gilbert. (Bell & Daldy).—The publishers and artist of this attractive volume of old English ballads deserve both praise and thanks. In the collection are figures 'Holin Hood and Guy of Glaverne,' 'Sir Guy Runcet,' 'Du Lak the 'Clavery Chase,' and 'The King and the Miller of Mansfield.' The ballads are put into modern guise; and the obsolete words, or forms of words, which it has been deemed right to retain, are explained in notes at the bottom of each ballad.

Little Ella and the Fire-King, and other Fairy Tales. By M. W. With Illustrations by Henry Warren. (Elmington & Douglas).—A most winning moralist is Little Ella, whose adventures with the Fire-King teach girls to be loving and considerate to husbands for their mamma, and not too ardently to long for new hats, cherry-coloured ribbons, and blue velvet cloaks trimmed with ermine. The moral of 'A Pig for an Hour' is not less wholesome. Fat Wilfrid, a greedy little boy, because the fairy to give him a box of "good things," and being so lucky as to wish at the right "moment, when everybody's desires are granted," he obtains his wish, "and a large box, made of rich plum cake, jumps up through the floor before him so suddenly, that the surprise almost takes away his breath. The contents of the chest these lines are treated in barway count—

"Sixty three times from the fabled chest—

First, custard, apple, or fig;
Then, how they appear unto him

In the shape of a large white pig."

Three times does Wilfrid have recourse to the magical contents of the plum-cake box, and three times is he converted into a pig for an hour. The first time during the piggy phase the gardener finds him trampling under the gate, and gives him a tremendous whacking. The second time Wilfrid takes the precaution of shutting himself up in the pig-yard before he begins to devour his prog, so that on eluding to a pig he may be found in a fit place; but this cunning plan subjects him to the annoyance of being culminated affectionately by an old sow, and trampled on by her numerous litter. The third feast subjects him to a hideous peril. A tuffee sees him, and thinking him a blue pig lifts him into his cart, and drives off with him for the purpose of killing him. Luckily Wilfrid's hour of porcine semblance terminates before the butcher can reach the slaughter-house. The unspeakable terror, however, that the poor boy has undergone effectually cures him of gluttony,

Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,
Rain and round trees, cave and path,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Gazed by him;
Each of them did
Felt to the brim
With gold!

III.

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the cude-ditch where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wisen'd, and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
"Hi-roy, tip-top!
Tack-tack-to!
A grig skip'd up my cap,
Away the moth flew
Basking for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,—
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done,
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
I stared at him; he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph!" says he,
And pull'd a sun-burnt box out
He took a long pinch 't better pleased,
The queer little Lapraun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pout! he fang the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone!

SIR BENJAMIN HOCHÉ'S ADDRESS TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Sir Benjamin commenced his Address by congratulating the Society on its prosperous condition. Papers of great importance have been given to the world in the recent *Philosophical Transactions*, and many others of much interest may be found in the lately-published numbers of the Society's *Proceedings*. This last publication has become a valuable addition to scientific literature, and as such has risen in estimation, both in this and in foreign countries, beyond the expectation of those by whom it was originally suggested. The meetings of the Society have been fully attended, and the occasional dryness of scientific details has been not unfrequently relieved by the display of new experiments, and by discussions in which many of the Fellows have taken part. The continually increasing number of candidates for admission into the Royal Society sufficiently shows how highly that honour is appreciated, and the distinction of the Fellowship is all the more valuable because it is one of the very few which cannot be obtained either by the favour of the great or through the partiality of friends. As the election of Fellows is now conducted, it is almost impossible that that honour should be, on any occasion, improperly bestowed, and although Sir Benjamin was apprehensive, with the late Mr. Robert Brown and others, that the change in the mode of election would be detrimental to the Society's interest, he frankly acknowledges that the present rigorous rules, while they may sometimes render the Society extremely difficult, have the effect of greatly elevating the scientific character of the Fellows, and of raising the Society in the estimation of the public.

Next, declares Sir Benjamin, it would be unworthy of the Royal Society, as the living representatives of those great men by whom the Society was founded, to consider the progress of the Physical Sciences only as it regards the Royal Society. Looking abroad into what is going on in general society, it is most gratifying to find that there is a desire to become acquainted with natural phenomena and the laws which govern them much beyond what existed even at the beginning of the present century; and that the opportunity of satisfying that desire, to a certain extent, is afforded to persons of every class, not only in the metropolis, but also in provincial towns, and sometimes even in our villages. As a part of the education of those who ought to be the best instructed members of the community, in our schools and colleges, the study of the physical sciences has already taken root, and there is every reason to believe that the tree will grow and flourish.

In holding the opinion, that much advantage would arise from the study of the physical sciences being regarded as an essential part of a liberal education, Sir Benjamin apprehends that it has never entered into the mind of any person, who has seriously reflected on the subject, that it should supersede those other studies which form the basis of such an education in civilized communities. Of these, indeed, namely, Mathematics, is necessary to the physical sciences themselves, there not being one to which, under certain circumstances, mathematical reasoning may not be usefully applied.

The languages of the ancient nations of Greece and Rome have so much direct relation to the physical sciences as mathematics; but there is no better method than that afforded by the study of them at an early period of life, to train the mind to habits of thought and attention, and thus fitting it for other studies afterwards. At the same time there is always some danger, that in exercising the faculty of learning overmuch, the higher faculties of thought and observation may not be exercised sufficiently. There may, indeed, well be for the higher order of minds too much, as well as too little of systematic education; hence it is that some of the greatest achievements in the way of scientific discovery were attained to those who, like Sir Humphry Davy, were in a great degree self-educated. It is a poor parody that would exact one kind of knowledge by disparaging others.

Literature, the Arts, the Moral and Physical Sciences, all of these have elevated the condition of mankind. But it is by the union of the whole, that the greatest results have been obtained. At the same time, it may confidently be asserted, with respect to the physical sciences, that they have an advantage only over other departments of knowledge in this respect, that the field of inquiry is practically unlimited. The student may, indeed, meet with an impassable barrier in one direction, but in that case he has only to proceed in another. As he advances, the horizon which terminates his view recedes before him. He enters on fresh scenes, gathers in new knowledge, and every addition which he makes to it becomes the foundation of further knowledge to be afterwards acquired. In the meanwhile, under whatever circumstances he may proceed, he is whether he is in the cultivated valley, or amidst the glaciers of the Alps, on the wide sea, in the crowded city, in the busy factory, in the broad sunshine, or in the starlight night, he has only to look around him to find objects which have to him a peculiar interest, exhibiting relations which are not perceptible to those whose minds have been otherwise engaged. In the gorgeous sunset he finds in the changing colour of the clouds, or at noon in the dark blue sky above, illustrations of the phenomena and laws of light. The flashes of the aurora are to him not mere objects of curiosity, but are associated with the magnetism of the earth, and with that mysterious force which, like the force of gravity, connects us with the sun, and probably with all other heavenly bodies, even with those which are at the greatest distance from us. In the tumultuous movements of the atmosphere, he feels his feet by their resistance and collision, the destruction of life by shipwreck, he recognizes the law of storms, and is enabled to comprehend how the mariner, by steering his course in one direction or another, is exposed to what would be exposed if he were to steer it in another. In this way, it is plain that even a moderate acquaintance with the physical sciences cannot fail to add to the interest of life: an advantage which, under occasional circumstances, may be extended even to the humbler classes of society. A few words to the student of Universities, and distinguished Fellow of the Linnean Society, does not consider it to be incompatible with his duties as a parish priest, nor beneath his dignity as a philosopher, to give such simple instruction in botany to the girls of the village in which his residence may enable him to understand the Flora of the neighbouring district; thus affording them not only a useful but a cheerful occupation for hours which would otherwise be passed in idleness.

It was on the 25th of November, just 200 years ago, that several eminent individuals, who had previously been in the habit of meeting for the

purpose of communicating with each other on subjects of common interest, assembled in Gresham College, and agreed to form themselves into a Society, having for its object the promoting of physico-mathematical experimental learning. When re-assembled in the following week, it was reported to them that what they proposed was highly approved by the reigning Monarch, and that, at the same time his desire to do what lay in his power towards promoting so useful an undertaking. Accordingly, steps were taken for the incorporation of the Society, under a Royal Charter, that charter being conferred on them, in due form, two years afterwards. Such was the origin of the institution, to which the world is indebted for the long series of scientific memoirs contained in the 159 volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*. The publication of these *Transactions*, however, was not begun until the year 1665, and then only in the form of a few pages, produced at uncertain intervals, which being collected made a thin volume at the end of the year. Many years elapsed before the *Transactions* became of larger dimensions. But we must not, therefore, suppose that the Society was dormant as the way of publication, that little was really done for the promotion of the objects which the founders of the Royal Society had in view. At this time, Lord Bacon had already pointed out the right method to be pursued for the advancement of the progress of science, and the study of Geometry, inherited from an ancient nation, had been partially applied in the investigation of the physical sciences. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that any of these sciences were otherwise than in an infant state; and some of those which are now years of the greatest importance, for instance, in Chemistry and Geology, had scarcely been called into existence. There was, indeed, as yet, no sufficient number of facts collected on which the superstructure of science could be raised. The founders of the Royal Society well comprehended what was required. They did not begin to begin at the beginning, and their first endeavours were to collect a larger number of facts by a course of experimental inquiry. The early records of the Society furnish us with valuable information as to the part of these objects which were the more just notion of what the Society accomplished in those days than can be obtained from the *Philosophical Transactions* themselves. The famous Hooke was appointed experimentalist; and an account of the various experiments made during the above period would of itself form an instructive volume. It might not, indeed, add much to our knowledge, but it would show us in what manner much of that knowledge with which we are now familiar had its origin; at the same time furnishing a grand example of the caution and circumspection with which all perpetual inquiries should be conducted. With the gradual extension of knowledge, the method of inquiry necessarily became modified. The *Transactions* gradually increased in size, and longer and more elaborate investigations superseded the brief memoirs of which the earlier volumes were composed.

It is not, observed Sir Benjamin in conclusion, for the Fellows of the Royal Society to form an opinion of what the Society has done during the last few years, but to consider the progress which has been done by their predecessors, and with regard to them we are justified in the conclusion that they have well performed the task which they have undertaken. In adding to human knowledge, they have added to human happiness. Standing apart from parties, they have pursued an independent course, and have not been deterred by acting harmoniously with the Government of the day whatever it might be. Every existing Fellow of the Society will, assuredly, join in the desire that this course may be pursued so as to maintain the dignity of Science and to honour to our country—

From a manuscript in the possession of the Society.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Yorkshire, Nov. 27, 1859.
You were good enough some time ago to allow me to communicate to others the lively satisfaction

I felt at the establishment of a school for girls, founded, as it appeared to me, on a rational system, and with the benevolent design of offering some corrective to one of the most pernicious evils under which our society labours. The slight report I gave of the school established by Miss Martineau of Norwich, attracted far more attention than I had anticipated. This was mainly to be attributed to the fact, that I had found what was generally felt to be a wide-spread and pernicious evil.

I have now to announce that, after an experiment of four years, Miss Martineau acknowledges herself "defeated," and has come to the resolution to close her school. I convey this lamentable intelligence in her own words, and she herself will be told with greater simplicity and distinctness. Miss Martineau has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Norwich Mercury*—

"Broomfield, Nov. 21st, 1860.
 "Sir,—I trust I may allow a space in your paper to make some explanation of the causes of the failure of the above institution, and to state that it is neither from enmity on my part, nor unwillingness to continue the expense, that I have determined to close the school. When I gave up the rent of two houses, and made the necessary outlay, I never expected to have the means of supporting school, but I had seen the doubtful effect of any of the existing charities, and perhaps may be excused a daughter's pride when I thought how the story cannot be told of anything but benefit by a same one so valued there. When I opened the school, I had been constantly told that the girls of the present day were over-educated and rendered unfit, or unwilling, on leaving school, to perform the every-day duties of home. I had been told that the use of servants was becoming extinct. Of the latter assertion (with some exceptions), I have personally no experience. I did not, however, intend to have a training school for servants. My object was to give the opportunity for gaining a good education, with the addition of plain sewing, mending, and cutting out; and also that the use of the needle was to be understood on putting her child to school such practical acquaintance with home work, under an excellent housekeeper, that every girl must know how to do things that she must be kept, and should acquire habits which would hereafter make all the difference between her and the idle and dissipated girl. I was not prepared to find the class of parents I had to deal with would apparently accept the education, but make every excuse to avoid it. I had to be done, or I kept their daughters away from when it was to be done, and threaten to remove them if the household duties were required of them. In consequence of this, I have been able to observe that twenty-three girls have been taken away from the school expressly because they would not do the household work. This great evil, however, I have therefore determined to close the school at Christmas. Whether in the present day the school is a blessing or a curse, I do not know, but I believe that what they shall or shall not do, or whether the parents are too proud to receive the education, or whether a duty belonging to their children, it is not for me to decide. I can only act upon the result. I repeat I should willingly have continued the plan, had I not met with discouragement and opposition from the parents. I wished also to have given some practical lessons in cooking and domestic economy, and offered three dinners a week for that, but was told the parents could not afford this, their small share of the cost of food. Had the amount spent on trifles, crochets, or fancy work been thus applied, a lasting benefit would have resulted. I still look with pleasure on some bright exceptions to the general failure, and can only sincerely hope the lessons received will be remembered."
 "I can not close these remarks without expressing my thanks for the aid and encouragement given to the school by the Education to a scheme not expressly countenanced within their rules; also to H.M.'s Inspector, C. Alderson, Esq., for his unvarying sympathy and aid; and to the ladies of the school, who, as became a private dwelling, as I have no intention of aiding in, or establishing, a school, I have been exempt upon the industrial principle.—Your obedient servant."
 "F. A. MARTINEAU."

The Editor, after expressing the regret which every rational and benevolent man must feel at this termination of a scheme which promised so much good, adds—

"The proper restraint and order in Miss Martineau's Training School was that part of the scheme which is now neither imitated nor enforced by parents, and it is, therefore, less likely to be of service to the children than under other management, either in the school, or in service. Do not the streets of our large towns, and the low wages, indicate sufficiently both day and night the total want of that parental restraint so necessary to morality, integrity, and virtue, and the want of all respect to superiors in age or position which was wont to distinguish the industrious youth of all classes in England? It is the neglect by parents to enforce the same, and not the want of regular course of obedience, respect and usefulness, which Miss Martineau's Training School intended to supply, and which is the root of the evils and which she endeavoured to combat, and we do not wonder at the benevolent lady's determination not to throw away any longer upon this institution what she best charity, any longer upon the girls who cannot be brought to appreciate the value of such important practical knowledge. This is not the first of such failures."

There remains nothing more to be said. The

misdirection which has been given to the popular mind as to the objects to be aimed at in the education of women, has evidently done its work, and we have now to abide the consequences. We have also to endure the disgust and mortification of witnessing tardy, ill-judged and abortive attempts to stem the torrent of evils which want of judgment and want of foresight have brought upon us. What wonder that there is a glum and gloomy side to the work, when women whose nature and whose happiest condition is the performance of the homely but all-important duties of domestic life, are taught that these are degrading! To people who know what it is to learn well even the rudiments of a language or a science, nothing can be more contemptible than the smatterings of many things given with a view to qualify girls for "genteel" situations. But while such an education utterly fails as intellectual training, it suffices to give them a fancied superiority to the works in which they could excel, and in which they would find safe and respectable employment.

Is there not something out of joint in a society in which competent cooks, dairymaids and laundry-maids are hardly to be got, while incompetent governesses and female artists are a plague to the world? Is there not something alarming in a society where the superficial and false refinement of the girls of the lower classes unfits them for domestic life, and give them tastes, habits, wants, which a large proportion of them can never satisfy in the safe but humdrum routine of domestic labour? While such a misdirection is given to their training, we may confidently predict that the recruits to the ranks of vice will far more than fill the places made vacant by the efforts of reformers.

When so perverse a system is pursued in the training of young women who are to become teachers of girls of the lower class, the evil attains its maximum. The minds of the teachers are entirely alienated from the matters in which it is important that working women should take an interest, and a pride, and the mischief is diffused through the whole ground-work of education.

It is to unhealthy and misdirected aspirations that we may attribute a large share of the anomalies we see—want of labourers in the works fundamentally essential to society; want of occupation for the idle and dissipated; and the want of means to sustain those works, and to seek employments which they think elevate them above the rank in which they were born.

A little pamphlet by Miss Louisa Hope (daughter of the late Lord President Hope), called "The Connection of Art with Popular Education," in a Letter to Lord Brougham, contains some very striking and just remarks on this subject. Without assenting to every part of it, we may accept it as a valuable contribution to the cause of good sense and wholesome morality on the subject of female education.

It is to be hoped that the prayer at the end of Miss Hope's little brochure, in favour of female inspectors of girls' schools, will not for ever be smiled at and passed over by those in authority. It is remarkable that Miss Farnes, in her clever paper "On the Employment of Women," made no mention of this, for which her attitude is not only unquestionable, but exclusively their own. The very notion of a learned and accomplished young divine, fresh from Oxford or Cambridge, being set to judge the merits of a system of training girls whose thoughts and faculties ought to be turned into a channel the most remote from those in which his own have moved, is supremely incongruous and absurd. Housewifery is a great, a complicated, and a venerable art, and is only conserved in all the arts of the household and the family by the study, practised and loved. It would not be impossible to find among such women persons of vigorous and cultivated intelligence, of exercised judgment, and true elevation of mind. I am inclined to favour attempts on the part of men to intrude on the legitimate province of women; but I should gladly see women entrusted to an employment which could never have been given to men, if any clear and sound view of the ends to be aimed at had been taken.

S. A.

HAMILTON'S LOGIC.

Dec. 3, 1860.

Mr. Mansel seems to attribute to me the article on Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures. My authorship I am sure you will not permit me in your column either to affirm or deny. No editorial article in any journal can safely be attributed, in its totality, to any single writer: for it may have been suggested by one person, or drawn on facts or matter furnished by a second or third, written by yet one or more others, and after all must have passed through the hands of an editor who is at liberty to add, and at liberty to omit. And omission, were it made only to save room, may be addition: even as in algebra the omission of a subtraction may amount to an addition.

No one who knows what I have written on the subject would imagine that I should have omitted all notice of the proposition which Sir W. Hamilton calls the partial-parity negation. 'Some A is not some B.' Not only has this proposition no contradiction in the system, but neither compound nor aggregate of other propositions will contradict it. The only contradiction is, 'There is but one A, there is but one B, and the A is the B.' The utter generality of all assertions in this proposition is the great difficulty in the way of the hypothesis that I wrote the article. I should, it may be supposed, have alluded to the *exemplar* form of speech, under which, by the mere substitution of *say for* wherever *all* occurs, the eight forms given by Hamilton are reduced to a consistent system. Thus, 'Any A is any B' is the very contradiction of 'Some A is not some B' which I have given above. On this point I need only refer to my 'Syllabus of a Proposed System of Logic.'

I will not enter at length upon Mr. Mansel's plea in mitigation of Hamilton's blunders. School-boy mistakes he has extenuated by what in Hamilton's mouth would have been the school-boy excuse, 'Please, sir, another boy told me to do it.' In my younger days I have sometimes answered by 'What! a boy in your position at the school to make such an excuse as that!' I drop a veil over what followed. Hamilton himself would never have put in such a plea. The downrightness of his position was absolutely genial. He would have said, 'I am not a school-boy; I am a philosopher, a jurist, and a father; and the so-called mistakes were no mistakes at all; and his answer to the "eminent mathematician" would have remembered that of the old merchant in 'Rob Roy,' who found his son writing bad verses, "Why, Frank! you don't even understand the boggerly trade you have chosen."

Mr. Mansel quotes what he considers a mistake—a wrong algebraical metaphor, he calls it—of my own, and sets it against Sir W. Hamilton's. He means that Hamilton may make a mistake in mathematics, if I make a mistake in logic. The incorrect application of symbolic language, which I am glad to find Mr. Mansel does call incorrect, arose from my not being, in 1847, so much of a disserter from the logic of Hamilton and Mr. Mansel as afterwards to become a faithful student of it in my second Cambridge paper (1850); I opposed it in my third (1858); and, so far as I know, I am the first publisher of any specific objection to it: all previous opposition having been directed against the logic of Hamilton.

But the main point is, does any parallel exist between such mistakes as were pointed out in your article, and the misapplication of symbols which, years ago, I cast out to be trodden under foot? I say no, for two reasons: first, my misapplication of symbols is due to the general teaching of the whole body of logicians; Hamilton's mistakes are not consequences of the general teaching of mathematicians. Secondly, my misapplication has produced true consequences, because it has true points of view; Hamilton's mistakes have done nothing, as yet. Another of the name, my friend Sir William Rowan Hamilton, made my symbolic language point out a very ingenious and systematic arrangement of the fifteen primary forms of syllogism; this is published at pages 100 and 101 of the Cambridge paper. One of Hamilton's mistakes, say that of the two

identical quotation of which the greater the one the less the other. If any Sir William Hamilton, either *simpliciter*, or *secundum quid* (ex gr. Rowan) or *secundum quidem*, can be made to mistake, violate, or pervert the sense of a truth, I will no longer be that severe critic of mathematical errors which Mr. Mansel supposes me to be. On the contrary, I will apply Hamilton's principle: 'my disapprobation of an error and the amount of the error itself shall be, as now, identical with the error; the greater the error, the less shall be the disapprobation.'

Mr. Mansel will never have such a job to manage on his own account. He can wield a sharp weapon when he is allowed to choose from his own armoury; but in the present matter, where assistance has been lent him to use what may best be described, in the language of old indictments for murder, as "a certain drawn sword of the value of five shillings."

A. DE MORGAN.

Oxford, Dec. 3, 1860.

The comment appended by your reviewer to my letter of last week, contains two passages which, when he writes in his character of logician instead of mathematician, he may fairly cite as instances of *ignoratio elenchis*; inasmuch as they reply to what I did not state, and do not reply to what I did state. In answer to my assertion that hardly one, if one at all, of the mathematical errors which he attributes to Hamilton is original, due to Hamilton himself, he says, "many of the errors are not avowedly taken from others; the reference at the foot of a page does not usually mean quotation." This would have been a fair reply, had I charged him with knowing them to be quotations and answering the fact; but, as I merely asserted that they were quotations, whether he knew them to be so or not, I do not see how this assertion is set aside by the counter-assertion that some of the quotations are not avowed. I must, however, express my astonishment that he should have overlooked the quotation in three places in question, which are marked, not merely by a note, but also by inverted commas, which usually do mean quotation. There remain only the translation from Fries, which the reviewer himself acknowledges, and two passages from the *Lectures on Metaphysics*, which I think a careful man, with the notes before him, might have at least suspected to be of the same kind.

Equally beside the mark is his question at the end, "What is a poor editor to do who has to defend the mathematics of a man who, &c. &c.?" Now, as the only defence which I undertook was to show that the passages cited as original are really quotations, his question should have been "What is a poor editor to do who has to show that errors attributed to one man properly belong to others?" Truly, I know not what he is to do, except, exactly what I did, viz., to name the persons to whom they belong. The only direct reply of the reviewer to my statement consists in a suggestion that Hamilton may possibly have mistranscribed Fries. The best way of meeting this is to place together Fries' German and Hamilton's English, and to beg any reader who knows both languages to compare the two. Fries says: "Der Beweis zeigt nun, dass diese Kreise sich schneiden müssen, dass georgienen grades Linien ein Freyrecht bilden, und dass dieselben gleichseitig sind." Hamilton renders, "The proof finally demonstrates that these circles must intersect each other, that the drawn straight lines necessarily constitute a triangle, and that this triangle is necessarily equilateral."

H. L. MANSSEL.

* We attach no importance whatever to the question whether Hamilton's quotations be original or borrowed. Mr. Mansel must pardon us for reminding him that he did not "merely assert" that they were quotations, whether he [the reviewer] knew it or not. What he said was, "I may, perhaps, be permitted to state a fact which he may not state, and which I think ought to be taken into account." Mr. Mansel had his meaning; the reader had his words. When it is alleged that a critic has not stated what ought to be taken into account, it is commonly meant that he could have stated it, and ought to have stated it. With re-

gard to the avowed quotations which we did not notice as such, we may say that we thought so little about this part of the matter, that it was by mere accident that we mentioned Fries at all. We hold that a teacher who gives his pupils the blunders of others is, at least, as culpable as one who gives his own. In Hamilton's case they were given for twenty years together.

Neither were we beside the question when we asked what an editor is to do who "has to defend &c." We supposed, and have a right to suppose, that Mr. Mansel had considered the question of defence for Hamilton, and had decided on the plea of quotation as the best. To this we said, What is an editor to do who has to defend &c.; meaning, what can he do but what Mr. Mansel has done! Mr. Mansel says that our question should have expressed that an editor who *has* to prove quotation must prove it; but our question meant that an editor who has no other defence can *not* prove quotation. The difference is this, that the mode of getting it out of his head, by implication, that an editor who has no other defence has but a poor one.

As to the rest, so much the worse for Fries and the others; and none the better for Hamilton. What a person teaches, he adopts. And—to touch a point to which Mr. Mansel does not advert—were we to grant that a teacher of logic who made no mathematical boast might be allowed to find a miserable apology in the proof of his blunders being only borrowed, we cannot admit even this. Hamilton is the master of the science of mathematics, and he stepped out of his line to give judgment upon its disciplinary character. He thought himself entitled to compare that science with dram-drinking, and to affirm that its cultivators have no more merit in correctness than they in the art of walking straight. His error is now seen with how much knowledge of his subject Hamilton spoke. And it must not be forgotten that Mr. Mansel, in pleading that the elementary blunders which Hamilton gave out were not his own, tacitly confesses that he had not the ability to correct them, which is all we are concerned with in noting the fact that he did teach them.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, Nov. 30, 1860.

The great and necessary work of public instruction is, I am rejoiced to tell you, being taken up with a vigorous hand, and, as far as I can judge, is being carried out with much judgment and good sense. Garibaldi laid the first stone, and it is a gratifying compliment to him that his plans have been adopted, and large sums of money already assigned for the completion of them. I do not know whether I mentioned to you that His Majesty, in a letter addressed to the Lieut. General a few days since, expressed a strong desire to occur personally to the promotion of this great work, and contributed 200,000 francs from his private purse for this purpose.

In the month of January four gratuitous evening schools will be opened for the welfare of the poorer class, in which they will be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, science, drawing and their civil and religious duties. Out of the Royal fund 40,000 francs will be contributed for the institution of these schools. The municipality are charged with their maintaining localities, and all other expenses for their maintenance will be defrayed out of the city funds.

A commission is to be established, in conjunction with the municipality, to make provision for the establishment of these schools; to procure subscriptions from private citizens; to propose regulations, and the means of assuring the future existence of these asylums, and their introduction into all the Neapolitan provinces. Every one who is acquainted with the streets of Naples must hail with pleasure the institution of these schools; and beginning in the early trade of the children of the whole country, varied by occasional robbery, when opportunity offers. In fact, I have no hesitation in saying that both are encouraged by the lower classes, who have no independence of character, and who from habit ask alms of every one.

The last Decree which I shall note is the appropriation of 80,000 francs, from the same Royal fund, for the establishment of a savings bank. The same arrangement has been made in the former cases for the establishment of this necessary institution. The shadow of such an institution has existed here for some years, but without the guarantee of Government. Its character, too, is rather that of a private bank, the proprietors of which make use of the money in the ordinary commercial speculations. Thus, whilst in looking over their books, I have seen small sums entered, such as 1 carlino (¼d.), I have also noted 10,000 or 20,000 ducats. It was a deposit bank, without any limit, which paid 4 per cent. for the capital in its hands. Though better than nothing, however, it did not enjoy the confidence of the public; and this institution, which Victor Emmanuel has now introduced, will be the first of its kind. It will be very likely a long time before the deposits of the poor form any considerable amount: first, because there is no confidence in the country;—every man regarding the other as a thief; secondly, because property has been so much at the mercy of an absolute Government, or its fraudulent supporters, that no one cared to lay aside what, in all probability, would be taken from him. Those, however, in the country districts who, having had any idea of saving adopted the primitive method of expending their *economia* on personal ornaments, which accounts in a great measure for the display of jewelry on a Neapolitan peasant. It has been a matter of course to securing their money as from a love of finery. I verily believe that every part of the body, except the nose, is garnished with a bit of gold. They are their own bankers.

I have been requested here, by persons of influence, to procure copies of the Regulations of the Normal Schools in England; and if they can be sent to me, they will be productive of much good in this benighted, yet rising country. To this request I would add another, for the Rules of one of our savings banks. I have no doubt that every channel may be found for sending them, free of expense; but time is of value. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPEL.

To the six lectures "On the Chemical History of a Candle (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory)," by Prof. Faraday, which we have already announced as about to be delivered at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, we have now the pleasure to add the promise of "Twelve Lectures on Fibres," by Prof. Owen,—"Twelve Lectures on Electricity," by Prof. Tyndall,—"and 'Ten Lectures on Inorganic Chemistry,' by Dr. Edward Frankland. These lectures will occupy the session from Christmas to Easter.

The Rev. John Barlow, whose retirement from the active duties of the Secretaryship of the Royal Institution we lately announced, has been succeeded in his office by Dr. H. H. Benze Jones.

The prizes annually offered to artist-workmen through the Council of the Architectural Museum have this year been responded to by twenty-six specimens; viz., eleven for the prizes for modelling in clay, three for wood-carving, seven for the prize given by the Council of the Museum for a cartoon for painted glass, and five for the prizes for coloured and stained glass, offered by the Committee of the Ecological Society of London. The specimens are now exhibited in the gallery of the Architectural Museum. It is proposed to distribute the prizes in March next, in connection with a course of lectures. An evening will be devoted to the presentation of the prizes, when the President of the Museum, Mr. Beresford Hope, and other friends of the Institution will address the meeting.

We insert this explanation at the request of Mr. Ward:—

"23 Btine, Kensington, and Pilgrimage Square, "13th Dec. 1860.

"The paragraph in your paper of last Saturday is perfectly correct in reference to the great desire entertained by my lamented friend, the late A. E. Chalon, R.A., to leave his collection, coupled

with the works of his brother, to the Nation; as also that his will was duly signed and dated by himself, but not witnessed;—that *his several heirs have been sought for, but not found*; it is particularly curious, as I have mentioned the said event to those who were well known to be his next-of-kin an hour or two after his death, and who were in correspondence with him to the very day of his decease.

"Yours, &c., GEORGE RAFAEL WARR,
"Aspirant appointed by the Next-of-Kin."

Our table is radiant with splendid bindings of the gift-books of the season, that appear unceasingly numerous and brilliant. Besides those we have already noticed in Moore's 'Paradise and the Peri,' gorgeously illuminated by Messrs. Owen Jones and H. Warren, executed on stone by Mr. Albert Warren, printed and published by Day & Son, this is an extremely successful attempt to reproduce the character of a Persian illuminated MS. Mr. Owen Jones has produced some of the most magnificent combinations of colour and design we remember to have seen. His borders are all dazzling, and many of exquisite beauty. For the first time, the peculiarities of the recollections of Persian Art, when such is intended, with extraordinary felicity. Mr. H. Warren's work has always a certain meretriciousness in it, more pardonable here than elsewhere, because it is perceptible that the more it is studied, the more it has restrained him on many a page. We are glad to see that the true principle of colour, variety in unity, has been attended to by Mr. Owen Jones to a compensating result of beauty and delicacy; for example, the dead gold background of the first page, where the Peri stands at the gate of Eden, is relieved by half-lustrous stars of various sizes, which diversify and enrich its surface.—Messrs. Bell & Daldy publish an edition of 'The Tempest,' illustrated by Messrs. Birker Foster, F. Skell, Shaker, and M.M. Warren, and J. Dore. The designs by the last two artists are quite distinct in character, the latter vigorously dramatic and effective—those by the former academical and weakly conventional. A Dance of Nymphs and Reapers, by Mr. B. Foster, is graceful and brilliant; the production of the other book unexceptionable. The same Publishers have done a good thing in getting a collection of short poetical pieces, styled 'Poets Wit and Humour,' selected by Mr. W. H. Wills, who has executed his task with great judgment, displaying the resources of a wide range of reading and knowledge. The illustrations are by Messrs. C. Bennett and C. H. Thomas. The design by the first, to Chaucer's 'Miller of Trumpington,' though a little hard in execution, is very humorously characteristic. His head-piece of a fat Dutchman porpoise, to 'Jolly good Ale, and old Gammer Gurner's Needle,' is full of fun and spirit. To Suckling's 'A Wedding,' Mr. Thomas has furnished a very pretty design of a cavalier leading a damocle down stairs. Another sketch, by the first-named artist, to Marston's 'The Shepherd of Holland,' a native a-sept on the top of his steeps hat and floating on the sea, is well in keeping with the text. Others may be mentioned as excellent and characteristic: these are, head-pieces of Swift's 'Lady's Diary,' four ladies at cards, and the 'View of Dray,' on the top of his own church-vane. We observe a tendency to exaggeration in Mr. Bennett's designs, now and then, a little beyond the occasion. Mr. Thomas has done his share of the work with care and spirit. Messrs. Griffin have given us 'Sunshine in the Country,' a choice collection of passages from rustic poets, illustrated by photographs of actual scenes from Nature and country life. The idea is a good one, and it is admirably carried out in this volume. We cannot imagine a more Christmas book than 'Sunshine in the Country.'

The Publishers Circular makes a pretty appearance this week, having a large contribution of engravings from the Illustrated Christmas Books. In size it is almost a volume, and its great variety of pictorial embellishment will make it a precious prize for those who indulge in the luxury of albums and scrap-books.

It is always pleasant to hear of the descendant of a noted author of a past generation turning to the same pursuit in this our own day. Some hints of this kind, these novels are to appear, under the title of 'Madeline.' The Abbey of St. Asaph, &c., created a sensation similar to that now produced by the works of Bulwer or Thackeray. A descendant of the author of these novels has, we are told, written a work of fiction, which will be shortly published, under the quaint and attractive title, 'The World's Furniture.'

Prof. Hunt wishes to give the following explanations:—

"Dec. 3, 1860.
"Your generally favourable review of my edition of Dr. Ure's Dictionary leaves me, it may appear, no real ground of complaint. There is, however, one point to which I feel it necessary to refer,—trusting to your sense of justice as to making the required correction. It will be inferred from your notice that the articles on 'Mines' and 'Mining' have received, in this edition, but slight modification. The facts are—The article 'Mines,' as the initials affixed to it show, was written for this edition by Mr. Warrington W. Smyth, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for its completeness. The articles on 'Ore Dressing,' on 'Crushing Machinery,' employed on mines, and on 'Waste of Power,' as used for draining our subterranean works, are original,—the first, especially, containing valuable practical information which is not to be found in any other work in the English language. 'Mining' was modified by myself; and 'Mineral Statistics' is an entirely new article. I trust your readers will compare these, and the various articles on the metals, embracing, as they do, descriptions of the various mining operations employed in the production of the respective ores, and the articles on 'Mines' in the Dictionary to which you refer. Throughout the work no more of any article has been preserved than was conceived to be strictly accurate; but no really valuable matter already existing in Dr. Ure's work was heedlessly rejected.

"I am, &c.,
"ROBERT HUNT,
"Keeper of Mining Records."

It is not time something was done towards allowing the public to see the marbles from Halicarnassus which they paid for several years ago! These really admirable remains of ancient art, which were rescued from the enormously costly peristyle of the British Museum, covered from the weather by a wretched boarding of shabby wood and dirty glass. This ruins the grandeur of the portico and dwarfs its columns lamentably. The last we heard of its contents was from Mr. Layard, who found the rain pouring upon the marbles. The visitors to the British Museum vainly inquire how they are to see their last investment in marbles, and hopelessly stare through the foul glass. The officers of the British Museum aver that there is no objection to the stones being shown, and they constant inquiries make the shutting of them up a nuisance. Meanwhile, the Trustees seem to have forgotten either the existence of their late acquisition, or their duty to the public; and the exterior of the British Museum is open to no purpose or end, that we know of, unless it be to make the portico of some little use.

The Berlin State paper informs us that the Commission appointed to award the prize for the best drama of the last three years, has given its best to the effect that no drama will be crowned this time. The Prince Regent having approved of this resolution, the following paragraph of the royal grant will come into use:—"Should no work be found worthy of the prize, this is to be doubled for the work that will be crowned after the lapse of ten calendar years, or two weeks, or weeks will be crowned, as the case may be." Should a continued want of prizeworthy drama ensue, the Commission will be entitled to propose some other use for a sum of money equaling the prize, in the interest and for the promotion of German poetry." The next calendar division of the year will come in the year 1860-62. The simple prize is 1,000 thalers in gold and a medal of the value of 100 thalers.

The Prussian Government expends the following sums for Science and Art: the State Budget for the

year 1860 shows the sum of 524,960 thalers for the different Universities of the kingdom and the Academy at Münster, 42,900 rix-penns, 9,271 thalers; for the Academy of Art, Berlin, 32,300 rix-penns; for the Art Academies at Düsseldorf and Königsberg, 16,210 thalers; for the Museums of Art at Berlin, 65,685 thalers; for the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, 22,243 thalers; for the Royal Library at Berlin, 25,716 thalers; for various other institutions, 1,000,000 rix-penns, 1,000,000 thalers; for extraordinary expenses, 107,700 thalers.

The model for the monument which is to be erected to the memory of Ary Scheffer, at his native town of Dordrecht, is completed and ready for casting.

An inventory of all the treasures of Art in the Paris Museums and Imperial Palaces is being made by order of the Emperor. Similar catalogues of all objects of Art in the churches and public collections of the whole empire are contemplated. A grand Archaeological Art-Exhibition will soon be opened at Paris.

Duke Paul of Württemberg has been many years so well known as an intelligent traveller, that his recent death, that his recent death, on the 29th of last month, deserves to be mentioned with regret. Born in 1797, he was called away rather suddenly, still in the full vigour of his life. His travels extended over nearly every part of the world; the result of his earlier travels to Egypt, America and Australia has been his book on several voyages, and a series of letters to the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung. His latest travels, from 1849 to 1865, stretched over the whole continent of America (inclusive of California), and Australia. Since his return to Europe, the Duke was busy on the arrangement of his voluminous Diary and the sifting of the abundant scientific material brought home, with the intention of publication. He died in the midst of these occupations at his castle Mergentheim, near Stuttgart, which contains, besides the many trophies from his travels, one of the largest ornithological collections in existence.

We give the following bit of private history, with the correspondence of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Donaldson, as received from Dr. Wright, son of the ingenious gentleman whose tale it tells:—

"33, Somerset Street, Dec. 1, 1860.
"The accompanying letter, which I have written, and I think there is nothing in them of so personal a kind as to make me hesitate about their publication. Much, indeed, of their interest depends upon a knowledge of the circumstances under which they were written; and I add the short history, believing that this sort of brief, potted, and spiced interest to that large number of your readers who are volunteers or sportsmen. In 1820, the percussion had well nigh superseded the old flint lock, but there were certain practical objections to the innovation which I, as a sportsman, and I think at about that time made the most of. The detonating powder with which caps were then charged had chloride of potash as its chief ingredient, usually mixed with gunpowder from which the nitre had been previously washed. The disadvantage was, that it rusted the lock and barrel, by producing rapid oxidation of the metal, that it was affected by damp, and that the charcoal (from the gunpowder) generated dirt. In that year, my late father, a keen sportsman and an excellent chemist, was seized with the practical necessity of an experiment he had made with fulminating mercury as far back as the year 1805, soon after its discovery. He primed some caps with a preparation of this powerful detonator, mixed with a solution of benzoic, to afford a varnish as protection against damp, and he sent it to his friends, as a trial of their superiority. After many experiments, he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, pointing out the advantages of the new substance, it being cleanly and unaffected by damp, producing no rust, and being, moreover, safer than the preparations then in use. In the next calendar division from accidental, and what seemed spontaneous, causes, during manufacture, and requiring a harder blow to inflame it. In the same letter he suggested the application of the principle of percussion to ship-guns. The reply was as

follows, and the incorrectness of both decisions is remarkable:—

²²London, Dec. 17, 1821.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Wright, and has the honour to inform him, that the application of fire by percussion to naval ordnance has been considered by various committees of officers of the Navy and of the Artillery, each of which has decided against it in every form. There are strong objections to the use of the copper cap, mentioned by Mr. Wright, which Mr. Wright has not taken into consider-

In September, 1829, my father published a full account of his process in the *Philosophical Magazine*. Its superiority was soon generally admitted and none of them employed; but, although generally adopted by Government some years after this date, its usefulness never received any other official recognition than is contained in the above letter from the Great Duke. I believe the only business transaction which ever arose out of the invention was an expenditure of £1000 in stopping some attempts to pirate and to patent the discovery. Some years ago, the late Lord Dundonald being interested by above narrative, I forwarded to him a copy of the Duke's letter, with the particulars, and received this courteous reply:—

* July 12, 1955.

"Sir,—I thank you for your very interesting note, showing how the greatest characters may be led to acquiesce in wrong conclusions (from mental indolence) by trusting to ignorant, jealous, or interested officials. I shall preserve your valued communication as a testimonial to the fact, how difficult it is for merit to obtain a fair hearing.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, DUNDONALD."

There is such a difference in style between these two letters, that I think it right to mention that I was almost a stranger to Lord Dundonald.

HENRY G. WRIGHT, M.D.

Mr. HOLMAN HUNTS Picture of 'The FINDING of the SAVIOUR in the TEMPLE,' commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1894, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 165, New Bond Street. From Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.

THE EXHIBITION of the WORKS of THOMAS FAED, Esq., is NOW OPEN at Messrs. AGNEW & SONS, Gallery, 5, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, from Ten to Four Daily.—Admission 1s.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS to the CONTINENT, daily at Three, Evenings at Eight (except Saturdays).—Opera, Mr. LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM.—Male, &c. Area, &c. : Gallery, &c.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—*Nov. 30.—Anniversary Meeting.*—*Gen. Sabine, R.A.,* Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—The Chairman announced that the President's eyesight did not permit him to preside on this occasion but that an operation for cataracts which was expected to be successful would, if successful, enable him to resume his presidential duties should they be again elected. He had prepared an Address, which Gen. Sabine read, an abstract of which will be found in another column. The Address was devoted to the history of the Society presented to the election of Officers and Council for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were declared duly elected:—*President, Sir R. C. Brodie, Bart.; Treasurer, Major-Gen. E. Sabine; Secretaries, W. Eshpar, Esq., and G. E. G. G. Esq.; Librarian, H. H. Miller, Esq.; Officers, Messrs. J. C. Adams, Esq., Sir J. P. Boticca, Bart., A. Cayley, Esq., W. Fairbairn, Esq., H. Falconer, M.D., W. Farr, M.D., T. Graham, Esq., Sir R. Holland, Bart., T. H. Huxley, Esq., Sir J. G. S. Leveque, J. Paget, Esq., J. Tyndall, Ph.D., A. W. Williamson, Ph.D. and Col. P. Yorke.*

GEOLOGICAL.—Nov. 21.—L. Horner, Esq., President, in the chair.—J. R. Garden, Esq. and R. Home, Lieut. R.E. were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—‘On the Geology of Bolivia and Southern Peru,’ by D. Forbes, Esq. Prof. Huxley and J. W. Salter, Esq.—‘On a New Species of *Macrauchenia* (*M. Bolivensis*),’ by Prof. T. B. Huxley.—‘On the Paleozoic Fossils brought

by Mr. D. Forbes from Bolivia,' by J. W. Salter, Esq.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Nov. 28. T. P. Figueira, Esq., N. P., in the chair. The Chairman reported the election of twenty-five new Associates, making a total of accessions during the year of sixty members, among whom are the Earl of Powis, Viscount Newport, M.P., Sir C. R. C. Southey, Bart., Mr. J. H. B. Hodge, Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, B. W. Eyton, E. M. Gment, M. R. Hamilton, J. J. Moss, J. Adams, J. James, J. Ridgway, J. C. Maedona, Capt. Thornycroft, Capt. Crumpton, Dr. Hood, Mr. J. W. K. Eyton, G. Maw, S. Wood, T. Page, S. L. Sotheby, H. H. Edwards, Esqrs., &c.—The Chairman congratulated the Society on the successful results of the Congress held at Stresa, a considerable amount, varying from two to twenty guineas, in aid of the publication of the "Collectanea Archaeologica," in addition to the established quarterly Journal, which now consists of a single volume. The Society had also been the scene of excavations making at Wroxeter, and produced various coins of Constantine and other Roman Emperors there discovered; also a bronze ornament, enamelled, of a circular form, a small oak with nut-galls, &c.—Mr. Christopher forwarded notes on a Brass at Lübeck (a photograph of which was presented by the Rev. Mr. Ridgway) of two bishops, the date of 1917 and the names of the bishops, the text, and most elaborate in detail.

Dr. Kenick exhibited a bronze tap of the sixteenth century, the handle of which represented a cock and the mouth of the pipe a dolphin, and the larger portion of a two-footed bronze pipe, the handle of which was in the shape of a griffin. Mr. Warrington. Mr. Wills exhibited the brass matrix of an early seal of the Freemasons, also a large collection of keys, padlocks, tobacco-stoppers, &c., of various dates and found in different localities. Mr. Warrington. Mr. Wills also exhibited a large number of coins, some of which were found at Thame at Battersea, probably the largest yet discovered.—Mr. Roberts presented a drawing of the pig of lead seen by the Association at Linley Hall, Salop. It measures 22½ inches in length and 7 inches in breadth, and is covered with inscriptions in a cursive hand. Mr. Roberts also exhibited a series of coloured drawings explained by him, of painted figures, on panels, in the chancel and north aisle of the Church of St. John, at Southwold, in Suffolk. Mr. Roberts. Mr. Vere Irving read notes, in relation to the discovery of the Roman Camp of the Black Rainers of Dartmoor and other British Remains in Devonland, to mark the Existence in this Island of two distinct Branches of the Celtic Family, an eastern and a western. Mr. Warrington. Mr. Wills, and a later, whose respective Languages consisted of two distinct and dissimilar Languages, and the latter of which exhibited a variety of specimens of Bellarmine, with figures, medallions, heraldic bearings, &c., and gave illustrations of numerous early vessels used for drink; which gave rise to a lively discussion and occupied the remainder of the evening.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Dec. 3.—Mr. G. Godwin in the chair.—Mr. Pease, Foreign Secretary, gave a sketch of the life of the late Chevalier Bunsen, Hon. Member.—The Rev. Mackenzie Walcott read a paper 'On Church and Conventual Arrangement.—The Council postponed discussion as to establishment of Architectural Examinations, to enable them to receive replies from other bodies on the subject.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*Dec. 4.*—George P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair.—The discussion upon Mr. Preece's paper, "On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters," was continued throughout the evening.—At the monthly ballot the following candidates were elected:—Messrs. A. Beazley, H. Gill, W. G. Owen, I. H. Park, A. Perdonnet, and I. H. Stanton, as Members; Messrs. H. C. Coulthard, T. Greenwood, E. D. Hamill, T. W. Kinder, I. H. Lloyd, F. Selby, G. L. Vaughan, and Capt. J. Puckle, as Associates.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Dec. 3.—Sir C. Hamilton, Bart., C.B., in the chair.—The Rev. A. Denry and H. Snaith, Esq. were elected Members.—Carl Haag, Esq. was admitted a Member.—H. Bence Jones, M.D. was elected Secretary, in the room of the Rev. J. Barlow, resigned, who was elected a Manager.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dec. 5.—G. Cruikshank, Esq., in the chair.—100 gentlemen were elected Members.—The paper read was 'On Electro-Block Printing, especially as applied to enlarging or reducing any Printing Surface, or Original Drawing, by Mr. H. G. Collins.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.—*Dr. A. Peter Le Neve Foster, Esq., V. P., in the chair.* The following gentlemen were elected Members:—C. Lloyd, G. Wharton, Simpson, W. S. Gray, and W. Rawles, Esqrs.—The Chairman announced the names of the members of the Society, and the names of the members of the Council, according to Rule 7. of the Society, to gether with those whom they recommended for election in February next.—Mr. Robinson exhibited a large composition picture from nature, entitled, "Holiday in the Mountains," and a series of stereoscopic views of the same, also exhibited a series of stereoscopic views of the country.—Mr. Fry laid on the table a view of waves, clouds and shipping, taken instantaneously by the "Tauspeten process."—Dr. J. S. Ryle read a paper, entitled, "Researches on the Experiments on the Cellulose-Albumen Process, attending to show that the Structural Condition of the Albumen plays an important part in the Sensitiveness of the Plate."—After a discussion thereon Mr. Thomas read a paper, entitled, "On the Nature of the Negative," in which he gave information on "How to vary the Negative."

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

[illegible]

FINE ARTS

Shall Gothic Architecture be denied Fair Play?
(Bell & Daldy.)

THIS is one of the series of pamphlets on the vexed question as to the style of the New Foreign Office. Lord Palmerston, acting under advice doubtless, has decided what this should be upon grounds, by his own showing, the most fallacious and wilfully wrong that ever entered the head of man to quote. But Classic architecture has been slipping from public favour for many years. The National Gallery and Buckingham Palace—that peculiarly hideous pile—had almost given the finishing stroke to it, and the Classic architects were either despair or adapting themselves to circumstances by designing in either style, according to the taste of each customer, when the whim of the Premier effected a sudden footstool for them and it.

Our author says, the revival of Gothic architecture is due to the fact that people saw around them the noble monuments of the skill and taste of their forefathers; circumstances led them to study them; and the more they studied, the more they found to admire.

As to the association with Feudalism, our pamphleteer shows how M. Viollet le Duc demonstrated that Gothic art developed itself just when that social institution was giving way. We may add, the strongest development of pure Gothic art occurred in France, where the Feudal system broke up earliest of all. In our own country, feudalism flourished until the third quarter of the twelfth century under Henry the Second, under whose disruption began. Now, it was at precisely this period the Early English style, which is the most perfect Gothic, arose; and the prevalent architecture under the system of feudalism was the Romanesque we call Norman.

There is a class of persons who cry out that Gothic should be reserved for ecclesiastical uses, and would willingly appropriate it to those alone, forgetting that some of our most magnificent secular buildings are in that very style. Westminster Hall and the majority of our scholastic edifices, as at Oxford, Cambridge and Eton, for example. The fallacy that Gothic is dark, gloomy and ascetic in character, may be disproved by reference to these examples.

Over-smoothness of surface is shown to be a merely mechanical addition of labour in any style, not less cultivated in Classic than in Gothic work, as may be seen in many examples; whereas the roughness, which is fantastically styled "savageness," and objected to in the latter, is oftentimes a desideratum in its rival; witness the immense toil expended in producing the so-called "rustic" surface,—a sham savagery, intended to suggest the rude appearance of the natural fracture of the stone.

That the broken exterior surface and delicate traceries of a Gothic building render it obnoxious to decay is at least a very true thing; the porticoes and colonnades of Classic style, "They expose more surface, and are most frequently in modern days erected for the sake only of ornament. Take, for instance, the portico to the London University, which, if used at all, forms the approach, by a complicated arrangement of external steps, to the first instead of the ground story, with being entrances on the ground story, which is a more ridiculous attempt at a portico has been stuck on the principal façade, without any access to it, except through the windows of the first floor, and without any breakwork or parapet to prevent an unwary visitor from falling to the ground, who might be excused for imagining that a portico was naturally intended for ingress and egress to a building of which it formed the principal feature. The porticoes to the British Museum, the most pretentious Classic building in London, have only lately been rendered useful by the erection of glass-houses within them! A more cruel satire, demonstrating their utter uselessness in this climate of these costly constructions, could not be devised by the most ultra anti-classical architect.

Fitness to function or true constructionality is the foundation of all good work, we say, whether of nature or of man; every animal structure shows it; old Classic equally with old Gothic shows it; and the advocates of the above buildings and their like have, in fact, abandoned this great necessity and foundation of all beauty and truth when they adopted these ridiculous expedients of satisfying the prejudices of the eye at the expense of the common sense of mankind. Moreover, as is here pointed out,

if the delicacies of Gothic work are so fragile, how comes it that we know them at all? Simply by their remaining clear and delicate after six centuries of exposure to the most destructive of climates." Decay, from the use of bad stone, is common to all styles, as may be seen at Oxford and was proved by the removal of Whitehall Chapel almost in our own time.

The thing is palpable, from the public building we have named, that it is a Classic machine, not a Classic building their advocates require,—a conclusive condemnation of the style they cannot honestly adapt to modern uses on its own native principles of construction. The demand for a new style, which shall be of neither school, that is made by most thinking men, can only be gratified by having a foundation to start from. To compare results in the two styles, we are directed to look at the dwelling houses erected by Mr. G. G. Scott, in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, and the huge hotel opposite them. This is a telling comparison indeed, for, without absolute approbation of the former, their superiority over the hideous ugliness of their neighbour is palpable to the least-taught observer.

We must here close our examination of this spirited and sensible little work with commendation of its logical clearness and intelligence. Its one fault is a profound admiration for Mr. G. G. Scott's works and opinions. Admitting the general excellence of these, we hold it would have been better to leave all personal considerations and keep to the idea started by the book's title.

COPIES OF PICTURES IN PUBLIC GALLERIES.

Dec. 1, 1860.

THE painters and purchasers of pictures should be equally anxious to see the present system of copying in the Public Galleries of Art, noticed in the *Athenæum* of to-day, made the subject of a special Commission and revision by the authorities. To prevent frauds by unscrupulous dealers it might be a good plan to order every copy, before it is allowed to be removed from the gallery, to be stamped by an official with the word "copy" and the name of the gallery in which it is made; it might also be a useful rule, that no useful picture could be copied in full the same size as the original.

As regards the use of copying, I believe that no student, who hopes or expects to gain even a humble place in his profession, will ever be found wasting his time in making useless copies. I do not know a much sadder sight, or a more melancholy example of the effects of being a professed copyist of pictures, than you get in walking through the galleries of the Uffizi and the Pitti in Florence, where dozens of grey-headed men may be seen working day after day at being copied; and they are invariably bad—of the crack pictures there. And you feel at once that they have been doing the same thing for years and years, and that they will go on doing at their copies until three-score-and-ten arrives, and Death comes and pulls down their eyelids just as three o'clock comes, and the angels draw down the blinds and turns them out of the gallery, and so releases them from their dull slavery.

A few weeks ago I was in Florence, when an old man was pointed out to me among the copyists, who for forty years had done nothing but multiply copies of one of Raffaele's works—the "Cardellino," the "Seggiola," little matters which or what—but something over which no man would willingly, or should be permitted to, saddle his brains and dim his sight for the best part of his life. There is neither health, wealth, peace of mind, professional position, nor anything that we work for in this world, to be gained by habitual copying of masters, dead or living; and the student, who takes to it from necessity, may rely upon it that with a little energy he will get more money made in other ways than by other ways of Art. That any student, young or old, habitually copies pictures from a love of copying, no sane person will contend for a moment. It is sheer idleness that is the root of the business on

the part of the purchaser and the copyist also;—the one being too idle to educate himself to know a good picture by a young painter, wherever it may be placed in an Exhibition; and the other too lazy to educate himself to paint even a third-rate original work; and both, therefore, too stupid to ask the "chaff" of private friends and public critics.

F. S.

FINE ART GOSPEL.—Extensive alterations have been going on in St. Paul's Cathedral for some time past. The interior and the scope of these are now sufficiently manifest for us to render an account of them. Most notably, the screen and organ at the entrance of the choir have been removed from their old positions at what the interior, the latter has been placed as, according to a drawing found among the Cathedral records, Sir C. Wren originally intended it should be, in the north side of the choir or chancel, in the third bay or intercolumniation westwards of the apse;—the stalls of Gibbons's carving have been withdrawn in the same manner. The removal of these extensive alterations is, that from the apse to the great western door, an uninterrupted view is obtainable, showing the whole length of the Cathedral, and displaying also, we may be allowed to say, the most beautiful picture window. It was, however, evidently Wren's intention, that he had all his grandeur about the dome, for he does not seem to have recognized the necessity under which Gothic architects were placed, to make the east end the cynosure of the sacred edifice. One visible improvement has been made, as far as the recent changes, and that is the admission of a great deal of light upon the eastern end of the choir, through the removal of the organ. The fine brass lectern has now a picturesque effect that tells well. The pulpit remains in much about the same position as before. The communion-table has been advanced, affording an increased altar-space. The stalls are made to terminate in canopied seats, or stalls, after the model of the Bishop's throne, but simpler, of course, in design. The singers' desks, from the changed position of the organ, are now immediately therefor—it is not generally known that these are constructed mainly of iron; they have been improved and enriched. The stalls that were originally situated on the right and left of the organ are now placed within the communion-rail as seats for the clergy. The pavement in front of these has been re-polished; it is vulgarly ugly and coarse in design however. For convenience of the Sunday Evening Services the space immediately beneath the dome has been appropriated; it is screened off, but in such a manner as not to interfere with the general view. The great Panopticon Organ, which was purchased for 1,000*l.*, has been placed in the south transept for use in these services. At present, there are not enough funds available to inclose this in a sitting and architectural case, a completion that is most desirable. The great West door, which is a large screen-entrance to keep out the draught has been constructed of the materials of the old screen at Mr. Penrose, surveyor to the Cathedral, hopes at some future time to get money for a similar sheltering erection against the north door. Various City companies, the Goldsmiths, Mercers, Silversmiths, Merchant-Tailors and Grocers, have each undertaken to give the decorations of one of the larger arches beneath the dome. Several of these are now complete. The Whispering Gallery has been re-gilt out of the funds publicly subscribed; the great arches of the chancel and nave, to the east and west, have been gilt so as to bring their decorations into telling relief; the cofferings and roses within them have gained effect immensely by this. We hope in time to see the Cathedral brought into the state which its architect intended it should be. There is no doubt that extensive use of colour was part of the original design. Mr. Penrose proposes that the great spandrels above the piers supporting the dome should be filled in with mosaics,—we may add a hope, that the sprawling figures painted in the spandrels of the dome by Santa Marta will ultimately give place to proper and fitting architectural decorations, with gilded lines defining the ribs thereof,—this, according to the plan of the

Her voice is delightful, delicate without feebleness; to add to its exquisite power depends on her own perseverance—and a good deal remains to be added. But there is an elegance in the quality of her talent which marks out its possessor for a place of her own among the class English soprano, if she will not consider that place already gained, but continue her studies in the direction nature has pointed out.—There is propriety, if not warlike, in her management of what she has to present—whether it be a false fury in *Armida's* rage, or the shrewish pretender, by whom Handel has so admirably foiled the deep, self-sacrificing anguish of the real mother. Where there is propriety of conception, power to move may be always acquired—must follow, if the artist be true to himself. Miss Banks can by no magic get herself to trumpet voice; but, without trumpet force, she may be a leading English singer five years hence—if she pleases. It is not unfitting the time here to remind the public that she is one among other promising English artists who have been brought forward by Mr. Hallé.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—The Babels in the Wood' is for the present withdrawn from the Haymarket bills.—An instructive tale is told by the announced close of Her Majesty's Theatre this day week. If the season, so called, has failed to be successful, as such early-closing movements would seem to imply, we cannot but think that the fault lies with the management. The plan of giving English and Italian Opera, alternately, was of itself a confession of weakness. The foreign singers have lost ground, which it will not be easy for them to regain, by the want of success which has attended their performances. Then, to open an opera-house on one opera, and that opera dependent on one singer, has proved, as might have been foreseen, hazardous. But for Mr. Sims Reeves (no offence to his clever comrades on the stage) 'Holk's' has not been a success. Carried through. It is matter of history that Mr. Reeves—though not, we are satisfied, capricious—is uncertain—this year, too, he has been disabled by more than one of those domestic trials, under the pressure of which a tenor of cast-iron should not be expected—ought not to be expected. Provision against disappointment should have been made, not in the form of "doubles," but of other opera. It is only the desperate who stake his fortune on one trick. All these considerations, however, have apparently been overlooked, with a rashness which is not surprising. We presume that the new season will commence with 'Queen Topaze'—Rumour says, not before the middle of January.—In the mean time, Mr. Smith is about to open the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, in emulation of Canterbury Hall, on Monday next.

Last evening the first of the annual 'Mentsh' performances by the Sacred Dramatic Society took place. The opportunities of hearing this "Sacred Oratorio" will be fewer in number than of late years, this winter, owing to the interruption of Mr. Hallé's performances.

Mozart's Requiem was performed with state and solemnity on Wednesday last at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, in memory of the late Duke of Norfolk.

The singers at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday last, were Madame Rudersdorf and the "Orpheus Union Ensemble." The latter introduced a new Part-song by Mr. W. Josin.

We understand that M. Stephen Heller is expected to make a professional visit to London during the musical season of 1861.

It may be read as a sign of the Austrian times that the London Times, of the 5th, contained an advertisement on the part of the manager of the Imperial Court Theatre, inviting forth that the paternal Government has for the present waived its rights of the Karntner Thor Opera-House, once known from the Dan to the Bosphorus of musical Europe, as a centre of art and influence, and is willing to receive donors from any person or company, who is anxious enough to shut them out to the ruin of that far-famed establishment, after having for years been carried on by aid of a Govern-

ment subsidy, and anxious to enter on its management, single handed.

News for any Crossa who loves and collects violins, or plays upon them.—Spohr's instrument, a Stradivarius, we are assured, almost unique in quality, is in the market.

It is said in Paris that Mr. Gye has found a tenor in Italy; also, that among his opera of 1861 he is to be given 'Guillaume Tell,' 'Le Bossu' (with M. Faure as Peter), and a version of the 'Fidèle et le Cleric.' How does such a rumour tell the tale of the "lost estate" of Italian music; this, too, while the Grand Opera of Paris is relying for its novelties on a quasi-Italian composer, Prince Piotrowski, and a German so ultra-German as Herr Wagner.

The new ballet, 'Le Papillon,' at the Grand Opera, has, we hear on good authority, confirmed by the account of it in the *Gazette Musicale*, fallen short of expectation. Mdlle. Emma Livry is commended for flying across the stage with a lightness after its kind well high as daring as that of the fashionable acrobat, M. Lédouart; but that last grace which makes the first-class dancer (which alone makes any stage-dancing tolerable to some playgoers) has as yet to be acquired by her, if we are to trust report.—The invention is obviously merely a third draught from the spring which has already yielded 'Le Sylphide' and 'Giselle.'

—Further, M. Offenbach's music, so far as we can make out, is minute, ingenious and well made, rather than seizing. Now, the last is the first quality for ballet music.—Adam was not always reined—often common place; but we hear and see 'Fille du Danube' and 'Giselle' while we are writing, thanks to the directness and brilliancy of his tunes.—What again (in a higher style) can exceed Signor Rossini's, or M. Aubert's, or M. Meyerbeer's ballet music for animation, character and simplicity? In the employment of the art there must be not only true, dramatic knowledge, but a feeling for motion

ready and quick as a spirit of air.

M. Offenbach was not fortunate last week in another quarter. The production of his new opera, 'Le Roi Barbe,' was postponed at the last moment, owing (say the journals) to the sudden indisposition of Mdlle. Saint-Yves. Suspicion runs that it is if it respects the "sudden indisposition," especially on reading, as we do in the *Gazette Musicale*, that possibly 'Famille,' a new opera by MM. Scribe and Aubert, will be produced before M. Offenbach's opera.

One of the violent but irresistible French literary extravaganzas, by M. A. Dumas, 'La Dame de Monrovia,' has been just produced as a monster melodrama at the Théâtre Français Comique, in Paris. M. Melingue, one of the most picturesque actors of his class (this in part explicable by his known accomplishments as a painter) takes the character of Chico.

The new name of an opera composer comes from Copenhagen. It is M. Berendt, whose opera, 'A Trial of the Heart,' is said to have had a success at the Royal Theatre.

There are old things in the world of American music, if we are to read the chronicles thereof with "the eye of faith." Those who recollect the performances of M. Stigelli, at Covent Garden some years ago, when he was no tyro, will bear with surprise, from the *New York Musical Review* and *World*, a paragraph on his appearance as *Bardi*, in 'Les Huguenots,' as something "so surprisingly fine that we hardly remember having heard it equalled."

A four-part Mass, by that volatile composer of level church-music, Neukomm, was the other day revived at the Cathedral of Beauvais.

MISCELLANEA

The Needlewomen of Paris.—In a series of articles by M. Jules Simon, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, some interesting particulars are given respecting the needlewomen of Paris. The author

has taken great pains to ascertain the nature of the work executed, and the wages earned; and it results that the needlewomen of Paris are, if possible, even more to be pitied than the wretched creatures so powerfully portrayed by Hood in his famous 'Song of the Shirt.' Simon says that the wages of needlewomen have been actually diminishing since 1847, and that at present the average wage is between 1 franc and 25 cents for a day's work of twelve hours. And here is his account of the life of one of these poor toilers, whose yearly earnings, when able to work, he puts down at 500 francs.—First thing, on the sixth story, costs from 100¢ to 150¢ a year.—M. Simon estimates it at only 100¢; 115¢ for dress, 36¢ for washing, 36¢ for fire and light, thus leaving 215¢, or a little over \$3 a year, for living,—a sum, as M. Simon justly observes, just sufficient, by the most rigid economy, to keep a poor needlewoman from starving. And to gain this miserable pittance, she has to make eight shifts daily, or to sew six pairs of gloves, or to make six waistcoats or six pairs of trousers. No one, adds M. Simon, can conceive the misery of such a life, when she is aware that she is visited to form any true idea of their wretchedness. Their garrets have no fireplace, no stove, no chimney, and are generally provided with only the most slender necessities of life. What wonder if death is a frequent visitant of their dreary and unhealthy abodes, or that the above tale, from the pathos of virtue when starvation seems imminent! There is an authentic case recorded of a poor girl, who, when she presented herself to be enrolled on the books of habitual vice, had not broken her fast for three days!

Value of Gold.—Touching the constituents of 'False Gold,' the following may, I imagine, be deemed incontrovertible truths, at the present day.—1st. That nothing can affect the ultimate value of an article, except a difference in the cost of it, from bringing to market. 2nd. That demand regulates supply, but in no degree, necessarily or directly, affects value. 3rd. That any one metal, in general use, the value of which has not been disturbed by new discoveries (as silver), affords a sufficiently accurate measure of the value of any other metal, which has been so affected (as gold). 4th. That the true remedy for a standard of value, which has been found to vary, is the substitution of another standard, that has been found not to vary (as silver for gold). Apply these maxims to the leading article, and the above title, and the July number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and it will be found, that not only has the reviewer fallen fully to grasp, but has repeatedly lost hold of the true principles of value; and, in consequence, has arrived at no practical or definite conclusion on the subject. The difficulty in the problem consists in the all but impossibility of ascertaining the cost of bringing the new gold to market: for it is not the labour of the fortunate finder of the 887 ounce nugget that regulates its value, but also the added value of the labour of the labourer who found no nuggets, and who have starved, or only earned a bare subsistence, in Australia and California. Under these circumstances the best approximation to be obtained to this cost is by a reference to the comparative value of silver, which makes the value of gold some four or five per cent, which it attained easily on the gold discoveries, but has made no sensible advance (or descent) since. Observe, I do not maintain that there will be no further fall in the value of gold—far from it—but simply that at present there is no probability of any such fall, or even of a *partial* withdrawal, and in the event of such value showing a steady downward tendency, at once to change a standard to silver. A SUBSCRIBER.

Edinburgh, Oct. 31, 1860.

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LITERATURE

History of the United Netherlands from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort. With a Full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. 8 vols. (Murray.)

Is the large labours of Dr. Motley's 'History of the United Netherlands' are combined an original study of events and characters—travelled in many lands—inspection of the scenery of sieges and battle—and researches among unedited letters and despatches in diverse tongues. The historian has read the books of partisan writers. He has burrowed in the State Papers of St. James's Park, and has made his home in the archives of Paris, Brussels and the Hague. He has also lived in the cities, traversed the seas, glided over the rivers and lakes and canals of the country whose tangled and brilliant story he has undertaken to recount for the express instruction of American and English readers. The results are in some respects splendid. Dr. Motley had a noble drama to produce—great actors to endow with life—great lessons in practical politics to enforce; and the few who may object to his work on the ground of literary art, as well as the far greater number who will most strongly and conscientiously reject his views of the contemporary action of England and of England's Queen in the events which he describes, must give him credit for the full possession and constant exhibition of an uncommon amount of industry, ability and fire.

In speaking of a book which abounds in statistics and which everybody is either reading or is about to read, the most sensible critic need not hesitate to point out, among the many things which he can warmly praise, the few things to which he may think a reasonable student will except.

In the first place (to begin with what the general reader will consider his complaint), this bold and brilliant story is too long. Five years of time consume eleven hundred of Dr. Motley's close and crowded pages. In other words, this history of the tiny Republic of the Netherlands for no more than five years is nearly as long as Hallam's History of England for three centuries,—about a third the length of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and somewhat longer than Carl von Rotteck's 'History of the World,' from Adam to the reign of Victoria. We admit quite freely that the only limit which a writer is bound by is the limit of interest. We admit also that the value of a good work is not to be measured, like a roll of ribbon, by its length. The *Odyssey* is not dull, though it is unquestionably long. Tupper's Sonnets are not bright, though they are brief. Yet there is need of some proportion between substance and illustration. The adventures of Ulysses would be dreary reading if the Homeric wine had been entered down into a million verses. What a Tupperian epic would be, it is fearful to think. The canvas should not be too vast for the picture.

In the second place (and here we come upon a critic's objection, though the reader for amusement will be apt to let it too), the plan on which Dr. Motley's story moves is scarcely one in harmony with the higher laws of literary art. It knows no unity of time or place. The tale ebbs and flows over the same ground. Dr. Motley goes backward and forward, now in one State, now in another; now in one year,

now in another; and this not incidentally and episodically, but from the nature of his plan, and from the outset to the end of his book. Hence, the separate parts of his story seem to lack connexion and continuity. Even when it is most attractive and original, a chapter may be felt as a nuisance, out of place, and may be skipped from its want of sequence. We know that historical works must thrive under very different auspices from those under which we rear an 'Æneid' or a 'Paradise Lost.' The poet has a more absolute command of his artistic unities of subject, time and space; and these the most humble versifier may either boldly set aside with Shakespeare, or fall upon his knees and worship with Racine. The more natural unities of the prose writer will often, when his subject is great and complex, elude the grasp and defy the magic power of any save the very highest masters of the historical craft. A thing easy to Tacitus may be impossible to Dr. Henry or Prof. Craik. Yet the true artist should not give way. Doubtless, it requires more science, more thought, more dramatic force and fire to fuse the whole mass of narrative materials into one broad and radiant stream, to make that stream live and move, than to compose separate paragraphs and episodes of a great tale. But the best histories have no breaks and chasms. The Peloponnesian War is as perfect as the *Iliad*. Salust exhibits as much art in the management of his prose as Ovid in the elaboration of his verse. Clarendon would have told the story of the Revolt of the Netherlands in one unbroken series. Perhaps the lowest form of historical art is that of breaking up the story into separate studies—in the fashion of Dr. Henry,—history of manners, history of religion, history of military events, history of literature, and the like. This sort of book, in truth, no right name, the name of literary art is best, it produces only a series of studies. Such labour soon dies out. No book built up on this fragmentary principle of composition, though more than one has had conspicuous literary merits, has ever established an abiding hold on the great mass of readers. Books, if they are to please, must be alive; stories, if they are to move, must flow. Everything which checks the vitality or impedes the pace, whether it be dullness of brain—as in the case of Dr. Henry,—or only defect of plan—as in this present instance of Dr. Motley—is a hindrance to success, putting in peril the most costly preparations of the scholar and the most brilliant gifts of the man.

In the third place (and the last, for we have no heart to go on counting flaws in a book which we have just been conning with extraordinary ease and pleasure), there is overmuch of detail on the dry and feeble correspondence of Queen Elizabeth, King Philip and Prince Alexander. This correspondence of these great personages has undoubtedly cost Dr. Motley pains to recover; but, like Grutino's wit, though it may have taken him months to find, it was barely worth the search. A point here and there, a piquant word or two, a hint, an illustration, an exact date, are all one gains out of loads of waste. The story of the negotiations between Elizabeth and Parma before the attempt to invade England, negotiations so honestly conducted by the woman, and so falsely and fully by the man, is well known, at least in outline and in its main features, to every one who has read any history at all. A dozen pages would have held the few real additions made to the story which possess any human interest in these days of Victoria. Yet Dr. Motley, in the prime of his manhood, with materials and in the zeal for illustrating character, pauses for what

the general reader will resent as a wearisome length over these insincere and barren interchanges of courtesy. This breadth of needless detail is, in short, the chief flaw in his book—the cause of its too great length, and of its want of harmony and sequence. No one will find the chapter on the siege of Antwerp, or that on the league of Zutphen, or that on the resistance made by England to the Invincible Armada, one word too long. These chapters are, indeed, vivid, galloping and pictorial in the highest degree. If Dr. Motley would, even now, cut away half the diplomatic correspondence, there would remain for us, with some conspicuous flaws, a noble and brilliant book.

Taking the 'History of the Netherlands,' however, as it stands, with all its merits and defects, it is a very precious gift. The five years covered by its illustrations are the years 1585–89. Of this period, Elizabeth, Philip, and Alexander are the leading figures,—the siege of Antwerp, and the destruction of the Armada are the prominent events. The death of Philip Sydney, at Zutphen, and the treachery of Sir William Stanley, at Deventer, are the most interesting of the episodes.

The characters are presented to the reader with the sharpness and decision of one who had known the originals in the life. Take this sitting from Philip as he toils in his secret chamber at the Escorial:—

"A small, dull, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under-slab, that dreary vision, which I saw day after day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, at a writing-table covered with heaps of interminable despatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain. A clerk or two, noisily opening and shutting the door, from time to time, fetching fresh bundles of letters and taking away others—all written and composed by secretaries or high functionaries—and all to be scrawled over in the margin by the illigible old man with his white hair and his style—if ever schoolboy, even in the sixteenth century, could write so illegibly or express himself so awkwardly; couriers in the court-yard arriving from or departing for the uttermost parts of earth—Asia, Africa, America, Europe—to fetch and carry these interminable epistles which contained the irresponsible commands of this one individual, and were freighted with the doom and destiny of countless millions of the world's inhabitants—such was the system of government against which the Netherlands had protested and revolted. It was a system under which the Netherlands had been made desolate, their cities burned and pillaged, their men hanged, burned, drowned, or hucked to pieces; their women subjected to every outrage; and to put an end to which they had been devoting their treasure and their blood for nearly the whole of one generation. It was a system, too, which, among other results, had just brought about the death of the foremost statesman of Europe, and had nearly effected simultaneously the murder of the most eminent sovereign of the day. It was the industrial Philip, safe and tranquil in the depths of the Palearctic, saying his prayers three times a day with exemplary regularity, had just sent three bullets through the body of William the Silent at his dining-room door in Deft. Inevitable as the Grand Inquisitor of Toledo, clothed with power as extensive and absolute as had ever been wielded by the most imperial Caesar, Philip the Prudent, as he grew older and feebler in mind and body, seemed to become more gluttonous of work, more ambitious to extend his sceptre over lands which he had never seen, or dreamed of seeing, more fixed in his determination to annihilate that monster Protestantism, which it had been the business of his life to combat, more eager to put to death every human creature, whether anointed monarch or humble artisan, that defied his sceptre or opposed his progress to universal empire."

In the eleven hundred pages we get many another glimpse of this weak and wicked old man, as he sits at his writing-desk in the depths of his palace, signing with his coarse scrawl or rubric the death-warrants of hundreds and thousands of human beings in every part of the known world, men whom he had never seen, whose languages he could not speak, and whose feelings or motives he had no means to understand. For the King Philip, who could not bear that a single creature should believe otherwise than as he saw good, was intellectually one of the most despicable, as he was morally one of the most depraved, of men. Philip had not sense enough to see that he was but a tool and dupe in the hands of more sagacious knaves. Even these endless letters which he sent flying on all the winds of heaven to do their work of perjury and crime in the most sacred of all sacred names, he could not himself indite or write. What he could do, was to read them when they had been fairly copied out, and to add, as an exercise of royal sagacity, his criticisms and commands on the margin. Many of these additions made by the kindly pen may still be read. Dr. Motley has collected two or three illustrative specimens, which the reader will peruse with smiles—

"The handwriting is Spanish. It is that day was beautiful, and in our modern eyes seems neither antiquated nor ungraceful. But Philip's scrawl was like that of a clown just admitted to a writing-school, and the whole margin of a fairly penned despatch, perhaps fifty pages long, laid before him for comment and signature by Lisbon or Moura, would be sometimes covered with a few awkward sentences, which it was almost impossible to read, and which, when deciphered, were apt to reveal suggestions of ascending triviality. Thus a most important despatch—where the King, with his own hand, was supposed to be conveying secret intelligence to Mendoza concerning the Armada, together with minute directions for the regulation of Guise's conduct at the memorable epoch of the barricade—contained but a single comment from Philip: 'I am not a man,' said the King. Philip, who had no objection to display his knowledge of English affairs—as became the man who had already been almost sovereign of England, and meant to be entirely so—supplied a piece of information in an apostrophe to this despatch. 'St. James is a house of recreation, he said, 'which was once a monastery. There is a park between it and the palace which is called Hoyalta; but why it is called Hoyalta, I am sure I do not know.' His researches in the English adjective had not enabled him to recognize the adjective and substantives out of which this abstruse compound White-Hall (*Hoyalta*) was formed. On another occasion, a letter from England containing important intelligence concerning the number of soldiers enrolled in that country to resist the Spanish invasion, the quantity of gun-powder and various munitions collected, with other details of like nature, furnished besides a bit of information of less vital interest. 'In the windows of the Queen's presence chamber they have discovered a great quantity of hair, all clustered together,' said the King. Such a minute piece of statistics could not escape the microscopic eye of Philip. So, disregarding the soldiers and the gun-powder, he commented only on the last-mentioned clause of the letter; and he did it cautiously too, as a King surmised the Press should do. But perhaps they were false,' wrote Philip. Such exclamations—and many more might be given—sufficiently indicate the nature of the man on whom such enormous responsibilities rested, and who had been, by the addition of his fellow-creatures, elevated into a god."

Let us never, in our laughter and contempt,

forget that this man wanted to become our lord, and that Pope Sixtus, by a solemn bull, actually made us over to him body and soul. This prince was to rule over us by the grace of God and the thunder of Parma's guns, instead of our own Virgin Queen. History has many and many a passage on her page that reads like broad comedy rather than sober fact; yet surely it is the strongest practical yet recorded in human annals, that this idiotic king should have sent his invincible Armada to teach the countrymen and contemporaries of Bacon, Raleigh and Shakespeare what they were to think and how to act!

Dr. Motley's picture of Alexander Farnese, the Prince of Parma, is the most laboured of his book. Evidently this figure is that which it is of the author himself best beloved. Dr. Motley is not content with presenting the figure to us once or twice; he recalls it again and again, and always with a new and enlarging epithet, as if the artist felt a special and creative joy in the perfections, such as they are, of this work of his hands. This exquisite delight he has not the electrical power of passing, by a shock of sympathy, into the reader's mind. Alexander is, and remains, a dark figure in a picture gallery: well painted—over well painted—yet a mere breadth of canvas, not a living, true, or enduring man. What he is here we see him always—

"Alexander was never more truly heroic than in this position of vast entanglement. Untrusting, uncomplaining, thoughtful of others, prodigal of himself, generous, modest, brave; with so much intellect and so much devotion to what he conceived to be the right, that he was almost a champion of the right, rather than an instrument of despatch. And thus he passed for a moment—with much work already accomplished, but his hardest task before him; still in the noon of manhood, a fine martial figure, standing, spear in hand, in the sunlight, though a shadow of around him was wrapped in gloom—a noble, commanding shape, entitled to the admiration which the energetic display of great powers, however unceremonious, must always command. A dark, mercurial physiognomy, a quick, alert, imposing head, jet black, close-cropped hair; a bold eagle's face, with full, bright, restless eyes; a man rarely repeating, always ready, never alarmed; living in the saddle, with harness on his back—such was the Prince of Parma; matured and mellowed, but still unharmed by time."

An Englishman's objection to Alexander Farnese is not merely that he was our enemy. Treachery was our enemy; Washington was our enemy. We can quarrel, and yet be just. But we have an irreconcilable love for fair play, and a unhesitating contempt for men who do so. We bear Napoleon and Nicholas no ill-will. We fought these men, and there an end. We have had in our national life of a thousand years many a more deadly tug with Alexander; but still his side as that of the most stupendous liar with whom this country had, in a public and political aspect, the misery to deal. Strugs of adjectives, though miles in length, will never change a true Englishman's contempt for this trickster into toleration for his character, much less into approval of his conduct and his crimes.

How these two consummate liars and hypocrites, while smiling and negotiating with many kinds, preparing that gigantic Armada to invade her realm which became the historical burlesque of modern times—the most marvellous farce ever witnessed by the sun, we need not pause to tell. The American writer, who is uniformly unjust to the Queen and the English government, denying them any credit for their previous

and preparation, is in serious error when he hastily infers, from the continuance of negotiations, that the lies of Parma had a complete success in London. In fact, they were not believed at all, and they deceived nobody but himself and his royal uncle. In our State Paper Office Dr. Motley might discover ample evidence in the musters and armaments that the English Council put no trust in Parma or in Philip. The legend about England being always taken by surprise in her military operations, is a favourite illusion of the foreign mind, American apparently as well as French. But the Lord Admiral Howard was no more surprised by the appearance of the galleons of Medina Sidonia than the Duke of Wellington was surprised by the roar of Napoleon's guns at Waterloo. The results ought to warn our foreign critics against the perpetual imputation of unreadiness. If the lion be always found asleep, why is he never slain? All that wise forethought and patriotic warmth could do to meet the danger coming from Spain had been calmly, soberly, in progress of achievement during many months; so that when the enemy bore in sight off Plymouth, the country was prepared to meet him by either sea or land,—and not the least by land. The waste, the imprudence, the fatal omissions were, in sober truth, on the other side. Philip and Parma, meshed in an elaborate system of deception, which they had carried on for years, made the awful mistake, for them and for their purpose, of believing that they had completely blinded the English Court, and that, consequently, when their hour of perfidy should come, they would find England disarmed and at their feet. That delusion was the cause of their ruin.

Dr. Motley, who makes a thousand sharp comments on the shortcomings of England, has not a word to say on Philip's lucky, but amazing blunder, of sending a fleet to conquer England with a number of English mariners on board as slaves. How the blood tingles after three centuries, at this tale of the captive Gwyn!

"What was such shagginess as might have been expected from their clumsy architecture, the ships of the Armada consumed nearly three weeks in sailing from Lisbon to the neighbourhood of Cape Finisterre. Here they were overtaken by a tempest, and were scattered hither and thither, almost at the mercy of the winds and waves; for those unwieldy bulks were ill adapted to a tempest in the Bay of Biscay. There were those in the Armada, however, to whom the storm was a blessing. David Gwyn, a Welsh stornier, had sat in the Spanish hulks a wretched galley-slave—as prisoner of war for more than eleven years, hoping, year after year, for a chance of escape from bondage. He sat now among the rowers of the great galleys, the *Vasas*, one of the humblest instruments by which the subjugation of his native land to Spain and Rome was to be effected. Very naturally, among the ships which suffered most in the gale were the four huge unwieldy galleys—a squadron of four under Don Diego de Medrano—with their enormous towers at stem and stern, and their low and open waists. The chapsels, pulpits, and gilded Madonna propped of little avail in a hurricane. The Diana, largest of the four, went down with all hands; the Princess was labouring severely in the trough of the sea, and the *Vasas* was likewise in imminent danger. So the master of this galleys asked the Welsh slave, who had far more experience and seamanship than he possessed himself, if it were possible to save the vessel. Gwyn saw an opportunity for which he had been waiting eleven years. He was ready to improve it. He pointed out to the captain the hopelessness of attempting to withstand the Diana's mainmast, and to lower it, he said, the Diana had already done, and as the Princess was like at any moment to do, unless they took in every rag of sail, and did their best with their oars to gain the nearest port. But

Mr. Hill's "Exemplars" are both rich and poor,—rich persons who have gloriously exercised the influence of their wealth,—poor persons whose poverty never cooled them into selfishness,—poor persons still living who have proposed nobler work to themselves than self-aggrandizement. Amongst Mr. Hill's exemplars are the Earl of Shaftesbury, the King of Portugal, Lady Noel Byron, John Bounyan, Father Mathew, and Sarah Martin. John Smeaton and Sir Rowland Hill are mentioned in appropriate terms; and a beautifully-written memoir of Jacques Jamin pays homage to the muse of the poor man's cabin.

Here are some pleasant anecdotes of the present King of Portugal:—

"The King, who at the outbreak of the pestilence was only twenty years old, felt it to be his duty to remain at his capital, and do all he could towards mitigating the calamity. To effect this object, he did not confine himself to presiding over councils or to discussing means of alleviation; he went himself among the sick. We were told that he would continually visit the hospitals both by day and night, coming in a hired street-carriage, with a single companion, that he might prevent any preparations for his reception and ascertain for himself in what manner the patients were treated. On one occasion, it is said, he found a medical man feeling the pulse of his patient with his glove on, hoping thereby to escape contagion. We may imagine the King's indignant reproach to the timorous doctor. At another time the spectacle was more gratifying. He was just entering a ward when he heard a physician trying to re-assure a patient, who was in a drooping state, with kind and soothing words. Don Pedro remained outside until the doctor had ceased speaking, when he entered, extending his hand towards him. The physician, recognizing his sovereignty, attempted to go down upon his knees, and kiss the hand thus held out. 'No,' said the King; 'you have behaved like a brother to that poor, sick man, and I am proud to shake hands with you.'

We have all smiled at the power of the telegraph to bring the news of events yesterday to a telegram despatched to-morrow. Here is a story to the point:—

"Lord Byron tells us that it was by no means safe, when he visited the Portuguese metropolis, in 1809, to walk in its streets unarmed, even in daylight. Times are much improved since then. When we were there, we found the streets of Lisbon quite as safe as those of London. The city were a very lively appearance during our sojourn. We were met at every turn by preparations for the reception of the King's bride, the princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern, who had been already married to him by proxy, in Berlin, and was then on her voyage to Lisbon. She passed through England, remaining a short time on a visit to our Queen, and won all hearts by the charm of her manners and conversation. It is curious to remark, that Don Pedro heard of his marriage a quarter of an hour before it took place—at least, the telegram, announcing the completion of the ceremony, reached Lisbon a quarter of an hour earlier than the time of its date at Berlin."

Here is an affecting episode in the life of Jacques Jamin, the half-port of Agen, of which town Palmyre the potter and Leocadie the naturalist were natives, and where Julius Scaliger lived, and his son, Joseph Julius, was born:—

"At length aid came, in the shape of a free admission to school for Jacques. In six months he had learnt to read; soon afterwards he was received into the church choir, and distinguishing himself there, he was admitted *gratis* into the seminary conducted by priests. Here he won a somewhat unusual prize—a worn-out cassock; remodelled and re-trimmed, it was doubtless very acceptable, in his simple eyes at least, for Jacques, it must be owned, did not wish appearing in so queer a garment. But a reverse was at

hand. The lad indulged in some boyish pranks, which caused him to be expelled from the seminary, and running home, the news he brought spread consternation in the family. It was Shrove Tuesday, and, probably to celebrate the last day appropriated to feasting before Lent, a morsel of meat had been prepared for dinner. The poor mother, however, thought of the bread which she had been accustomed to receive as a gift from the seminary, and feeling that Jacques's misconduct would deprive them of this important supply, she burst into tears. But suddenly she went out, bidding the children wait and hope, and soon returned with some bread, and she was so content to eat without seeking to know whence the food came; he pondered the matter, until, glancing at his mother's hand, he saw her wedding-ring was gone. She had sold it to purchase bread in the place of that lost through his misdeeds."

The following correspondence will not escape the notice of a future D'Israeli:—

"During one of those tours which for the last sixteen years he has frequently made through the east of France, and which are one of the sources of recollections and of orations, a poet in the Department of L'Hérault—a poet who wrote in *patois* too—named Peyrottes, a potter by trade, and who had gained some reputation, though far below that of Jamin, sent him, by letter, a challenge. Jamin modestly hesitating through Monsieur Sir, wrote Peyrottes, December 24th, 1847, 'I venture in my rashness—which, indeed, borders upon impudence—to send you a challenge. Will you condescend to accept it! In the middle ages the Troubadours would not have disdained the defiance of a peasant, an artisan, an official; and you will come to Montpellier upon any day, at any hour you will mention. We will appoint four persons acquainted with literature to assign us three subjects, upon which we will speak within twenty-four hours.' We will both be shut up, and a sentinel shall guard the door. 'I wish only shall be allowed to enter. As a child of L'Hérault, I maintain the honour and glory of my birthplace. In such a case as this charity must, of course, have its place. We will, therefore, have the three compositions printed, for the benefit of the school of Montpellier could gladly enter the lists with you to recite, but a very marked defect in my speech forbids me.' In a postscript to this defiant letter, he adds:—'I give you notice, sir, that I shall immediately distribute at Montpellier copies of this letter.' Here, then, was Jamin promptly called upon—and as a point of honour—to intervene. Will he meet his antagonist? Let us listen to his charming response, and to the lesson which it contains for others besides the potter-poet.—'Sir, 'I received only the day before yesterday, on the best of my departing, your very kind letter, but I am bound to tell you that had it reached me at a more opportune time, I could not have accepted it. Why, sir, you propose to my muse, who loves the open air and liberty so dearly, to shut herself up in a cold chamber, guarded by four sentinels, who shall not let nothing pass but which she is to compose upon three given subjects within twenty-four hours! Three subjects in twenty-four hours! Sir, you make me tremble. The peril with which you threaten my muse compels me to confess, in all humility, that she is strong enough to copy the antique so far as to grant me only two or three lines in a day. My five poems, 'The Blind Girl,' 'My Recollections,' 'Fragranette,' 'Mad Martha,' and 'The Two Twins,' have cost me twelve years' labour, and yet all, put together, amount to but two hundred and four hundred lines. The muse she chances would not be equal; our two muses would scarcely have been made prisoners before yours would well nigh have completed her triple task; while mine, poor little thing, would still have been waiting for the moment of inspiration. I dare not therefore enter the lists with you. The muse which with difficulty drags along her car, although he reaches the goal in course of time, cannot compete with the fiery engine on the railway. The skill which produces verses only line by line cannot enter into competition with the wholesale power of machinery. Thus, my muse declares herself van-

quished beforehand: and I authorize you to publish her declaration. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, JACQUES JAMIN. P.S. Now that you understand the muse, in two words you may understand the man also. I love glory; but the success of another never disturbs my slumbers."

So much are we pleased with the tone and tendency of Mr. Hill's volume, leading its reader to disown the servile worship of material riches, which is just now so disgusting literature and doing injury to society, that we should be glad to hear of a larger gathering of "Our Exemplars."

The Conduct of Life. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MAST "seeking souls" will be looking forward to this new book from Mr. Emerson, in the hope that therein they may find words of help and guidance for themselves in the conduct of their own life. We are very sorry to have to warn them that they will be disappointed.—

The hungry sheep look up—and are not fed.

We are sorry for you to be disappointed by a man who has given them reason to hope that he can show them the solution of some of the dark enigmas and hard problems of life, converting these into instruction, makes men feel "poor indeed."

Many persons have had a superstition about Mr. Emerson, and many owe him gratitude for what he has formerly said and written; but the present work on "the conduct of life" shows his limits. He has come to the end of all he had to say, and is repeating himself, but with a colder and more feeble utterance. He has been chewing his own cud until all savour and nutriment have gone out of it. He is to become a scarecrow likeness of Mr. Carlyle, wearing his old clothes—with a difference. It would be difficult for the most ingenious youth to find a poorer loss addressed to help him in the "conduct of life." Not only is the work utterly unpractical, but it is utterly unsuggestive. We take all works of this class not for what they actually say, but for the sake of the proximate truths which the intelligent reader may draw from them and adjust for himself,—for the *spirit*, not for the letter. One disappointment in the present work is that no noble, or heroic, or generous frame of mind is induced by it; there is nothing either stimulating or fertilizing in its effect. The words fall like a cold, drizzling rain, and the thoughts and sentiments have as much shape and consistency as the driving wreaths of mist. Mr. Emerson himself appears to have reached a sublime centre of indifference, from which he contemplates life and human things as a spectacle, which he declares "pleasant and magnificent perspective." To him, human life, with its joys and sorrows, has become a dumb phantasmagoria. It may add considerably to his own comfort to be out of the hearing and beyond the influence of the noise, the labour, and the hopes and fears of men; but it destroys his power to be a friend or teacher. He has lost the power to sympathize. What he has gained in height, he has lost in breadth. There is no rhythm in the style, nor any breath of eloquence; the sentences are mechanical in their hard, dry, dogmatic utterances upon all that is most vital in the life and experience of men. The effect is the calmness of self-complacency, not the repose of the wisdom that comprehends. The spirit of his book is shown by one small remark, that in works of charity the first thing that strikes him is—the small value of those who, or even as are said to save. The man who feels thus, will never be a world-wide teacher. In the Essay on Fate,

he says:—"The German and Irish millious, like the Negro, have a great deal of guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic, and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to lie down prematurely, to make a spot of green grass on the prairie." Again:—"Most men and women are but one couple more. Now and then, one has a new cell, a new camarilla, opened in his brain; some stray taste for flowers, or chemistry, or pigments, or story-telling, which still nowise alters rank in the scale of Nature, but serves to pass the time, the life of sensation going on as before."

The mass of human nature is not very beautiful, nor are all men what one would choose for bosom friends, but they are our fellow-men; and how different in its utterance is the voice of that Apostle of the Gentiles, who declared that the "Lord of heaven and earth hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from any one of us. For we are also his offspring." It was for his faith in these unhappy human beings with so much "guano in their destiny" that the Great Teacher of Mankind dared to die, and it was amongst such that he passed the days of his life, preaching to them and teaching them words of life. Love and pity are for the first qualities a man needs who sets up for a teacher; and patience as for the Infinite.

To examine Mr. Emerson's book more in detail. There are nine essays in all:—Fate—Power—Worth—Culture—Beauty—Worship—Considerations by the Way—Beauty—Illusions. In Fate he undertakes to state the absolute conditions under which a man comes into the world, that which is put upon him from the first, about which he has had no choice, and from which he has no escape—such are his birth, parentage and personal endowments:—

"When each comes forth from his mother's womb (says Mr. Emerson) he brings close behind him. Let him value his hands and feet—he has but one pair. So he has but one future, and that is already pre-determined and described in that little fatty face, pig eye, and aquat form. All the privileges and all the legislation in the world cannot meddle or help to make a poet or a prince of him."

Human nature is not a pea to be put under a thimble after this fashion; anyhow, it refuses to stay there. If there is one thing more than another that excites the indignation of men it is the attempt to fix FINALITY upon them in any shape whatever, whether it be a question of destiny or a measure of policy. Men resent it as an insult. They are resolute competitors of the immense unrealized possibilities of life:

We feel that we are greater than we know.

Mr. Emerson does not confine himself to the fixed circumstances of Fate. He proceeds to discourse on the freedom of the subject:—"But to see how Fate slides into Freedom and Freedom into Fate. Observe how free the roots of every creature run. Or find, if you can, a point where there is no connexion. Our life is contentaneous and far related. This knot of Nature is so cunningly tied that nobody was ever cunning enough to find the two ends." The following moralising is for those who can use it:—

"But Fate has its lord, limitation its limits—it is different seen from above and from below, from within and from without; for though Fate is immense so is Power, which is the other fact in the dual world immense. We must respect Fate as natural history. But there is more than natural history. For who, and what, is this criticism that prizes into this matter! Man is not order of Nature, nor any ignominious baggage, but a stupendous

antagonism—a dragging together of the poles of the universe. He betrays his relation to what is below him—thick-skulled, small-brained, quadrumanous, quadruped ill-disguised, hardly escaped into the air, and has paid for new powers by loss of some old ones. But the lightning which explodes and fashions planets—maker of suns and planets—is in him. On one side elemental order, sandstone and granite, rock-ledges, peat-bog, forest, sea, and shore; and on the other part, thought—the spirit which composes and decomposes nature. Here they are, side by side—gold and devil-mind and matter, riding peacefully together in the eye and brain of every man. * * As soon as there is life, there is self-direction, and absorbing and using of material. Life is freedom—Life in the direct ratio of its amount."

Those last words seem to be the text of the book.

"The soul contains the event that shall befall it, for the event is only the actualization of its thought; and what we pray for to ourselves is always granted. The event is the print of your form. It is you like your skin. What each does is proper for him. Events are the children of his body and mind."

Again:—

"So the great man, that is, the man most imbued with the spirit of the time, is the impressionable man—of a fibre irritable and delicate, like iodine to light. He feels the infinitesimal attractions. His mind is lighter than others because he yields to a current so feeble as can be felt only by a needle delicately poised."

Then follows a dogma, which we commend to the personal consideration of all whose own looking-glass tells them it concerns:—

"The correlation is shown in defects. Möller, in his Essay on Architecture, taught that the building which was fitted accurately to answer its end, would tend to be beautiful, though Beauty had not been intended. I find the like unity in human structure rather virulent and pervasive:—a hump in the shoulder will appear in the speech and handiwork. If his mind could be seen, the hump would be seen. If a man has a sea-saw in his voice, his will run into his sentences, and his pen into the structure of his fable, into his speculation, into his charity. And as every man is hunted by his own demon, vexed by his own disease, this checks all his activity."

Here, however, is the comfort Mr. Emerson gives such a man; let him be thankful and make the most of it:—

"One key, one solution to the mysteries of human condition, one solution to the old knots of fate, freedom and foreknowledge, exists—the propounding namely of the double consciousness. So when a man is the victim of his fate, has scintillas in his brain, and cramp in his mind, a club foot, and a club hand, let him turn his sour face and selfish pen to a strut in his gait and a conceit in his affection; or is ground to powder by the vices of his race; *he is to rally in his relation to the universe which his ruin breeds* (test Mr. Emerson) the demon who drives him, take sides with the Deity who secure universal benefit by his pain. * * by the cunning co presence of two elements, which is throughout nature. Whatever lames or paralyzes you, draws in with it the divinity in some form to repay. A good intention clothed with wisdom, a good purpose, a god-wisdom to ride, any chip or pebble will bid and shoot out winged feet, and serve him for a horse. Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity, which holds nature and souls in perfect solution, and compels every atom to serve a universal end!"

One remarkable point in this work is, that throughout Mr. Emerson treats his illustration as equivalent to an argument,—"as quite equal to a proof; and an assertion as superior to both,—it contains them. How an unfortunate mortal, born under the condition of ugliness, is to get the good thought which is to give him the power to "rally on his relation to the universe," Mr. Emerson does not tell,—it is one of the secrets for the elect, which he keeps to himself, if he has discovered it.

Having delivered his oracle on Fate, Mr. Emerson goes on to discourse of Power—the antagonist of Fate. Second only to his horror of ugliness, or deformity, is his scorn of all sickness, ill-health, and bodily infirmity,—especially of those unhappy ones who dare to complain, who venture to recognize their own ailments in the most distant manner. As to seeking or expecting sympathy, that is too contemptible. Let them rather sink out of human sight and die, and at least do their duty as—guano. Mr. Emerson worships bodily health and muscular force; it is his only basis of Power:—

"We must [says he] reckon success a constitutional trait. For performance of great work, it needs extraordinary health. There is no chance in result. The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and cannot serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare,—runs over and inundates the neighbourhoods and creeks of other men's necessities. All power is ours,—a sharing of the nature of the world. * * And we have a certain instinct, that where is a great amount of life, though gross and peccant, it has its own checks and purifications, and will be found at last in harmony with moral laws. Those who have the most of this coarse energy, the 'quakers,' who have run the gauntlet of 'cancer' and tavern through the county or the State, have their own vices; but they have the good nature of strength and courage. Fierce and unscrupulous, they are at least frank, direct, and above falsehood."

Mr. Emerson considers those "legislators in shirt-sleeves," as he calls them,—Hooters, Suckers, Wolverines, Beggars, or whatever heads, half-orator half-assassin, Orator, Arkansians, Utah seeds to represent its wrath or cupidity,—are like the ancient barbarians to the effect Roman citizens. For ourselves, we doubt the goodness and the grace of men who have graduated in bar-rooms, and under the stimulus of strong drinks. Mr. Emerson pauses to eulogize a surly Boniface in a rural capital, though he owns—"there was no crime which he did not, or could not, commit"; that he united in his own person the functions of bully, incendiary, swindler, bar-keeper and burglar. He girdled the trees, and cut off the tails of the horses of the temperance-people during the night,—he led the "rummies" and radicals in town-meetings with a speech,—with all which he had the sense to see the value of improvements, and set his brute force in their favour, and carried them. But the whole essay on Power is open to grievous misconception. The assertions are too sharp, too sweeping, too paradoxical for the ground they have to stand upon. Let the candid reader imagine the effect of such teaching as the following upon any Young Men's Christian Association. Does Mr. Emerson mean it for instruction in doctrine? or did he really mean it as a fact to be followed? He says:—

"In trade, this energy usually carries a trace of ferocity. Philanthropic and religious bodies do not commonly make their executive officers out of saints. The communities hitherto founded by Socialists,—the Jesuits, the Port-Royalists, the American communists at New Harmony, Beys, Fern, and Zora,—are only possible by installing *Judas* as stewards. The rest of the offices may be filled by good bourgeois. * * It is an ascetic doctrine in society that a little wickedness is good to make muscle,—as if conscience were not good for law and legs,—as if poor decayed formalists of law and order cannot run like wild geese, wolves and conies,—that, as there is a use in medicine for poisons, so the world cannot move without rogues."

Of course we do not suppose that Mr. Emerson inculcates swindling,—he only means that all energy and aptitude is so much force and animal life; or, as he expresses it elsewhere, "all plus is good, only plus in the

right place." But Mr. Emerson's whole book is full of wild, startling assertions, which he is not at the pains to work out and elaborate into their just proportions, to balance, or to guard either in letter or in spirit from the misconception of half-educated, untrained readers, from the weak and confused in judgment. With Emerson there is no sympathy; and yet a very wise old lawyer pronounced a judgment against those who "caused the Blind to go out of his way;" and this holds against those who cause the ignorant to err as well as the physically sightless. The whole book on "the conduct of life" deals hastily and superficially with the great problems and questions which lie at the root of the Tree of Life, and which may not rashly be opened up, not, at any rate, by one who only flings about paradoxes as a fool flings firebrands, without taking the time or the trouble needful to work them out, to show whence they came and whither they tend. As one who has earned the reputation of a man of character and high personal morality, Mr. Emerson has no right to indulge in unguarded assertions, which, from him, come with a weight which they would not have from the pen of a more suspected author. Those who have the charge of children are bound to be careful of every word they utter, watchful over act and look;—relatively to Mr. Emerson, many of his readers are but children. But he has no love in his heart, no reverence for his fellow men; he has a little sympathy with their virtues as with their temptations and crimes. It is not to be supposed, however, that there are no valuable axioms in the book; here is one which may be written in letters of gold:—

"Enlarge not thy destiny, says the oracle; endeavour not to do more than is given thee in charge: the one prudence of life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine. Poverty and its cares, friendship and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting,—every thing is good which takes away one playing and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries, hopes,—all distractions which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and make a good point and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing."

Such teaching is not new,—but it is well said, and it is a lesson that cannot be too often told. Again, he says:—"Concentration is the secret of strength."—"The second substitute for temperament is drill, the power of use and routine." These may be truisms, but truisms uttered by a master have an emphasis added to them which impresses the disciple.

In the essay on "Wealth," Mr. Emerson is as inexorable in requiring a man to be in easy circumstances as he is in exacting beauty and health. He begins by announcing that "He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. * * He is by constitution expulsive, and needs to be rich. He cannot do justice to his genius without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence." "Man was born to be rich, or inevitably grows rich by the use of his faculties." So thought and acted (minus the honesty) Pulgarin, Redpath, and many others, whose "use of their faculties" brought them into collision with law and justice, which barbarously refused to recognize the extenuating circumstance of an "expensive constitution."

Mr. Emerson entirely ignores the competition in all trades—the difficulty of "getting work," and the difficulties that beset the art of "earning money." It is enough to put a

practical man beside his patience to see the jaunty, complacent, and utterly unpractical manner in which Mr. Emerson handles this subject. The one dogma that will detach itself from all the rest, and impresses itself on the heart of the candid disciple is, that he must get plenty of money—"more than he requires for a bare subsistence"—if he would "do justice to his genius"—not exactly the teaching adapted to make men of an heroic stamp.

There are some wise observations about debt, thrift, economy, and concentration, which—although they are written in the pages of Franklin and Poor Richard—sound like words of King Solomon, coming as they do in the midst of so much that is rich and ungarded. All the observations as to the best use of wealth are good—not new, not very profound, but reasonable and well said, and with a wise spirit.

A man being handsome, healthy, strong, and wealthy, needs culture,—accordingly, "Culture" is the next essay—Culture which is to restore man to the balance of his powers, which concentration on his chief business has deranged. Culture is to bring him back to the symmetry which belongs to a well-balanced human being. It is, on the whole, a good chapter. The things said and inculcated are commonplace, and have been often and often taught before—so often that, except for the fact that men never learn their lesson of life perfectly, and never can transmit it to their children, there would have been no need to repeat it. But as things are, they must exist always, and this essay on Culture is good, though it is needless to remark that there are no practical directions in it. But the spirit is good and sound, and the student must supply the details for himself. In the essay on "Behavior" there are some good observations, but there is nothing that Mr. Emerson has not said in his earlier essays with more of force and originality. The essay on "Worship" will find so many objectors that we will not repeat the number of bad words which it will be sure to provoke. Mr. Emerson is a sincere man, and piques himself on saying what he thinks. He says:—

"I do not fear scepticism for any good soul. A just thinker will allow full swing to his scepticism. I dip my pen in the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my inkpot. We are of different opinions at different hours, but we may be always said to be at heart on the side of truth."

"The stern old faiths have all pulverized. 'Tis a whole population of ladies and gentlemen in search of religions."

There is a want of good manners in speaking and writing thus on a subject which involves the deepest, the most secret, as well as the most intense feelings of mankind,—no matter what their specific theology may be. There is a bold, superficial irreverence, which no man, under any pretext whatever, has the right to indulge. Mr. Emerson says, "A man bears beliefs as a tree bears apples."—"We are born believing." This is fantastic cynicism; not love of truth, nor any expression of philosophical doubt. There are some good detached observations here and there throughout the essay; but the whole tone is below the mark, and unworthy of the subject. The essay is flippant and excessively conceited,—two sins which we suspect Mr. Emerson would repudiate more earnestly than a breach in any of the Commandments. He has a habit of grouping incongruous names together in a way that dislocates one's ideas of the fitness of things, and suggests an ill-arranged menu of a dinner. He speaks of "the fame of Shakespeare, or of Voltaire, or Thomas à Kempis

or Buonaparte." His lists of things, whenever they occur, have an abruptness that is especially disagreeable. Mr. Emerson's scheme of the Religion of the Future does not commend itself to our understanding, nor induce us to wish to exchange our old lamps for his new one:—

"It (the new church founded on moral science) shall send man home to his central solitudes, shame these social supplicating manners, and make him know that much of the time he must have himself for his friend. He shall expect no co-operation,—he shall walk with no consoling truths. The nameless thought, the nameless power, the super-personal heart,—he shall repose alone on that. He needs only one verbiage. No good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. The laws are his consolers: the good laws themselves are alive; they know if we have kept them; they animate him with the leading of a great duty and an endless horizon. Honour and fortune exist to him who always recognizes the neighbourhood of the great: always feels himself in the presence of high causes."

To us the above, which is the culminating passage of the book,—the crown and glory of our sphere,—reads like pure and simple nonsense: we do not even pretend that we guess at what it means. In the last three essays—Considerations by the Way, on Beauty, and on Illusions,—there is here and there a sentence that might be quoted, but nothing that Mr. Emerson has not already said, and said better. The book leaves the reader "with the gods still sitting around him on their thrones,—they alone with him there." What gods, we are not told; but it looks very much as if Mr. Emerson had at last been fairly driven back into the Greek Mythology, "the old substantial gods of wood and stone," whom for our own use we should prefer to Mr. Emerson's metaphysical figments.

Mr. Emerson's book is dogmatic, paradoxical, high-minded, and deals with confident assertions rather than with well-considered truths. It is very inferior to the first series of Essays by which Mr. Emerson became known in England. What is new in it is not good; and what is good is repetition. We judge Mr. Emerson by the standard he himself taught us to form of what might be expected: he has fallen short of it. This work is not worthy of him, nor is it good in itself. No father would give it to his son as a guide for his "Conduct of life."

The Principles and Practice of Vegetarian Cookery. By John Smith. (Simpkin & Co.)

THIS season of the year invites the consideration of the subject of Cookery, and those of our friends who are doubting the propriety of the usual joint of beef or turkey at Christmas will do well to consult the pages of this vegetarian cookery-book. We may, however, inform them that we have turned over the pages of this volume in vain to discover anything like a *grain de conscience* with which to substitute our usual Christmas dish. We have looked at the arrangements for a family dinner-party, and find the only thing that could be ventured on like an apology for our turkey or roast beef is—a "savory pie." Although this is anything but a vegetarian dish, our readers shall judge of its merits as compared with our old English fare by a receipt:—"Onion and sweet fennel cut small; mushrooms; hard boiled eggs—three; potatoes—two; sauce; butter, one ounce." This is a specimen of the diet that vegetarians wish to put the world on. The use of flesh they regard as unnatural, unnecessary and injurious. The vegetarian doctrine is not new; and it is only wonderful that enough people who believe in it survive to patronize a cookery-book intended for their particular service. It should, however, be recollected that

modern vegetarianism is very different from the system introduced by its first promulgator. They believed in vegetables alone, but their degenerate successors have modified the doctrine into a disbelief in the necessity of flesh. They have turned from their first love, and have cast furtive glances on the distended udder of the cow, and seek to gratify their tastes with an easy conscience by concocting puddings with milk and butter, and fritters and omelettes with eggs and cheese. So degenerate have these latter-day vegetarians become, that we find on calculating the quantity of animal produce recommended in their diet that it actually exceeds the quantity of animal food tolerated in the diet of families of the omnivorous kind.

The question then no longer hinges upon whether animal food may be taken at all, or the righteousness of destroying animal life; for the question of eating eggs is not one of kind, but merely of degree; and the man who wantonly eats an egg that would become a young chicken, is surely as guilty as he who eats the young chicken itself. If there be no difference morally between the egg and the chicken, the question may be perhaps entertained physically as to whether there is any difference between milk and flesh. Taking the composition of milk, we find that in the hundred parts it contains 86 parts of water, 6 of flesh-forming and 8 of heat-giving material. Now, the flesh of animals contains the very same substance; in fact, the flesh of the young of all mammals is manufactured out of milk. Let us take veal and beef. Veal in one hundred parts contains 63 of water, 21 of flesh-forming and 16 of heat-giving substances. Beef contains less water, and more flesh-forming and heat-giving matter.

There is no difference of kind here; it is one of degree. The milk, therefore, which is of vegetable composition, is intended for the nutrition of the more watery tissues of the young; but the meat is adapted for the wants of the growing and strong man. Amongst the theories that have led men astray, there is none having less science for its foundation than this vegetarian fancy. So far from flesh having an injurious effect, it is well known that when taken in proper quantities it has the most beneficial effect upon the human system. Amongst those who have not the means of taking a proper quantity of animal food, a variety of diseases occur from under-nutrition, and there is no more ready means of curing such diseases than the supply of animal food. The flesh of animals is more readily digested and more speedily appropriated than the flesh-forming principles of plants; hence it is a necessity for those races of men who are strong and muscular and active of thought. The roast beef of Old England is no more figure of speech; it represents the nutritious pabulum, out of which is manufactured the thews and sinews which do the work of life, and by which her sons have been so victorious in the arts of life and on the field of battle. We warn the public not to listen to the blatherings of stewed carrots and parsnips, fried cauliflowers and apple possets. These things may please the palate, they may fill the stomach, but they cannot supply the material of muscles and brains. There are some people amongst us who may neither work nor think; it may be immaterial to them in what form they supply the waste material of their existence, but for the men and the women who carry on the great work of our national and social life, it would be one of the most retrograde steps they could take to abandon the food which instinct and reason point out to them as the fittest material for the supply of the waste of their active lives.

Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vol. I. *Anglo-Saxon Period.* (Bentley.)

THE first portion of Dr. Hook's series of archiepiscopal biographies is in the hands of the public. If the grandeur of a drama may be conjectured from the quality of the opening symphony, we should feel inclined to anticipate, from this introductory volume, that English literature is about to receive an important contribution, and that the Church will, in after times, rank among the fairest and the ablest of her historians the author of these *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.*

The work is not one which Dr. Hook has taken up in order to occupy the comparative leisure which has fallen to his lot, on his exchange from a labour of five-and-thirty years in a manufacturing district to the milder duties of a Summer donkey. It is the fruit of a whole life's study. It was the thought of the author's earliest days. His materials were collected, during a period when he could only lay up, not yet employ them for the accomplishment of a vast achievement. In the days of his active and useful manhood, he arranged the foundations of his edifice. Meanwhile, his mind was engaged on the superstructure. Throughout his busy career, he never lost sight of his object; and now, as he says, in his "old age," he addresses himself to the completion of a task which will furnish us with what we have all along needed, an impartial History of the Church of England, written in a spirit which is far above the miserable controversies of her would-be historians, which renders justice to the bitterest controversialists, but which, in a tone melodious with the echoes of truth, holiness and affection, treats those who are the enemies of brethren, whose arguments he may refute or support, and whose testimony he may admit or reject, as an enlightened sage might do among the pupils whom he loved. The introductory passages to this volume will secure for the author not alone a patient hearing, but what is of wider importance, a conviction on the part of his audience that he who addresses them is no ordinary man, not one whose heart is only brain, but whose heart and head, feeling and judgment, are in unison, and to sit at whose feet and learn, is at once the greatest of pleasures and the most valued of privileges.

This volume includes the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, from the leader of the Italian mission, Augustine, A.D. 597, to Stigand, whose story is carried down to the year of his deprivation, 1070. The eventful and crowded history of 500 years is narrated with rare skill. Of course, the biographies of two-and-thirty prelates unfolded in 500 pages are "sketches"; but they are sketched by a master, who, with two or three strokes, is able to portray the living figure, and stamp it on the mind for ever. The narrator of these lives treats his heroes as men. There is nothing of the sickliness, the faint odour, the gasping at effect, the ready acceptance of lying legends for truth, and the struggle to make the miraculous what may be simple and easily accounted for,—nothing of the stage effect which disgraced the *Lives of the English Saints.* Dr. Hook introduces us not to wizards, jugglers, and supernatural beings, whose every knot of difficulty there is a divinity at hand to undo or to cut. He portrays human beings, with great and good intentions,—some less great and good than others; and, judging them from the light in which they themselves laboured, he points out the wisdom of their course, the far-sightedness of those who followed

it, and the inevitable consequences which ensued on certain causes. But he has an eye too for shortcomings; and a voice for the censure of them. If the greatest aim among these prelates is illogical or inconsistent, if he has a rivet loose in his armour, or fails to fight his fight as becomes him, then Dr. Hook, disdaining to find excuses for what is inexcusable, points to the offender, exposes his errors, clearly, yet generously, and draws a moral from them which once regrets the offenders themselves cannot profit by.

This volume of Anglo-Saxon history is complete in itself, from the period of Augustine and his followers, whose general honesty Dr. Hook admits, while attributing to natural causes what they regarded as indications of a supernatural intervention, to the time when perished Stigand, the last Anglo-Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury; when William conquered the territory, and Hildebrand subsequently subdued the church, "but neither Kingcraft nor Priestcraft, though for a time triumphant, could finally annihilate the indomitable spirit of independence which, inherited from our Saxon ancestors, is the glory and characteristic of the English race."

The prominent figures in this introductory portion are Augustine himself, Cuthbert, Dunstan, Elphege, and Stigand,—of whom it is to be noticed that, although Dr. Hook remarks, "After the deposition of Archbishop Robert by the Witenagemot, Stigand was called upon to administer the See of Canterbury in conjunction with that of Winchester," yet Stigand does not appear ever to have been constituted the successor of Robert by any authority. He was, however, to all intents and purposes, Archbishop. Doctor Hook concludes that his translation was effected the year after his predecessor's deposition (1033), "as we find that augmenting his signature as Archbishop to a public document." On which we may venture to observe, that Stigand did not resign his bishopric of Winchester at all, being deprived of it in 1070, as well as of the See of Canterbury; when, at Winchester, he was succeeded by Walkeline—and, at Canterbury, by the Italian, Lanfranc.

To what extent the work will run, it is not for us to conjecture. There remain nearly sixty lives to be told, and many of these will demand large space, for none of them will bear to be narrated so succinctly as Walpole recounted those of Whiggit and Abbot, when he said, most feebly and falsely, that the two men "only ran a race of severity and adulation!" As we remember the names recorded on the great roll of prelates, we are the more impatient for the volumes to come,—though we can conjecture from the one alone how the writer will treat both the doves and the dragons, the sages and the sciolists,—for they were not all wise men. Then, there are curious histories of interregnums. Six times has Canterbury been without throne or Archbishop, for periods varying from one to sixteen years. The last, and longest, vacancy was from the day when Laud descended from that archiepiscopal throne, in 1648-9, to that when it was once more occupied by Juxon, in 1660. In old days, Sees were sometimes kept vacant by rapacious ministers, who were wont to award them to the highest bidder. These details involve subjects of interest to every reader, as do those connected with the humble-minded men to whom the dignity was offered, and by whom it was promptly declined. All these matters, however, may be safely committed to the discretion of Dr. Hook; for whose hands we, nevertheless, await the portraitures of Anselm and Abbecket, Halhwin and Langton, Reynolds and Islip, Cramer, Pole,

Parker and Abbott, and Laud, Sanicroft and Tilton, and, with these, sketches, such as his cunning hand can limn, of men of peculiarities which render them interesting, if not attractive,—from Boniface, whose beauty caused English ladies to call him "the Abolom of Saroy," to Archbishop Cornwallis, whose Sunday parties aroused the indignation of Lady Huntingdon, and, through her, called down censure on the doings at Lambeth, from the head of the Church himself—King George the Third!

We now proceed to select a few of the passages we have marked in the course of our study of this volume. The first shows Dr. Hook's view of Pope Gregory, who founded the Italian mission to England, and who introduced into the country the fashion of punning, as well as superadded the development of the faith which was already upheld by the Celtic Christian Church:—

"We find him only prevented from conducting the mission in his own person by an upstart of the people, to whose his merits as a statesman were known. But we should be doing him great injustice if we were to represent the great statesman of the age as a mere enthusiast hurrying into an important action, from the impulses of a heated imagination and a momentary access of zeal. The sight which moved his compassion and roused his indignation in the slave-market may have quickened his resolution; but the duty of establishing a mission to the English had long before attracted his attention and occupied his thoughts. And to the credit of Gregory, it must be recorded that the poor barbarians, in a remote corner of the earth, were not forgotten by him when, elevated to the see of Rome, this truly great man had to contend against difficulties before which an ordinary intellect and less moral courage would have quailed and retreated. When a plague was raging within the walls of the city, and famine was impending, when a schism threatened the Church; when the Lombards disturbed an attack on Rome, and the people, his *de facto* subjects, were calling upon him to enter into a treaty with their abominable conquerors, the Roman duchy might be secured; when the Emperor of the East, his *de jure* master, was requiring of him that he should not compromise the dignity of the Byzantine empire; and he had to adjust the machinery of a disorganised government to the exigencies of the times, such were the expansion of Gregory's mind and the largeness of his heart, that he never forgot the sad sight which had excited his compassion in the Roman Forum, never ceased to bear the appeal which had been made to him from Saxon Britain, 'Come, and help us.' His first plan was to purchase English slaves in foreign markets, to emancipate and educate them, and then to employ them in the conversion of their countrymen. To what circumstance the failure of this wise measure is to be attributed, we do not know. All that we do know is, that the policy finally adopted was that of organizing a mission of Italians, whose leader was Augustine. In appointing his mission, Gregory was guilty of an error in judgment, attributable in part to the character of the man, and in part to the spirit of the age. One of the errors of the age was an almost entire forgetfulness of the secondary causes employed in the providence of God; looking always to the First Great Cause, men expected a miraculous interposition, and what they expected as a probability, they were eager to imagine as a fact. Gregory's religion was that if he could secure men of vital religion and piety to undertake the mission, the work would be accomplished by the direct interposition of the Deity. The inconsistency is apparent, as it is always to be discovered where extreme views prevail. Either there must have been the employment of no human agency, and the whole work should have been a work of prayer; or else, if human agency were to be employed, the most efficient agents should have been selected. While all history speaks of the saintly piety, the self-denial and consistent more conduct of the missionaries who were sent from Rome, we do not

discover among them a single man endowed with superior powers of mind, and we find them, in consequence, a body, defective in moral courage."

If these last words should startle susceptible minds, hitherto occupied in looking upon Augustine and his followers as men only a little lower than the angels, it may re-assure them to know that, at least, the author makes no statement that does not rest upon competent authority, or that he does not establish by incontrovertible proof. As for the early "miracles" of these men, to which so many persons have credulously lent ear, Dr. Hook does not hesitate to call them "Canterbury Tales." On other occasions, he adds to the legend, "I do not vouch for the truth of this story, which is given on the very questionable authority of William of Malmesbury,"—another indication of the spirit in which the Dean of Chichester has worked.

The following view of England will be novel to many readers, who will, however, as readily accept it, as they will willingly praise the power of the artist:—

"Few persons seem to be aware of the amount of prosperity enjoyed by our ancestors after the fusion of the British and Anglo-Saxon races, and before the invasion of the Danes. Nearly the whole of the southern part of the island was at that time under cultivation; and William of Poitiers speaks of England, at a later period, as the storehouse of Ceres. Rye, barley, wheat, and oats were grown, and the orchards were prolific with cider. The grapes were acid, but the wine was good, and the Humber and the Holme were vineyards from which the cellars of London were filled, while the other provinces reigned on the vines of Gloucestershire and Essex. The hum of bees was heard in various parts of the country, and their whorls were indicated by the names of 'Mell-Honey' was a valuable article of produce and commerce, being manufactured into sugar and meal. There appears to have been a wild pony natural to the island, and English horses were in demand in the foreign markets. Although they were then not employed by the Anglo-Saxons in military service, we may presume that field sports required the maintenance of steeds, and fox-hunting was popular not only with the thanes, but, as we learn from Alcuin, with the clergy and monks of Northumbria. The population of the country being small, there were still in existence large hunting fields, from which the wild animals paid tribute to the tables of the luxurious, while, beneath forests of oak and beech, the scrubs and slaves were watching the swine which formed the animal food of the masses. In the plains were herds of oxen to supply the large demand for leather, when leather was required not only for shoes and breeches, but for gloves, with which even the common people were obliged to cover their hands before they ventured to penetrate the thick woods of the Anglo-Saxons. The fisheries of the midland districts, and fisheries were established on all the coasts. On the coast resided the merchants, whose social position was as high as it is at the present time. The successful trader had a right to the rank and privileges of a thane, and the laws made for the encouragement of commerce show how highly commerce was esteemed. The basis of all our improvements in the manufacturing districts at the present time is iron. Whenever a manufacturer or a mechanic gets an idea into his head, he goes to the implement-maker to help him to carry it out. And even in the Anglo-Saxon times, though for a different reason, iron was the basis of our wealth. It was an age when every man's hand was against his brother; when all Europe was one vast battle field; when in the most retired districts of the interior, in abundance, and in great numbers, even be, could go unarmed. Swords, battle-axes, halberds, javelins, spears, arrow-heads, all kinds of missile weapons, in addition to defensive armor, head pieces, greaves, and shields, were everywhere demanded, and the possession of iron was better than the possession of gold. There can be little doubt that it was this, in addition to the sur-

face gold, that rendered Britain such a valuable colony of ancient Rome. Yet, in our History of Wales, adduces authentic evidence to prove that the Romans established ironworks in the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire. Iron foundries existed also in Sussex and Kent at a very early period. The ironworks in the northern and midland counties were not opened until centuries afterwards, and had been in operation. The ironworks in Sussex were not abandoned till 1776, and then not from want of ore, of which we still possess an ample supply, and of superior quality, but because, in the expense of smelting it, it was impossible to compete with the coal fields in the north. In the counties of Sussex and Kent, timber or wood was almost indigenous, and hence in the Anglo-Saxon times, when wood alone was employed in furnaces, the value of coal being scarcely known, the southern counties were what the mining districts of the north have subsequently become. To these sources of wealth must be added the plentiful supply of flint; flint being employed, instead of iron, in many of the missiles of war, though requiring the use of iron to shape and point it."

The descent from prosperity was as rapid as the rise to it among the Anglo-Saxons. The evil days are thus reproduced by the historian:—

"In our allusions to the courts of Ethelred and Offa, we have seen the decay of most of our public men; and the evil example set by the great was the more injurious, from the conformity of the royal criminals to the church, and the readiness evinced by worldly ecclesiastics to account their benefactions as compensating for their crimes. From the house of commerce descended the monks of the monasteries. It had been the wisdom of Theodorus to convert the chief monasteries into schools of learning, and these institutions were, for a season, a blessing to the land; but when seal for learning, the decay of the monasteries, and the colleges would be in our present universities, if they were no longer places of education. From the beginning, the monasteries of England had with few exceptions been free, and in their corruption they became lax. With laymen chiefly for their benefactors, they were in great measure, houses, replete with all the appliances of learning and pleasure, but afterwards they gradually degenerated into abodes of idleness and dissipation. Incentives to evil are sure to succeed rapidly on the removal of intellectual restraints or religious excitement. The demand for monastic reform was everywhere on the increase among that portion of the community which was still earnest in the cause of vital Christianity and the religion of the heart. It was first raised by Bede; it was repeated by Alcuin; it was urged in the time of Wilfred; but amidst the evils of the time, the inactivity of the primate, and, in consequence, of his suffragans, was one of the greatest. We do not indeed find complaints made of the rapacity and injustice of the English prelates,—charges which were levelled at the French prelates in league with monastic institutions,—but there was a carelessness and negligence in enforcing the regulations enacted with a view to reform, from time to time, at the provincial councils. Religion itself was enervated, and the great gulf of immorality was opened; and instead of forming that manliness of character which nerves the true Christian to acts of noble daring, superstition brought down the once high-spirited Saxons to a condition of imbecility which would have incapacitated the English race from becoming what we see it to be. The English had not been nervous to resist the horrors of a foreign invasion, and if new blood had not been infused into the veins by the fusion of Danes with Anglo-Saxons, through a peaceful process, to which we shall have frequent occasion to refer. But amidst the decay in animal courage which rendered the demoralized Anglo-Saxon an easy prey to the Dane led, nevertheless, to one great result. The incapacity of the rulers and the inefficiency of the people enabled the noble few, under the leading of their clearest sight, energetic, and generous spirits, to bring the discordant elements of the Heptarchy into harmony and order,

and in the King of Sweets to establish a monarchy in England."

The above extracts will, doubtless, recommend themselves, the book, and the author, to our readers. When completed, the work will, we sincerely hope, become not alone one for the library, either ecclesiastical or general, but a text-book wherein the young, otherwise well grounded, may read and remember what is the true history of our Church in England. If they discern therein some reasons why Calvin declared that Bishops were the pedestals on which the image of the Beast was erected, they will also learn to comprehend how Bishops have overthrown that image from the pedestal here in England. If there have been some unworthy men among them, who were unequal to the task they had undertaken, or which had been thrust upon them, there are on the illustrious roll some, many, of the brightest names that ever made a nation glad with the message of good tidings. The reader may feel disgust at elections which were no less objectionable in their immediate results than the old system in Armagh, where, for fifteen generations, the primacy passed to the chief of the Sept by a sort of inheritance, but he will, if of generous nature, rejoice to find that, despite the evils of system, there arose heroic men well calculated to carry out their mission. The reader will learn, too, how hard it is for even the best-disposed and the most capable of teachers to instruct men who prefer instruction from less worthy hands. This difficulty has been of all times, and Pope referred to it, after his fashion, when he exclaimed—

Still break the benches, Hensley, with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibbes press in vain.

We close Dr. Hook's first volume with mingled feelings of grief and pleasure. He has commenced a great work, for the completion of which we not only trust he will be spared, but hope he may enjoy for a long period the honour that it will reap for him, and witness throughout that time the benefits which a work so treated is likely to achieve for the Church, and society generally. Its tone of cheerful charity is, perhaps, not the least of its merits.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Woman and her Wards: Four Lectures to Ladies on the Female Body and its Clothing. By Madame Roxey Ann Caplin. (Dartan & Co.)—This title is what the French would call *déplorable*! It suggests impossibilities, and, as we all know,—

What's impossible cannot be,
And very seldom comes to pass.

What are women's wants! Who will undertake to give the catalogue! To count them up would require advanced powers of enumeration. The poet declares that—

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

But woman wants a great deal, and she has had to wait it as long that the Millennium must come before there is a chance of her wants being fully attended to. Certainly her case is very much pressed on the attention of Providence just now by numerous friends, who undertake to plead her cause and set forth her necessities; of course, like all friends "who feel an interest in her case," they insist on knowing what she wants and what would be good for her a great deal better than she knows herself. Perhaps it is fortunate for her that the result does not rest with them. Madame Caplin's *Four Lectures to Ladies on the Female Body and its Clothing* opens—

—with immoderately spread,

and milliners' bills "still lengthening as they go." But Madame Caplin is better than her title page. The *Four Lectures* in question are on so much Physiology as every woman could imperatively "know for the benefit of herself and family." "All that belongs to metaphysics or medicine

are," says the author, "excluded from consideration in these Lectures." The broad facts of health and its attendant beauty form, for our own sake of discussion." Madame Caplin is a correct, matter by profession, and she had seen so much of the evil and suffering produced by tight-lacing and ill-constructed corsets, as well as by the total ignorance of women in general of every fact connected with the health and disease of their bodily structure, that she formed a Museum of Female Anatomy, which she demonstrated herself. The present *Lectures* are four of those she delivered, specimens of the instruction she was in the habit of giving. These *Lectures* are of the most simple and elementary kind,—no woman ought to be ignorant of the information they contain. The style is not winning, but they are marked by common sense; and if Madame Caplin has succeeded in teaching her hearers a few primeval facts, and if her heaven put their knowledge into practice, it will be a good instalment of improvement. On one point, however, we hold fast to our own heresy, that all "stays" are evil, disguise them as you will. Madame Caplin declares with authority, that the corset cannot be dispensed with without inflicting on the female body a serious injury. She adds she, "we are prepared to dispense with the European costume and adopt the Bloomer or the Oriental dress." We suppose Madame Caplin and women doomed to wear stays from the cradle will side with her error; but we cannot believe them a necessity of Nature. We are convinced the bodily stays, whether with "buck opening in the middle" or with patent "buckle mécanique," are a heavy tax to pay for civilized costume; and that they ought to be and will be abolished,—their evil is inherent, they are supposed "use" a *Journal of the Elements of Museum Science*. By Robert Brown. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—We fail to see the necessity or value of this book. Such novelty as it contains is an attempt to simplify the notation long accepted by a universal use of the *bas* and *wh* which, every danger, of course, is thereby obliged to read differently. This is even less sound than the universal use of the treble clef, which has been rejected, on good grounds, by all serious lovers of music. The grammar of an art cannot be perpetually made and re-made to suit the whims of the theorist or the idleness of the editor. The useful pages in the volume are those containing the scales and modulations of C. P. Emanuel Bach.

A Chapter on Slavery: presenting a Sketch of its Origin and History, with the Reasons for its Persistence, and the Probable Manner of its Removal. By the Rev. O. Prescott Miller. (Holmes.)—It would appear from the publication of this hasty and superficial sketch of ancient and modern slavery, that the morbid appetite for scenes of cruelty, called into existence by the romantic exaggerations and extravagant misrepresentations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has not yet been quite extinguished in the United States. The foolish enthusiasm which here gained the better of common sense for a few days, and completely died out in a few months, has in America the pitch and suggests of party contention to the *Rev. Mr. Miller*. The *Rev. Mr. Miller*, however, has greatly misapprehended both his own powers and the state of feeling on this side the Atlantic, if he hopes to inflame us with the rancorous zeal of his shortsighted and narrow political prejudice. The *Rev. Mr. Miller* is described, are not to our taste, whether they be inflicted with birch or whip, cane or knout, on serfs in Russia or Negroes in the Southern States. We question whether, even amongst his own countrymen, Mr. Prescott will find many to applaud him for attacked by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has resulted in nothing sweeter than painful recollections—in nothing more serviceable to humanity than a strong reaction against Negro Emancipation.

As this world goes, a minister may find better, if not more profitable, work to his hand than political agitation.

A Garland of Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern, including some never before given in any collection. Edited, with Notes, by Joshua Sylvester. (Hotten.)—A good, reasonable book, very neatly printed, and keeping the promise of its title. Some

of the less familiar carols are quaint and pathetic. Is the art of making such things lost!

A Second Series of Fairy Stories, &c., &c., Traditions of Scottish Life. By Alexander Leighton. (Edinburgh, Nimmo; London, Simpkin & Co.)—This is a collection of excellent short stories; and, as every one that has handled a pen must be aware, to make good short stories is not easy. On a few hints, notions, and gobs given graciously by Mr. Leighton who confesses to the help of friends, has made up a book for the Christmas fireside, containing an amount of terror, mystery and adventure, within the compass of eight tales, hardly to be exceeded. The style must not be all that it should be,—who has a style now-a-days!—but we defy any one who loves a tale to sit down to any one of these, and not to be charmed to his chair till the "charm's wound up."

Legends from Fairy Land: narrating the History of Prince Olaf and Princess Trill, &c., by Holme Low. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—Every one concerned is hereby advised that here are two hundred and thirty-nine pages of right good fairy lore; and what is more, new as well as good. Perhaps, there is somewhat too much of the "sickening characters" about the fascinating good folk of the book, but that which becomes a little tiresome to ourselves may be found charming, for ought we know, by those for whose delight the adventures of "Prince Olaf and Princess Trill" were designed.

Heldays with Heloging; and Told of Strange Tatties. By Dudley Costello. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Hotten.)—In an unassuming form Mr. Dudley Costello presents the lovers of humour and learning with an excellent collection of marvellous stories and essays. The papers on "Superstitions and Traditions," "Monsters," "Dragons, Griffins, and Salamanders," "Alchemy and Gunpowder," "Witchcraft and Old Bogy,"—have the fun of a dozen ordinary Christmas books,—and an abundance of that nook-and-corner information which is the charm of *Notes and Queries* and Home's familiar volumes.

The Babes in the Basket; or, Daphne and Her Charge. (Low & Co.)—Boys and girls, but more especially girls, will be well pleased with the story that tells how Daphne, the negroes and faithful nurse, bears away Charlie and Louise from the murderous hands of a cruel slave,—and how the two children are eventually restored to their papa and mamma. But why did the author consign poor Daphne to a tranquil death immediately she saw her darlings come more in their parents' arms! Surely she ought to have lived on, to witness the happy consequence of her noble conduct, and to be protected in her honourable old age by Charlie and Louise.

Difficulties Overcome: Scenes in the Life of Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist. By C. Lucy Brightwell. With an Illustration by Charles Keene. (Low & Co.)—This brief and not incorrect memoir of Alexander Wilson is compiled from previous biographic sketches of the Paisley weaver, who emigrated to America, and there became famous as an ornithologist. The author has not expended much labour on her task, but perhaps as much as such a work deserves.

The Nursery Playmate. Illustrated with more than Two Hundred Engravings. (Low & Co.)—An admirable collection of lullaby and sing-song that will be of service to mamma or nurse, endeavouring to recall the "olden days" and its rhymes "from the memories of distant childhood." Some of the illustrations are as familiar to us as the jingle to which they refer;—and if we wished to be exact we should object to the readings the editor has given of many important passages. For instance, we are in a *lullaby* grove, by our Aunt Maria's celebrated folio MSS. "while the same time a good song-book and a good picture-book for the nursery, mitigates the sternness of criticism.

The Autobiography of Frank; the Happiest Little Dog that ever Lived. By the Author of "The

National edition of the poet's works. This is a great and serious matter; and let the editors, whoever they may be, bear in mind that the world will expect that it shall be worthy of the occasion. The text of the 'Divina Commedia' still remains to be perfected. In the public libraries of Florence there are more than one hundred codices of the 'Divina Commedia'; let these be carefully collated, and let us have the numerical result set forth in places of doubtful reading. Among these codices there are some more or less good, which are well known, and that have a high reputation: let the readings of these be recorded.

In the Library of St. Lorenzo we have the Santa Croce Codice, sometimes called of Villani—the Visconti Codice—the Tempino maggiore, and the Tempino minore—the Codice of the Badia, detto del Bati—also the Codice Gaddi, Plat. xc. sup. No. 125, a very important one.

In the Magliabechiana there is the Codice No. xxix. (cl. vii. No. 1232), with the comment of Buti. In the Riccardiana the Codice No. 1005, and also that of No. 1006, 1007, 1008, which Alessandro Torri considered preferable to the Codice Sta. Croce, and the Magliabechiano. There is also the Codice No. 1025, highly esteemed by Tommaseo. I know these precious manuscripts were not seen by the editors of the present edition. On this occasion it is expected that a service will be rendered to literature, as well as all honour to Dante.

Let me illustrate by an example or two what I mean. In some places we find in MSS. only two versions of a reading, in others several. Thus in canto the 2nd, 'Inferno,' v. 60, there is a difference of opinion whether we ought to read

K durer quanto il mondo lontana,

or—

E durer quanto il mondo lontana.

Of late years in printed texts the latter has been preferred, but in the earlier printed editions it was the former. A careful examination of one hundred and twenty-three codices gave me—*per mondo* 68, *per moto* 55, MSS. Another instance, in which the modern state is at variance with the ancient, is the use of *io* in a still more remarkable manner, as shown in the 4th 'Inferno,' v. 36.

C'è porta della feda che tu crodi,

or—

C'è porta della feda che tu crodi.

The latter is the modern reading following the 'Accademia della Crusca,' and approved by the four Florentine editors of the edition of 1837; yet in one hundred and twenty-two codices examined by me, including the more important ones in Florence, Rome, Paris and London, not one was found that had it. One hundred and twenty-one read *porta*, and the exceptional codex had *porta*, a much better reading than '*porta*,' and more poetical: baptism being regarded as the port of salvation for perishing souls. As an example of several versions of a reading, I may notice the 4th verse of the 1st Canto of the 'Inferno,' now usually printed—

Ahi! quanto a diso qual è com' duri,

and deemed very much better than *E*, or any other form; yet it was so formerly, as the early printed editions show and the MSS. Of ninety codices examined on this place, fifty-four had '*Ahi*,' thirteen '*E* quanto,' the others had an interjectional form of which there were no less than nine varieties:—*Ahi! Hai! Hai! Hai! Ahi! A! Ahi! Hai!* &c. So that of twenty-three votes the favoured form came in for only four. These remarks are sufficient to show the present state and prospects of the text of the 'Divina Commedia.'

H. C. BARLOW, M.D.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

Falmest, Wrotham, Dec. 18, 1860.

THE reply of Prof. Airy to my query of the effects, in reference to tropical changes, of the influence which produce Precession and Nutation, does not, to my great regret, clear up the electricity which clings to all scientific explanations of the same phenomena.

Prof. Airy has very ably shown (and let me thank him at the same time for his attention, and the result of latest observations) that there are two

kinds of oscillations affecting the globe we inhabit; oscillations of the earth's axis of rotation, and oscillations of the earth's orbit of revolution; both occasioned by causes which, after long intervals, very nearly increase or diminish the same. As to us, who have already read and profit by the treatise of the Astronomer Royal, are quite prepared to follow him. We hesitate only when he asks us to believe that these oscillations, complicated and numerous as they are, and every one of very nearly increase or diminish the same, the angle of obliquity at which the sun's rays strike particular parts of the earth, have no serious connexion with those extreme changes of climate, or, otherwise, changes of tropical latitude, to the reality of which the science of Geology, and, to some extent, the testimony (indirect) of other astronomy, bear witness.

Taking his important admission, that "the two tropics are at present approaching the Equator at the rate of 46 feet annually" (a slow rate, certainly), I compare it with the statement in a recent astronomical tract, that, "in 12,960 years London will be 84° beyond the Polar Star, and the present position of the Equator will then be changed into the tropic of Cancer, and the tropic of Cancer into the tropic of Capricorn." I look also at the evidence given by Sir John Herschel in the effect, that as late as only 4,000 years ago, our present pole star, now visible from within the inclined entrance passage of the Great Pyramid, at Gizeh, could not have been seen from the same point, because at that epoch, a *Uran* *Moria* was 23°, more or less, in arc from the true pole of the heavens (a *Draconis*), and of course, at its lower culmination, was only 7° above the horizon of Gizeh" (Vyas's 'Pyramidica,' ii. 108).—a fact which implies (as every middleman knows, who on his voyage out and home has watched the stars, and is sure to be across the Line) that Gizeh in Egypt, in the year B.C. 2123 (the supposed date of the Great Pyramid) stood much nearer the Equator of the tropics than at the present moment.

May there not be something in the law of Precession, and these facts? I think there is; and that the difficulty is to be solved upon the hypothesis, that Precessional longitudes and latitudes follow unequal rates of acceleration. I say hypothesis; but I believe from the form of the Precessional motion, known positions, and the usual rule could be given for such differences of acceleration; the discussion of which, however, in your columns would doubtless involve too much of technical explanation for the patience of your readers. Suffice it, therefore, that in now taking my leave of them, I state briefly the result of my present deductions, not from speculative data, but Newtonian principles.

It is:—That there are two periods of a Precessional cycle (at one of which we have arrived, during which the variations of tropical latitudes are so great, as to be insupportable, and the sun now described to be by Prof. Airy; but that during the full course of such a cycle (say of 24,000 years, there occurs an extreme variation of 47°; or of from 33° 44' north to 25° 16' south; which have been placed the range of chalk hills in Kent, or you are now writing, within five degrees of the Line; or, what is the same thing, to have brought the true Line of the tropics within 5° of the Southern coast of England. Admit this, and we have an adequate explanation of the most obvious results of the earth; the shifting of the ice of the polar basin, the rise and fall of ocean levels, and consequent and commensurate alterations of land levels; of all of which something like a chronological history may one day be written.

Permit me to add a suggestion in reference to the interesting communications you have received from Admiral Fitzroy. It is, that between the force of gravitation and the force *luminæ* at *thermæ*, there is a close connexion. If a glass of water be exposed to the sun's rays, in the height of summer, it will speedily disappear in vapour; and it will equally disappear in the shade, if placed within the exhausted receiver of an air-pump; showing that, if the pressure of the atmosphere were removed from the earth, the ocean itself would fly off in vapour, to form a new, but more aqueous, atmosphere over a dry globe. Here, then, is a reason why the moon's influence over weather (great as it must be, unless we give up the laws of gravitation) is not clearly traceable in the fluctuations of the barometer at all seasons; and a reason also why it is not traceable in the movements of the stars at all latitudes. When the ocean rises in vapour, from the combined effects of gravitation and radiation, there must be less visible tidal flow, and less variation of atmospheric pressure on a column of mercury.

W. E. HICSON.

P.S.—It is important to notice that the oscillations of an axis, however considered, alter the circumference of a circle, are nil at the centre; and that it is to the earth's centre, as the point of calculation, that astronomers refer when they tell us that our globe travels steadily along the same plane, with little or no divergence from the original orbit of revolution.

IRISH CRANNOGES AND SWISS PFAHLSTÄTEN.

Dublin, Dec. 6, 1860.

THE subject of the "Ancient Lake Habitations" discovered in Ireland, Scotland and certain parts of Switzerland and Savoy, has attracted so much attention during the last two years, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, that it is hardly the original describer of these structures need offer any apology for requesting the insertion of a few lines in the *Athenæum*. So long as these Crannges, or fortified islands, were only known to exist in Ireland, and described in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Irish Academy, the subject received little attention from the public; but as soon as Dr. Keller wrote his account of some such structures discovered in Switzerland, after the very dry winter of 1853-54, it became a topic of popular notoriety, and the subject of the public notices therein. Although Dr. Keller, in all his writings upon *Pfahlsteten*, fairly acknowledges his obligations to myself and the publications of the Royal Irish Academy, neither the writer in the *Vierteljahrsschrift* of *Archæologie*, nor Mr. Cull, whose letter appeared in your issue of the 11th inst., distinctly puts forward the fact that the first Crannges discovered in Ireland was that near Dunshanghlin, county Meath, which was opened in the end of the year 1850; and that I brought under the notice of the Academy, upon the 27th of April 1850, all the circumstances connected therewith, and exhibited a large quantity of the bones and antiquities found therein, the account of which was printed in the *Proceedings* of the Academy for that year. Since then, as many as fifty six Crannges have been discovered in Ireland, and have been described by myself and others. The Museum of the Royal Irish Academy abounds in antiquities discovered in these structures, as shall be described in the forthcoming parts of the Catalogue of that Institution. The last notice of Irish Crannges will be found in the *Proceedings* of the Academy for the 11th of April 1859, when Dr. Keenan and myself recorded the localities of no less than two. Since then I have heard of others, which in process of time I hope to visit; but during the past summer I made an extensive tour of two, of apparently great age, and connected with local popular traditions is so remarkable a manner that I think them worthy of being here recorded. In the beautiful lake of Derwentwater, county Westmoreland, we well known to be the site of the great-draught, and so much frequented every June, there are remains of a Crannges about three or four feet under summer-water, near what is called the Port, — on the Donore shore. The stones of this Crannges, evidently arranged by the hand of man, are placed in a circle, and the place itself is called "The Castle." Once upon a time—as the legend goes, and as Jack Nally, or any of the boatmen so admirably portrayed by Eschme Nicol, will relate—a fisherman and his son went out to *spend* *their* *day* when the storm arose, and the waves threatened to keep them in the boat. "Strike," says the father, who managed the oars, "strike your spear, my son, into the ninth wave that rises upon us, or we are lost." With uttering aim, the son plunged his sharp trident into the rising billow, "when, in the turn of your eye,

the boat was tossed upon the crest of the wave, and the father and son were saved."

high, the outlines are sharp, and the whole coin handsomely and handsomely. We suspect the metal of the coin is grievously in fault,—it scratches easily and breaks; we have forced off bits from the rim with a finger-nail.

Mr. Wylde, of Charing Cross, has issued a new Gulf of Petchel and Pekin, exhibiting at an easy glance the roads, rivers, and canals along which the Allied Armies have advanced upon the Celestial capital. Such a map is of obvious interest.

Among the Christmas-books which still keep pouring out, is 'Agnatha, a Fantastic Flight for a Gusty Night,' by Mr. G. Halse (Harrison),—a fanciful series of tale-lets abounding in melodramatic machinery, but for which evidence of bad taste and weak wit we should have higher praise than for the execution of the work, which is clever and effective, and telling enough to amuse those who do not ask for reason as well as rhyme. The illustrations by Mr. Hablot K. Browne are not worth much.—'Three Gems in One Setting,' 'The Poet's Song,' by Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Field, by (Messrs. J. C. Gilbert and H. H. Hennessy's) 'Pilgrim's Progress' (Kent & Co.), compared with most of its competitors is a poor affair. The text is printed within coloured borders of common design, in which are introduced little telling landscapes. The nightingale, in the first named verses is shown in a moonlight scene on the cover, and repeated within the volume, as about the size of a raven.—'The Art Album,' by the same publishers, is a better thing: contains sixteen fine similes of water-colour drawings by Messrs. G. Caterer, E. Duncan, J. Gilbert, William Hunt, H. Weir, &c., and Mrs. E. M. Ward. All preferable to the preceding. It is not saying much for the best work this book exhibits, with one exception only, to state that a pretty sketch by the lady above named is a gem. It is not put together with the best of Mr. W. Hunt's 'Fruit, grapes, raspberry, peach, &c.,' as usual, though certainly we have seen infinitely better chromo-lithographic reproductions of the artist's admirable works. As a gift-book, these are as good as any yet published, and are looking a gift horse in the mouth, though why that apology should be allowable for such productions passes our discernment.—Mr. Albert H. Warren has produced an illuminated little book, containing 'The Promises of Jesus Christ'; the decorations of these are confined to very designed initial letters, mostly of the best fourteenth-century style, printed in gold and colours. The publishers are Messrs. Bell & Daldy.—Messrs. Nisbet & Co. publish 'Quarries' Emblems,' illustrated by Messrs. C. Bennett and W. Harry Rogers. Each emblem is faced by a plate designed with great judgment in the manner long ago appropriated to this book, and suggestive of its peculiarities of thought and character. Each artist has done his task well. The borders, which the latter's style is almost all cases is exquisitely fine and fanciful, and well drawn.

A case of some interest to the literary world has been decided during the past week in the Court of Session of Edinburgh. The only report which we received was—that of the Scotch judges was unsatisfactory. The facts are that there appeared as follows:—The action was what is called by our Northern brethren an "action of accounting," at the instance of the trustees of the late William Blackwood, the bookseller, against the proprietors of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, Sir David Brewster edited this work, under an agreement, by one of the terms of which he was to have, as editor, sixty copies of the work delivered to him; and by another clause it was stipulated that he "shall experience any other edition or editions of the work which shall hereafter be published, for doing which he shall receive such sum or salary as the committee of proprietors shall determine." Under the former clause, the words of which are not given in the Report before us, Sir David claimed to receive as the sixty copies in his own right, to be disposed of at his pleasure; and under the latter he would appear to have claimed some remuneration in respect of a reprint of a portion of the work, which was made necessary by an accidental fire,

though it was admitted that he had not rendered any service in respect of such reprint. Other questions were decided by the Lord Ordinary; but these two were the only points decided by the Court of Session on this occasion. In each case the finding of the Lord Ordinary was adhered to, and the decision was against Sir David Brewster. The Court held, that Sir David was entitled to the sixty copies only to the end that he might employ them in remunerating or encouraging contributors for the purpose of promoting the interest of the work. On the other question, it was decided that the reprint was not an edition, and therefore that no remuneration was due. As to any difficulty which may have arisen on the question concerning the copies, it is obviously impossible to form any opinion without the very words of the agreement. With regard to the second point, it certainly required no great exercise of northern acumen to arrive at a decision. It would, however, be unjust to draw any final conclusions as to the fairness of the claims advanced from the meagre Report before us. We have indicated the nature of the decision, and those who are interested should consult some more full report. The case must, we apprehend, offer many hints as to the provisions of editorial contracts, and suggest some emendations in those uncommonly verbose and unintelligible productions which lawyers are pleased to call their "common forms."

The Prussian Government contemplate erecting a bust of Bessel,—the well known German astronomer—on the outside of the University-buildings at Königsberg, where it will range with those of other celebrities. The sculptor, Herr Süssinger, who has prepared the bust from existing representations of Bessel.

A curious return has been recently made of the consumption of tobacco in France, which appears to be continually increasing. Between 1839 and 1850 the gross grammes was 470,000,000; between 1840 and 1845, 600 grammes; 1845 and 1850, 525 grammes; 1850 and 1855, 600 grammes; and 1855 and 1860, 750 grammes. The grammes is equal to 15.432 English grains.

During the celebration of the twentieth century jubilee, almost exclusively, the Paris writing and reading world. Indeed, much labour and pains are bestowed in hunting up all the remains of the literature of that time, and in the attempt at reproducing the classical works of the time of Louis the Fourteenth in their original purity and correctness. Critical editions appear every day; manuscripts, or where they are wanting, first editions are compared; and it is now evident, though hardly credible, what alterations these classical works have undergone in the course of time by the negligence and arbitrariness of the editors. Many things are lost, and past all hope of recovery, for instance, in the Letters of Madame de Sévigné; but other works, which have suffered cruelly, pay for the trouble of restoring them to their original state. Thus, the Letters of M. de La Vallée have undertaken. The Duke of Noailles, who is in possession of the family papers, has opened his archives to the editor, which contain a great number of the original purity and correctness. These letters were only known in the form which La Beaumelle had given them. M. de La Vallée has found a great part of the original letters used by La Beaumelle; and it is astonishing how unscrupulously the first editor has handled them,—altering, leaving out, changing the date.

Herr Engelbert Seibertz, at Munich, has rendered a service to stereochromy, which reminds one of the egg of Columbus. Stereochromy hitherto had to struggle with the disadvantage, that the colours had to be laid on wet, which thus gave rise among artists to complaints on the difficulty of nice execution. Herr Seibertz, who is an historical painter, took it in mind one day to paint a portrait by aid of stereochromy; he felt the deficiency of the wet colours, and attempted to rub the colours dry in the chalk, which, however, thus gave the waterless in the end would effect the fixation. His experiment was crowned with the best result. After having further developed and perfected his simple combination (which, for its very simplicity,

may have been overlooked till now), he has gained the great advantage, that the painter can calculate the effect of his colours with more security, while, at the same time, they come out much more brilliantly and powerfully. The new method of Herr Seibertz has been examined by competent persons, and has been fully approved of. King Maximilian's attention has also been drawn towards the new discovery; and he has acknowledged the merit of the artist, by bestowing upon him the title of Professor of the Academy.

Mr. HOLMAN HUNT'S Picture of 'THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE,'—commissioned in July, 1858, is NOW ON VIEW at the GALLERY, No. 188, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THOMAS FAED, F.R.S., is NOW ON VIEW at the GALLERY, No. 188, New Bond Street, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.

SCIENCE

Notes on the Presence of Animal Life at Vast Depths in the Sea; with Observations on the Nature of the Sea-Bea, as bearing on Submarine Telegraphy. By G. C. Wallich, M.D. (Taylor & Francis.)

THESE brief notes disclose new facts. Dr. Wallich was attached, we find, as naturalist, to the Buldog, equipped for the survey of the projected North Atlantic Telegraph route between Great Britain and America, his main object being to determine the depths to which animal life extends in the sea, together with the limits and conditions essential to its maintenance. Continuous bad weather impeded his researches, but he has in a great measure accomplished his purpose, with the assistance of Sir Leopold M'Clintock and his crew. It may now be accepted as clearly proved, that life exists in the sea at depths far exceeding those heretofore supposed to circumscribe it.

The Foraminifera had been surmised to live at vast depths; and this is now proved. They are minute animals, belonging to one of the most simply organized families of the animal kingdom, and their calcareous shells constitute a large per-centage of the ooze deposited brought up by the soundings in the mid-Atlantic and elsewhere. Of these animals the Globigerina forms a genus, and the point to be determined was, whether they were alive when first disturbed,—for they could hardly be expected to show signs of life after the lapse of nearly an hour, during which time they had been brought from their normal medium, the pressure of which is estimated by tons, to an abnormal medium (the surface), in which the pressure is estimated by pounds. Direct evidence was from the difficulty stated, and was obtained after a laborious and continued examination of Foraminifera, obtained from depths varying from 50 to nearly 2,000 fathoms,—that is, from 300 feet to nearly two miles and a half below the surface of the sea,—the inference was in favour of their vitality at the greatest depths as well as in shallow waters. Yet the number of specimens of Globigerina taken from the deep ooze soundings in which the mass is extremely tenuous, showing the cell-centres entire, and in an apparently vital state, is small as compared with the much larger proportion in which the cells present no such character. It is curious that when any quantity of these microscopic creatures occur in the deep-sea deposits, they are evidently intimately associated with the presence of the Gulf Stream or its offshoots.

By far the most interesting discovery was made in sounding not quite midway between Cape Farewell and Rockall, in 1,260 fathoms. While the sounding apparatus brought up an ample specimen of coarse, gritty-looking matter, consisting of about 95 per cent. of clean shells of Globigerina, at the same time a number of

starfishes, belonging to the genus *Ophiocoma*, came up, adhering to the lowest 50 fathoms of the deep-sea line, which must have rested on the bottom for a few minutes, so as to allow the starfishes to attach themselves to it. These continued to move about energetically for a quarter of an hour after they reached the surface. One very perfect specimen, which had fixed itself near the extreme end of the line, and was still convulsively grasping it with its long spinous arms, was secured in *situ* on the rope, and consigned to a bottle of spirits.

This is the great natural-history fact of the expedition. At a depth of two miles below the surface, where the pressure must amount, at least, to a ton and a half on every square inch, and where it is difficult to conceive that the most attenuated ray of light can penetrate, we capture a highly organized species of radiate animal, living, entwining, and flourishing, with its red and light-pink tints as clear and brilliant as in its congeners which dwell in shallow and comparatively sunny waters. Where one form so highly organized has been met with, it is only reasonable to assume that other correlated forms may also exist. Hence we may look forward to the discovery of a new submarine Fauna inhabiting the deeper zones of the ocean, and casting a gleam of light on the paleontology of the land on which we now walk, once the subaqueous floor of primeval seas.

The law will eventually be found to hold good, according to Dr. Wallich, that "any marine animal, within the cellular structure of which air or any other gaseous fluid is necessarily or in a free state, and every portion of whose organization is permeable by fluids, either through capillary or endosmotic and exosmotic agency, may exist under the extraordinary pressure present at great depths." Loss of temperature and light, irrespective of the pressure, may be thought not to constitute a valid obstacle to the truth of this opinion.

With reference to the telegraphic use of the business, Dr. Wallich offers some important suggestions as to the necessity of ascertaining the general contour of the sea-bed, and of determining whether it be uniformly level, or broken by irregularities; if covered by deposit, to trace its source and nature. While accomplishing all this, should living animal forms occur, their nature, character and extent of distribution could be discovered. Doubtless, the merely practical men connected with telegraphic communication wish "science at the bottom of the sea;" if so, this is the very thing which marine naturalists also wish. All parties being thus agreed, let us hope we shall soon hear something more concerning matters of, literally, such deep interest.

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Dec. 6.—Gen. Sabine, R.A., Treasurer and V.P., in the chair.—The Earl of Ellesmere was elected a Fellow. The Earl de Grey and Ripon was admitted into the Society.—A paper was read 'On the Cyrtopogon,' by Prof. Curtis.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Nov. 9.—The Rev. R. Main, President, in the chair.—Messrs. W. Parsons, G. Knott, O. Pitt, and Rev. H. C. Key, were elected Fellows.—'Account of Observations of the Total Solar Eclipse of 1850, July 18, made at Heredia, near Miranda de Ebro; with a notice of the general proceedings of "The Himalaya Expedition for Observation of the Total Solar Eclipse," by G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal.—'Results of Maritonal Observations of Small Planets and Occultations of Stars by the Moon, observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from June to October 1860,' communicated by the Astronomer Royal.—'Elements of Planet (59), determined from the Meridian Observations made with the

Transit Circle at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on Sept. 18, Oct. 5, and Oct. 16,' by Mr. W. Ellis, Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.—'Remarkable Changes observed in the Cluster 80 Messier,' by Norman Pogson, Esq., Director of the Hartwell Observatory.—'Magnitude Constants for Fifty-seven of the Minor Planets,' by Norman Pogson, Esq., Director of the Hartwell Observatory.—'Développement de la Fonction Perturbatrice on Séries,' par M. Kowalevski.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Dec. 10.—Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P., in the chair.—Dr. J. Cornwell, Lieut.-Col. L. S. Dickson, Sir James Joseph Jebb, Bart., Dr. E. J. Pearce, A. M., J. Beckett, W. R. Looker, J. A. Mann, G. Philip, and W. S. Stanhope, Esqrs., were elected Fellows.—The Chairman read a letter from Dr. Baikie (of the Niger Expedition), dated Bida, Niger, 24th April last, announcing his arrival at the above place, hitherto uninvented by Europeans, on the 19th instant, and stating that he has been everywhere well received; also that he had found the country exceedingly mountainous, there being a range from 10 to 12 miles long, and 1,200 to 1,300 feet high, and well cultivated, the products consisting chiefly of the oil palm-tree and cotton; the latter Dr. Baikie states to be excellent. Further accounts are expected. The papers read were: 'Communication with the South West Provinces of China from the British Press,' by Capt. R. Sprye, and R. H. T. Sprye, Esqrs.—The second paper, by Dr. McCosh, late of the Bengal Medical Staff, read was, 'On the Various Lines of Overland Communication between India and China.'

GEOLOGICAL.—Dec. 5.—L. Horner, Esq., President, in the chair.—Messrs. W. Salmon, P. Higgin, J. R. B. Smith, G. J. Zouch, and J. P. D. Astley, were elected Fellows.—The following communication was read: 'On the Structure of the North West Highlands, and the Relations of the Gneiss, Red Sandstone, and Quartzite of Sutherland and Ross-shire,' by Prof. J. Nicol.

LINNEAN.—Dec. 6.—Prof. Bell, President, in the chair.—W. S. Atkinson, Esq., F. J. Farre, M.D., M. T. Masters, Esq., and W. Moxon, M.B., were elected Fellows.—Sir C. Harvey, Bart., exhibited specimens of *Cnidium stygium*, a rare moss, discovered in the beginning of November (for the first time in the county of Suffolk), by Mr. E. Skepper, at Twickenham Heath, near Mildenhall, a locality long suspected as the station for several rare plants, especially of *Lupinus lentilii*.—The following papers were read: 'Memoir on the Aurantiaceae,' by Prof. Oliver, and 'Notes on *Sphærulella Bombi*,' by J. Lubbock, Esq.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Dec. 11.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Osbert Salvin read a paper, 'On the Reptiles of Guatemala,' founded principally on the results of his own collecting in that country.—Mr. M. Deshayes communicated a commentary.—Mr. M. Deshayes's Revision of the genus *Trochiloides*, published in the Society's Proceedings for 1859.—Mr. Selater exhibited a remarkably fine pair of horns of the *Oryx poli* of Panier, belonging to Major W. K. Hay.—Mr. Selater read a report 'On the Birds of the River level in the Society's Menageries during the Years 1858, 1859 and 1860.'—During the past season the bad weather had caused great mortality among the young birds, and the deaths had been far beyond the average. Mr. Selater also called the attention of the Meeting to the arrival of a living Baboon in the Gardens, obtained by exchange from the Zoological Society of Rotterdam, and pointed out the characters of nine new species of South American Birds from his own collection.—Papers were read by Dr. Baird, 'On some New Species of Entomo,' and 'On Two New Entomozoans of the Orders Trypana and Cladoceus,' and by Mr. H. Adams, 'On some New Genera and New Species of Acaphous Mellosa.'—Mr. A. Newton called the attention of the Meeting to the recent discovery of some bones of the Dodo in the Mauritius.

CHEMICAL.—Dec. 6.—Col. F. York, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. J. Barratt was elected a Fellow.

—Mr. S. D. Hayes read a paper 'On a New Lead Salt, corresponding to Cobalt Yellow.'—Dr. Hofmann made a communication 'On the Production of Mixed Amino, Phosphine, and Amine Compounds.'

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Dec. 11.—G. P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair.—The discussion upon Mr. Preece's paper, 'On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters,' was continued throughout the evening.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dec. 12.—Sir T. Phillips, Chairman of the Council, in the chair.—The Marquis of Chandos, Messrs. J. Cornforth, T. Fairbairn, J. Hunt, Dr. Miller, G. P. Nicholls, R. Roskill, and Col. Yolland, R.E., were elected Members.—The paper read was, 'On Italian Commerce and Manufactures,' by Prof. Cosmo Levi.

MEETINGS FOR THE EVENING WEEK.
Mon. Royal Academy.—'Lectures,' Mr. Partridge.
Tue. Architects, A.—'Congress, 1861,' Mr. Hemmatt.
Wed. Civil Engineers.—'Annual General Meeting,' Mr. Wain.
Thurs. Goldsmiths.—'N.W. High School,' Mr. Tansley.
Fri. Goldsmiths.—'N.W. High School,' Mr. Tansley.
Sat. Goldsmiths.—'N.W. High School,' Mr. Tansley.
Sund. Goldsmiths.—'N.W. High School,' Mr. Tansley.
Twice.—Lancashire.—'Barnes,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Malton,' Mr. Probert.
—'Chesham,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Barnes,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Malton,' Mr. Probert.
—'Chesham,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Barnes,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Malton,' Mr. Probert.
—'Chesham,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Barnes,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Malton,' Mr. Probert.
—'Chesham,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Barnes,' Dr. Cobbold.—'Malton,' Mr. Probert.

FINE ARTS.

FINE-ARTS GOSPEL.—On Monday last, the Royal Academicians met to award the Prize Medal to Students of the Academy, for competency in their respective branches of study. The work of the students was laid before the Academy, and the gold medal was not given. The studies from the life were of extremely inferior merit. Of the five silver medals bestowed, three were carried away by Mr. T. H. Watson, an architectural student. These were given for the best architectural drawing, for the best perspective drawing, and for the best specimen of shading. Such monopoly of honour, in an Academy which grudges the architect a place in the body, is not very creditable to the class. Mr. J. T. Hart took a medal for a drawing in perspective, and Mr. C. T. Smith for a model from the antique.

On Saturday, January the 12th, the galleries at the South Kensington Museum will be lighted up and a sort of public reception take place, by tickets, at 1s. each, obtainable from the students and officers, for the benefit of the Lambeth School of Art, in aid of the building fund, and other requirements of that most promising and well-remunerated place of training for artisans. It is needless for us to say a word in recommendation of this object. Lambeth, of almost all places in England, needs improvement. The Art Academy, with its people, manufacture, and from the universal diffusion of the same will, perhaps, best repay any efforts directed to that end. It may not be generally known, that many of the old forms of ware yet linger in this ancient and old-fashioned pottery. Many a common jug is still turned out by descendants of the ancient throwers, of such shapes as their Dutch ancestors brought with them; a pot is still to be found in several shops of a shape derived from that of the well-known Bellarmine, without, however, the Cardinal's head and beard. This shows, at least, a feeling for old and picturesque forms, which cultivation may develop to something good.

In addition to some remarks, last week, on the evil system of allowing copies to be made from the pictures at South Kensington, by persons who make a trade therein by selling their productions to unprincipled picture-dealers, to be afterwards foisted on the unwary as *replicas*, duplicates, or what not, we offer the following suggestions, which, in some degree, may suggest the nefariousness of the proceeding. This is, that no copy should be allowed to be made in the gallery, without some very distinctly visible difference from the original—a thing not difficult to

place without delay, in consequence of his departure for India within a month. Of course, the lady has already a lover; and, of course, her waiting-maid suggests an engagement with a "Ugly Customer," with his one eye, is dejected. Mr. Todd gave life and consistency to the father's terrors of conscience, on which *Snapdragon* works most effectively. To his excellent acting the success of the little drama must be attributed.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Edmund Phelps appeared on Monday in a grand character,—that of *Leonardo Gossage*, in 'The Wife,' which he supported with much judgment and effect.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—Mr. Sims Reeves re-appeared on Tuesday last in 'Robin Hood.' The opera is announced this evening for the last time.—It will be seen by Mr. Smith's programme for next week that rumour was wrong, since *Her Majesty's Theatre* is to re-open on 'Boxing Night,' with 'Queen Topaze' and a pantomime.—A second hearing of 'Bianca' (which work has undergone some curtailment, and would bear more, especially in the third act) leaves our impression of the opera unchanged. There are no secrets in the music which reveal themselves on further acquaintance with it. The *Bachchanal* song in the first act, and the *ballad* and *ronde*, in the fourth, remain the most attractive pieces; the "Gold" song is, certainly, the best of the ballads.—Once more we must commend the excellent pains with which the music has been studied by every one concerned in its production. Nothing could change some of those who take part in the opera into first-class singers—and audible and refined speaking, we fear, must be given up as impossible to the average English musician, who is apt, when he does not mope, to mumble. But the smoothness and spirit with which the concerted music goes are highly creditable to the management. 'Bianca' draws good houses, and may increasingly do so—for a time; but Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison will do well to recollect the career of 'Lindine.' The popularity of this new opera also may cease suddenly. Forewarned is forearmed.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir met last evening for the first time this season. Among other novelties produced was a Part Song by Mr. F. Clay.

The Handel Festival Choir commenced its operations last night by a rehearsal of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. We cannot fancy the work to have been well chosen for the purpose. It is all in vain, we suppose, but we cannot help putting in a word for Cherubini's 'Requiem,' which (the 'Dies Ira,' perhaps, excepted) is finely adapted to a mass of voices with only the organ.

Dr. Wyllie announces his intention of resuming his concerts in the early spring.—There will be eight Philharmonic Concerts next year. There must also, we imagine, be an entirely new orchestra; owing to the death of some, or by the opera-managers some time since.—'The Messiah' will be performed at St. James's Hall, in the course of next week, conducted by Dr. Wyllie.

Madame Palmieri has apparently established herself in the favour of the Sydenham Concert-givers, as she sang again at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last.

It is understood that Prince George Galitzin intends to resume his concert career in the new year, having seriously, it is added, embraced the musical profession.—We hear that the original MSS. of Beethoven's late *Quartette*, dedicated to one of his names, and with regard to the payment for which a brisk controversy took place, shortly after the publication of Herr Schindler's biography, are now in London, in his hands; further, that under his auspices a Russian opera is about to be translated by Mr. Osenford, with the hope of its being performed on the English stage.

It is not the habit of this journal to do more than announce second editions; but attention must be called to re-issue Mr. Currier's 'Elements of Musical Analysis.' We found in that work (it may

be recollected by musical readers) a point indicated, too largely disregarded by many profound and serious and also by ignorant persons—the study of melody. To say that this or the other music is 'well made' is to say much on the one hand,—on the other, it is to say nothing, if the music be made without beauty of form and fascination of idea. This conviction is apprehended by Mr. Currie more cordially and distinctly than by most of those professing to teach,—as this conviction assisting, not contradicting,—every inclination for or purpose of scientific study. When the sketches of that easy theme on which Beethoven based the *Andante* in his Choral Symphony, and his purifications and amendments of a first thought are recalled,—when we think of the strength added to the grand air, 'O salve te, l'incoro' in 'Don Giovanni,' by Mozart's reconsideration, there is right, reason, and orthodox warrant to boot, on the side of all desirous to sift and to study a subject alike difficult and delicate. To students of idea and material we conceive that Mr. Currie may be helpful, and thus are glad to see his book re-issued.

The proprietors of *La Maitrise*, a French periodical devoted to church music, and supported by the contributions of some of the best men of the day, is announcing prices as under:—300 francs for a *Missa* Revisée, with organ; half the sum for the second best *Missa*; 200 francs for the best collection of three pieces suited for use in the church service; half the sum for the second best; 200 francs for the best collection of three pieces for the organ fit to be used in the service, to be easy, and (this sounds strange) with such of *laissez*, half the sum for the second best, all MSS. to become the property of the journal.

The prize Cantata by young Paladilhe, whose promise has been mentioned more than once, was the other evening performed at the Grand Opéra of Paris.

Our friend in the Far-North can possibly tell us. Last week, mention was made (on the authority of the *Gazette Musicale*) of a M. Berendt, who has written an opera for Copenhagen. This week, in the same journal, we have read that M. Berendt has received an appointment as conductor of the theatre at Stockholm.—We are the right of success gained by three operas in that capital: 'Violetta,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Lully and Quinault.' Should these two be one and the same composer, it would seem as if a new reputation was growing up in the land of Madame Tagliioni, Herr Lindblad, Herr Andersen and Madame Goldschmidt. Every one would be glad to bear more of this.

'L'Eventail,' a comic operetta in one act, has just been produced at the Opéra Comique of Paris. The music is by M. Boulanger.—The performance of Madame Faure-Lefebvre is commended as excellent.

'Stefanias,' an opera lately produced at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, gives the name of a young composer, Signor Gatti, which is new to us.

M. Meyerbeer's 'Schiller-March' is now to be had, 'transcribed' (so run the fashionable phrase) for the pianoforte, by Dr. Liszt. It may be noted among the coincidences of music that the first phrase bears a distinctly curious resemblance to that of the final round of 'La Gazza Ladra.' The many different uses to which the same group of notes may be put (change of time, change of key, &c.) are so many reasons for not discouraging any one who is disposed to maintain (as the modern Germans do) the strict and unalterable quality of sound, as a vehicle of expression.

Some of the foreign journals (we can hardly imagine correctly) announce that Herr Ernst has finished an opera which may, possibly, be produced at Weimar. Mr. Erlbaum's new opera should now be shortly forthcoming.

The recent death of Herr Relistadt deprives Germany of one who, during a long and interesting period, held a prominent place among musicians as a writer. Some knowledge of Herr Relistadt's services and criticisms will be almost indispensable to any future history of the art on the Continent.

MISCELLANEA

The Weather.—In common with most of the readers of the *Athenæum* of my acquaintance, I have been much interested in the recent commutations of Admiral FitzRoy: any object in writing these lines is to elicit more information from him. I would, however, first right mistake in his title I have experienced in getting his 'Barometer Manual.' In a seaport town of 30,000 inhabitants, it is not to be seen in the windows, or on the counters or shelves of any of the booksellers, nor could one of the principal booksellers procure me a copy which I must have had in its title I Surely it ought to be more easily procurable and should be found in every bookseller's shop, on every railway book-stall, and in every book-hawker's pack. The Book-hawking Societies, especially in maritime countries, should see to this. On the last page, the Admiral gives a method of estimating the force of wind, by the amount of sail a vessel can carry, and the knots per hour she makes. Could not something of the same kind be applied to windmills? Might not those on land be enabled to judge of the velocity, &c., by noting the revolutions per minute of the sails, and when the sails are of the patent construction, by noticing the opening or closing of the vanes? Many a miller might prevent his windmill from losing her sails by having a barometer, &c., and attending to the wind as indicated in the 'Barometer Manual.' In Article 64. of the Manual, mention is made of the difficulty of ascertaining the real direction of the wind on land. Is not the best plan to observe the direction of the sails of a windmill which 'winds' herself? Ought not future editions of the Manual to contain a table of the average dew-point (or of the saturation of the atmosphere) for each direction of the wind in each month, and of the thermometer, barometer, &c., for every station from which telegraphic information is daily published? It is, for instance, of little use to publish that, at Copenhagen, on December the 7th, the temperature was 34°, unless one knows what is the average temperature at Copenhagen at this season. The 'British Almanac' of the Useful Knowledge Society contains this information for London and other towns. Would it not be an advantage if every mail steamer from North America would bring us information of the weather there and of the state of the barometer—more especially telegraphic information of this kind from Florida and the neighbourhood of the Gulf, where the cyclones seem to breed? It would be interesting also, if the captains of those and of the West India steamers would tell us what weather they experienced on their voyage, and the temperature of the Atlantic at their noon, and at what latitude and longitude. If we had such information as to the temperature of the sea, from Jersey, Cornwall, North of Ireland, North of Scotland, &c., we might judge whether we were under the influence of the Gulf Stream or that of the Arctic current, &c. We needed it, we think, of this kind, unless the Great Eastern or the Hero, with the Prince of Wales on board, cross the Atlantic. Notwithstanding the most diligent study of the *Times*, I cannot find out whether the Baltic ports be blocked up with ice or not in the years 1855-60, read before the British Association, be published separately? It might induce some sailors to study the law of storms, when they found an admiral expending it, who would not listen to a 'Lullaby' like Col. Reid. Although not quite coming under the heading of weather, I would observe that as colliery explosions seem to occur most frequently, as it is obvious they should, with a low state of barometer, ought not barometers to be erected, particularly in mines, and the pitmen warned to extra careful when the mercury is low? The Ricca explosion, and others, might perhaps thus have been prevented.

E. G. R.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. G. R.—B. K.—K. R. S. R.—A Subscriber.—Bookman.—E. G. K.—J. A. D.—J. H. J.—B.—Lullaby Compact.—K.—N.—Pianist.—J. L.—O. A.—G. M. T.—received.

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